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The diary of Samuel Pepys,
Vol. 2

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THE DIARY OF

Samuel Pepys, M.A., F.R.S.

VOLUME II

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THE

DIARY OF SAMUEL PEPYS

July 1st, 1665.

CALLED up betimes, though weary and sleepy, by appointment by Mr. Povy and Colonell Norwood to discourse about some payments of Tangier. They gone, I to the office and there sat all the morning. At noon dined at home, and then to the Duke of Albemarle's, by appointment, to give him an account of some disorder in the Yarde at Portsmouth, by workmen's going away of their owne accord, for lacke of money, to get work of hay-making, or any thing else to earne themselves bread.[1] Thence to Westminster, where I hear the sicknesse encreases greatly, and to the Harp and Ball with Mary talking, who tells me simply her losing of her first love in the country in Wales, and coming up hither unknown to her friends, and it seems Dr. Williams do pretend love to her, and I have found him there several times. Thence by coach and late at the office, and so to bed. Sad at the newes that seven or eight houses in Bazing Hall street, are shut up of the plague.

2nd (Sunday). Up, and all the morning dressing my closet at the office with my plates, very neatly, and a fine place now it is, and will be a pleasure to sit in, though I thank God I needed none before. At noon dined at home, and after dinner to my accounts and cast them up, and find that though I have spent above £90 this month yet I have saved £17, and am worth in all above £1,450, for which the Lord be praised! In the evening my Lady Pen and daughter come to see, and supped with us, then a messenger about business of the office from Sir G. Carteret at Chatham, and by word of mouth did send me word that the business between my Lord and him is fully agreed on,[2]

[1] There are several letters among the State Papers from Commissioner Thomas Middleton relating to the want of workmen at Portsmouth Dockyard. On June 29th Middleton wrote to Pepys, "The ropemakers have discharged themselves for want of money, and gone into the country to make hay." The blockmakers, the joiners, and the sawyers all refused to work longer without money ("Calendar," 1664–65, p. 453).

[2] The arrangements for the marriage of Lady Jemimah Montagu to Philip Carteret were soon settled, for the wedding took place on July 31st.

and is mightily liked of by the King and the Duke of Yorke, and that he sent me this word with great joy; they gone, we to bed. I hear this night that Sir J. Lawson[1] was buried late last night at St. Dunstan's by us, without any company at all, and that the condition of his family is but very poor, which I could be contented to be sorry for, though he never was the man that ever obliged me by word or deed.

3rd. Up and by water with Sir W. Batten and Sir J. Minnes to White Hall to the Duke of Albemarle, where, after a little business, we parted, and I to the Harp and Ball, and there staid a while talking to Mary, and so home to dinner. After dinner to the Duke of Albemarle's again, and so to the Swan, and there *demeurais un peu de temps con la fille,* and so to the Harp and Ball, and alone *demeurais un peu de temps baisant la,* and so away home and late at the office about letters, and so home, resolving from this night forwards to close all my letters, if possible, and end all my business at the office by daylight, and I shall go near to do it and put all my affairs in the world in good order, the season growing so sickly, that it is much to be feared how a man can escape having a share with others in it, for which the good Lord God bless me, or to be fitted to receive it. So after supper to bed, and mightily troubled in my sleep all night with dreams of Jacke Cole, my old school-fellow, lately dead, who was born at the same time with me, and we reckoned our fortunes pretty equal. God fit me for his condition!

4th. Up, and sat at the office all the morning. At noon to the 'Change and thence to the Dolphin, where a good dinner at the cost of one Mr. Osbaston,[2] who lost a wager to Sir W. Batten, Sir W. Rider, and Sir R. Ford, a good while since and now it is spent. The wager was that ten of our ships should not have a fight with ten of the enemy's before Michaelmas. Here was other very good company, and merry, and at last in come Mr. Buckeworth,[3] a very fine gentleman, and proves to be a Huntingdonshire man. Thence to my office and there all the afternoon till night, and so home to settle some accounts of Tangier and other papers. I hear this day the Duke and Prince Rupert are both come back from sea, and neither of them go back again. The latter I much wonder at, but it seems the towne reports so, and I am very glad of it. This morning I did a good piece of work with Sir W. Warren, ending the business of the lotterys, wherein honestly I think I shall get above £100. Bankert,[4] it seems, is come home with the little fleete he hath been abroad with, without doing any thing, so that there is nobody of an enemy

[1] In the register of the Old Church at Greenwich is the following entry: "Sir John Lawson carried away, June 27th, 1665."—B.

[2] A Mr. Osbaldstone, grocer, clerk of St. Botolph's, Aldersgate, died of the plague on September 22nd, 1665 (Smith's "Obituary," p. 67).

[3] There are several letters of John Buckworth among the State Papers, and one of these to Secretary Williamson is dated from Crutched Friars, November 2nd, 1664. He appears to have been engaged with Sir Richard Ford in some business connected with tin.

[4] The Dutch Admiral Bancquert or Banckart.

at sea. We are in great hopes of meeting with the Dutch East India fleete, which is mighty rich, or with De Ruyter, who is so also. Sir Richard Ford told me this day, at table, a fine account, how the Dutch were like to have been mastered by the present Prince of Orange[1] his father to be besieged in Amsterdam, having drawn an army of foot into the towne, and horse near to the towne by night, within three miles of the towne, and they never knew of it; but by chance the Hamburgh post in the night fell among the horse, and heard their design, and knowing the way, it being very dark and rainy, better than they, went from them, and did give notice to the towne before the others could reach the towne, and so were saved. It seems this De Witt and another family, the Beckarts, were among the chief of the familys that were enemys to the Prince, and were afterwards suppressed by the Prince, and continued so till he was, as they say, poysoned; and then they turned all again, as it was, against the young Prince, and have so carried it to this day, it being about 12 and 14 years, and De Witt in the head of them.

5th. Up, and advised about sending of my wife's bedding and things to Woolwich, in order to her removal thither. So to the office, where all the morning till noon, and so to the 'Change, and thence home to dinner. In the afternoon I abroad to St. James's, and there with Mr. Coventry a good while, and understand how matters are ordered in the fleete: that is, my Lord Sandwich goes Admiral; under him Sir G. Ascue, and Sir T. Teddiman; Vice-Admiral, Sir W. Pen; and under him Sir W. Barkeley, and Sir Jos. Jordan: Reere-Admiral, Sir Thomas Allen; and under him Sir Christopher Mings[2] and Captain Harman. We talked in general of business of the Navy, among others how he had lately spoken to Sir G. Carteret, and professed great resolution of friendship with him and reconciliation, and resolves to make it good as well as he can, though it troubles him, he tells me, that something will come before him wherein he must give him offence, but I do find upon the whole that Mr. Coventry do not listen to these complaints of money with the readiness and resolvedness to remedy that he used to do, and I think if he begins to draw in it is high time for me to do so too. From thence walked round to White Hall, the Parke being quite locked up; and I observed a house shut up this day in the Pell Mell,[3] where heretofore in Cromwell's time we young men used to keep our weekly clubs. And so to White Hall to Sir G. Carteret, who is come this day from Chatham, and mighty glad he is to see me, and begun to talk of our great business of the match, which goes on as fast as possible, but for convenience we took water

[1] *Sic orig.* The period alluded to is 1650, when the States-General disbanded part of the forces which the Prince of Orange (William) wished to retain. The prince attempted, but unsuccessfully, to possess himself of Amsterdam. In the same year he died, at the early age of twenty-four; some say of the small-pox; others, with Sir Richard Ford, say of poison.—B.

[2] The son of a shoemaker, bred to the sea-service; he rose to the rank of an admiral, and was killed in the fight with the Dutch, June, 1666.—B. See *post*, June 10th, 1666.

[3] Pepys refers to this place as Wood's on July 26th, 1660.

and over to his coach to Lambeth, by which we went to Deptford, all the way talking, first, how matters are quite concluded with all possible content between my Lord and him and signed and sealed, so that my Lady Sandwich is to come thither to-morrow or next day, and the young lady is sent for, and all likely to be ended between them in a very little while, with mighty joy on both sides, and the King, Duke, Lord Chancellor, and all mightily pleased. Thence to newes, wherein I find that Sir G. Carteret do now take all my Lord Sandwich's business to heart, and makes it the same with his owne. He tells me how at Chatham it was proposed to my Lord Sandwich to be joined with the Prince in the command of the fleete, which he was most willing to; but when it come to the Prince, he was quite against it; saying, there could be no government, but that it would be better to have two fleetes, and neither under the command of the other, which he would not agree to. So the King was not pleased; but, without any unkindnesse, did order the fleete to be ordered as above, as to the Admirals and commands: so the Prince is come up; and Sir G. Carteret, I remember, had this word thence, that, says he, by this means, though the King told him that it would be but for this expedition, yet I believe we shall keepe him out for altogether. He tells me how my Lord was much troubled at Sir W. Pen's being ordered forth (as it seems he is, to go to Solebay, and with the best fleete he can to go forth), and no notice taken of my Lord Sandwich going after him, and having the command over him. But after some discourse Mr. Coventry did satisfy, as he says, my Lord, so as they parted friends both in that point and upon the other wherein I know my Lord was troubled, and which Mr. Coventry did speak to him of first thinking that my Lord might justly take offence at, his not being mentioned in the relation of the fight in the news book,[1] and did clear all to my Lord how little he was concerned in it, and therewith my Lord also satisfied, which I am mightily glad of, because I should take it a very great misfortune to me to have them two to differ above all the persons in the world. Being come to Deptford, my Lady not being within, we parted, and I by water to Woolwich, where I found my wife come, and her two mayds, and very prettily accommodated they will be; and I left them going to supper, grieved in my heart to part with my wife, being worse by much without her, though some trouble there is in having the care of a family at home in this plague time, and so took leave, and I in one boat and W. Hewer in another home very late, first against tide, we having walked in the dark to Greenwich. Late home and to bed, very lonely.

6th. Up and forth to give order to my pretty grocer's wife's house, who, her husband tells me, is going this day for the summer into the country. I bespoke some sugar, &c., for my father, and so home to the office, where all the morning. At noon dined at home, and then by water to White Hall to Sir G. Carteret about money for the office, a sad thought, for in a little while all must go to wracke, winter coming on apace, when a great sum must be

[1] See note, June 23rd, 1665.

thence I down to Woolwich, where find my wife well, and after drinking and talking a little we to bed.

29th. Up betimes, and after viewing some of my wife's pictures, which now she is come to do very finely to my great satisfaction beyond what I could ever look for, I went away and by water to the office, where nobody to meet me, but busy all the morning. At noon to dinner, where I hear that my Will is come in thither and laid down upon my bed, ill of the headake, which put me into extraordinary fear; and I studied all I could to get him out of the house, and set my people to work to do it without discouraging him, and myself went forth to the Old Exchange to pay my fair Batelier for some linnen, and took leave of her, they breaking up shop for awhile; and so by coach to Kate Joyce's, and there used all the vehemence and rhetorique I could to get her husband to let her go down to Brampton, but I could not prevail with him; he urging some simple reasons, but most that of profit, minding the house, and the distance, if either of them should be ill. However, I did my best, and more than I had a mind to do, but that I saw him so resolved against it, while she was mightily troubled at it. At last he yielded she should go to Windsor, to some friends there. So I took my leave of them, believing that it is great odds that we ever all see one another again; for I dare not go any more to that end of the towne. So home, and to writing of letters hard, and then at night home, and fell to my Tangier papers till late, and then to bed, in some ease of mind that Will is gone to his lodging, and that he is likely to do well, it being only the headake.

30th (Lord's day). Up, and in my night gowne, cap and neckcloth, undressed all day long, lost not a minute, but in my chamber, setting my Tangier accounts to rights. Which I did by night to my very heart's content, not only that it is done, but I find every thing right, and even beyond what, after so long neglecting them, I did hope for. The Lord of Heaven be praised for it! Will was with me to-day, and is very well again. It was a sad noise to hear our bell to toll and ring so often to-day, either for deaths or burials; I think five or six times. At night weary with my day's work, but full of joy at my having done it, I to bed, being to rise betimes to-morrow to go to the wedding at Dagenhams. So to bed, fearing I have got some cold sitting in my loose garments all this day.

31st. Up, and very betimes by six o'clock at Deptford, and there find Sir G. Carteret, and my Lady ready to go: I being in my new coloured silk suit, and coat trimmed with gold buttons and gold broad lace round my hands, very rich and fine. By water to the Ferry, where, when we come, no coach there; and tide of ebb so far spent as the horse-boat could not get off on the other side the river to bring away the coach. So we were fain to stay there in the unlucky Isle of Doggs, in a chill place, the morning cool, and wind fresh, above two if not three hours to our great discontent. Yet being upon a pleasant errand, and seeing that it could not be helped, we did bear it very patiently; and it was worth my observing, I thought, as ever anv

thing, to see how upon these two scores, Sir G. Carteret, the most passionate man in the world, and that was in greatest haste to be gone, did bear with it, and very pleasant all the while, at least not troubled much so as to fret and storm at it. Anon the coach comes: in the mean time there coming a News thither with his horse to go over, that told us he did come from Islington this morning; and that Proctor[1] the vintner of the Miter in Wood-street, and his son, are dead this morning there, of the plague; he having laid out abundance of money there, and was the greatest vintner for some time in London for great entertainments. We, fearing the canonicall hour would be past before we got thither, did with a great deal of unwillingness send away the license and wedding ring. So that when we come, though we drove hard with six horses, yet we found them gone from home; and going towards the church, met them coming from the church, which troubled us. But, however, that trouble was soon over; hearing it was well done: they being both in their old cloaths; my Lord Crew giving her, there being three coach fulls of them. The young lady mighty sad, which troubled me; but yet I think it was only her gravity in a little greater degree than usual. All saluted her, but I did not till my Lady Sandwich did ask me whether I had saluted her or no. So to dinner, and very merry we were; but yet in such a sober way as never almost any wedding was in so great families: but it was much better. After dinner company divided, some to cards, others to talk. My Lady Sandwich and I up to settle accounts, and pay her some money. And mighty kind she is to me, and would fain have had me gone down for company with her to Hinchingbroke; but for my life I cannot. At night to supper, and so to talk; and which, methought, was the most extraordinary thing, all of us to prayers as usual, and the young bride and bridegroom too: and so after prayers, soberly to bed; only I got into the bridegroom's chamber while he undressed himself, and there was very merry, till he was called to the bride's chamber, and into bed they went. I kissed the bride in bed, and so the curtaines drawne with the greatest gravity that could be, and so good night. But the modesty and gravity of this business was so decent, that it was to me indeed ten times more delightfull than if it had been twenty times more merry and joviall. Whereas I feared I must have sat up all night, we did here all get good beds, and I lay in the same I did before with Mr. Brisband, who is a good scholler and sober man; and we lay in bed, getting him to give me an account of Rome, which is the most delightfull talke a man can have of any traveller: and so to sleep. My eyes much troubled already with the change of my drink. Thus I ended this month with the greatest joy that ever I did any in my life, because I have spent the greatest part of it with abundance of joy, and honour, and pleasant journeys, and brave entertainments, and without cost of money; and at last live to see the business ended

[1] "1665, Aug. 1. Mr. Wm. Proctor, vintner, at y^e^ Mitre, in Wood Street, with his young son, died at Islington (insolvent). *Ex Peste*."—Smith's *Obituary*, p. 64.

with great content on all sides.[1] This evening with Mr. Brisband, speaking of enchantments and spells, I telling him some of my charms; he told me this of his owne knowledge, at Bourdeaux in France.[2] The words these:

Voyci un Corps mort,
Royde com̄e un Baston,
Froid comme Marbre,
Leger com̄e un esprit,
Levons te au nom de Jesus Christ.

He saw four little girles, very young ones, all kneeling, each of them, upon one knee; and one begun the first line, whispering in the eare of the next, and the second to the third, and the third to the fourth, and she to the first. Then the first begun the second line, and so round quite through, and, putting each one finger only to a boy that lay flat upon his back on the ground, as if he was dead; at the end of the words, they did with their four fingers raise this boy as high as they could reach, and he [Mr. Brisband] being there, and wondering at it, as also being afeard to see it, for they would have had him to have bore a part in saying the words, in the roome of one of the little girles that was so young that they could hardly make her learn to repeat the words, did, for feare there might be some sleight used in it by the boy, or that the boy might be light, call the cook of the house, a very lusty fellow, as Sir G. Carteret's cook, who is very big, and they did raise him in just the same manner. This is one of the strangest things I ever heard, but he tells it me of his owne knowledge, and I do heartily believe it to be true. I enquired of him whether they were Protestant or Catholique girles; and he told me they were Protestant, which made it the more strange to me. Thus we end this month, as I said, after the greatest glut of content that ever I had; only under some difficulty because of the plague, which grows mightily upon us, the last week being about 1,700 or 1,800 of the plague. My Lord Sandwich at sea with a fleet of about 100 sail, to the Northward, expecting De Ruyter, or the Dutch East India fleet. My Lord Hinchingbroke coming over from France, and will meet his sister at Scott's-hall.[3] Myself having obliged

[1] The marriage licence of Philip Carteret, of St. Peter-le-Poor, bachelor, aged 24, and Dame Jemima Montagu, spinster, aged 17, is dated July 29th, 1665 (Chester's "London Marriage Licences," ed. Foster, 1887, col. 249). Pepys wrote to Lord Sandwich on August 7th, and in his letter he says, "After a fortnight's acquaintance between the young people their marriage was completed on Monday, July 31st; present Sir G. Carteret, my Lady, and my Lady Slaning on their side, with my Lord Crew, Lady Sandwich, Lady Wright and all her family on your Lordship's, and is the only occurrence of all my life I ever met with, begun, proceeded on, and finished with the same uninterrupted excess of satisfaction to all parties." The letter is printed in Smith's "Life, Journals, and Correspondence of S. Pepys," vol. i., pp. 95–100.

[2] This curious experiment is referred to in most books of games and tricks, and a full account will be found in Brewster's "Natural Magic," p. 256. Lord Braybrooke added a note on the authority of Dr. S. R. Maitland respecting an experiment once tried in Gloucestershire on a very stout gentleman, the information respecting which he obtained from the late Mr. W. J. Thoms, founder of "Notes and Queries."

[3] Lady Jemimah. "This evening I accompanied Mr. Treasurer and Vice-Chamberlin

both these families in this business very much; as both my Lady, and Sir G. Carteret and his Lady do confess exceedingly, and the latter do also now call me cozen, which I am glad of. So God preserve us all friends long, and continue health among us.

August 1st. Slept, and lay long; then up and my Lord [Crew] and Sir G. Carteret being gone abroad, I first to see the bridegroom and bride, and found them both up, and he gone to dress himself. Both red in the face, and well enough pleased this morning with their night's lodging. Thence down and Mr. Brisband and I to billiards: anon come my Lord and Sir G. Carteret in, who have been looking abroad and visiting some farms that Sir G. Carteret hath thereabouts, and, among other things, report the greatest stories of the bigness of the calfes they find there, ready to sell to the butchers, as big, they say, as little cowes, and that they do give them a piece of chalke to licke, which they hold makes them white in the flesh within. Very merry at dinner, and so to talk and laugh after dinner, and up and down, some to [one] place, some to another, full of content on all sides. Anon about five o'clock, Sir G. Carteret and his lady and I took coach with the greatest joy and kindnesse that could be from the two familys or that ever I saw with so much appearance, and, I believe, reality in all my life. Drove hard home, and it was night ere we got to Deptford, where, with much kindnesse from them to me, I left them, and home to the office, where I find all well, and being weary and sleepy, it being very late, I to bed.

2nd. Up, it being a publique fast, as being the first Wednesday of the month, for the plague;[1] I within doors all day, and upon my monthly accounts late, and there to my great joy settled almost all my private matters of money in my books clearly, and allowing myself several sums which I had hitherto not reckoned myself sure of, because I would not be over sure of any thing, though with reason I might do it, I did find myself really worth £1,900, for which the great God of Heaven and Earth be praised! At night to the office to write a few letters, and so home to bed, after fitting myself for to-morrow's journey.

3rd. Up, and betimes to Deptford to Sir G. Carteret's, where, not liking the horse that had been hired by Mr. Uthwayt for me, I did desire Sir G. Carteret to let me ride his new £40 horse, which he did, and so I left my *hacquenée*[2] behind, and so after staying a good while in their bed-chamber while they were dressing themselves, discoursing merrily, I parted and to the ferry, where I was forced to stay a great while before I could get my horse brought over, and then mounted and rode very finely to Dagenhams; all the way people, citizens, walking to and again to enquire how the plague is in

Carteret to his lately married son-in-law's, Sir Thomas Scott, to Scott's Hall. We took barge as far as Gravesend, thence by post to Rochester, whence in coach and six horses to Scott's Hall, a right noble seat, uniformly built, with a handsome gallery. It stands in a park well stor'd, the land fat and good."—Evelyn's *Diary*, August 2nd, 1663.

[1] See note, *ante*, July 12th.

[2] Haquenée = an ambling nag fitted for ladies' riding.

the City this week by the Bill; which by chance, at Greenwich, I had heard was 2,020 of the plague, and 3,000 and odd of all diseases; but methought it was a sad question to be so often asked me. Coming to Dagenhams, I there met our company coming out of the house, having staid as long as they could for me; so I let them go a little before, and went and took leave of my Lady Sandwich, good woman, who seems very sensible of my service in this late business, and having her directions in some things, among others, to get Sir G. Carteret and my Lord to settle the portion, and what Sir G. Carteret is to settle, into land, soon as may be, she not liking that it should lie long undone, for fear of death on either side. So took leave of her, and then down to the buttery, and eat a piece of cold venison pie, and drank and took some bread and cheese in my hand; and so mounted after them, Mr. Marr very kindly staying to lead me the way. By and by met my Lord Crew returning, after having accompanied them a little way, and so after them, Mr. Marr telling me by the way how a mayde servant of Mr. John Wright's (who lives thereabouts) falling sick of the plague, she was removed to an out-house, and a nurse appointed to look to her; who, being once absent, the mayde got out of the house at the window, and run away. The nurse coming and knocking, and having no answer, believed she was dead, and went and told Mr. Wright so; who and his lady were in great strait what to do to get her buried. At last resolved to go to Burntwood [1] hard by, being in the parish, and there get people to do it. But they would not; so he went home full of trouble, and in the way met the wench walking over the common, which frighted him worse than before; and was forced to send people to take her, which he did; and they got one of the pest coaches and put her into it to carry her to a pest house. And passing in a narrow lane, Sir Anthony Browne,[2] with his brother and some friends in the coach, met this coach with the curtains drawn close. The brother being a young man, and believing there might be some lady in it that would not be seen, and the way being narrow, he thrust his head out of his own into her coach, and to look, and there saw somebody look very ill, and in a sick dress, and stunk mightily; which the coachman also cried out upon. And presently they come up to some people that stood looking after it, and told our gallants that it was a mayde of Mr. Wright's carried away sick of the plague; which put the young gentleman into a fright had almost cost him his life, but is now well again. I, overtaking our young people, 'light, and into the coach to them, where mighty merry all the way; and anon come to the Blockehouse,[3] over against Gravesend, where we staid a great while, in a little drinking-house. Sent back our coaches to Dagenhams. I, by and by, by boat to Gravesend, where no newes of Sir G. Carteret come yet; so back again, and fetched them all over, but the two saddle-horses that were to go with us, which could not be brought over in the

[1] Brentwood, Essex, is still locally called Burntwood.
[2] He commanded a troop of horse in the Train-bands, 1662.—B.
[3] Tilbury fort.

horse-boat, the wind and tide being against us, without towing; so we had some difference with some watermen, who would not tow them over under 20*s*., whereupon I swore to send one of them to sea and will do it. Anon some others come to me and did it for 10*s*. By and by comes Sir G. Carteret, and so we set out for Chatham: in my way overtaking some company, wherein was a lady, very pretty, riding singly, her husband in company with her. We fell into talke, and I read a copy of verses which her husband showed me, and he discommended, but the lady commended: and I read them, so as to make the husband turn to commend them. By and by he and I fell into acquaintance, having known me formerly at the Exchequer. His name is Nokes, over against Bow Church. He was servant to Alderman Dashwood. We promised to meet, if ever we come both to London again; and, at parting, I had a fair salute on horseback, in Rochester streets, of the lady, and so parted. Come to Chatham mighty merry, and anon to supper, it being near 9 o'clock ere we come thither. My Lady Carteret come thither in a coach, by herself, before us. Great mind they to have to buy a little *hacquenée* that I rode on from Greenwich, for a woman's horse. Mighty merry, and after supper, all being withdrawn, Sir G. Carteret did take an opportunity to speak with much value and kindness to me, which is of great joy to me. So anon to bed. Mr. Brisband and I together to my content.

4th. Up at five o'clock, and by six walked out alone, with my Lady Slanning,[1] to the Docke Yard, where walked up and down, and so to Mr. Pett's, who led us into his garden, and there the lady, the best humoured woman in the world, and a devout woman (I having spied her on her knees half an houre this morning in her chamber), clambered up to the top of the banquetting-house to gather nuts, and mighty merry, and so walked back again through the new rope house, which is very usefull; and so to the Hill-house to breakfast and mighty merry. Then they took coach, and Sir G. Carteret kissed me himself heartily, and my Lady several times, with great kindnesse, and then the young ladies, and so with much joy, bade "God be with you!" and an end I think it will be to my mirthe for a great while, it having been the passage of my whole life the most pleasing for the time, considering the quality and nature of the business, and my noble usage in the doing of it, and very many fine journys, entertainments and great company. I returned into the house for a while to do business there with Commissioner Pett, and there with the officers of the Chest, where I saw more of Sir W. Batten's business than ever I did before, for whereas he did own once under his hand to them that he was accountable for £2,200, of which he had yet paid but £1,600, he writes them a letter lately that he hath but about £150 left that is due to the Chest, but I will do something in it and that speedily. That being done I took horse, and Mr. Barrow[2] with me bore me company

[1] Sir G. Carteret's eldest daughter, Anne, married in 1663 to Sir Nicholas Slaning, K.B. —B.

[2] This was probably Phil. Barrow, who was storekeeper at Chatham.

to Gravesend, discoursing of his business, wherein I vexed him, and he me, I seeing his frowardness, but yet that he is in my conscience a very honest man, and some good things he told me, which I shall remember to the King's advantage. There I took boat alone, and, the tide being against me, landed at Blackwall and walked to Wapping, Captain Bowd whom I met with talking with me all the way, who is a sober man. So home, and found all things well, and letters from Dover that my Lord Hinchingbroke is arrived at Dover, and would be at Scott's hall this night, where the whole company will meet. I wish myself with them. After writing a few letters I took boat and down to Woolwich very late, and there found my wife and her woman upon the key hearing a fellow in a barge, that lay by, fiddle. So I to them and in, very merry, and to bed, I sleepy and weary.

5th. In the morning up, and my wife showed me several things of her doing, especially one fine woman's Persian head mighty finely done, beyond what I could expect of her; and so away by water, having ordered in the yarde six or eight bargemen to be whipped, who had last night stolen some of the King's cordage from out of the yarde. I to Deptford, and there by agreement met with my Lord Bruncker, and there we kept our office, he and I, and did what there was to do, and at noon parted to meet at the office next week. Sir W. Warren and I thence did walk through the rain to Half-Way House, and there I eat a piece of boiled beef and he and I talked over several businesses, among others our design upon the mast docke, which I hope to compass and get 2 or £300 by. Thence to Redriffe, where we parted, and I home, where busy all the afternoon. Stepped to Colvill's to set right a business of money, where he told me that for certain De Ruyter is come home, with all his fleete, which is very ill newes, considering the charge we have been at in keeping a fleete to the northward so long, besides the great expectation of snapping him, wherein my Lord Sandwich will I doubt suffer some dishonour. I am told also of a great ryott upon Thursday last in Cheapside; Colonell Danvers,[1] a delinquent, having been taken, and in his way to the Tower was rescued from the captain of the guard, and carried away; only one of the rescuers being taken. I am told also that the Duke of Buckingham is dead,[2] but I know not of a certainty. So home and very late at letters, and then home to supper and to bed.

6th (Lord's day). Dressed and had my head combed by my little girle, to whom I confess que je sum demasiado kind, nuper ponendo mes mains in su des choses de son breast, mais il faut que je leave it lest it bring me to alcun major inconvenience. So to my business in my chamber, look over and settling more of my papers than I could the two last days I have spent about them. In the evening, it raining hard, down to Woolwich, where after some little talk to bed.

[1] The rescue of Colonel Danvers in Cheapside is mentioned in a letter from Sir William Coventry to Lord Arlington, dated August 7th, 1665 ("Calendar of State Papers," 1664–65, p. 506).

[2] The Duke of Buckingham did not die till 1687.

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7th. Up, and with great pleasure looking over my wife's pictures, and then to see my Lady Pen, whom I have not seen since her coming hither, and after being a little merry with her, she went forth and I staid there talking with Mrs. Pegg and looking over her pictures, and commended them; but, Lord! so far short of my wife's, as no comparison. Thence to my wife, and there spent, talking, till noon, when by appointment Mr. Andrews come out of the country to speake with me about their Tangier business, and so having done with him and dined, I home by water, where by appointment I met Dr. Twisden, Mr. Povy, Mr. Lawson, and Stockdale about settling their business of money; but such confusion I never met with, nor could anything be agreed on, but parted like a company of fools, I vexed to lose so much time and pains to no purpose. They gone, comes Rayner, the boat-maker, about some business, and brings a piece of plate with him, which I refused to take of him, thinking indeed that the poor man hath no reason nor encouragement from our dealings with him to give any of us any presents. He gone, there comes Luellin, about Mr. Deering's business of planke, to have the contract perfected, and offers me twenty pieces in gold, as Deering had done some time since himself, but I both then and now refused it, resolving not to be bribed to dispatch business, but will have it done however out of hand forthwith. So he gone, I to supper and to bed.

8th. Up and to the office, where all the morning we sat. At noon I home to dinner alone, and after dinner Bagwell's wife waited at the door, and went with me to my office. . . . So parted, and I to Sir W. Batten's, and there sat the most of the afternoon talking and drinking too much with my Lord Bruncker, Sir G. Smith, G. Cocke and others very merry. I drunk a little mixed, but yet more than I should do. So to my office a little, and then to the Duke of Albemarle's about some business. The streets mighty empty all the way, now even in London, which is a sad sight. And to Westminster Hall, where talking, hearing very sad stories from Mrs. Mumford; among others, of Mrs. Michell's son's family. And poor Will, that used to sell us ale at the Hall-door, his wife and three children died, all, I think, in a day. So home through the City again, wishing I may have taken no ill in going; but I will go, I think, no more thither. Late at the office, and then home to supper, having taken a pullet home with me, and then to bed. The news of De Ruyter's coming home is certain; and told to the great disadvantage of our fleete, and the praise of De Ruyter; but it cannot be helped, nor do I know what to say to it.

9th. Up betimes to my office, where Tom Hater to the writing of letters with me, which have for a good while been in arreare, and we close at it all day till night, only made a little step out for half an houre in the morning to the Exchequer about striking of tallys, but no good done therein, people being most out of towne. At noon T. Hater dined with me, and so at it all the afternoon. At night home and supped, and after reading a little in Cowley's poems, my head being disturbed with overmuch business to-day, I to bed.

10th. Up betimes, and called upon early by my she-cozen Porter, the turner's wife, to tell me that her husband was carried to the Tower, for buying of some of the King's powder, and would have my helpe, but I could give her none, not daring any more to appear in the business, having too much trouble lately therein. By and by to the office, where we sat all the morning; in great trouble to see the Bill this week rise so high, to above 4,000 in all, and of them above 3,000 of the plague. And an odd story of Alderman Bence's[1] stumbling at night over a dead corps in the streete, and going home and telling his wife, she at the fright, being with child, fell sicke and died of the plague. We sat late, and then by invitation my Lord Brunker, Sir J. Minnes, Sir W. Batten and I to Sir G. Smith's to dinner, where very good company and good cheer. Captain Cocke was there and Jacke Fenn, but to our great wonder Alderman Bence, and tells us that not a word of all this is true, and others said so too, but by his owne story his wife hath been ill, and he fain to leave his house and comes not to her, which continuing a trouble to me all the time I was there. Thence to the office and, after writing letters, home, to draw over anew my will, which I had bound myself by oath to dispatch by to-morrow night; the town growing so unhealthy, that a man cannot depend upon living two days to an end. So having done something of it, I to bed.

11th. Up, and all day long finishing and writing over my will twice, for my father and my wife, only in the morning a pleasant rencontre happened in having a young married woman brought me by her father, old Delkes, that carries pins always in his mouth, to get her husband off that he should not go to sea, une contre pouvait avoir done any cose cum elle, but I did nothing, *si ni baisser* her. After they were gone my mind run upon having them called back again, and I sent a messenger to Blackwall, but he failed. So I lost my expectation. I to the Exchequer, about striking new tallys, and I find the Exchequer, by proclamation, removing to Nonesuch.[2] Back again and at my papers, and putting up my books into chests, and settling my house and all things in the best and speediest order I can, lest it should please God to take me away, or force me to leave my house. Late up at it, and weary and full of wind, finding perfectly that so long as I keepe myself in company at meals and do there eat lustily (which I cannot do alone, having no love to eating, but my mind runs upon my business), I am as well as can be, but when I come to be alone, I do not eat in time, nor enough, nor with any good heart, and I immediately begin to be full of wind, which brings my pain, till I come to fill my belly adays again, then am presently well.

12th. The office now not sitting, but only hereafter on Thursdays at the office, I within all the morning about my papers and setting things still in order, and also much time in settling matters with Dr. Twisden. At noon

[1] Alderman J. Bence was secretary to the Royal African Society.

[2] Nonsuch Palace, near Epsom, where the Exchequer money was kept during the time of the plague. See note, *ante*, July 26th, 1663.

am sent for by Sir G. Carteret, to meet him and my Lord Hinchingbroke at Deptford, but my Lord did not come thither, he having crossed the river at Gravesend to Dagenhams, whither I dare not follow him, they being afeard of me; but Sir G. Carteret says, he is a most sweet youth in every circumstance. Sir G. Carteret being in haste of going to the Duke of Albemarle and the Archbishop, he was pettish, and so I could not fasten any discourse, but take another time. So he gone, I down to Greenwich and sent away the Bezan, thinking to go with my wife to-night to come back again to-morrow night to the Soveraigne at the buoy off the Nore. Coming back to Deptford, old Bagwell walked a little way with me, and would have me in to his daughter's, and there he being gone dehors, ego had my volunté de su hiza. Eat and drank and away home, and after a little at the office to my chamber to put more things still in order, and late to bed. The people die so, that now it seems they are fain to carry the dead to be buried by daylight, the nights not sufficing to do it in. And my Lord Mayor commands people to be within at nine at night all, as they say, that the sick may have liberty to go abroad for ayre. There is one also dead out of one of our ships at Deptford, which troubles us mightily; the Providence fire-ship, which was just fitted to go to sea. But they tell me to-day no more sick on board. And this day W. Bodham tells me that one is dead at Woolwich, not far from the Rope-yard.[1] I am told, too, that a wife of one of the groomes at Court is dead at Salsbury; so that the King and Queene are speedily to be all gone to Milton.[2] God preserve us!

13th (Lord's day). Up betimes and to my chamber, it being a very wet day all day, and glad am I that we did not go by water to see "The Soveraigne" [3] to-day, as I intended, clearing all matters in packing up my papers and books, and giving instructions in writing to my executors, thereby perfecting the whole business of my will, to my very great joy; so that I shall be in much better state of soul, I hope, if it should please the Lord to call me away this sickly time. At night to read, being weary with this day's great work, and then after supper to bed, to rise betimes to-morrow, and to bed with a mind as free as to the business of the world as if I were not worth £100 in the whole world. every thing being evened under my hand in my books and papers,

[1] Christopher Pett wrote to the Navy Commissioners from Woolwich on August 15th, and in his letter he says, "It has pleased God to send the infection of the plague into the town, and two houses are already visited; fear it will be very mortal, will take every care to prevent it spreading to the yard" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1664–65, p. 519).

[2] The court went in the following month from Salisbury to Oxford. This Milton may be intended for Milton Lilbourne, a parish in Wiltshire.

[3] "The Sovereign of the Seas" was built at Woolwich in 1637 of timber which had been stripped of its bark while growing in the spring, and not felled till the second autumn afterwards; and it is observed by Dr. Plot ("Phil. Trans." for 1691), in his discourse on the most seasonable time for felling timber, written by the advice of Pepys, that after forty-seven years, "all the ancient timber then remaining in her, it was no easy matter to drive a nail into it" ("Quarterly Review," vol. viii., p. 35).—B.

and upon the whole I find myself worth, besides Brampton estate, the sum of £2,164, for which the Lord be praised!

14th. Up, and my mind being at mighty ease from the dispatch of my business so much yesterday, I down to Deptford to Sir G. Carteret, where with him a great while, and a great deale of private talke concerning my Lord Sandwich's and his matters, and chiefly of the latter, I giving him great deale of advice about the necessity of his having caution concerning Fenn, and the many ways there are of his being abused by any man in his place, and why he should not bring his son in to look after his business, and more, to be a Commissioner of the Navy, which he listened to and liked, and told me how much the King was his good Master, and was sure not to deny him that or any thing else greater than that, and I find him a very cunning man, whatever at other times he seems to be, and among other things he told me he was not for the fanfaroone[1] to make a show with a great title, as he might have had long since, but the main thing to get an estate; and another thing, speaking of minding of business, "By God," says he, "I will and have already almost brought it to that pass, that the King shall not be able to whip a cat, but I must be at the tayle of it." Meaning so necessary he is, and the King and my Lord Treasurer and all do confess it; which, while I mind my business, is my own case in this office of the Navy, and I hope shall be more, if God give me life and health. Thence by agreement to Sir J. Minnes's lodgings, where I found my Lord Bruncker, and so by water to the ferry, and there took Sir W. Batten's coach that was sent for us, and to Sir W. Batten's, where very merry, good cheer, and up and down the garden with great content to me, and, after dinner, beat Captain Cocke at billiards, won about 8*s*. of him and my Lord Bruncker. So in the evening after much pleasure back again and I by water to Woolwich, where supped with my wife, and then to bed betimes, because of rising to-morrow at four of the clock in order to the going out with Sir G. Carteret toward Cranborne to my Lord Hinchingbrooke in his way to Court. This night I did present my wife with the dyamond ring, awhile since given me by Mr. Dicke Vines's brother, for helping him to be a purser, valued at about £10, the first thing of that nature I did ever give her. Great fears we have that the plague will be a great Bill this weeke.

15th. Up by 4 o'clock and walked to Greenwich, where called at Captain Cocke's and to his chamber, he being in bed, where something put my last night's dream into my head, which I think is the best that ever was dreamt, which was that I had my Lady Castlemayne in my armes and was admitted to use all the dalliance I desired with her, and then dreamt that this could not be awake, but that it was only a dream; but that since it was a dream, and that I took so much real pleasure in it, what a happy thing it would be if when we are in our graves (as Shakespeere resembles it) we

[1] *Fanfaron*, French, from *fanfare*, a sounding of trumpets; hence, a swaggerer, or empty boaster.

could dream, and dream but such dreams as this, that then we should not need to be so fearful of death, as we are this plague time. Here I hear that news is brought Sir G. Carteret that my Lord Hinchingbrooke is not well, and so cannot meet us at Cranborne to-night. So I to Sir G. Carteret's; and there was sorry with him for our disappointment. So we put off our meeting there till Saturday next. Here I staid talking with Sir G. Carteret, he being mighty free with me in his business, and among other things hath ordered Rider and Cutler to put into my hands copper to the value of £5,000 (which Sir G. Carteret's share it seems come to in it), which is to raise part of the money he is to lay out for a purchase for my Lady Jemimah. Thence he and I to Sir J. Minnes's by invitation, where Sir W. Batten and my Lady, and my Lord Bruncker, and all of us dined upon a venison pasty and other good meat, but nothing well dressed. But my pleasure lay in getting some bills signed by Sir G. Carteret, and promise of present payment from Mr. Fenn, which do rejoice my heart, it being one of the heaviest things I had upon me, that so much of the little I have should lie (viz. near £1,000) in the King's hands. Here very merry and (Sir G. Carteret being gone presently after dinner) to Captain Cocke's, and there merry, and so broke up and I by water to the Duke of Albemarle, with whom I spoke a great deale in private, they being designed to send a fleete of ships privately to the Streights. No news yet from our fleete, which is much wondered at, but the Duke says for certain guns have been heard to the northward very much. It was dark before I could get home, and so land at Church-yard stairs,[1] where, to my great trouble, I met a dead corps of the plague, in the narrow ally just bringing down a little pair of stairs. But I thank God I was not much disturbed at it. However, I shall beware of being late abroad again.

16th. Up, and after doing some necessary business about my accounts at home, to the office, and there with Mr. Hater wrote letters, and I did deliver to him my last will, one part of it to deliver to my wife when I am dead. Thence to the Exchange, where I have not been a great while. But, Lord! how sad a sight it is to see the streets empty of people, and very few upon the 'Change. Jealous of every door that one sees shut up, lest it should be the plague; and about us two shops in three, if not more, generally shut up. From the 'Change to Sir G. Smith's[2] with Mr. Fenn, to whom I am nowadays very complaisant, he being under payment of my bills to me, and some other sums at my desire, which he readily do. Mighty merry with Captain Cocke and Fenn at Sir G. Smith's, and a brave dinner, but I think Cocke is the greatest epicure that is, eats and drinks with the greatest pleasure and liberty that ever man did. Very contrary newes to-day upon the 'Change, some that our fleete hath taken some of the Dutch East India

[1] Churchyard Alley, Upper Thames Street, close by London Bridge.

[2] Sir George Smith, of St. Bartholomew, by the Exchange. He married Martha, daughter of John Swift, of London, merchant.—B.

ships, others that we did attaque it at Bergen and were repulsed, others that our fleete is in great danger after this attaque by meeting with the great body now gone out of Holland, almost 100 sayle of men of warr. Every body is at a great losse and nobody can tell. Thence among the goldsmiths to get some money, and so home, settling some new money matters, and to my great joy have got home £500 more of the money due to me, and got some more money to help Andrews first advanced. This day I had the ill news from Dagenhams, that my poor lord of Hinchingbroke his indisposition is turned to the small-pox. Poor gentleman! that he should be come from France so soon to fall sick, and of that disease too, when he should be gone to see a fine lady, his mistresse. I am most heartily sorry for it. So late setting papers to rights, and so home to bed.

17th. Up and to the office, where we sat all the morning, and at noon dined together upon some victuals I had prepared at Sir W. Batten's upon the King's charge, and after dinner, I having dispatched some business and set things in order at home, we down to the water and by boat to Greenwich to the Bezan yacht, where Sir W. Batten, Sir J. Minnes, my Lord Bruncker and myself, with some servants (among others Mr. Carcasse,[1] my Lord's clerk, a very civil gentleman), embarked in the yacht and down we went most pleasantly, and noble discourse I had with my Lord Bruncker, who is a most excellent person. Short of Gravesend it grew calme, and so we come to an anchor, and to supper mighty merry, and after it, being moonshine, we out of the cabbin to laugh and talk, and then, as we grew sleepy, went in and upon velvet cushions of the King's that belong to the yacht fell to sleep, which we all did pretty well till 3 or 4 of the clock, having risen in the night to look for a new comet which is said to have lately shone, but we could see no such thing.

[1] James Carcasse (or Carkesse) was one of the four clerks of the Ticket Office, and in a paper of Pepys's at Magdalene College he is described as the clerk to attend on Sir John Minnes for the signing of tickets. He was dismissed from the office for irregularities, principally through the action of Pepys. He published a quarto volume of poems in 1679, called "Lucida Intervalla," the following extract from which, strongly reflecting upon Pepys, has been printed in "Notes and Queries" (1st series), vol. ii., p. 87:—

"Get thee behind me, then, dumb devil, begone,
The Lord hath Eppthatha said to my tongue.
Him I must praise who open'd hath my lips,
Sent me from Navy to the Ark by Pepys;
By Mr. Pepys, who hath my rival been
For the Duke's favour, more than years thirteen;
But I excluded, he high and fortunate,
This Secretary I could never mate.
But Clerk of th' Acts, if I'm a parson, then
I shall prevail, the voice outdoes the pen;
Though in a gown, the challenge I may make,
And wager win, save, if you can, your stake.
To th' Admiral I all submit, and vail——"

The concluding line cut off and imperfect.

18th. Up about 5 o'clock and dressed ourselves, and to sayle again down to the Soveraigne at the buoy of the Nore, a noble ship, now rigged and fitted and manned; we did not stay long, but to enquire after her readinesse and thence to Sheernesse, where we walked up and down, laying out the ground to be taken in for a yard to lay provisions for cleaning and repairing of ships, and a most proper place it is for the purpose.[1] Thence with great pleasure up the Meadeway, our yacht contending with Commissioner Pett's wherein he met us from Chatham, and he had the best of it. Here I come by, but had not tide enough to stop at Quinbrough,[2] with mighty pleasure spent the day in doing all and seeing these places, which I had never done before. So to the Hill house at Chatham and there dined, and after dinner spent some time discoursing of business. Among others arguing with the Commissioner about his proposing the laying out so much money upon Sheerenesse unless it be to the slighting of Chatham yarde, for it is much a better place than Chatham, which however the King is not at present in purse to do, though it were to be wished he were. Thence in Commissioner Pett's coach (leaving them there). I late in the darke to Gravesend, where great is the plague, and I troubled to stay there so long for the tide. At 10 at night, having supped, I took boat alone, and slept well all the way to the Tower docke about three o'clock in the morning. So knocked up my people, and to bed.

19th. Slept till 8 o'clock, and then up and met with letters from the King and Lord Arlington, for the removal of our office to Greenwich. I also wrote letters, and made myself ready to go to Sir G. Carteret, at Windsor; and having borrowed a horse of Mr. Blackbrough,[3] sent him to wait for me at the Duke of Albemarle's door: when, on a sudden, a letter comes to us from the Duke of Albemarle,[4] to tell us that the fleete is all come back to Solebay, and are presently to be dispatched back again. Whereupon I presently by water to the Duke of Albemarle to know what news; and there I saw a letter from my Lord Sandwich to the Duke of Albemarle, and also from Sir W. Coventry and Captain Teddiman; how my Lord having commanded Teddiman with twenty-two ships[5] (of which but fifteen could get thither, and

[1] The yard and fortifications of Sheerness were designed and first "staked out" by Sir Bernard de Gomme (see March 24th, 1667). The original plan is in the British Museum. —B.

[2] Queenborough, a parish and town in Kent, in the Isle of Sheppey, two miles south of Sheerness.

[3] Peter Blackborow, or Blackbery, held contracts with the Navy Commissioners for the supply of timber.

[4] This letter of the Duke of Albemarle to the Navy Commissioners is among the State Papers, it orders a supply of provisions to be sent forthwith to the Gunfleet, and thence convoyed to Southwold Bay. "Ammunition is wanted also, and as many men as can be obtained" ("Calendar," 1664–65, p. 524).

[5] A news letter of August 19th (Salisbury), gives the following account of this affair:—"The Earl of Sandwich being on the Norway coast, ordered Sir Thomas Teddeman with 20 ships to attack 50 Dutch merchant ships in Bergen harbour; six convoyers had so placed themselves that only four or five of the ships could be reached at once. The Governor of Bergen fired on our ships, and placed 100 pieces of ordnance and two

of those fifteen but eight or nine could come up to play) to go to Bergen; where, after several messages to and fro from the Governor of the Castle, urging that Teddiman ought not to come thither with more than five ships, and desiring time to think of it, all the while he suffering the Dutch ships to land their guns to their best advantage; Teddiman on the second pretence, began to play at the Dutch ships, (whereof ten East India-men,) and in three hours' time (the town and castle, without any provocation, playing on our ships,) they did cut all our cables, so as the wind being off the land, did force us to go out, and rendered our fire-ships useless; without doing any thing, but what hurt of course our guns must have done them: we having lost five commanders,[1] besides Mr. Edward Montagu,[2] and Mr. Windham [3]

regiments of foot on the rocks to attack them, but they got clear without the loss of a ship, only 500 men killed or wounded, five or six captains among them. The fleet has gone to Sole Bay to repair losses and be ready to encounter the Dutch fleet, which is gone northward" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1664–65, pp. 526, 527). Medals were struck in Holland, the inscription in Dutch on one of these is thus translated: "Thus we arrest the pride of the English, who extend their piracy even against their friends, and who insulting the forts of Norway, violate the rights of the harbours of King Frederick; but, for the reward of their audacity, see their vessels destroyed by the balls of the Dutch" (Hawkins's "Medallic Illustrations of the History of Great Britain and Ireland," ed. Franks and Grueber, 1885, vol. i., p. 508). Sir Gilbert Talbot's "True Narrative of the Earl of Sandwich's Attempt upon Bergen with the English Fleet on the 3rd of August, 1665, and the Cause of his Miscarriage thereupon," is in the British Museum (Harl. MS., No. 6859). It is printed in "Archæologia," vol. xxii., p. 33. The Earl of Rochester also gave an account of the action in a letter to his mother (Wordsworth's "Ecclesiastical Biography," fourth edition, vol. iv., p. 611). Sir John Denham, in his "Advice to a Painter," gives a long satirical account of the affair. A coloured drawing of the attack upon Bergen, on vellum, showing the range of the ships engaged, is in the British Museum. Shortly after the Bergen affair forty of the Dutch merchant vessels, on their way to Holland, fell into the hands of the English, and in Penn's "Memorials of Sir William Penn," vol. ii., p. 364, is a list of the prizes taken on the 3rd and 4th September. The troubles connected with these prizes and the disgrace into which Lord Sandwich fell are fully set forth in subsequent pages of the Diary. Evelyn writes in his Diary (November 27th, 1665): "There was no small suspicion of my Lord Sandwich having permitted divers commanders who were at y^e^ taking of y^e^ East India prizes to break bulk and take to themselves jewels, silkes, &c., tho' I believe some whom I could name fill'd their pockets, my Lo. Sandwich himself had the least share. However, he underwent the blame, and it created him enemies, and prepossess'd y^e^ Lo. Generall [Duke of Albemarle], for he spake to me of it with much zeale and concerne, and I believe laid load enough on Lo. Sandwich at Oxford."

[1] The captains killed in the unfortunate attack upon Bergen were Captain Seale of the "Breda," Captain Utber, jun., of the "Guernsey," Captain Hayward of the "Prudent Mary," Captain Lawson, "Coast" frigate, Captain Cadman of "Hamburgh Merchant," Captain Price of the "Briar."

[2] Mr. Edward Montagu was killed in the action at Bergen, and is much lamented by his friends (Earl of Arlington's "Letters," vol. ii., p. 87).—B.

[3] This Mr. Windham had entered into a formal engagement with the Earl of Rochester, "not without ceremonies of religion, that if either of them died, he should appear, and give the other notice of the future state, if there was any." He was probably one of the brothers of Sir William Wyndham, Bart. See Wordsworth's "Ecclesiastical Biography," fourth edition, vol. iv., p. 615.—B.

Our fleete is come home to our great grief with not above five weeks' dry, and six days' wet provisions: however, must out again; and the Duke hath ordered the Soveraigne, and all other ships ready, to go out to the fleete to strengthen them. This news troubles us all, but cannot be helped. Having read all this news, and received commands of the Duke with great content, he giving me the words which to my great joy he hath several times said to me, that his greatest reliance is upon me. And my Lord Craven also did come out to talk with me, and told me that I am in mighty esteem with the Duke, for which I bless God. Home, and having given my fellow-officers an account thereof, to Chatham, and wrote other letters, I by water to Charing-Cross, to the post-house, and there the people tell me they are shut up; and so I went to the new post-house, and there got a guide and horses to Hounslow, where I was mightily taken with a little girle, the daughter of the master of the house (Betty Gysby), which, if she lives, will make a great beauty. Here I met with a fine fellow who, while I staid for my horses, did enquire newes, but I could not make him remember Bergen in Norway, in 6 or 7 times telling, so ignorant he was. So to Stanes, and there by this time it was dark night, and got a guide who lost his way in the forest, till by help of the moone (which recompences me for all the pains I ever took about studying of her motions,) I led my guide into the way back again; and so we made a man rise that kept a gate, and so he carried us to Cranborne. Where in the dark I perceive an old house new building with a great deal of rubbish, and was fain to go up a ladder to Sir G. Carteret's chamber. And there in his bed I sat down, and told him all my bad newes, which troubled him mightily; but yet we were very merry, and made the best of it; and being myself weary did take leave, and after having spoken with Mr. Fenn[1] in bed, I to bed in my Lady's chamber that she uses to lie in, and where the Duchesse of York, that now is, was born. So to sleep; being very well, but weary, and the better by having carried with me a bottle of strong water, whereof now and then a sip did me good.

20th (Lord's day). Sir G. Carteret come and walked by my bedside half an houre, talking and telling me how my Lord is in this unblameable in all this ill-successe, he having followed orders; and that all ought to be imputed to the falsenesse of the King of Denmarke, who, he told me as a secret, had promised to deliver up the Dutch ships to us, and we expected no less; and swears it will, and will easily, be the ruine of him and his kingdom, if we fall out with him, as we must in honour do; but that all that can be, must be to get the fleete out again to intercept De Witt, who certainly will be coming home with the East India ships, he being gone thither. He being gone, I up and with Fenn, being ready to walk forth to see the place; and I find it to be a very noble seat in a noble forest, with the noblest prospect towards

[1] It is not clear whether the Mr. Fenn mentioned several times about this period was Pepys's old friend Jack Fenn, or Nicholas Fenn who was at a later date Commissioner of the Victualling Office.

Windsor, and round about over many countys, that can be desired; but otherwise a very melancholy place, and little variety save only trees. I had thoughts of going home by water, and of seeing Windsor Chappell and Castle, but finding at my coming in that Sir G. Carteret did prevent me in speaking for my sudden return to look after business, I did presently eat a bit off the spit about 10 o'clock, and so took horse for Stanes, and thence to Brainford to Mr. Povy's, the weather being very pleasant to ride in. Mr. Povy not being at home I lost my labour, only eat and drank there with his lady, and told my bad newes, and hear the plague is round about them there. So away to Brainford; and there at the inn that goes down to the water-side, I 'light and paid off my post-horses, and so slipped on my shoes, and laid my things by, the tide not serving, and to church, where a dull sermon, and many Londoners. After church to my inn, and eat and drank, and so about seven o'clock by water, and got between nine and ten to Queenhive, very dark. And I could not get my waterman to go elsewhere for fear of the plague. Thence with a lanthorn, in great fear of meeting of dead corpses, carried to be buried; but, blessed be God, met none, but did see now and then a linke (which is the mark of them) at a distance. So got safe home about 10 o'clock, my people not all abed, and after supper I weary to bed.

21st. Called up, by message from Lord Bruncker and the rest of my fellows, that they will meet me at the Duke of Albemarle's this morning; so I up, and weary, however, got thither before them, and spoke with my Lord, and with him and other gentlemen to walk in the Parke, where, I perceive, he spends much of his time, having no whither else to go; and here I hear him speake of some Presbyter people that he caused to be apprehended yesterday, at a private meeting in Covent Garden, which he would have released upon paying £5 per man to the poor, but it was answered, they would not pay anything; so he ordered them to another prison from the guard. By and by comes my fellow-officers, and the Duke walked in, and to counsel with us; and that being done we departed, and Sir W. Batten and I to the office, where, after I had done a little business, I to his house to dinner, whither comes Captain Cocke, for whose epicurisme a dish of partriges was sent for, and still gives me reason to think is the greatest epicure in the world. Thence, after dinner, I by water to Sir W. Warren's and with him two hours, talking of things to his and my profit, and particularly good advice from him what use to make of Sir G. Carteret's kindnesse to me and my interest in him, with exceeding good cautions for me not using it too much nor obliging him to fear by prying into his secrets, which it were easy for me to do. Thence to my Lord Bruncker, at Greenwich, and Sir J. Minnes by appointment, to looke after the lodgings appointed for us there for our office, which do by no means please me, they being in the heart of all the labourers and workmen there, which makes it as unsafe as to be, I think, at London. Mr. Hugh May, who is a most ingenuous man, did show us the lodgings, and his acquaintance I am desirous of. Thence walked, it being now dark, to Sir J.

Minnes's, and there staid at the door talking with him an hour while messengers went to get a boat for me, to carry me to Woolwich, but all to no purpose; so I was forced to walk it in the darke, at ten o'clock at night, with Sir J. Minnes's George with me, being mightily troubled for fear of the doggs at Coome farme, and more for fear of rogues by the way, and yet more because of the plague which is there, which is very strange, it being a single house, all alone from the towne, but it seems they use to admit beggars, for their owne safety, to lie in their barns, and they brought it to them; but I bless God I got about eleven of the clock well to my wife, and giving 4*s.* in recompence to George, I to my wife, and having first viewed her last piece of drawing since I saw her, which is seven or eight days, which pleases me beyond any thing in the world, to bed with great content but weary.

22nd. Up, and after much pleasant talke and being importuned by my wife and her two mayds, which are both good wenches, for me to buy a necklace of pearle for her, and I promising to give her one of £60 in two years at furthest, and in less if she pleases me in her painting, I went away and walked to Greenwich, in my way seeing a coffin with a dead body therein, dead of the plague, lying in an open close belonging to Coome farme, which was carried out last night, and the parish have not appointed any body to bury it; but only set a watch there day and night, that nobody should go thither or come thence, which is a most cruel thing: this disease making us more cruel to one another than if we are doggs. So to the King's House, and there met my Lord Bruncker and Sir J. Minnes, and to our lodgings again that are appointed for us, which do please me better to-day than last night, and are set a doing. Thence I to Deptford, where by appointment I find Mr. Andrews come, and to the Globe, where we dined together and did much business as to our Plymouth gentlemen; and after a good dinner and good discourse, he being a very good man, I think verily, we parted and I to the King's yard, walked up and down, and by and by out at the back gate, and there saw the Bagwell's wife's mother and daughter, and went to them, and went in to the daughter's house with the mother, and faciebam le cose que ego tenebam a mind to con elle, and drinking and talking, by and by away, and so walked to Redriffe, troubled to go through the little lane, where the plague is, but did and took water and home, where all well; but Mr. Andrews not coming to even accounts, as I expected, with relation to something of my own profit, I was vexed that I could not settle to business, but home to my viall, though in the evening he did come to my satisfaction. So after supper (he being gone first) I to settle my journall and to bed.

23rd. Up, and whereas I had appointed Mr. Hater and Will to come betimes to the office to meet me about business there, I was called upon as soon as ready by Mr. Andrews to my great content, and he and I to our Tangier accounts, where I settled, to my great joy, all my accounts with him, and, which is more, cleared for my service to the contractors since the last sum I received of them £222 13*s.* profit to myself, and received the money actu-

ally in the afternoon. After he was gone comes by a pretence of mine yesterday old Delks the waterman, with his daughter Robins, and several times to and again, he leaving her with me, about the getting of his son Robins off, who was pressed yesterday again. . . . All the afternoon at my office mighty busy writing letters, and received a very kind and good one from my Lord Sandwich of his arrival with the fleete at Solebay, and the joy he has at my last newes he met with, of the marriage of my Lady Jemimah; and he tells me more, the good newes that all our ships, which were in such danger that nobody would insure upon them, from the Eastland,[1] were all safe arrived, which I am sure is a great piece of good luck, being in much more danger than those of Hambrough which were lost, and their value much greater at this time to us. At night home, much contented with this day's work, and being at home alone looking over my papers, comes a neighbour of ours hard by to speak with me about business of the office, one Mr. Fuller, a great merchant, but not my acquaintance, but he come drunk, and would have had me gone and drunk with him at home, or have let him send for wine hither, but I would do neither, nor offered him any, but after some sorry discourse parted, and I up to [my] chamber and to bed.

24th. Up betimes to my office, where my clerks with me, and very busy all the morning writing letters. At noon down to Sir J. Minnes and Lord Bruncker to Greenwich to sign some of the Treasurer's books, and there dined very well; and thence to look upon our rooms again at the King's house, which are not yet ready for us. So home and late writing letters, and so, weary with business, home to supper and to bed.

25th. Up betimes to the office, and there, as well as all the afternoon, saving a little dinner time, all alone till late at night writing letters and doing business, that I may get beforehand with my business again, which hath run behind a great while, and then home to supper and to bed. This day I am told that Dr. Burnett,[2] my physician, is this morning dead of the plague; which is strange, his man dying so long ago, and his house this month open again. Now himself dead. Poor unfortunate man!

[1] Eastland was a name given to the eastern countries of Europe. The Eastland Company, or Company of Merchants trading to the East Country, was incorporated in Queen Elizabeth's reign (anno 21), and the charter was confirmed 13 Car. II. They were also called "The Merchants of Elbing."

[2] Alexander Burnett, M.D. (Camb., 1648), admitted an Honorary Fellow of the College of Physicians in December, 1664. His house was in Fenchurch Street. He was reported to have fallen a victim to his zeal. "Dr. Burnett, Dr. Glover, and one or two more of the College of Physicians, with Dr. O'Dowd, which was licensed by my Lord's Grace of Canterbury, some surgeons, apothecaries, and Johnson, the chemist, died all very suddenly. Some say (but God forbid that I should report it for truth) that these, in a consultation together, if not all, yet the greatest part of them, attempted to open a dead corpse which was full of the tokens; and being in hand with the dissected body, some fell down dead immediately, and others did not outlive the next day at noon" (J. Tillison to Dr. Sancroft, September 14th, 1665, in Ellis's "Original Letters," second series, vol. iv., p. 37).

26th. Up betimes, and prepared to my great satisfaction an account for the board of my office disbursements, which I had suffered to run on to almost £120. That done I down by water to Greenwich, where we met the first day my Lord Bruncker, Sir J. Minnes, and I, and I think we shall do well there, and begin very auspiciously to me by having my account abovesaid passed, and put into a way of having it presently paid. When we rose I find Mr. Andrews and Mr. Yeabsly, who is just come from Plymouth, at the door, and we walked together toward my Lord Brunker's, talking about their business, Yeabsly being come up on purpose to discourse with me about it, and finished all in a quarter of an hour, and is gone again. I perceive they have some inclination to be going on with their victualling business for a while longer before they resign it to Mr. Gauden, and I am well contented, for it brings me very good profit with certainty, yet with much care and some pains. We parted at my Lord Bruncker's doore, where I went in, having never been there before, and there he made a noble entertainment for Sir J. Minnes, myself, and Captain Cocke, none else saving some painted lady that dined there, I know not who she is.[1] But very merry we were, and after dinner into the garden, and to see his and her chamber, where some good pictures, and a very handsome young woman for my lady's woman. Thence I by water home, in my way seeing a man taken up dead, out of the hold of a small catch that lay at Deptford. I doubt it might be the plague, which, with the thought of Dr. Burnett, did something disturb me, so that I did not what I intended and should have done at the office, as to business, but home sooner than ordinary, and after supper, to read melancholy alone, and then to bed.

27th (Lord's day). Very well in the morning, and up and to my chamber all the morning to put my things and papers yet more in order, and so to dinner. Thence all the afternoon at my office till late making up my papers and letters there into a good condition of order, and so home to supper, and after reading a good while in the King's works,[2] which is a noble book, to bed.

28th. Up, and being ready I out to Mr. Colvill, the goldsmith's, having not for some days been in the streets; but now how few people I see, and those looking like people that had taken leave of the world. I there, and made even all accounts in the world between him and I, in a very good condition, and I would have done the like with Sir Robert Viner, but he is out of towne, the sicknesse being every where thereabouts. I to the Exchange, and I think there was not fifty people upon it, and but few more like to be as they told me, Sir G. Smith and others. Thus I think to take adieu to-day of the London streets, unless it be to go again to Viner's. Home to dinner, and there W. Hewer brings me £119 he hath received for my office disbursements, so that

[1] Mrs. Williams, Lord Brouncker's mistress, frequently mentioned in the Diary after this date.

[2] For note on the copy of Charles I.'s Works, now in the Pepysian Library, see June 10th, 1662.

I think I have £1,800 and more in the house, and, blessed be God! no money out but what I can very well command and that but very little, which is much the best posture I ever was in in my life, both as to the quantity and the certainty I have of the money I am worth; having most of it in my own hand. But then this is a trouble to me what to do with it, being myself this day going to be wholly at Woolwich; but for the present I am resolved to venture it in an iron chest, at least for a while. In the afternoon I sent down my boy to Woolwich with some things before me, in order to my lying there for good and all, and so I followed him. Just now comes newes that the fleete is gone, or going this day, out again, for which God be praised! and my Lord Sandwich hath done himself great right in it, in getting so soon out again. I pray God, he may meet the enemy. Towards the evening, just as I was fitting myself, comes W. Hewer and shows me a letter which Mercer had wrote to her mother about a great difference between my wife and her yesterday, and that my wife will have her go away presently. This, together with my natural jealousy that some bad thing or other may be in the way, did trouble me exceedingly, so as I was in a doubt whether to go thither or no, but having fitted myself and my things I did go, and by night got thither, where I met my wife walking to the waterside with her paynter, Mr. Browne, and her mayds. There I met Commissioner Pett, and my Lord Brunker, and the lady at his house had been there to-day, to see her. Commissioner Pett staid a very little while, and so I to supper with my wife and Mr. Shelden, and so to bed with great pleasure.

29th. In the morning waking, among other discourse my wife begun to tell me the difference between her and Mercer, and that it was only from restraining her to gad abroad to some Frenchmen that were in the town, which I do not wholly yet in part believe, and for my quiet would not enquire into it. So rose and dressed myself, and away by land walking a good way, then remembered that I had promised Commissioner Pett to go with him in his coach, and therefore I went back again to him, and so by his coach to Greenwich, and called at Sir Theophilus Biddulph's,[1] a sober, discreet man, to discourse of the preventing of the plague in Greenwich, and Woolwich, and Deptford, where in every place it begins to grow very great. We appointed another meeting, and so walked together to Greenwich and there parted, and Pett and I to the office, where all the morning, and after office done I to Sir J. Minnes and dined with him, and thence to Deptford thinking to have seen Bagwell, but did not, and so straight to Redriffe, and home, and late at my business to dispatch away letters, and then home to bed, which I did not intend, but to have staid for altogether at Woolwich, but I made a shift for a bed for Tom, whose bed is gone to Woolwich, and so to bed.

30th. Up betimes and to my business of settling my house and papers, and then abroad and met with Hadley, our clerke, who, upon my asking how the

[1] Theophilus Biddulph, of Westcombe, co. Kent. was created a baronet in October, 1664.

plague goes, he told me it encreases much, and much in our parish; for, says he, there died nine this week, though I have returned but six: which is a very ill practice, and makes me think it is so in other places; and therefore the plague much greater than people take it to be. Thence, as I intended, to Sir R. Viner's, and there found not Mr. Lewes ready for me, so I went forth and walked towards Moorefields to see (God forbid my presumption!) whether I could see any dead corps going to the grave; but, as God would have it, did not. But, Lord! how every body's looks, and discourse in the street is of death, and nothing else, and few people going up and down, that the towne is like a place distressed and forsaken. After one turne there back to Viner's, and there found my business ready for me, and evened all reckonings with them to this day to my great content. So home, and all day till very late at night setting my Tangier and private accounts in order, which I did in both, and in the latter to my great joy do find myself yet in the much best condition that ever I was in, finding myself worth £2,180 and odd, besides plate and goods, which I value at £250 more, which is a very great blessing to me. The Lord make me thankfull! and of this at this day above £1,800 in cash in my house, which speaks but little out of my hands in desperate condition, but this is very troublesome to have in my house at this time. So late to bed, well pleased with my accounts, but weary of being so long at them.

31st. Up; and, after putting several things in order to my removal, to Woolwich; the plague having a great encrease this week, beyond all expectation of almost 2,000, making the general Bill 7,000, odd 100; and the plague above 6,000. I down by appointment to Greenwich, to our office, where I did some business, and there dined with our company and Sir W. Boreman, and Sir The. Biddulph, at Mr. Boreman's, where a good venison pasty, and after a good merry dinner I to my office, and there late writing letters, and then to Woolwich by water, where pleasant with my wife and people, and after supper to bed. Thus this month ends with great sadness upon the publick, through the greatness of the plague every where through the kingdom almost. Every day sadder and sadder news of its encrease. In the City died this week 7,496, and of them 6,102 of the plague. But it is feared that the true number of the dead this week is near 10,000; partly from the poor that cannot be taken notice of, through the greatness of the number, and partly from the Quakers and others that will not have any bell ring for them. Our fleete gone out to find the Dutch, we having about 100 sail in our fleete, and in them the Soveraigne one; so that it is a better fleete than the former with the Duke was. All our fear is that the Dutch should be got in before them; which would be a very great sorrow to the publick, and to me particularly, for my Lord Sandwich's sake. A great deal of money being spent, and the kingdom not in a condition to spare, nor a parliament without much difficulty to meet to give more. And to that; to have it said, what hath been done by our late fleetes? As to myself I am very well, only in fear of the plague, and as much of an ague by being forced to go early and

late to Woolwich, and my family to lie there continually. My late gettings have been very great to my great content, and am likely to have yet a few more profitable jobbs in a little while; for which Tangier and Sir W. Warren I am wholly obliged to.

Sept. 1st. Up, and to visit my Lady Pen and her daughter at the Ropeyarde where I did breakfast with them and sat chatting a good while. Then to my lodging at Mr. Shelden's, where I met Captain Cocke and eat a little bit of dinner, and with him to Greenwich by water, having good discourse with him by the way. After being at Greenwich a little while, I to London, to my house, there put many more things in order for my totall remove, sending away my girle Susan and other goods down to Woolwich, and I by water to the Duke of Albemarle, and thence home late by water. At the Duke of Albemarle's I overheard some examinations of the late plot that is discoursed of and a great deale of do there is about it. Among other discourses, I heard read, in the presence of the Duke, an examination and discourse of Sir Philip Howard's,[1] with one of the plotting party. In many places these words being, "Then," said Sir P. Howard, "if you so come over to the King, and be faithfull to him, you shall be maintained, and be set up with a horse and armes," and I know not what. And then said such a one, "Yes, I will be true to the King." "But, damn me," said Sir Philip, "will you so and so?" And thus I believe twelve times Sir P. Howard answered him a "damn me," which was a fine way of rhetorique to persuade a Quaker or Anabaptist from his persuasion. And this was read in the hearing of Sir P. Howard, before the Duke and twenty more officers, and they make sport of it, only without any reproach, or he being anything ashamed of it.[2] But it ended, I remember, at last, "But such a one (the plotter) did at last bid them remember that he had not told them what King he would be faithfull to."

2nd. This morning I wrote letters to Mr. Hill and Andrews to come to dine with me to-morrow, and then I to the office, where busy, and thence to dine with Sir J. Minnes, where merry, but only that Sir J. Minnes who hath lately lost two coach horses, dead in the stable, has a third now a dying. After dinner I to Deptford, and there took occasion to entrar a la casa de la gunaica de ma Minusier, and did what I had a mind. . . . To Greenwich, where wrote some letters, and home in pretty good time.

3rd (Lord's day). Up; and put on my coloured silk suit very fine, and my new periwigg, bought a good while since, but durst not wear, because the plague was in Westminster when I bought it; and it is a wonder what will be the fashion after the plague is done, as to periwiggs, for nobody will dare to buy any haire, for fear of the infection, that it had been cut off of the heads of people dead of the plague. Before church time comes Mr. Hill (Mr. An-

[1] Seventh son of Thomas Howard, first Earl of Berkshire; he was the direct ancestor of the present Earl of Suffolk, to whom both the titles descended.—B.

[2] This republican plot was described by the Lord Chancellor in a speech delivered on October 9th, when parliament met at Oxford.

drews failing because he was to receive the Sacrament), and to church, where a sorry dull parson, and so home and most excellent company with Mr. Hill and discourse of musique. I took my Lady Pen home, and her daughter Pegg, and merry we were; and after dinner I made my wife show them her pictures, which did mad Pegg Pen, who learns of the same man and cannot do so well.[1] After dinner left them and I by water to Greenwich, where much ado to be suffered to come into the towne because of the sicknesse, for fear I should come from London, till I told them who I was. So up to the church, where at the door I find Captain Cocke in my Lord Brunker's coach, and he come out and walked with me in the church-yarde till the church was done, talking of the ill government of our Kingdom, nobody setting to heart the business of the Kingdom, but every body minding their particular profit or pleasures, the King himself minding nothing but his ease, and so we let things go to wracke. This arose upon considering what we shall do for money when the fleete comes in, and more if the fleete should not meet with the Dutch, which will put a disgrace upon the King's actions, so as the Parliament and Kingdom will have the less mind to give more money, besides so bad an account of the last money, we fear, will be given, not half of it being spent, as it ought to be, upon the Navy. Besides, it is said that at this day our Lord Treasurer cannot tell what the profit of Chimney money[2] is, what it comes to per annum, nor looks whether that or any other part of the revenue be duly gathered as it ought; the very money that should pay the City the £200,000 they lent the King, being all gathered and in the hands of the Receiver and hath been long and yet not brought up to pay the City, whereas we are coming to borrow 4 or £500,000 more of the City, which will never be lent as is to be feared. Church being done, my Lord Bruncker, Sir J. Minnes, and I up to the Vestry at the desire of the Justices of the Peace, Sir Theo. Biddulph and Sir W. Boreman and Alderman Hooker,[3] in order to the doing something for the keeping of the plague from growing; but Lord! to consider the madness of the people of the town, who will (because they are forbid) come in crowds along with the dead corps to see them buried: but we agreed on some orders for the prevention thereof. Among other stories, one was very passionate, methought, of a complaint brought against a man in the towne for taking a child from London from an infected house. Alderman Hooker told us it was the child of a very able citizen in Gracious Street, a saddler, who had buried all the rest of his children of the plague, and himself and wife now being shut up and in despair of escaping, did desire only to save the life of this little child; and so prevailed to have it received stark-naked into the arms of a friend, who brought it (having put it into new fresh clothes) to Greenwich; where upon hearing the story, we did agree it

[1] Alexander Browne, the limner, who taught Mrs. Pepys drawing.

[2] See note, *ante*, March 3rd, 1661–62.

[3] Alderman Sir William Hooker was Sheriff in 1665 and Lord Mayor in 1673. He contracted to supply tallow to the Navy Commissioners.

should be permitted to be received and kept in the towne. Thence with my Lord Bruncker to Captain Cocke's, where we mighty merry and supped, and very late I by water to Woolwich, in great apprehensions of an ague. Here was my Lord Bruncker's lady of pleasure, who, I perceive, goes every where with him; and he, I find, is obliged to carry her, and make all the courtship to her that can be.

4th. Writing letters all the morning, among others to my Lady Carteret, the first I have wrote to her, telling her the state of the city as to health and other sorrowful stories, and thence after dinner to Greenwich, to Sir J. Minnes, where I found my Lord Bruncker, and having staid our hour for the Justices by agreement, the time being past we to walk in the Park with Mr. Hammond and Turner, and there eat some fruit out of the King's garden and walked in the Parke, and so back to Sir J. Minnes, and thence walked home, my Lord Bruncker giving me a very neat cane to walk with; but it troubled me to pass by Coome farme where about twenty-one people have died of the plague, and three or four days since I saw a dead corps in a coffin lie in the Close unburied, and a watch is constantly kept there night and day to keep the people in, the plague making us cruel, as doggs, one to another.

5th. Up, and walked with some Captains and others talking to me to Greenwich, they crying out upon Captain Teddiman's management of the business of Bergen, that he staid treating too long while he saw the Dutch fitting themselves, and that at first he might have taken every ship, and done what he would with them. How true I cannot tell. Here we sat very late and for want of money, which lies heavy upon us, did nothing of business almost. Thence home with my Lord Bruncker to dinner where very merry with him and his doxy. After dinner comes Colonell Blunt in his new chariot made with springs;[1] as that was of wicker, wherein a while since we rode at his house. And he hath rode, he says, now this journey, many miles in it with one horse, and out-drives any coach, and out-goes any horse, and so easy, he says. So for curiosity I went into it to try it, and up the hill [2] to the heath, and over the cart-rutts and found it pretty well, but not so easy as he pretends, and so back again, and took leave of my Lord and drove myself in the chariot to the office, and there ended my letters and home pretty betimes and there found W. Pen, and he staid supper with us and mighty merry talking of his travells and the French humours, etc., and so parted and to bed.

6th. Busy all the morning writing letters to several, so to dinner, to London, to pack up more things thence; and there I looked into the street and saw fires burning in the street, as it is through the whole City, by the Lord Mayor's order. Thence by water to the Duke of Albemarle's: all the way fires on each side of the Thames, and strange to see in broad daylight two or three burials upon the Bankeside, one at the very heels of another: doubtless all of

[1] See, on Colonel Blunt's carriage, note, *ante*, May 1st, 1665.
[2] Shooter's Hill, Blackheath.

the plague; and yet at least forty or fifty people going along with every one of them. The Duke mighty pleasant with me; telling me that he is certainly informed that the Dutch were not come home upon the 1st instant, and so he hopes our fleete may meet with them, and here to my great joy I got him to sign bills for the several sums I have paid on Tangier business by his single letter, and so now I can get more hands to them. This was a great joy to me. Home to Woolwich late by water, found wife in bed, and yet late as [it] was to write letters in order to my rising betimes to go to Povy to-morrow. So to bed, my wife asking me to-night about a letter of hers I should find, which indeed Mary did the other day give me as if she had found it in my bed, thinking it had been mine, brought to her from a man without name owning great kindness to her and I know not what. But looking it over seriously, and seeing it bad sense and ill writ, I did believe it to be her brother's and so had flung it away, but finding her now concerned at it and vexed with Mary about it, it did trouble me, but I would take no notice of it to-night, but fell to sleep as if angry.

7th. Up by 5 of the clock, mighty full of fear of an ague, but was obliged to go, and so by water, wrapping myself up warm, to the Tower, and there sent for the Weekely Bill, and find 8,252 dead in all, and of them 6,978 of the plague; which is a most dreadfull number, and shows reason to fear that the plague hath got that hold that it will yet continue among us. Thence to Brainford, reading "The Villaine," a pretty good play, all the way. There a coach of Mr. Povy's stood ready for me, and he at his house ready to come in, and so we together merrily to Swakely,[1] Sir R. Viner's. A very pleasant place, bought by him of Sir James Harrington's lady. He took us up and down with great respect, and showed us all his house and grounds; and it is a place not very moderne in the garden nor house, but the most uniforme in all that ever I saw; and some things to excess. Pretty to see over the screene of the hall (put up by Sir J. Harrington, a Long Parliament-man) the King's head, and my Lord of Essex on one side, and Fairfax on the other; and upon the other side of the screene, the parson of the parish, and the lord of the manor and his sisters. The window-cases, door-cases, and chimnys of all the house are marble. He showed me a black boy that he had, that died of a consumption, and being dead, he caused him to be dried in an oven, and lies there entire in a box. By and by to dinner, where his lady I find yet handsome, but hath been a very handsome woman;[2] now is old. Hath brought him near £100,000 and now he lives, no man in England in greater plenty,

[1] Swakeley House, in the parish of Ickenham, Middlesex, was built in 1638 by Sir Edmund Wright (Lord Mayor 1641), whose daughter married Sir James Harrington, one of Charles I.'s judges. The property was sold in 1665 by Lady Harrington to Sir Robert Vyner (Lord Mayor 1647). Benjamin Lethieulier bought the manor in 1741 from the Vyner family and sold it to Thomas Clarke in 1750. The manor belonged to Robert Swaklyve in the early part of the fourteenth century.

[2] Mary, daughter of John Whitchurch, Esq., and widow of Sir Thomas Hyde, Bart., of Albury, Herts.

and commands both King and Council with his credit he gives them. Here was a fine lady a merchant's wife at dinner with us, and who should be here in the quality of a woman but Mrs. Worship's daughter, Dr. Clerke's niece, and after dinner Sir Robert led us up to his long gallery, very fine, above stairs (and better, or such, furniture I never did see), and there Mrs. Worship did give us three or four very good songs, and sings very neatly, to my great delight. After all this, and ending the chief business to my content about getting a promise of some money of him, we took leave, being exceedingly well treated here, and a most pleasant journey we had back, Povy and I, and his company most excellent in anything but business, he here giving me an account of as many persons at Court as I had a mind or thought of enquiring after. He tells me by a letter he showed me, that the King is not, nor hath been of late, very well, but quite out of humour; and, as some think, in a consumption, and weary of every thing. He showed me my Lord Arlington's house[1] that he was born in, in a towne called Harlington:[2] and so carried me through a most pleasant country to Brainford, and there put me into my boat, and good night. So I wrapt myself warm, and by water got to Woolwich about one in the morning, my wife and all in bed.

8th. Waked, and fell in talk with my wife about the letter, and she satisfied me that she did not know from whence it come, but believed it might be from her cozen Franke Moore lately come out of France. The truth is the thing I think cannot have much in it, and being unwilling (being in other things so much at ease) to vex myself in a strange place at a melancholy time, passed all by and were presently friends. Up, and several with me about business. Anon comes my Lord Bruncker, as I expected, and we to the enquiring into the business of the late desertion of the Shipwrights from worke, who had left us for three days together for want of money, and upon this all the morning, and brought it to a pretty good issue, that they, we believe, will come to-morrow to work. To dinner, having but a mean one, yet sufficient for him, and he well enough pleased, besides that I do not desire to vye entertainments with him or any else. Here was Captain Cocke also, and Mr. Wayth. We staid together talking upon one business or other all the afternoon. In the evening my Lord Bruncker hearing that Mr. Ackeworth's clerke, the Dutchman who writes and draws so well, was transcribing a book of Rates and our ships for Captain Millet a gallant of his mistress's, we sent for him for it. He would not deliver it, but said it was his mistress's and had delivered it to her. At last we were forced to send to her for it; she would come herself, and indeed the book was a very neat one and worth keeping as a rarity, but we did think fit, and though much against my will, to cancell

[1] Dawley House, long the seat of the Bennet family.

[2] Harlington is a village in Middlesex, about a mile from Uxbridge. The manor was sold by Francis Coppinger in 1607 to Sir John Bennet, whose son, Sir Henry Bennet, took his title from the place under the cocknified form of Arlington. It was alienated by Ford Grey, Earl of Tankerville, to Viscount Bolingbroke.

all that he had finished of it, and did give her the rest, which vexed her, and she bore it discretely enough, but with a cruel deal of malicious rancour in her looks. I must confess I would have persuaded her to have let us have it to the office, and it may be the board would not have censured too hardly of it, but my intent was to have had it as a Record for the office, but she foresaw what would be the end of it and so desired it might rather be cancelled, which was a plaguy deal of spite. My Lord Bruncker being gone and company, and she also, afterwards I took my wife and people and walked into the fields about a while till night, and then home, and so to sing a little and then to bed. I was in great trouble all this day for my boy Tom who went to Greenwich yesterday by my order and come not home till to-night for fear of the plague, but he did come home to-night, saying he staid last night by Mr. Hater's advice hoping to have me called as I come home with my boat to come along with me.

9th. Up and walked to Greenwich, and there we sat and dispatched a good deal of business I had a mind to. At noon, by invitation, to my Lord Bruncker's, all of us, to dinner, where a good venison pasty, and mighty merry. Here was Sir W. Doyly,[1] lately come from Ipswich about the sicke and wounded, and Mr. Evelyn and Captain Cocke. My wife also was sent for by my Lord Bruncker, by Cocke, and was here. After dinner, my Lord and his mistress would see her home again, it being a most cursed rainy afternoon, having had none a great while before, and I, forced to go to the office on foot through all the rain, was almost wet to my skin, and spoiled my silke breeches almost. Rained all the afternoon and evening, so as my letters being done, I was forced to get a bed at Captain Cocke's, where I find Sir W. Doyly, and he, and Evelyn at supper; and I with them full of discourse of the neglect of our masters, the great officers of State, about all business, and especially that of money: having now some thousands, prisoners, kept to no purpose at a great charge, and no money provided almost for the doing of it. We fell to talk largely of the want of some persons understanding to look after businesses, but all goes to rack. "For," says Captain Cocke, "my Lord Treasurer, he minds his ease, and lets things go how they will: if he can have his £8,000 per annum, and a game at l'ombre,[2] he is well. My Lord Chancellor he minds getting of money and nothing else; and my Lord Ashly will rob the Devil and the Alter, but he will get money if it be to be got." But that that put us into this great melancholy, was newes brought to-day, which Captain Cocke reports as a certain truth, that all the

[1] Sir William Doyly, of Shottisham, Norfolk, knighted 1642, created a baronet 1663. M.P. for Yarmouth. Died 1677. He and Mr. Evelyn were at this time appointed commissioners for the care of the sick and wounded seamen and prisoners of war.—B.

[2] Ombre is a Spanish game of cards, and the name is derived from the Spanish word *hombre*, a man. It is said that the game was introduced into England by Queen Katharine of Braganza. Waller wrote an epigram "On a card that her Majesty tore at Ombre." Mr. H. Hucks Gibbs published anonymously in 1873 an interesting little volume, with coloured plates, entitled, "The Game of Ombre."

Dutch fleete, men-of-war and merchant East India ships, are got every one in from Bergen the 3d of this month, Sunday last; which will make us all ridiculous. The fleete come home with shame to require a great deale of money, which is not to be had, to discharge many men that must get the plague then or continue at greater charge on shipboard, nothing done by them to encourage the Parliament to give money, nor the Kingdom able to spare any money, if they would, at this time of the plague, so that, as things look at present, the whole state must come to ruine. Full of these melancholy thoughts, to bed; where, though I lay the softest I ever did in my life, with a downe bed,[1] after the Danish manner, upon me, yet I slept very ill, chiefly through the thoughts of my Lord Sandwich's concernment in all this ill successe at sea.

10th (Lord's day). Walked home; being forced thereto by one of my watermen falling sick yesterday, and it was God's great mercy I did not go by water with them yesterday, for he fell sick on Saturday night, and it is to be feared of the plague. So I sent him away to London with his fellow; but another boat come to me this morning, whom I sent to Blackewall for Mr. Andrews. I walked to Woolwich, and there find Mr. Hill, and he and I all the morning at musique and a song he hath set of three parts, methinks, very good. Anon comes Mr. Andrews, though it be a very ill day, and so after dinner we to musique and sang till about 4 or 5 o'clock, it blowing very hard, and now and then raining, and wind and tide being against us, Andrews and I took leave and walked to Greenwich. My wife before I come out telling me the ill news that she hears that her father is very ill, and then I told her I feared of the plague, for that the house is shut up. And so she much troubled she did desire me to send them something; and I said I would, and will do so. But before I come out there happened newes to come to me by an expresse from Mr. Coventry, telling me the most happy news of my Lord Sandwich's meeting with part of the Dutch; his taking two of their East India ships, and six or seven others, and very good prizes:[2] and that he is in search of the rest of the fleet, which he hopes to find upon the Wellbancke, with the loss only of the Hector,[3] poor Captain Cuttle. This newes do so overjoy me that I know not what to say enough to express it, but the better to do it I did walk to Greenwich, and there sending away Mr. Andrews, I to Captain Cocke's, where I find my Lord Bruncker and his mistress, and Sir J. Minnes. Where we supped (there was also Sir W. Doyly and Mr. Evelyn); but the receipt of this newes did put us all into such an extacy of joy, that it inspired into Sir J. Minnes and Mr. Evelyn such a spirit of mirth, that in all my life I never met with so merry a two hours as our company this night

[1] The practice of having a down coverlet like a bed is not confined to Denmark, as all travellers in Germany and Switzerland know.

[2] See *ante*, August 19th, for note respecting these prizes.

[3] "'The Hector' is lost, with most of her crew, and her captain, a gallant man, who had brought in the Vice-Admiral of the East India fleet. Captains Lambert and Langhorne have also fallen." ("Calendar of State Papers," 1664–65, p. 562.)

was. Among other humours, Mr. Evelyn's repeating of some verses made up of nothing but the various acceptations of *may* and *can*, and doing it so aptly upon occasion of something of that nature, and so fast, did make us all die almost with laughing, and did so stop the mouth of Sir J. Minnes in the middle of all his mirth (and in a thing agreeing with his own manner of genius), that I never saw any man so out-done in all my life; and Sir J. Minnes's mirth too to see himself out-done, was the crown of all our mirth. In this humour we sat till about ten at night, and so my Lord and his mistress home, and we to bed, it being one of the times of my life wherein I was the fullest of true sense of joy.

11th. Up and walked to the office, there to do some business till ten of the clock, and then by agreement my Lord, Sir J. Minnes, Sir W. Doyly, and I took boat and over to the ferry, where Sir W. Batten's coach was ready for us, and to Walthamstow drove merrily, excellent merry discourse in the way, and most upon our last night's revells; there come we were very merry, and a good plain venison dinner. After dinner to billiards, where I won an angel,[1] and among other sports we were merry with my pretending to have a warrant to Sir W. Hickes[2] (who was there, and was out of humour with Sir W. Doyly's having lately got a warrant for a leash of buckes, of which we were now eating one) which vexed him, and at last would compound with me to give my Lord Bruncker half a buck now, and me a Doe for it a while hence when the season comes in, which we agreed to and had held, but that we fear Sir W. Doyly did betray our design, which spoiled all; however, my Lady Batten invited herself to dine with him this week, and she invited us all to dine with her there, which we agreed to, only to vex him, he being the most niggardly fellow, it seems, in the world. Full of good victuals and mirth we set homeward in the evening, and very merry all the way. So to Greenwich, where when come I find my Lord Rutherford and Creed come from Court, and among other things have brought me several orders for money to pay for Tangier; and, among the rest £7,000 and more, to this Lord, which is an excellent thing to consider, that, though they can do nothing else, they can give away the King's money upon their progresse. I did give him the best answer I could to pay him with tallys, and that is all they could get from me. I was not in humour to spend much time with them, but walked a little before Sir J. Minnes's door and then took leave, and I by water to Woolwich, where with my wife to a game at tables,[3] and to bed.

[1] A gold coin, so called because it bore the image of an angel, varying in value from six shillings and eightpence to ten shillings.

[2] Sir William Hickes, created a baronet 1619. Died 1680, aged eighty-four. His country seat was called Ruckholts, or Rookwood, at Layton, in Essex, where he entertained King Charles II. after hunting.—B.

[3] The old name for backgammon, used by Shakespeare and others. The following lines are from an epitaph entirely made up of puns on backgammon:—

"Man's life's a game at tables, and he may
Mend his bad fortune by his wiser play."

Wit's Recre., i. 250, reprint, 1817.

12th. Up, and walked to the office, where we sat late, and thence to dinner home with Sir J. Minnes, and so to the office, where writing letters, and home in the evening, where my wife shews me a letter from her brother speaking of their father's being ill, like to die, which, God forgive me! did not trouble me so much as it should, though I was indeed sorry for it. I did presently resolve to send him something in a letter from my wife, viz. 20*s*. So to bed.

13th. Up, and walked to Greenwich, taking pleasure to walk with my minute watch in my hand, by which I am come now to see the distances of my way from Woolwich to Greenwich, and do find myself to come within two minutes constantly to the same place at the end of each quarter of an houre. Here we rendezvoused at Captain Cocke's, and there eat oysters, and so my Lord Bruncker, Sir J. Minnes, and I took boat, and in my Lord's coach to Sir W. Hickes's, whither by and by my Lady Batten and Sir William comes. It is a good seat, with a fair grove of trees by it, and the remains of a good garden; but so let to run to ruine, both house and every thing in and about it, so ill furnished and miserably looked after, I never did see in all my life. Not so much as a latch to his dining-room door; which saved him nothing, for the wind blowing into the room for want thereof, flung down a great bow pott that stood upon the side-table, and that fell upon some Venice glasses, and did him a crown's worth of hurt. He did give us the meanest dinner (of beef, shoulder and umbles of venison[1] which he takes away from the keeper of the Forest,[2] and a few pigeons, and all in the meanest manner) that ever I did see, to the basest degree. After dinner we officers of the Navy stepped aside to read some letters and consider some business, and so in again. I was only pleased at a very fine picture of the Queene-Mother, when she was young, by Van-Dike; a very good picture, and a lovely sweet face. Thence in the afternoon home, and landing at Greenwich I saw Mr. Pen walking my way, so we walked together, and for discourse I put him into talk of France, when he took delight to tell me of his observations, some good, some impertinent, and all ill told, but it served for want of better, and so to my house, where I find my wife abroad, and hath been all this day, nobody knows where, which troubled me, it being late and a cold evening. So being invited to his mother's to supper, we took Mrs. Barbara,[3] who was mighty finely dressed, and in my Lady's coach, which we met going for my wife, we thither, and there after some discourse went to supper. By and by comes my wife and Mercer, and had been with Captain Cocke all day, he coming and taking her out to go see his boy at school at Brumly [Bromley], and brought

[1] Dr. Johnson was puzzled by the following passage in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," act v., sc. 3: "Divide me like a bribe-buck, each a haunch. I will keep the sides to myself; *my shoulders for the fellow of this walk*." If he could have read the account of Sir William Hickes's dinner, he would at once have understood the allusion to the keeper's perquisites of the shoulders of all deer killed in his walk.—B.

[2] Epping Forest, of which he was Ranger.

[3] Daughter of William Sheldon.

her home again with great respect. Here pretty merry, only I had no stomach, having dined late, to eat. After supper Mr. Pen and I fell to discourse about some words in a French song my wife was saying, "D'un air tout interdict," wherein I laid twenty to one against him which he would not agree with me, though I know myself in the right as to the sense of the word, and almost angry we were, and were an houre and more upon the dispute, till at last broke up not satisfied, and so home in their coach and so to bed. H. Russell did this day deliver my 20*s.* to my wife's father or mother, but has not yet told us how they do.

14th. Up, and walked to Greenwich, and there fitted myself in several businesses to go to London, where I have not been now a pretty while. But before I went from the office newes is brought by word of mouth that letters are now just now brought from the fleete of our taking a great many more of the Dutch fleete, in which I did never more plainly see my command of my temper in my not admitting myself to receive any kind of joy from it till I had heard the certainty of it, and therefore went by water directly to the Duke of Albemarle, where I find a letter of the 12th from Solebay, from my Lord Sandwich, of the fleete's meeting with about eighteen more of the Dutch fleete, and his taking of most of them; and the messenger says, they had taken three after the letter was wrote and sealed; which being twenty-one, and the fourteen took the other day, is forty-five[1] sail; some of which are good, and others rich ships, which is so great a cause of joy in us all that my Lord and everybody is highly joyed thereat. And having taken a copy of my Lord's letter, I away back again to the Beare at the Bridge foot, being full of wind and out of order, and there called for a biscuit and a piece of cheese and gill of sacke, being forced to walk over the Bridge, toward the 'Change, and the plague being all thereabouts. Here my news was highly welcome, and I did wonder to see the 'Change so full, I believe 200 people; but not a man or merchant of any fashion, but plain men all. And Lord! to see how I did endeavour all I could to talk with as few as I could, there being now no observation of shutting up of houses infected, that to be sure we do converse and meet with people that have the plague upon them. I to Sir Robert Viner's, where my main business was about settling the business of Debusty's £5,000 tallys, which I did for the present to enable me to have some money, and so home, buying some things for my wife in the way. So home, and put up several things to carry to Woolwich, and upon serious thoughts I am advised by W. Griffin to let my money and plate rest there, as being as safe as any place, nobody imagining that people would leave money in their houses now, when all their families are gone. So for the present that being my opinion, I did leave them there still. But, Lord! to see the trouble that it puts a man to, to keep safe what with pain a man hath been getting together, and there is good reason for it. Down to the office, and there wrote letters to and again about this good newes of our victory, and so by water

[1] A mistake for thirty-five.

home late. Where, when I come home I spent some thoughts upon the occurrences of this day, giving matter for as much content on one hand and melancholy on another, as any day in all my life. For the first; the finding of my money and plate, and all safe at London, and speeding in my business of money this day. The hearing of this good news to such excess, after so great a despair of my Lord's doing anything this year; adding to that, the decrease of 500 and more, which is the first decrease we have yet had in the sickness since it begun: and great hopes that the next week it will be greater. Then, on the other side, my finding that though the Bill in general is abated, yet the City within the walls is encreased, and likely to continue so, and is close to our house there. My meeting dead corpses of the plague, carried to be buried close to me at noon-day through the City in Fanchurch-street. To see a person sick of the sores, carried close by me by Grace-church in a hackney coach. My finding the Angell tavern[1] at the lower end of Tower-hill, shut up, and more than that, the alehouse at the Tower-stairs, and more than that, the person was then dying of the plague when I was last there, a little while ago, at night, to write a short letter there, and I overheard the mistresse of the house sadly saying to her husband somebody was very ill, but did not think it was of the plague. To hear that poor Payne, my waiter, hath buried a child, and is dying himself. To hear that a labourer I sent but the other day to Dagenhams, to know how they did there, is dead of the plague; and that one of my own watermen, that carried me daily, fell sick as soon as he had landed me on Friday morning last, when I had been all night upon the water (and I believe he did get his infection that day at Brainford), and is now dead of the plague. To hear that Captain Lambert and Cuttle[2] are killed in the taking these ships; and that Mr. Sidney Montague[3] is sick of a desperate fever at my Lady Carteret's, at Scott's-hall. To hear that Mr. Lewes hath another daughter sick. And, lastly, that both my servants, W. Hewer and Tom Edwards, have lost their fathers, both in St. Sepulchre's parish, of the plague this week, do put me into great apprehensions of melancholy, and with good reason. But I put off the thoughts of sadness as much as I can, and the rather to keep my wife in good heart and family also. After supper (having eat nothing all this day) upon a fine tench of Mr. Shelden's taking, we to bed.

15th. Up, it being a cold misling morning, and so by water to the office, where very busy upon several businesses. At noon got the messenger, Marlow, to get me a piece of bread and butter and cheese and a bottle of beer and ale, and so I went not out of the office but dined off that, and my boy

[1] There is a token of the Angel Tavern at Tower Hill, dated 1649. The alehouse was probably the Rose and Crown at Tower Stairs, of which there is also a token. (See "Boyne's Tokens," ed. Williamson, vol. i., p. 775.)

[2] See *ante*, September 10th.

[3] Sidney Montagu, brother of Edward, Earl of Sandwich, was with his niece, Lady Jemima Carteret. Scott's Hall belonged to her husband's brother-in-law, Sir Thomas Scott.

Tom, but the rest of my clerks went home to dinner. Then to my business again, and by and by sent my waterman to see how Sir W. Warren do, who is sicke, and for which I have reason to be very sorry, he being the friend I have got most by of most friends in England but the King: who returns me that he is pretty well again, his disease being an ague. I by water to Deptford, thinking to have seen my valentine, but I could not, and so come back again, and to the office, where a little business, and thence with Captain Cocke, and there drank a cup of good drink, which I am fain to allow myself during this plague time, by advice of all, and not contrary to my oathe, my physician being dead, and chyrurgeon out of the way, whose advice I am obliged to take, and so by water home and eat my supper, and to bed, being in much pain to think what I shall do this winter time; for go every day to Woolwich I cannot, without endangering my life; and staying from my wife at Greenwich is not handsome.

16th. Up, and walked to Greenwich reading a play, and to the office, where I find Sir J. Minnes gone to the fleete, like a doating foole, to do no good, but proclaim himself an asse; for no service he can do there, nor inform my Lord, who is come in thither to the buoy of the Nore, in anything worth his knowledge. At noon to dinner to my Lord Bruncker, where Sir W. Batten and his Lady come, by invitation, and very merry we were, only that the discourse of the likelihood of the increase of the plague this weeke makes us a little sad, but then again the thoughts of the late prizes make us glad. After dinner, by appointment, comes Mr. Andrews, and he and I walking alone in the garden talking of our Tangier business, and I endeavoured by the by to offer some encouragements for their continuing in the business, which he seemed to take hold of, and the truth is my profit is so much concerned that I could wish they would, and would take pains to ease them in the business of money as much as was possible. He being gone (after I had ordered him £2,000, and he paid me my quantum out of it) I also walked to the office, and there to my business; but find myself, through the unfitness of my place to write in, and my coming from great dinners, and drinking wine, that I am not in the good temper of doing business now a days that I used to be and ought still to be. At night to Captain Cocke's, meaning to lie there, it being late, and he not being at home, I walked to him to my Lord Bruncker's, and there staid a while, they being at tables; and so by and by parted, and walked to his house; and, after a mess of good broth, to bed, in great pleasure, his company being most excellent.

17th (Lord's day). Up, and before I went out of my chamber did draw a musique scale, in order to my having it at any time ready in my hand to turn to for exercise, for I have a great mind in this Vacation to perfect myself in my scale, in order to my practising of composition, and so that being done I down stairs, and there find Captain Cocke under the barber's hands, the barber that did heretofore trim Commissioner Pett, and with whom I have been. He offered to come this day after dinner with his violin to play

me a set of Lyra-ayres upon it, which I was glad of, hoping to be merry thereby. Being ready we to church, where a company of fine people to church, and a fine Church, and very good sermon, Mr. Plume[1] being a very excellent scholler and preacher. Coming out of the church I met Mrs. Pierce, whom I was ashamed to see, having not been with her since my coming to town, but promised to visit her. Thence with Captain Cocke, in his coach, home to dinner, whither comes by invitation my Lord Bruncker and his mistresse and very good company we were, but in dinner time comes Sir J. Minnes from the fleete, like a simple weak man, having nothing to say of what he hath done there, but tells of what value he imagines the prizes to be, and that my Lord Sandwich is well, and mightily concerned to hear that I was well. But this did put me upon a desire of going thither; and, moving of it to my Lord, we presently agreed upon it to go this very tide, we two and Captain Cocke. So every body prepared to fit himself for his journey, and I walked to Woolwich to trim and shift myself, and by the time I was ready they come down in the Bezan yacht, and so I aboard and my boy Tom, and there very merrily we sailed to below Gravesend, and there come to anchor for all night, and supped and talked, and with much pleasure at last settled ourselves to sleep having very good lodging upon cushions in the cabbin.

18th. By break of day we come to within sight of the fleete, which was a very fine thing to behold, being above 100 ships, great and small; with the flag-ships of each squadron, distinguished by their several flags on their main, fore, or mizen masts. Among others, the Soveraigne, Charles, and Prince; in the last of which my Lord Sandwich was. When we called by her side his Lordshipp was not stirring, so we come to anchor a little below his ship, thinking to have rowed on board him, but the wind and tide was so strong against us that we could not get up to him, no, though rowed by a boat of the Prince's that come to us to tow us up; at last however he brought us within a little way, and then they flung out a rope to us from the Prince and so come on board, but with great trouble and time and patience, it being very cold; we find my Lord newly up in his night-gown very well. He received us kindly; telling us the state of the fleet, lacking provisions, having no beer at all, nor have had most of them these three weeks or month, and but few days' dry provisions. And indeed he tells us that he believes no fleete was ever set to sea in so ill condition of provision, as this was when it went out last. He did inform us in the business of Bergen,[2] so as to let us see how the judgment of the world is not to be depended on in things they know not; it being a place just wide enough, and not so much hardly, for ships to go through to it, the yard-armes sticking in the very rocks. He do not, upon his best enquiry, find reason to except against any part of the management of

[1] Thomas Plume, D.D., vicar of Greenwich, 1662, and installed Archdeacon of Rochester, 1679. Died November 20th, 1704, and buried in Longfield churchyard.

[2] Lord Sandwich was not so successful in convincing other people as to the propriety of his conduct at Bergen as he was with Pepys.

the business by Teddiman; he having staid treating no longer than during the night, whiles he was fitting himself to fight, bringing his ship a-breast, and not a quarter of an hour longer (as is said); nor could more ships have been brought to play, as is thought. Nor could men be landed, there being 10,000 men effectively always in armes of the Danes; nor, says he, could we expect more from the Dane than he did, it being impossible to set fire on the ships but it must burn the towne. But that wherein the Dane did amisse is, that he did assist them, the Dutch, all the while, while he was treating with us, while he should have been neutrall to us both. But, however, he did demand but the treaty of us; which is, that we should not come with more than five ships. A flag of truce is said, and confessed by my Lord, that he believes it was hung out; but while they did hang it out, they did shoot at us; so that it was not either seen perhaps, or fit to cease upon sight of it, while they continued actually in action against us. But the main thing my Lord wonders at, and condemns the Dane for, is, that the blockhead, who is so much in debt to the Hollander, having now a treasure more by much than all his Crowne was worth, and that which would for ever have beggared the Hollanders, should not take this time to break with the Hollander, and thereby paid his debt which must have been forgiven him, and got the greatest treasure into his hands that ever was together in the world. By and by my Lord took me aside to discourse of his private matters, who was very free with me touching the ill condition of the fleete that it hath been in, and the good fortune that he hath had, and nothing else that these prizes are to be imputed to. He also talked with me about Mr. Coventry's dealing with him in sending Sir W. Pen away before him, which was not fair nor kind; but that he hath mastered and cajoled Sir W. Pen, that he hath been able to do nothing in the fleete, but been obedient to him; but withal tells me he is a man that is but of very mean parts, and a fellow not to be lived with, so false and base he is; which I know well enough to be very true, and did, as I had formerly done, give my Lord my knowledge of him. By and by was called a Council of Warr on board, when come Sir W. Pen there, and Sir Christopher Mings, Sir Edward Spragg, Sir Jos. Jordan, Sir Thomas Teddiman, and Sir Roger Cuttance, and so the necessity of the fleete for victuals, clothes, and money was discoursed, but by the discourse there of all but my Lord, that is to say, the counterfeit grave nonsense of Sir W. Pen and the poor mean discourse of the rest, methinks I saw how the government and management of the greatest business of the three nations is committed to very ordinary heads, saving my Lord, and in effect is only upon him, who is able to do what he pleases with them, they not having the meanest degree of reason to be able to oppose anything that he says, and so I fear it is ordered but like all the rest of the King's publique affayres. The council being up they most of them went away, only Sir W. Pen who staid to dine there and did so, but the wind being high the ship (though the motion of it was hardly discernible to the eye) did make me sick, so as I could not eat any thing al-

most. After dinner Cocke did pray me to helpe him to £500 of W. How, who is deputy Treasurer, wherein my Lord Bruncker and I am to be concerned and I did aske it my Lord, and he did consent to have us furnished with £500, and I did get it paid to Sir Roger Cuttance and Mr. Pierce in part for above £1,000 worth of goods, Mace, Nutmegs, Cynamon, and Cloves, and he tells us we may hope to get £500 by it, which God send! Great spoil, I hear, there hath been of the two East India ships, and that yet they will come in to the King very rich: so that I hope this journey will be worth £100 to me.[1] After having paid this money, we took leave of my Lord and so to our Yacht again, having seen many of my friends there. Among others I hear that W. Howe will grow very rich by this last business and grows very proud and insolent by it; but it is what I ever expected. I hear by every body how much my poor Lord of Sandwich was concerned for me during my silence a while, lest I had been dead of the plague in this sickly time. No sooner come into the yacht, though over-joyed with the good work we have done to-day, but I was overcome with sea sickness so that I begun to spue soundly, and so continued a good while, till at last I went into the cabbin and shutting my eyes my trouble did cease that I fell asleep, which continued till we come into Chatham river where the water was smooth, and then I rose and was very well, and the tide coming to be against us we did land before we come to Chatham and walked a mile, having very good discourse by the way, it being dark and it beginning to rain just as we got thither. At Commissioner Pett's we did eat and drink very well and very merry we were, and about 10 at night, it being moonshine and very cold, we set out, his coach carrying us, and so all night travelled to Greenwich, we sometimes sleeping a little and then talking and laughing by the way, and with much pleasure, but that it was very horrible cold, that I was afeard of an ague. A pretty passage was that the coach stood of a sudden and the coachman come down and the horses stirring, he cried, Hold! which waked me, and the coach[man] standing at the boote to [do] something or other and crying, Hold! I did wake of a sudden and not knowing who he was, nor thinking of the coachman between sleeping and waking I did take up the heart to take him by the shoulder, thinking verily he had been a thief. But when I waked I found my cowardly heart to discover a fear within me and that I should never have done it if I had been awake.

19th. About 4 or 5 of the clock we come to Greenwich, and, having first set down my Lord Bruncker, Cocke and I went to his house, it being light, and there to our great trouble, we being sleepy and cold, we met with the ill newes that his boy Jacke was gone to bed sicke, which put Captain Cocke and me also into much trouble, the boy, as they told us, complaining of his head most, which is a bad sign it seems. So they presently betook themselves to consult whither and how to remove him. However I thought it not fit for

[1] There is a shorthand journal of proceedings relating to Pepys's purchase of some East India prize goods among the Rawlinson MSS. in the Bodleian Library.

me to discover too much fear to go away, nor had I any place to go to. So to bed I went and slept till 10 of the clock and then comes Captain Cocke to wake me and tell me that his boy was well again. With great joy I heard the newes and he told it, so I up and to the office where we did a little, and but a little business. At noon by invitation to my Lord Bruncker's where we staid till four of the clock for my Lady Batten and she not then coming we to dinner and pretty merry but disordered by her making us stay so long. After dinner I to the office, and there wrote letters and did business till night and then to Sir J. Minnes's, where I find my Lady Batten come, and she and my Lord Bruncker and his mistresse, and the whole housefull there at cards. But by and by my Lord Bruncker goes away and others of the company, and when I expected Sir J. Minnes and his sister should have staid to have made Sir W. Batten and Lady sup, I find they go up in snuffe to bed without taking any manner of leave of them, but left them with Mr. Boreman. The reason of this I could not presently learn, but anon I hear it is that Sir J. Minnes did expect and intend them a supper, but they without respect to him did first apply themselves to Boreman, which makes all this great feude. However I staid and there supped, all of us being in great disorder from this, and more from Cocke's boy's being ill, where my Lady Batten and Sir W. Batten did come to town with an intent to lodge, and I was forced to go seek a lodging which my W. Hewer did get me, viz., his own chamber in the towne, whither I went and found it a very fine room, and there lay most excellently.

20th. Called up by Captain Cocke (who was last night put into great trouble upon his boy's being rather worse than better, upon which he removed him out of his house to his stable), who told me that to my comfort his boy was now as well as ever he was in his life. So I up, and after being trimmed, the first time I have been touched by a barber these twelvemonths, I think, and more, went to Sir J. Minnes's, where I find all out of order still, they having not seen one another till by and by Sir J. Minnes and Sir W. Batten met, to go into my Lord Bruncker's coach, and so we four to Lambeth, and thence to the Duke of Albemarle, to inform him what we have done as to the fleete, which is very little, and to receive his direction. But, Lord! what a sad time it is to see no boats upon the River; and grass grows all up and down White Hall court, and nobody but poor wretches in the streets! And, which is worst of all, the Duke showed us the number of the plague this week, brought in the last night from the Lord Mayor; that it is encreased about 600 more than the last, which is quite contrary to all our hopes and expectations, from the coldness of the late season. For the whole general number is 8,297, and of them the plague 7,165; which is more in the whole by above 50, than the biggest Bill yet; which is very grievous to us all. I find here a design in my Lord Bruncker and Captain Cocke to have had my Lord Bruncker chosen as one of us to have been sent aboard one of the East Indiamen, and Captain Cocke as a merchant to be joined with him, and Sir J. Minnes for the other, and Sir G. Smith to be joined with him. But I did

order it so that my Lord Bruncker and Sir J. Minnes were ordered, but I did stop the merchants to be added, which would have been a most pernicious thing to the King I am sure. In this I did, I think, a very good office, though I cannot acquit myself from some envy of mine in the business to have the profitable business done by another hand while I lay wholly imployed in the trouble of the office. Thence back again by my Lord's coach to my Lord Bruncker's house, where I find my Lady Batten, who is become very great with Mrs. Williams (my Lord Bruncker's whore), and there we dined and were mighty merry. After dinner I to the office there to write letters, to fit myself for a journey to-morrow to Nonsuch to the Exchequer by appointment. That being done I to Sir J. Minnes where I find Sir W. Batten and his Lady gone home to Walthamstow in great snuffe as to Sir J. Minnes, but yet with some necessity, hearing that a mayde-servant of theirs is taken ill. Here I staid and resolved of my going in my Lord Bruncker's coach which he would have me to take, though himself cannot go with me as he intended, and so to my last night's lodging to bed very weary.

21st. Up between five and six o'clock; and by the time I was ready, my Lord's coach comes for me; and taking Will Hewer with me, who is all in mourning for his father, who is lately dead of the plague, as my boy Tom's is also, I set out, and took about £100 with me to pay the fees there, and so I rode in some fear of robbing. When I come thither, I find only Mr. Ward, who led me to Burgess's bedside, and Spicer's, who, watching of the house, as it is their turns every night, did lie long in bed to-day, and I find nothing at all done in my business, which vexed me. But not seeing how to helpe it I did walk up and down with Mr. Ward to see the house; and by and by Spicer and Mr. Falconbrige come to me and he and I to a towne near by, Yowell,[1] there drink and set up my horses and also bespoke a dinner, and while that is dressing went with Spicer and walked up and down the house and park; and a fine place it hath heretofore been, and a fine prospect about the house.[2] A great walk of an elme and a walnutt set one after another in order. And all the house on the outside filled with figures of stories, and good painting of Rubens' or Holben's doing. And one great thing is, that most of the house is covered, I mean the posts, and quarters in the walls, covered with lead, and gilded. I walked into the ruined garden, and there found a plain little girle, kinswoman of Mr. Falconbridge, to sing very finely by the eare only, but a fine way of singing, and if I come ever to lacke a girle again I shall think of getting her. Thence to the towne, and there Spicer, Woodruffe, and W. Bowyer and I dined together and a friend of Spicer's, and a good dinner I had for them. Falconbrige dined somewhere else, by appoint-

[1] Ewell.

[2] This was Nonsuch. When proclamation was made, September 26th, that the courts were to be removed from Westminster to Oxford, it was announced that the Exchequer was to remain at Nonsuch. There is no authority for attributing any of the work to either Holbein or Rubens. See *ante*, August 11th, 1665, and July 26th, 1663.

ment. Strange to see how young W. Bowyer looks at 41 years; one would not take him for 24 or more, and is one of the greatest wonders I ever did see. After dinner, about 4 of the clock we broke up, and I took coach and home (in fear for the money I had with me, but that this friend of Spicer's, one of the Duke's guard did ride along the best part of the way with us). I got to my Lord Bruncker's before night, and there I sat and supped with him and his mistresse, and Cocke whose boy is yet ill. Thence, after losing a crowne betting at Tables, we walked home, Cocke seeing me at my new lodging, where I went to bed. All my worke this day in the coach going and coming was to refresh myself in my musique scale, which I would fain have perfecter than ever I had yet.

22nd. Up betimes and to the office, meaning to have entered my last 5 or 6 days' Journall, but was called away by my Lord Bruncker and Sir J. Minnes, and to Blackwall, there to look after the storehouses in order to the laying of goods out of the East India ships when they shall be unloaden. That being done, we into Johnson's house, and were much made of, eating and drinking. But here it is observable what he tells us, that in digging his late Docke, he did 12 foot under ground find perfect trees over-covered with earth. Nut trees, with the branches and the very nuts upon them; some of whose nuts he showed us. Their shells black with age, and their kernell, upon opening, decayed, but their shell perfectly hard as ever. And a yew tree he showed us (upon which, he says, the very ivy was taken up whole about it), which upon cutting with an addes [adze], we found to be rather harder than the living tree usually is.[1] They say, very much, but I do not know how hard a yew tree naturally is. The armes, they say, were taken up at first whole, about the body, which is very strange. Thence away by water, and I walked with my Lord Bruncker home, and there at dinner comes a letter from my Lord Sandwich to tell me that he would this day be at Woolwich, and desired me to meet him. Which fearing might have lain in Sir J. Minnes' pocket a while, he sending it me, did give my Lord Bruncker, his mistress, and I occasion to talk of him as the most unfit man for business in the world. Though at last afterwards I found that he was not in this faulty, but hereby I have got a clear evidence of my Lord Bruncker's opinion of him. My Lord Bruncker presently ordered his coach to be ready and we to Woolwich, and my Lord Sandwich not being come, we took a boat and about a mile off met him in his Catch, and boarded him, and come up with him; and, after making a little halt at my house, which I ordered, to have my wife see him, we all together by coach to Mr. Boreman's, where Sir J. Minnes did receive him very handsomely, and there he is to lie; and Sir J. Minnes did give him on the sudden, a very handsome supper and brave discourse, my Lord Bruncker, and Captain Cocke, and Captain Herbert being there, with myself. Here my

[1] The same discovery was made in 1789, in digging the Brunswick Dock, also at Blackwall, and elsewhere in the neighbourhood. See "Notes and Queries," 1st series, vol. viii., p. 263.—M. B.

Lord did witness great respect to me, and very kind expressions, and by other occasions, from one thing to another did take notice how I was overjoyed at first to see the King's letter to his Lordship, and told them how I did kiss it, and that, whatever he was, I did always love the King. This my Lord Bruncker did take such notice [of] as that he could not forbear kissing me before my Lord, professing his finding occasion every day more and more to love me, and Captain Cocke has since of himself taken notice of that speech of my Lord then concerning me, and may be of good use to me. Among other discourse concerning long life, Sir J. Minnes saying that his great-grandfather was alive in Edward the Vth's time; my Lord Sandwich did tell us how few there have been of his family since King Harry the VIIIth; that is to say, the then Chiefe Justice,[1] and his son the Lord Montagu,[2] who was

[1] Sir Edward Montagu, Chief Justice of the King's Bench, 1539–45; Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, 1545–53. He died February 10th, 1556–57.

[2] These are the words in the MS., and not "his son *and* the Lord Montagu," as in some former editions. Pepys seems to have written Lord Montagu by mistake for Sir Edward Montagu.

PEDIGREE OF THE EARL OF SANDWICH.

EDWARD MONTAGU,
Lord Chief Justice, temp. Henry VIII, died 1557.

EDWARD MONTAGU, Knt.,
"A worthy patriot in the reign of Queen Elizabeth," died 1602.

EDWD. MONTAGU, Knt., First Lord Montagu of Boughton.	WALTER, Knt.	HENRY, Lord Montagu, First Earl of Manchester.	CHARLES, Knt.	JAMES, Bishop of Bath 1605, and Winchester 1616.	SIDNEY, Knt., M.P. for Huntingdon in the Long Parliament, whence he was expelled. MAR. PAULINA, daughter of John Pepys, of Cottenham, Camb., died 1644.

HENRY, drowned at sea.	EDWARD, a distinguished Parliamentary Captain. M.P. for Huntingdon, Admiral. *First Earl of Sandwich*, died 1672.	ELIZABETH, mar. Sir Gilbert Pyckering, of Titchmarsh.

—M.B.

Lord Sandwich speaks of five [four?] generations in which the number of descendants might have multiplied *ad infinitum*. "When King James came into England," observes Ward, in his "Diary," p. 170, "he was ffeasted at Boughton, by Sir Edward Montagu, and his six sonnes brought upp the six first dishes; three of them after were lords, and three more knights—Sir Walter Montagu, Sir Sydney, and Sir Charles, whose daughter Lady Hatton is." Fuller, also, in his "Worthies," records that "Hester Sandys, the wife

father to Sir Sidney,[1] who was his father. And yet, what is more wonderfull, he did assure us from the mouth of my Lord Montagu himself, that in King James's time ([when he] had a mind to get the King to cut off the entayle of some land which was given in Harry the VIIIth's time to the family, with the remainder in the Crowne); he did answer the King in showing how unlikely it was that ever it could revert to the Crown, but that it would be a present convenience to him; and did show that at that time there were 4,000 persons derived from the very body of the Chiefe Justice. It seems the number of daughters in the family having been very great, and they too had most of them many children, and grandchildren, and great-grandchildren. This he tells as a most known and certain truth. After supper, my Lord Bruncker took his leave, and I also did mine, taking Captain Herbert home to my lodging to lie with me, who did mighty seriously inquire after who was that in the black dress with my wife yesterday, and would not believe that it was my wife's mayde, Mercer, but it was she.

23rd. Up, and to my Lord Sandwich, who did advise alone with me how far he might trust Captain Cocke in the business of the prize-goods,[2] my Lord telling me that he hath taken into his hands 2 or £3,000 value of them: it being a good way, he says, to get money, and afterwards to get the King's allowance thereof, it being easier, he observes, to keepe money when got of the King than to get it when it is too late. I advised him not to trust Cocke too far, and did therefore offer him ready money for a £1,000 or two, which he listens to and do agree to, which is great joy to me, hoping thereby to get something! Thence by coach to Lambeth, his Lordship, and all our office, and Mr. Evelyn, to the Duke of Albemarle, where, after the compliment with my Lord very kind, we sat down to consult of the disposing and supporting of the fleete with victuals and money, and for the sicke men and prisoners; and I did propose the taking out some goods out of the prizes, to the value of £10,000, which was accorded to, and an order, drawn up and signed by the Duke and my Lord, done in the best manner I can, and referred to my Lord Bruncker and Sir J. Minnes, but what inconveniences may arise from it I do not yet see, but fear there may be many. Here we dined, and I did hear my Lord Craven whisper, as he is mightily possessed with a good opin-

of Sir Thomas Temple, of Stowe, Bart., had four sons and nine daughters, which lived to be married, and so exceedingly multiplied, that she saw seven hundred extracted from her body. Besides, there was a new generation of marriageable females just at her death" (see Collins's "Peerage," vol. ii., p. 411). When Charles, thirteenth Duke of Norfolk, had completed his restoration of Arundel Castle, he proposed to entertain all the descendants of his ancestor, Jock of Norfolk, who fell at Bosworth Field; but gave up his intention on finding that he should have to invite upwards of six thousand persons.—B.

[1] Master of the Requests to Charles I.

[2] In the British Museum, Egerton MS., 861, is an account showing the value of all prizes taken during the war with the Dutch; distinguishing the vessels, their goods, the ports at which they were condemned, and the parties to whose accounts the amounts were debited.—B.

ion of me, much to my advantage, which my good Lord did second, and anon my Lord Craven did speak publiquely of me to the Duke, in the hearing of all the rest; and the Duke did say something of the like advantage to me; I believe, not much to the satisfaction of my brethren; but I was mightily joyed at it. Thence took leave, leaving my Lord Sandwich to go visit the Bishop of Canterbury, and I and Sir W. Batten down to the Tower, where he went further by water, and I home, and among other things took out all my gold to carry along with me to-night with Captain Cocke downe to the fleete, being £180 and more, hoping to lay out that and a great deal more to good advantage. Thence down to Greenwich to the office, and there wrote several letters, and so to my Lord Sandwich, and mighty merry and he mighty kind to me in the face of all, saying much in my favour, and after supper I took leave and with Captain Cocke set out in the yacht about ten o'clock at night, and after some discourse, and drinking a little, my mind full of what we are going about and jealous of Cocke's outdoing me. So to sleep upon beds brought by Cocke on board mighty handsome, and never slept better than upon this bed upon the floor in the Cabbin.

24th (Lord's day). Waked, and up and drank, and then to discourse; and then being about Grayes, and a very calme, curious morning, we took our wherry, and to the fishermen, and bought a great deal of fine fish, and to Gravesend to White's, and had part of it dressed; and, in the meantime, we to walk about a mile from the towne, and so back again; and there, after breakfast, one of our watermen told us he had heard of a bargain of cloves for us, and we went to a blind alehouse at the further end of the towne to a couple of wretched, dirty seamen, who, poor wretches, had got together about 37 lb. of cloves and 10 lb. of nutmeggs, and we bought them of them, the first at 5*s*. 6*d*. per lb. and the latter at 4*s*., and paid them in gold; but, Lord! to see how silly these men are in the selling of it, and easily to be persuaded almost to anything, offering a bag to us to pass as 20 lbs. of cloves, which upon weighing proved 25 lbs. But it would never have been allowed by my conscience to have wronged the poor wretches, who told us how dangerously they had got some, and dearly paid for the rest of these goods. This being done we with great content herein on board again and there Captain Cocke and I to discourse of our business, but he will not yet be open to me, nor am I to him till I hear what he will say and do with Sir Roger Cuttance. However, this discourse did do me good, and got me a copy of the agreement made the other day on board for the parcel of Mr. Pierce and Sir Roger Cuttance, but this great parcel is of my Lord Sandwich's. By and by to dinner about 3 o'clock and then I in the cabbin to writing down my journall for these last seven days to my great content, it having pleased God that in this sad time of the plague everything else has conspired to my happiness and pleasure more for these last three months than in all my life before in so little time. God long preserve it and make me thankfull for it! After finishing my Journall, then to discourse and to read, and then to sup-

per and to bed, my mind not being at full ease, having not fully satisfied myself how Captain Cocke will deal with me as to the share of the profits.

25th. Found ourselves come to the fleete, and so aboard the Prince; and there, after a good while in discourse, we did agree a bargain of £5,000 with Sir Roger Cuttance for my Lord Sandwich for silk, cinnamon, nutmeggs, and indigo. And I was near signing to an undertaking for the payment of the whole sum; but I did by chance escape it; having since, upon second thoughts, great cause to be glad of it, reflecting upon the craft and not good condition, it may be, of Captain Cocke. I could get no trifles for my wife. Anon to dinner and thence in great haste to make a short visit to Sir W. Pen, where I found them and his lady and daughter and many commanders at dinner. Among others Sir G. Askue, of whom whatever the matter is, the world is silent altogether. But a very pretty dinner there was, and after dinner Sir W. Pen made a bargain with Cocke for ten bales of silke, at 16*s.* per lb., which, as Cocke says, will be a good pennyworth, and so away to the Prince and presently comes my Lord on board from Greenwich, with whom, after a little discourse about his trusting of Cocke, we parted and to our yacht; but it being calme, we to make haste, took our wherry toward Chatham; but, it growing darke, we were put to great difficultys, our simple, yet confident waterman, not knowing a step of the way; and we found ourselves to go backward and forward, which, in the darke night and a wild place, did vex us mightily. At last we got a fisher boy by chance, and took him into the boat, and being an odde kind of boy, did vex us too; for he would not answer us aloud when we spoke to him, but did carry us safe thither, though with a mistake or two; but I wonder they were not more. In our way I was [surprised] and so were we all, at the strange nature of the sea-water in a darke night, that it seemed like fire upon every stroke of the oare, and, they say, is a sign of winde. We went to the Crowne Inne, at Rochester, and there to supper, and made ourselves merry with our poor fisher-boy, who told us he had not been in a bed in the whole seven years since he came to 'prentice, and hath two or three more years to serve. After eating something, we in our clothes to bed.

26th. Up by five o'clock and got post horses and so set out for Greenwich, calling and drinking at Dartford. Being come to Greenwich and shifting myself I to the office, from whence by and by my Lord Bruncker and Sir J. Minnes set out toward Erith to take charge of the two East India shipps, which I had a hand in contriving for the King's service and may do myself a good office too thereby. I to dinner with Mr. Wright to his father-in-law in Greenwich, one of the most silly, harmless, prating old men that ever I heard in my life. Creed dined with me, and among other discourses got of me a promise of half that he could get my Lord Rutherford to give me upon clearing his business, which should not be less, he says, than £50 for my half, which is a good thing, though cunningly got of him. By and by Luellin comes, and I hope to get something of Deering shortly. They being gone, Mr.

Wright and I went into the garden to discourse with much trouble for fear of losing all the profit and principal of what we have laid out in buying of prize goods, and therefore puts me upon thoughts of flinging up my interest, but yet I shall take good advice first. Thence to the office, and after some letters down to Woolwich, where I have not lain with my wife these eight days I think, or more. After supper, and telling her my mind in my trouble in what I have done as to buying of these goods, we to bed.

27th. Up, and saw and admired my wife's picture of our Saviour,[1] now finished, which is very pretty. So by water to Greenwich, where with Creed and Lord Rutherford, and there my Lord told me that he would give me £100 for my pains, which pleased me well, though Creed, like a cunning rogue, hath got a promise of half of it from me. We to the King's Head, the great musique house, the first time I was ever there, and had a good breakfast, and thence parted, I being much troubled to hear from Creed, that he was told at Salsbury[2] that I am come to be a great swearer and drinker, though I know the contrary; but, Lord! to see how my late little drinking of wine is taken notice of by envious men to my disadvantage. I thence to Captain Cocke's, [and] (he not yet come from town) to Mr. Evelyn's, where much company; and thence in his coach with him to the Duke of Albemarle by Lambeth, who was in a mighty pleasant humour; there the Duke tells us that the Dutch do stay abroad, and our fleet must go out again, or to be ready to do so. Here we got several things ordered as we desired for the relief of the prisoners, and sick and wounded men. Here I saw this week's Bill of Mortality, wherein, blessed be God! there is above 1,800 decrease, being the first considerable decrease we have had. Back again the same way and had most excellent discourse of Mr. Evelyn touching all manner of learning; wherein I find him a very fine gentleman, and particularly of paynting, in which he tells me the beautifull Mrs. Middleton is rare, and his own wife do brave things. He brought me to the office, whither comes unexpectedly Captain Cocke, who hath brought one parcel of our goods by waggons, and at first resolved to have lodged them at our office; but then the thoughts of its being the King's house altered our resolution, and so put them at his friend's, Mr. Glanvill's, and there they are safe. Would the rest of them were so too! In discourse, we come to mention my profit, and he offers me £500 clear, and I demand £600 for my certain profit. We part to-night, and I lie there at Mr. Glanvill's house, there being none there but a mayde-servant and a young man; being in some pain, partly from not knowing what to do in this business, having a mind to be at a certainty in my profit, and partly through his having Jacke sicke still, and his blackemore now also fallen sicke. So he being gone, I to bed.

[1] This picture by Mrs. Pepys may have given trouble when Pepys was unjustifiably attacked for having Popish pictures in his house.

[2] The Court was then held at Salisbury, where the King and Queen removed on July 27th.

28th. Up, and being mightily pleased with my night's lodging drank a cup of beer, and went out to my office, and there did some business, and so took boat and down to Woolwich (having first made a visit to Madam Williams, who is going down to my Lord Bruncker) and there dined, and then fitted my papers and money and every thing else for a journey to Nonsuch to-morrow. That being done I walked to Greenwich, and there to the office pretty late expecting Captain Cocke's coming, which he did, and so with me to my new lodging (and there I chose rather to lie because of my interest in the goods that we have brought there to lie), but the people were abed, so we knocked them up, and so I to bed, and in the night was mightily troubled with a looseness (I suppose from some fresh damp linen that I put on this night), and feeling for a chamber-pott, there was none, I having called the mayde up out of her bed, she had forgot I suppose to put one there; so I was forced in this strange house to rise and shit in the chimney twice; and so to bed and was very well again, and

29th. To sleep till 5 o'clock, when it is now very dark, and then rose, being called up by order by Mr. Marlow, and so up and dressed myself, and by and by comes Mr. Lashmore on horseback, and I had my horse I borrowed of Mr. Gillthropp, Sir W. Batten's clerke, brought to me, and so we set out and rode hard and was at Nonsuch by about eight o'clock, a very fine journey and a fine day. There I come just about chappell time and so I went to chappell with them and thence to the several offices about my tallys, which I find done, but strung for sums not to my purpose, and so was forced to get them to promise me to have them cut into other sums. But, Lord! what ado I had to persuade the dull fellows to it, especially Mr. Warder,[1] Master of the Pells, and yet without any manner of reason for their scruple. But at last I did, and so left my tallies there against another day, and so walked to Yowell, and there did spend a peece upon them, having a whole house full, and much mirth by a sister of the mistresse of the house, an old mayde lately married to a lieutenant of a company that quarters there, and much pleasant discourse we had and, dinner being done, we to horse again and come to Greenwich before night, and so to my lodging, and there being a little weary sat down and fell to order some of my pocket papers, and then comes Captain Cocke, and after a great deal of discourse with him seriously upon the disorders of our state through lack of men to mind the public business and to understand it, we broke up, sitting up talking very late. We spoke a little of my late business propounded of taking profit for my money laid out for these goods, but he finds I rise in my demand, he offering me still £500 certain. So we did give it over, and I to bed. I hear for certain this night upon the road that Sir Martin Noell[2] is this day dead of the plague in London, where he hath lain sick of it these eight days.

[1] William Wardour was appointed Clerk of the Pells in 1660.

[2] He had been a farmer of the excise and customs before the Restoration (see note, *ante*, September 5th, 1662).

30th. Up and to the office, where busy all the morning, and at noon with Sir W. Batten to Coll. Cleggat to dinner, being invited, where a very pretty dinner to my full content and very merry. The great burden we have upon us at this time at the office, is the providing for prisoners and sicke men that are recovered, they lying before our office doors all night and all day, poor wretches. Having been on shore, the captains won't receive them on board, and other ships we have not to put them on, nor money to pay them off, or provide for them. God remove this difficulty! This made us followed all the way to this gentleman's house and there are waited for our coming out after dinner. Hither come Luellin to me and would force me to take Mr. Deering's 20 pieces in gold he did offer me a good while since, which I did, yet really and sincerely against my will and content, I seeing him a man not likely to do well in his business, nor I to reap any comfort in having to do with, and be beholden to, a man that minds more his pleasure and company than his business. Thence mighty merry and much pleased with the dinner and company and they with me I parted and there was set upon by the poor wretches, whom I did give good words and some little money to, and the poor people went away like lambs, and in good earnest are not to be censured if their necessities drive them to bad courses of stealing or the like, while they lacke wherewith to live. Thence to the office, and there wrote a letter or two and dispatched a little business, and then to Captain Cocke's, where I find Mr. Temple,[1] the fat blade, Sir Robert Viner's chief man. And we three and two companions of his in the evening by agreement took ship in the Bezan and the tide carried us no further than Woolwich about 8 at night, and so I on shore to my wife, and there to my great trouble find my wife out of order, and she took me downstairs and there alone did tell me her falling out with both her mayds and particularly Mary, and how Mary had to her teeth told her she would tell me of something that should stop her mouth and words of that sense. Which I suspect may be about Brown, but my wife prays me to call it to examination, and this, I being of myself jealous, do make me mightily out of temper, and seeing it not fit to enter into the dispute did passionately go away, thinking to go on board again. But when I come to the stairs I considered the Bezan would not go till the next ebb, and it was best to lie in a good bed and, it may be, get myself into a better humour by being with my wife. So I back again and to bed and having otherwise so many reasons to rejoice and hopes of good profit, besides considering the ill that trouble of mind and melancholly may in this sickly time bring a family into, and that if the difference were never so great, it is not a time to put away servants, I was resolved to salve up the business rather than stir in it, and so become pleasant with my wife and to bed, minding nothing of this difference. So to sleep with a good deal of content, and saving only this night and

[1] John Temple and John Seale were goldsmiths at the Three Tuns in Lombard Street (see "A Collection of the Names of the Merchants living in and about the City of London, 1677." 12mo.).

a day or two about the same business a month or six weeks ago, I do end this month with the greatest content, and may say that these last three months, for joy, health, and profit, have been much the greatest that ever I received in all my life in any twelve months almost in my life, having nothing upon me but the consideration of the sicklinesse of the season during this great plague to mortify mee. For all which the Lord God be praised!

October 1st (Lord's day). Called up about 4 of the clock and so dressed myself and so on board the Bezan, and there finding all my company asleep I would not wake them, but it beginning to be break of day I did stay upon the decke walking, and then into the Maister's cabbin and there laid and slept a little, and so at last was waked by Captain Cocke's calling of me, and so I turned out, and then to chat and talk and laugh, and mighty merry. We spent most of the morning talking and reading of "The Siege of Rhodes," which is certainly (the more I read it the more I think so) the best poem that ever was wrote. We breakfasted betimes and come to the fleete about two of the clock in the afternoon, having a fine day and a fine winde. My Lord received us mighty kindly, and after discourse with us in general left us to our business, and he to his officers, having called a council of warr, we in the meantime settling of papers with Mr. Pierce and everybody else, and by and by with Captain Cuttance. Anon called down to my Lord, and there with him till supper talking and discourse; among other things, to my great joy, he did assure me that he had wrote to the King and Duke about these prize-goods, and told me that they did approve of what he had done, and that he would owne what he had done, and would have me to tell all the world so, and did, under his hand, give Cocke and me his certificate of our bargains, and giving us full power of disposal of what we have so bought. This do ease my mind of all my fear, and makes my heart lighter by £100 than it was before. He did discourse to us of the Dutch fleete being abroad, eighty-five of them still, and are now at the Texell, he believes, in expectation of our Eastland ships coming home with masts and hempe, and our loaden Hambrough ships going to Hambrough. He discoursed against them that would have us yield to no conditions but conquest over the Dutch, and seems to believe that the Dutch will call for the protection of the King of France and come under his power, which were to be wished they might be brought to do under ours by fair means, and to that end would have all Dutch men and familys, that would come hither and settled, to be declared denizens; and my Lord did whisper to me alone that things here must break in pieces, nobody minding any thing, but every man his owne business of profit or pleasure, and the King some little designs of his owne, and that certainly the kingdom could not stand in this condition long, which I fear and believe is very true. So to supper and there my Lord the kindest man to me, before all the table talking of me to my advantage and with tenderness too that it overjoyed me. So after supper Captain Cocke and I and Temple on board the Bezan, and there to cards for a while and then to read again in "Rhodes"

and so to sleep. But, Lord! the mirth which it caused me to be waked in the night by their snoaring round about me; I did laugh till I was ready to burst, and waked one of the two companions of Temple, who could not a good while tell where he was that he heard one laugh so, till he recollected himself, and I told him what it was at, and so to sleep again, they still snoaring.

2nd. We having sailed all night (and I do wonder how they in the dark could find the way) we got by morning to Gillingham, and thence all walked to Chatham; and there with Commissioner Pett viewed the Yard; and among other things, a teame of four horses come close by us, he being with me, drawing a piece of timber that I am confident one man could easily have carried upon his back. I made the horses be taken away, and a man or two to take the timber away with their hands. This the Commissioner did see, but said nothing, but I think had cause to be ashamed of. We walked, he and I and Cocke, to the Hill-house, where we find Sir W. Pen in bed and there much talke and much dissembling of kindnesse from him, but he is a false rogue, and I shall not trust him, but my being there did procure his consent to have his silk carried away before the money received, which he would not have done for Cocke I am sure. Thence to Rochester, walked to the Crowne, and while dinner was getting ready, I did there walk to visit the old Castle ruines, which hath been a noble place, and there going up I did upon the stairs overtake three pretty mayds or women and took them up with me, and I did *baiser sur mouches et toucher leur mains* and necks to my great pleasure: but, Lord! to see what a dreadfull thing it is to look down the precipices, for it did fright me mightily, and hinder me of much pleasure which I would have made to myself in the company of these three, if it had not been for that. The place hath been very noble and great and strong in former ages. So to walk up and down the Cathedral, and thence to the Crowne, whither Mr. Fowler, the Mayor of the towne, was come in his gowne, and is a very reverend magistrate. After I had eat a bit, not staying to eat with them, I went away, and so took horses and to Gravesend, and there staid not, but got a boat, the sicknesse being very much in the towne still, and so called on board my Lord Bruncker and Sir John Minnes, on board one of the East Indiamen at Erith, and there do find them full of envious complaints for the pillageing of the ships, but I did pacify them, and discoursed about making money of some of the goods, and do hope to be the better by it honestly. So took leave (Madam Williams being here also with my Lord), and about 8 o'clock got to Woolwich and there supped and mighty pleasant with my wife, who is, for ought I see, all friends with her mayds, and so in great joy and content to bed.

3rd. Up, and to my great content visited betimes by Mr. Woolly, my uncle Wight's cozen, who comes to see what work I have for him about these East India goods, and I do find that this fellow might have been of great use, and hereafter may be of very great use to me, in this trade of prize

goods, and glad I am fully of his coming hither. While I dressed myself, and afterwards in walking to Greenwich we did discourse over all the business of the prize goods, and he puts me in hopes I may get some money in what I have done, but not so much as I expected, but that I may hereafter do more. We have laid a design of getting more, and are to talk again of it a few days hence. To the office, where nobody to meet me, Sir W. Batten being the only man and he gone this day to meet to adjourne the Parliament to Oxford. Anon by appointment comes one to tell me my Lord Rutherford is come; so I to the King's Head to him, where I find his lady,[1] a fine young Scotch lady, pretty handsome and plain. My wife also, and Mercer, by and by comes, Creed bringing them; and so presently to dinner and very merry; and after to even our accounts, and I to give him tallys, where he do allow me £100, of which to my grief the rogue Creed has trepanned me out of £50. But I do foresee a way how it may be I may get a greater sum of my Lord to his content by getting him allowance of interest upon his tallys. That being done, and some musique and other diversions, at last away goes my Lord and Lady, and I sent my wife to visit Mrs. Pierce, and so I to my office, where wrote important letters to the Court, and at night (Creed having clownishly left my wife), I to Mrs. Pierce's, and brought her and Mrs. Pierce to the King's Head and there spent a piece upon a supper for her and mighty merry and pretty discourse, she being as pretty as ever, most of our mirth being upon "my Cozen" (meaning my Lord Bruncker's ugly mistress, whom he calls cozen), and to my trouble she tells me that the fine Mrs. Middleton is noted for carrying about her body a continued sour base smell, that is very offensive, especially if she be a little hot. Here some bad musique to close the night and so away and all of us saw Mrs. Belle Pierce (as pretty as ever she was almost) home, and so walked to Will's lodging where I used to lie, and there made shift for a bed for Mercer, and mighty pleasantly to bed. This night I hear that of our two watermen that use to carry our letters, and were well on Saturday last, one is dead, and the other dying sick of the plague. The plague, though decreasing elsewhere, yet being greater about the Tower and thereabouts.

4th. Up and to my office, where Mr. Andrews comes, and reckoning with him I get £64 of him. By and by comes Mr. Gawden, and reckoning with him he gives me £60 in his account, which is a great mercy to me. Then both of them met and discoursed the business of the first man's resigning and the others taking up the business of the victualling of Tangier, and I do not think that I shall be able to do as well under Mr. Gawden as under these men, or within a little as to profit and less care upon me. Thence to the King's Head to dinner, where we three and Creed and my wife and her woman dined mighty merry and sat long talking, and so in the afternoon broke up, and I led my wife to her lodging again, and I to the office where did much business,

[1] Christian, daughter of Sir Alexander Urquhart of Cromarty.—B.

and so to my wife. This night comes Sir George Smith[1] to see me at the office, and tells me how the plague is decreased this week 740, for which God be praised! but that it encreases at our end of the town still, and says how all the towne is full of Captain Cocke's being in some ill condition about prize-goods, his goods being taken from him, and I know not what. But though this troubles me to have it said, and that it is likely to be a business in Parliament, yet I am not much concerned at it, because yet I believe this newes is all false, for he would have wrote to me sure about it. Being come to my wife, at our lodging, I did go to bed, and left my wife with her people to laugh and dance and I to sleep.

5th. Lay long in bed talking among other things of my sister Pall, and my wife of herself is very willing that I should give her £400 to her portion, and would have her married soon as we could; but this great sicknesse time do make it unfit to send for her up. I abroad to the office and thence to the Duke of Albemarle, all my way reading a book of Mr. Evelyn's translating and sending me as a present, about directions for gathering a Library;[2] but the book is above my reach, but his epistle to my Lord Chancellor is a very fine piece. When I come to the Duke it was about the victuallers' business, to put it into other hands, or more hands, which I do advise in, but I hope to do myself a jobb of work in it. So I walked through Westminster to my old house the Swan, and there did pass some time with Sarah, and so down by water to Deptford and there to my Valentine.[3] Round about and next door on every side is the plague, but I did not value it, but there did what I would *con elle*, and so away to Mr. Evelyn's to discourse of our confounded business of prisoners, and sick and wounded seamen, wherein he and we are so much put out of order.[4] And here he showed me his gardens, which are for variety of evergreens, and hedge of holly, the finest things I ever saw in my life.[5]

[1] See August 16th, 1665.

[2] "Instructions concerning erecting of a Library, presented to my Lord the President De Mesme by Gilbert Naudeus, and now interpreted by Jo. Evelyn, Esquire. London, 1661." This little book was dedicated to Lord Clarendon by the translator. It was printed while Evelyn was abroad, and is full of typographical errors; these are corrected in a copy mentioned in Evelyn's "Miscellaneous Writings," 1825, p. xii., where a letter to Dr. Godolphin on the subject is printed.

[3] Mrs. Bagwell. See *ante*, February 14th, 1664–65.

[4] Each of the Commissioners for the Sick and Wounded was appointed to a particular district, and Evelyn's district was Kent and Sussex. On September 25th, 1665, Evelyn wrote in his Diary: "My Lord Admiral being come from y^e^ fleete to Greenewich, I went thence with him to y^e^ Cockpit to consult with the Duke of Albemarle. I was peremptory that unlesse we had £10,000 immediately, the prisoners would starve, and 'twas proposed it should be rais'd out of the E. India prizes now taken by Lord Sandwich. They being but two of y^e^ Commission, and so not impower'd to determine, sent an expresse to his Majesty and Council to know what they should do."

[5] Evelyn purchased Sayes Court, Deptford, in 1653, and laid out his gardens, walks, groves, enclosures, and plantations, which afterwards became famous for their beauty. When he took the place in hand it was nothing but an open field of one hundred acres, with scarcely a hedge in it.

Thence in his coach to Greenwich, and there to my office, all the way having fine discourse of trees and the nature of vegetables. And so to write letters, I very late to Sir W. Coventry of great concernment, and so to my last night's lodging, but my wife is gone home to Woolwich. The Bill, blessed be God! is less this week by 740 of what it was the last week. Being come to my lodging I got something to eat, having eat little all the day, and so to bed, having this night renewed my promises of observing my vowes as I used to do; for I find that, since I left them off, my mind is run a' wool-gathering and my business neglected.

6th. Up, and having sent for Mr. Gawden he come to me, and he and I largely discoursed the business of his Victualling, in order to the adding of partners to him or other ways of altering it, wherein I find him ready to do anything the King would have him do. So he and I took his coach and to Lambeth and to the Duke of Albemarle about it, and so back again, where he left me. In our way discoursing of the business and contracting a great friendship with him, and I find he is a man most worthy to be made a friend, being very honest and gratefull, and in the freedom of our discourse he did tell me his opinion and knowledge of Sir W. Pen to be, what I know him to be, as false a man as ever was born, for so, it seems, he hath been to him. He did also tell me, discoursing how things are governed as to the King's Treasure, that, having occasion for money in the country, he did offer Alderman Maynell to pay him down money here, to be paid by the Receiver in some county in the country, upon whom Maynell had assignments, in whose hands the money also lay ready. But Maynell refused it, saying that he could have his money when he would, and had rather it should lie where it do than receive it here in towne this sickly time, where he hath no occasion for it. But now the evil is that he hath lent this money upon tallys which are become payable, but he finds that nobody looks after it, how long the money is unpaid, and whether it lies dead in the Receiver's hands or no, so the King he pays Maynell 10 per cent. while the money lies in his Receiver's hands to no purpose but the benefit of the Receiver. I to dinner to the King's Head with Mr. Woolly, who is come to instruct me in the business of my goods, but gives me not so good comfort as I thought I should have had. But, however, it will be well worth my time though not above 2 or £300. He gone I to my office, where very busy drawing up a letter by way of discourse to the Duke of Albemarle about my conception how the business of the Victualling should be ordered, wherein I have taken great pains, and I think have hitt the right if they will but follow it. At this very late and so home to our lodgings to bed.

7th. Up and to the office along with Mr. Childe, whom I sent for to discourse about the victualling business, who will not come into partnership (no more will Captain Beckford [1]), but I do find him a mighty understanding

[1] Apparently Thomas Beckford the slopseller, who was afterwards knighted (see note, January 5th, 1660–61). Mr. Frank Cundall has written a valuable article on the Beckfords in the "Journal of the Institute of Jamaica," vol. i., no. 8, p. 349. Mr. Cundall

man, and one I will keep a knowledge of. Did business, though not much, at the office; because of the horrible crowd and lamentable moan of the poor seamen that lie starving in the streets for lack of money. Which do trouble and perplex me to the heart; and more at noon when we were to go through them, for then a whole hundred of them followed us; some cursing, some swearing, and some praying to us. And that that made me more troubled was a letter come this afternoon from the Duke of Albemarle, signifying the Dutch to be in sight, with 80 sayle, yesterday morning, off of Solebay, coming right into the bay. God knows what they will and may do to us, we having no force abroad able to oppose them, but to be sacrificed to them. Here come Sir W. Rider to me, whom I sent for about the victualling business also, but he neither will not come into partnership, but desires to be of the Commission if there be one. Thence back the back way to my office, where very late, very busy. But most of all when at night come two waggons from Rochester with more goods from Captain Cocke; and in houseing them at Mr. Tooker's[1] lodgings come two of the Custome-house to seize them and did seize them: but I showed them my *Transire*. However, after some hot and angry words, we locked them up, and sealed up the key, and did give it to the constable to keep till Monday, and so parted. But, Lord! to think how the poor constable come to me in the dark going home; "Sir," says he, "I have the key, and if you would have me do any service for you, send for me betimes tomorrow morning, and I will do what you would have me." Whether the fellow do this out of kindness or knavery, I cannot tell; but it is pretty to observe. Talking with him in the highway, come close by the bearers with a dead corpse of the plague; but, Lord! to see what custom is, that I am come almost to think nothing of it. So to my lodging, and there, with Mr. Hater and Will, ending a business of the state of the last six months' charge of the Navy, which we bring to £1,000,000 and above, and I think we do not enlarge much in it if anything. So to bed.

8th (Lord's day). Up and, after being trimmed, to the office, whither I upon a letter from the Duke of Albemarle to me, to order as many ships forth out of the river as I can presently, to joyne to meet the Dutch; having ordered all the Captains of the ships in the river to come to me, I did some business with them, and so to Captain Cocke's to dinner, he being in the country. But here his brother Solomon was, and, for guests, myself, Sir G. Smith, and a very fine lady, one Mrs. Penington,[2] and two more gentlemen.

suggested to the editor that this may be Captain Edward Beckford, who is mentioned in a deposition dated December 18th, 1668, calendared by Mr. W. Noel Sainsbury in the "Calendar of State Papers," Colonial Series (America and West Indies, 1661–68, p. 635). Thomas Beckford, however, is referred to in August, 1666, as Major Beckford, and therefore he may well have been a captain in 1665.

[1] John Tooker, Navy Office messenger. See *ante*, April 5th.

[2] Judith Penington was daughter of the Parliamentarian Alderman Isaac Penington. and sister of Isaac Penington the Quaker, and of Arthur Penington, who became a Roman Catholic priest. A letter to Judith Penington from her brother Isaac, in which

But, both [before] and after dinner, most witty discourse with this lady, who is a very fine witty lady, one of the best I ever heard speake, and indifferent handsome. There after dinner an houre or two, and so to the office, where ended my business with the Captains; and I think of twenty-two ships we shall make shift to get out seven. (God helpe us! men being sick, or provisions lacking.) And so to write letters to Sir Ph. Warwicke, Sir W. Coventry, and Sir G. Carteret to Court about the last six months' accounts, and sent away by an express to-night. This day I hear the Pope is dead;[1] and one said, that the newes is, that the King of France is stabbed, but that the former is very true, which will do great things sure, as to the troubling of that part of the world, the King of Spayne being so lately dead.[2] And one thing more, Sir Martin Noell's lady is dead with griefe for the death of her husband and nothing else, as they say, in the world; but it seems nobody can make anything of his estate, whether he be dead worth anything or no, he having dealt in so many things, publique and private, as nobody can understand whereabouts his estate is, which is the fate of these great dealers at everything. So after my business being done I home to my lodging and to bed.

9th. Up, my head full of business, and called upon also by Sir John Shaw, to whom I did give a civil answer about our prize goods, that all his dues as one of the Farmers of the Customes are paid, and showed him our *Transire*; with which he was satisfied, and parted, ordering his servants to see the weight of them. I to the office, and there found an order for my coming presently to the Duke of Albemarle, and what should it be, but to tell me, that, if my Lord Sandwich do not come to towne, he do resolve to go with the fleete to sea himself, the Dutch, as he thinks, being in the Downes, and so desired me to get a pleasure boat for to take him in to-morrow morning, and do many other things, and with a great liking of me, and my management especially, as that coxcombe my Lord Craven do tell me, and I perceive it, and I am sure take pains enough to deserve it. Thence away and to the office at London, where I did some business about my money and private accounts, and there eat a bit of goose of Mr. Griffin's, and so by water, it raining most miserably, to Greenwich, calling on several vessels in my passage. Being come there I hear another seizure hath been made of our goods by one Captain Fisher that hath been at Chatham by warrant of the Duke of Albemarle, and is come in my absence to Tooker's and viewed them, demanding the key of the constable, and so sealed up the door. I to the house, but there being no officers nor constable could do nothing, but back to my office full of trouble about this, and there late about business, vexed to see

he addresses her on her religious state, is printed in Maria Webb's "The Penns and Peningtons of the Seventeenth Century," 1867, p. 311: "Is thy soul in unity with God, or art thou separated from Him? Whither art thou travelling? oh, whither art thou travelling?"

[1] A false report. Alexander VII. did not die till 1667.

[2] Philip IV., King of Spain, who succeeded to the throne in 1621, died in 1665. He was succeeded by his son Charles II.

myself fall into this trouble and concernment in a thing that I want instruction from my Lord Sandwich whether I should appear in it or no, and so home to bed, having spent two hours, I and my boy, at Mr. Glanvill's removing of faggots to make room to remove our goods to, but when done I thought it not fit to use it. The newes of the killing of the [King of] France is wholly untrue, and they say that of the Pope too.

10th. Up, and receive a stop from the Duke of Albemarle of setting out any more ships, or providing a pleasure boat for himself, which I am glad of, and do see, what I thought yesterday, that this resolution of his was a sudden one and silly. By and by comes Captain Cocke's Jacob to tell me that he is come from Chatham this morning, and that there are four waggons of goods at hand coming to towne, which troubles me. I directed him to bring them to his master's house. But before I could send him away to bring them thither, newes is brought me that they are seized on in the towne by this Captain Fisher and they will carry them to another place. So I to them and found our four waggons in the streete stopped by the church by this Fisher and company and 100 or 200 people in the streetes gazing. I did give them good words, and made modest desires of carrying the goods to Captain Cocke's, but they would have them to a house of their hiring, where in a barne the goods were laid. I had *transires* to show for all, and the tale was right, and there I spent all the morning seeing this done. At which Fisher was vexed that I would not let it be done by any body else for the merchant, and that I must needs be concerned therein, which I did not think fit to owne. So that being done, I left the goods to be watched by men on their part and ours, and so to the office by noon, whither by and by comes Captain Cocke, whom I had with great care sent for by expresse the last night, and so I with him to his house and there eat a bit, and so by coach to Lambeth, and I took occasion first to go to the Duke of Albemarle to acquaint him with some thing of what had been done this morning in behalf of a friend absent, which did give a good entrance and prevented their possessing the Duke with anything of evil of me by their report, and by and by in comes Captain Cocke and tells his whole story. So an order was made for the putting him in possession upon giving security to be accountable for the goods, which for the present did satisfy us, and so away, giving Locke that drew the order a piece. (Lord! to see how unhappily a man may fall into a necessity of bribing people to do him right in a thing, wherein he hath done nothing but fair, and bought dear.) So to the office, there to write my letters, and Cocke comes to tell me that Fisher is come to him, and that he doubts not to cajole Fisher and his companion and make them friends with drink and a bribe. This night comes Sir Christopher Mings to towne, and I went to see him, and by and by he being then out of the town comes to see me. He is newly come from Court,[1] and carries direction for the making a show of getting out the fleete again to go fight the Dutch, but that it will end in a fleete of 20 good

[1] The King and Court removed to Oxford from Salisbury on September 23rd.

sayling frigates to go to the Northward or Southward, and that will be all. I enquired, but he would not be to know that he had heard any thing at Oxford about the business of the prize goods, which I did suspect, but he being gone, anon comes Cocke and tells me that he hath been with him a great while, and that he finds him sullen and speaking very high what disrespect he had received of my Lord, saying that he hath walked 3 or 4 hours together at that Earle's cabbin door for audience and could not be received, which, if true, I am sorry for. He tells me that Sir G. Ascue says, that he did from the beginning declare against these [prize] goods, and would not receive his dividend; and that he and Sir W. Pen are at odds about it, and that he fears Mings hath been doing ill offices to my Lord. I did to-night give my Lord an account of all this, and so home and to bed.

11th. Up, and so in my chamber staid all the morning doing something toward my Tangier accounts, for the stating of them, and also comes up my landlady, Mrs. Clerke, to make an agreement for the time to come; and I, for the having room enough, and to keepe out strangers, and to have a place to retreat to for my wife, if the sicknesse should come to Woolwich, am contented to pay dear; so for three rooms and a dining-room, and for linen and bread and beer and butter, at nights and mornings, I am to give her £5 10*s*. per month, and I wrote and we signed to an agreement. By and by comes Cocke to tell me that Fisher and his fellow were last night mightily satisfied and promised all friendship, but this morning he finds them to have new tricks and shall be troubled with them. So he being to go down to Erith with them this afternoon about giving security, I advised him to let them go by land, and so he and I (having eat something at his house) by water to Erith, but they got thither before us, and there we met Mr. Seymour, one of the Commissioners for Prizes, and a Parliament-man, and he was mighty high, and had now seized our goods on their behalf; and he mighty imperiously would have all forfeited, and I know not what. I thought I was in the right in a thing I said and spoke somewhat earnestly, so we took up one another very smartly, for which I was sorry afterwards, shewing thereby myself too much concerned, but nothing passed that I valued at all. But I could not but think [it odd] that a Parliament-man, in a serious discourse before such persons as we and my Lord Bruncker, and Sir John Minnes, should quote Hudibras, as being the book I doubt he hath read most. They I doubt will stand hard for high security, and Cocke would have had me bound with him for his appearing, but I did stagger at it, besides Seymour do stop the doing it at all till he has been with the Duke of Albemarle. So there will be another demurre. It growing late, and I having something to do at home, took my leave alone, leaving Cocke there for all night, and so against tide and in the darke and very cold weather to Woolwich, where we had appointed to keepe the night merrily; and so, by Captain Cocke's coach, had brought a very pretty child, a daughter of one Mrs. Tooker's, next door to my lodging, and so she, and a daughter and kinsman of Mrs. Pett's made up a fine com-

pany at my lodgings at Woolwich, where my wife and Mercer, and Mrs. Barbara danced, and mighty merry we were, but especially at Mercer's dancing a jigg, which she does the best I ever did see, having the most natural way of it, and keeps time the most perfectly I ever did see. This night is kept in lieu of yesterday, for my wedding day of ten years; for which God be praised! being now in an extreme good condition of health and estate and honour, and a way of getting more money, though at this houre under some discomposure, rather than damage, about some prize goods that I have bought off the fleete, in partnership with Captain Cocke; and for the discourse about the world concerning my Lord Sandwich, that he hath done a thing so bad; and indeed it must needs have been a very rash act; and the rather because of a Parliament now newly met to give money, and will have some account of what hath already been spent, besides the precedent for a General to take what prizes he pleases, and the giving a pretence to take away much more than he intended, and all will lie upon him; and not giving to all the Commanders, as well as the Flaggs, he displeases all them, and offends even some of them, thinking others to be better served than themselves; and lastly, puts himself out of a power of begging anything again a great while of the King. Having danced with my people as long as I saw fit to sit up, I to bed and left them to do what they would. I forgot that we had W. Hewer there, and Tom, and Golding, my barber at Greenwich, for our fiddler, to whom I did give 10*s*.

12th. Called up before day, and so I dressed myself and down, it being horrid cold, by water to my Lord Bruncker's ship, who advised me to do so, and it was civilly to show me what the King had commanded about the prize-goods, to examine most severely all that had been done in the taking out any with or without order, without respect to my Lord Sandwich at all, and that he had been doing of it, and find him examining one man, and I do find that extreme ill use was made of my Lord's order. For they did toss and tumble and spoil and breake things in hold to a great losse and shame to come at the fine goods, and did take a man that knows where the fine goods were, and did this over and over again for many days, Sir W. Berkeley being the chief hand that did it, but others did the like at other times, and they did say in doing it that my Lord Sandwich's back was broad enough to bear it. Having learned as much as I could, which was, that the King and Duke were very severe in this point, whatever order they before had given my Lord in approbation of what he had done, and that all will come out and the King see, by the entries at the Custome House, what all do amount to that had been taken, and so I took leave, and by water, very cold, and to Woolwich where it was now noon, and so I staid dinner and talking part of the afternoon, and then by coach, Captain Cocke's, to Greenwich, taking the young lady home, and so to Cocke, and he tells me that he hath cajolled with Seymour, who will be our friend; but that, above all, Seymour tells him, that my Lord Duke did shew him to-day an order from Court, for having all re-

spect paid to the Earle of Sandwich, and what goods had been delivered by his order, which do overjoy us, and that to-morrow our goods shall be weighed, and he doubts not possession to-morrow or next day. Being overjoyed at this I to write my letters, and at it very late. Good newes this week that there are about 600 less dead of the plague than the last. So home to bed.

13th. Lay long, and this morning comes Sir Jer. Smith[1] to see me in his way to Court, and a good man he is, and one that I must keep fair with, and will, it being I perceive my interest to have kindnesse with the Commanders. So to the office, and there very busy till about noon comes Sir W. Warren, and he goes and gets a bit of meat ready at the King's Head for us, and I by and by thither, and we dined together, and I am not pleased with him about a little business of Tangier that I put to him to do for me, but however, the hurt is not much, and his other matters of profit to me continue very likely to be good. Here we spent till 2 o'clock, and so I set him on shore, and I by water to the Duke of Albemarle, where I find him with Lord Craven and Lieutenant of the Tower about him; among other things, talking of ships to get of the King to fetch coles for the poore of the city, which is a good worke. But, Lord! to hear the silly talke between these three great people! Yet I have no reason to find fault, the Duke and Lord Craven being my very great friends. Here did the business I come about, and so back home by water, and there Cocke comes to me and tells me that he is come to an understanding with Fisher, and that he must give him £100, and that he shall have his goods in possession to-morrow, they being all weighed to-day, which pleases me very well. This day the Duke tells me that there is no news heard of the Dutch, what they do or where they are, but believes that they are all gone home, for none of our spyes can give us any tideings of them. Cocke is fain to keep these people, Fisher and his fellow, company night and day to keep them friends almost and great troubles withal. My head is full of settling the victualling business also, that I may make some profit out of it, which I hope justly to do to the King's advantage. To-night come Sir J. Bankes to me upon my letter to discourse it with him, and he did give me the advice I have taken almost as fully as if I had been directed by him what to write. The business also of my Tangier accounts to be sent to Court is upon my hands in great haste; besides, all my owne proper accounts are in great disorder, having been neglected now above a month, which grieves me, but it could not be settled sooner. These together and the feare of the sicknesse and providing for my family do fill my head very full, besides the infinite business of the office, and nobody here to look after it but myself. So late from my office to my lodgings, and to bed.

14th. Up, and to the office, where mighty busy, especially with Mr. Gaw-

[1] Captain Jeremiah Smith (or Smyth), knighted June, 1665; Admiral of the Blue in 1666. He succeeded Sir William Penn as Comptroller of the Victualling Accounts in 1669, and held the office until 1675.

den, with whom I shall, I think, have much to do, and by and by comes the Lieutenant of the Tower by my invitation yesterday, but I had got nothing for him, it is to discourse about the Cole shipps. So he went away to Sheriffe Hooker's, and I staid at the office till he sent for me at noon to dinner, I very hungry. When I come to the Sheriffe's he was not there, nor in many other places, nor could I find him at all, so was forced to come to the office and get a bit of meat from the taverne, and so to my business. By and by comes the Lieutenant and reproaches me with my not treating him as I ought, but all in jest, he it seemed dined with Mr. Adrian May. Very late writing letters at the office, and much satisfied to hear from Captain Cocke that he had got possession of some of his goods to his own house, and expected to have all to-night. The towne, I hear, is full of talke that there are great differences in the fleete among the great Commanders, and that Mings at Oxford did impeach my Lord of something, I think about these goods, but this is but talke. But my heart and head to-night is full of the Victualling business, being over-joyed and proud at my success in my proposal about it, it being read before the King, Duke, and the Caball with complete applause and satisfaction. This Sir G. Carteret and Sir W. Coventry both writ me, besides Sir W. Coventry's letter to the Duke of Albemarle, which I read yesterday, and I hope to find my profit in it also. So late home to bed.

15th (Lord's day). Up, and while I staid for the barber, tried to compose a duo of counterpoint, and I think it will do very well, it being by Mr. Berckenshaw's rule. By and by by appointment comes Mr. Povy's coach, and, more than I expected, him himself, to fetch me to Brainford: so he and I immediately set out, having drunk a draft of mulled sacke; and so rode most nobly, in his most pretty and best contrived charriott in the world, with many new conveniences, his never having till now, within a day or two, been yet finished; our discourse upon Tangier business, want of money, and then of publique miscarriages, nobody minding the publique, but every body himself and his lusts. Anon we come to his house, and there I eat a bit, and so with fresh horses, his noble fine horses, the best confessedly in England, the King having none such, he sent me to Sir Robert Viner's,[1] whom I met coming just from church, and so after having spent half-an-hour almost looking upon the horses with some gentlemen that were in company, he and I into his garden to discourse of money, but none is to be had, he confessing himself in great straits, and I believe it. Having this answer, and that I could not get better, we fell to publique talke, and to think how the fleete and seamen will be paid, which he protests he do not think it possible to compass, as the world is now: no money got by trade, nor the persons that have it by them in the City to be come at. The Parliament, it seems, have voted the King £1,250,000 at £50,000 per month, tax for the war; and voted to assist the King against the Dutch, and all that shall adhere to them; and thanks to be given him for his care of the Duke of Yorke, which last is a very popular

[1] At Swakeley House. See September 7th, 1665.

vote on the Duke's behalf. He tells me how the taxes of the last assessment, which should have been in good part gathered, are not yet laid, and that even in part of the City of London; and the Chimny-money comes almost to nothing, nor any thing else looked after. Having done this I parted, my mind not eased by any money, but only that I had done my part to the King's service. And so in a very pleasant evening back to Mr. Povy's, and there supped, and after supper to talke and to sing, his man Dutton's wife singing very pleasantly (a mighty fat woman), and I wrote out one song from her and pricked the tune, both very pretty. But I did never heare one sing with so much pleasure to herself as this lady do, relishing it to her very heart, which was mighty pleasant.

16th. Up about seven o'clock; and, after drinking, and I observing Mr. Povy's being mightily mortifyed in his eating and drinking, and coaches and horses, he desiring to sell his best, and every thing else, his furniture of his house, he walked with me to Syon,[1] and there I took water, in our way he discoursing of the wantonnesse of the Court, and how it minds nothing else, and I saying that that would leave the King shortly if he did not leave it, he told me "No," for the King do spend most of his time in feeling and kissing them naked. . . . But this lechery will never leave him. Here I took boat (leaving him there) and down to the Tower, where I hear the Duke of Albemarle is, and I to Lumbard Streete, but can get no money. So upon the Exchange, which is very empty, God knows! and but mean people there. The newes for certain that the Dutch are come with their fleete before Margett, and some men were endeavouring to come on shore when the post come away, perhaps to steal some sheep. But, Lord! how Colvill talks of the businesse of publique revenue like a madman, and yet I doubt all true; that nobody minds it, but that the King and Kingdom must speedily be undone, and rails at my Lord about the prizes, but I think knows not my relation to him. Here I endeavoured to satisfy all I could, people about Bills of Exchange from Tangier, but it is only with good words, for money I have not, nor can get. God knows what will become of all the King's matters in a little time, for he runs in debt every day, and nothing to pay them looked after. Thence I walked to the Tower; but, Lord! how empty the streets are and melancholy, so many poor sick people in the streets full of sores; and so many sad stories overheard as I walk, every body talking of this dead, and that man sick, and so many in this place, and so many in that. And they tell me that, in Westminster, there is never a physician and but one apothecary left, all being dead; but that there are great hopes of a great decrease this week: God send it! At the Tower found my Lord Duke[2] and Duchesse at

[1] Sion House, granted by Edward VI. to his uncle, the Duke of Somerset. After his execution, 1552, it was forfeited, and given to John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland. The duke being beheaded in 1553, it reverted to the Crown, and was granted in 1604 to Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland. It still belongs to the Duke of Northumberland.

[2] Monk, Duke of Albemarle.

dinner; so I sat down. And much good cheer, the Lieutenant and his lady, and several officers with the Duke. But, Lord! to hear the silly talk that was there, would make one mad; the Duke having none almost but fools about him. Much of their talke about the Dutch coming on shore, which they believe they may some of them have been and steal sheep, and speak all in reproach of them in whose hands the fleete is; but, Lord helpe him, there is something will hinder him and all the world in going to sea, which is want of victuals; for we have not wherewith to answer our service; and how much better it would have been if the Duke's advice had been taken for the fleete to have gone presently out; but, God helpe the King! while no better counsels are given, and what is given no better taken. Thence after dinner receiving many commands from the Duke, I to our office on the Hill, and there did a little business and to Colvill's again, and so took water at the Tower, and there met with Captain Cocke, and he down with me to Greenwich, I having received letters from my Lord Sandwich to-day, speaking very high about the prize goods, that he would have us to fear nobody, but be very confident in what we have done, and not to confess any fault or doubt of what he hath done; for the King hath allowed it, and do now confirm it, and sent orders, as he says, for nothing to be disturbed that his Lordshipp hath ordered therein as to the division of the goods to the fleete; which do comfort us, but my Lord writes to me that both he and I may hence learn by what we see in this business. But that which pleases me best is that Cocke tells me that he now understands that Fisher was set on this business by the design of some of the Duke of Albemarle's people, Warcupp and others, who lent him money to set him out in it, and he has spent high. Who now curse him for a rogue to take £100 when he might have had as well £1500, and they are mightily fallen out about it. Which in due time shall be discovered, but that now that troubles me afresh is, after I am got to the office at Greenwich that some new troubles are come, and Captain Cocke's house is beset before and behind with guards, and more, I do fear they may come to my office here to search for Cocke's goods and find some small things of my clerk's. So I assisted them in helping to remove their small trade, but by and by I am told that it is only the Custome House men who came to seize the things that did lie at Mr. Glanville's, for which they did never yet see our *Transire*, nor did know of them till to-day. So that my fear is now over, for a *transire* is ready for them. Cocke did get a great many of his goods to London to-day. To the Still Yarde, which place, however, is now shut up of the plague; but I was there, and we now make no bones of it. Much talke there is of the Chancellor's speech and the King's at the Parliament's meeting, which are very well liked; and that we shall certainly, by their speeches, fall out with France at this time, together with the Dutch, which will find us work. Late at the office entering my Journall for 8 days past, the greatness of my business hindering me of late to put it down daily, but I have done it now very true and particularly, and hereafter will, I hope, be able to fall

into my old way of doing it daily. So to my lodging, and there had a good pullet to my supper, and so to bed, it being very cold again, God be thanked for it!

17th. Up, and all day long busy at the office, mighty busy, only stepped to my lodging and had a fowl for my dinner, and at night my wife and Mercer comes to me, which troubled me a little because I am to be mighty busy to-morrow all day seriously about my accounts. So late from my office to her, and supped, and so to bed.

18th. Up, and after some pleasant discourse with my wife (though my head full of business) I out and left her to go home, and myself to the office, and thence by water to the Duke of Albemarle's, and so back again and find my wife gone. So to my chamber at my lodgings, and to the making of my accounts up of Tangier, which I did with great difficulty, finding the difference between short and long reckonings where I have had occasion to mix my moneys, as I have of late done my Tangier treasure upon other occasions, and other moneys upon that. However, I was at it late and did it pretty perfectly, and so, after eating something, to bed, my mind eased of a great deal of figures and castings.

19th. Up, and to my accounts again, and stated them very clear and fair, and at noon dined at my lodgings with Mr. Hater and W. Hewer at table with me, I being come to an agreement yesterday with my landlady for £6 per month, for so many rooms for myself, them, and my wife and mayde, when she shall come, and to pay besides for my dyett. After dinner I did give them my accounts and letters to write against I went to the Duke of Albemarle's this evening, which I did; and among other things, spoke to him for my wife's brother, Balty, to be of his guard, which he kindly answered that he should. My business of the Victualling goes on as I would have it; and now my head is full how to make some profit of it to myself or people. To that end, when I came home, I wrote a letter to Mr. Coventry, offering myself to be the Surveyor Generall, and am apt to think he will assist me in it, but I do not set my heart much on it, though it would be a good helpe. So back to my office, and there till past one before I could get all these letters and papers copied out, which vexed me, but so sent them away without hopes of saving the post, and so to my lodging to bed.

20th. Up, and had my last night's letters brought back to me, which troubles me, because of my accounts, lest they should be asked for before they come, which I abhorr, being more ready to give than they can be to demand them: so I sent away an expresse to Oxford with them, and another to Portsmouth, with a copy of my letter to Mr. Coventry about my victualling business, for fear he should be gone from Oxford, as he intended, thither. So busy all the morning and at noon to Cocke, and dined there. He and I alone, vexed that we are not rid of all our trouble about our goods, but it is almost over, and in the afternoon to my lodging, and there spent the whole afternoon and evening with Mr. Hater, discoursing of the business of

the office, where he tells me that among others Thomas Willson do now and then seem to hint that I do take too much business upon me, more than I can do, and that therefore some do lie undone. This I confess to my trouble is true, but it arises from my being forced to take so much on me, more than is my proper task to undertake. But for this at last I did advise to him to take another clerk if he thinks fit, I will take care to have him paid. I discoursed also much with him about persons fit to be put into the victualling business, and such as I could spare something out of their salaries for them, but without trouble I cannot, I see, well do it, because Thomas Willson must have the refusal of the best place which is London of £200 per annum, which I did intend for Tooker, and to get £50 out of it as a help to Mr. Hater. How[ever], I will try to do something of this kind for them. Having done discourse with him late, I to enter my Tangier accounts fair, and so to supper and to bed.

21st. Up, and to my office, where busy all the morning, and then with my two clerks home to dinner, and so back again to the office, and there very late very busy, and so home to supper and to bed.

22nd (Lord's day). Up, and after ready and going to Captain Cocke's, where I find we are a little further safe in some part of our goods, I to Church, in my way was meeting with some letters, which made me resolve to go after church to my Lord Duke of Albemarle's, so, after sermon, I took Cocke's chariott, and to Lambeth; but, in going and getting over the water, and through White Hall, I spent so much time, the Duke had almost dined. However, fresh meat was brought for me to his table, and there I dined, and full of discourse and very kind. Here they are again talking of the prizes, and my Lord Duke did speake very broad that my Lord Sandwich and Pen should do what they would, and answer for themselves. For his part, he would lay all before the King. Here he tells me the Dutch Embassador at Oxford is clapped up, but since I hear it is not true. Thence back again, it being evening before I could get home, and there Cocke not being within, I and Mr. Salomon to Mr. Glanville's, and there we found Cocke and sat and supped, and was mighty merry with only Madam Penington,[1] who is a fine, witty lady. Here we spent the evening late with great mirth, and so home and to bed.

23rd. Up, and after doing some business I down by water, calling to see my wife, with whom very merry for ten minutes, and so to Erith, where my Lord Bruncker and I kept the office, and dispatched some business by appointment on the Bezan. Among other things about the slopsellers, who have trusted us so long, they are not able, nor can be expected to trust us further, and I fear this winter the fleete will be undone by that particular. Thence on board the East India ship, where my Lord Bruncker had provided a great dinner, and thither comes by and by Sir John Minnes and before him Sir W. Warren and anon a Perspective glasse maker, of whom we, every one

[1] Judith Penington. See *ante*, October 8th.

bought a pocket glasse. But I am troubled with the much talke and conceitedness of Mrs. Williams and her impudence, in case she be not married to my Lord. They are getting themselves ready to deliver the goods all out to the East India Company, who are to have the goods in their possession and to advance two thirds of the moderate value thereof and sell them as well as they can and the King to give them 6 per cent. for the use of the money they shall so advance. By this means the company will not suffer by the King's goods bringing down the price of their own. Thence in the evening back again with Sir W. Warren and Captain Taylor in my boat, and the latter went with me to the office, and there he and I reckoned; and I perceive I shall get £100 profit by my services of late to him, which is a very good thing. Thence to my lodging, where I find my Lord Rutherford, of which I was glad. We supped together and sat up late, he being a mighty wanton man with a daughter in law of my landlady's, a pretty conceited woman big with child, and he would be handling her breasts, which she coyly refused. But they gone, my Lord and I to business, and he would have me forbear paying Alderman Backewell the money ordered him, which I, in hopes to advantage myself, shall forbear, but do not think that my Lord will do any thing gratefully more to me than he hath done, not that I shall get any thing as I pretended by helping him to interest for his last £7,700, which I could do, and do him a courtesy too. Discourse being done, he to bed in my chamber and I to another in the house.

24th. Lay long, having a cold. Then to my Lord and sent him going to Oxford, and I to my office, whither comes Sir William Batten now newly from Oxford. I can gather nothing from him about my Lord Sandwich about the business of the prizes, he being close, but he shewed me a bill which hath been read in the House making all breaking of bulke for the time to come felony, but it is a foolish Act, and will do no great matter, only is calculated to my Lord Sandwich's case. He shewed me also a good letter printed from the Bishopp of Munster to the States of Holland shewing the state of their case. Here we did some business and so broke up and I to Cocke, where Mr. Evelyn was, to dinner, and there merry, yet vexed again at publique matters, and to see how little heed is had to the prisoners and sicke and wounded. Thence to my office, and no sooner there but to my great surprise am told that my Lord Sandwich is come to towne; so I presently to Boreman's, where he is and there found him: he mighty kind to me, but no opportunity of discourse private yet, which he tells me he must have with me; only his business is sudden to go to the fleete, to get out a few ships to drive away the Dutch. I left him in discourse with Sir W. Batten and others, and myself to the office till about 10 at night and so, letters being done, I to him again to Captain Cocke's, where he supped, and lies, and never saw him more merry, and here is Charles Herbert,[1] who the King hath lately

[1] This person, erroneously called by Pepys Sir C. Herbert, will be best defined by subjoining the inscription on his monument in Westminster Abbey: "Sir Charles Harbord.

knighted. My Lord, to my great content, did tell me before them, that never anything was read to the King and Council, all the chief Ministers of State being there, as my letter about the Victualling was, and no more said upon it than a most thorough consent to every word was said, and directed, that it be pursued and practised. After much mirth, and my Lord having travelled all night last night, he to bed, and we all parted, I home.

25th. Up, and to my Lord Sandwich's, where several Commanders, of whom I took the state of all their ships, and of all could find none above four capable of going out. The truth is, the want of victuals being the whole overthrow of this yeare both at sea, and now at the Nore here and Portsmouth, where all the fleete lies. By and by comes down my Lord, and then he and I an houre together alone upon private discourse. He tells me that Mr. Coventry and he are not reconciled, but declared enemies: the only occasion of it being, he tells me, his ill usage from him about the first fight, wherein he had no right done him, which, methinks, is a poor occasion, for, in my conscience, that was no design of Coventry's. But, however, when I asked my Lord whether it were not best, though with some condescension, to be friends with him, he told me it was not possible, and so I stopped. He tells me, as very private, that there are great factions at the Court between the King's party and the Duke of Yorke's, and that the King, which is a strange difficulty, do favour my Lord in opposition to the Duke's party; that my Lord Chancellor, being, to be sure, the patron of the Duke's, it is a mystery whence it should be that Mr. Coventry is looked upon by him [Clarendon] as an enemy to him; that if he had a mind himself to be out of this employment, as Mr. Coventry, he believes, wishes, and himself and I do incline to wish it also, in many respects, yet he believes he shall not be able, because of the King, who will keepe him in on purpose, in opposition to the other party; that Prince Rupert and he are all possible friends in the world; that Coventry hath aggravated this business of the prizes, though never so great plundering in the world as while the Duke and he were at sea; and in Sir John Lawson's time he could take and pillage, and then sink a whole ship in the Streights, and Coventry say nothing to it; that my Lord Arlington is his fast friend; that the Chancellor is cold to him, and though I told him that I and the world do take my Lord Chancellor, in his speech the other day, to have said as much as could be wished, yet he thinks he did not. That my Lord

Knight, third son of Sir Charles Harbord, Knight, Surveyor-General, and First Lieutenant of the Royall James, under the most noble and illustrious Captaine, Edward, Earle of Sandwich, Vice-Admirall of England, which, after a terrible fight, maintained to admiration against a squadron of the Holland fleet, above six hours, neere the Suffolk coast, having put off two fire-ships; at last, being utterly disabled, and few of her men remaining unhurt, was, by a third, unfortunately set on fire. But he (though he swome well) neglected to save himselfe, as some did, and out of perfect love to that worthy Lord, whom, for many yeares, he had constantly accompanyed, in all his honourable employments, and in all the engagements of the former warre, dyed with him, at the age of xxxii., much bewailed by his father, whom he never offended; and much beloved by all for his knowne piety, vertue, loyalty, fortitude, and fidelity."—B.

Chancellor do from hence begin to be cold to him, because of his seeing him and Arlington so great: that nothing at Court is minded but faction and pleasure, and nothing intended of general good to the kingdom by anybody heartily; so that he believes with me, in a little time confusion will certainly come over all the nation. He told me how a design was carried on a while ago, for the Duke of Yorke to raise an army in the North, and to be the Generall of it, and all this without the knowledge or advice of the Duke of Albemarle, which when he come to know, he was so vexed, they were fain to let it fall to content him: that his matching with the family of Sir G. Carteret do make the difference greater between Coventry and him, they being enemies; that the Chancellor did, as every body else, speak well of me the other day, but yet was, at the Committee for Tangier, angry that I should offer to suffer a bill of exchange to be protested. So my Lord did bid me take heed, for that I might easily suppose I could not want enemies, no more than others. In all he speaks with the greatest trust and love and confidence in what I say or do, that a man can do. After this discourse ended we sat down to dinner and mighty merry, among other things, at the Bill brought into the House to make it felony to break bulke, which, as my Lord says well, will make that no prizes shall be taken, or, if taken, shall be sunke after plundering; and the Act for the method of gathering this last £1,250,000 now voted, and how paid wherein are several strange imperfections. After dinner my Lord by a ketch down to Erith, where the Bezan was, it blowing these last two days and now both night and day very hard southwardly, so that it has certainly drove the Dutch off the coast. My Lord being gone I to the office, and there find Captain Ferrers, who tells me his wife is come to town to see him, having not seen him since 15 weeks ago at his first going to sea last. She is now at a Taverne and stays all night, so I was obliged to give him my house and chamber to lie in, which he with great modesty and after much force took, and so I got Mr. Evelyn's coach to carry her thither, and the coach coming back, I with Mr. Evelyn to Deptford, where a little while with him doing a little business, and so in his coach back again to my lodgings, and there sat with Mrs. Ferrers two hours, and with my little girle, Mistress Frances Tooker, and very pleasant. Anon the Captain comes, and then to supper very merry, and so I led them to bed. And so to bed myself, having seen my pretty little girle home first at the next door.

26th. Up, and, leaving my guests to make themselves ready, I to the office, and thither comes Sir Jer. Smith and Sir Christopher Mings to see me, being just come from Portsmouth and going down to the Fleete. Here I sat and talked with them a good while and then parted, only Sir Christopher Mings and I together by water to the Tower; and I find him a very witty well-spoken fellow, and mighty free to tell his parentage, being a shoemaker's son, to whom he is now going, and I to the 'Change, where I hear how the French have taken two and sunk one of our merchantmen in the Streights, and carried the ships to Toulon; so that there is no expectation but we

must fall out with them. The 'Change pretty full, and the town begins to be lively again, though the streets very empty, and most shops shut. So back again I and took boat and called for Sir Christopher Mings at St. Katharine's, who was followed with some ordinary friends, of which, he says, he is proud, and so down to Greenwich, the wind furious high, and we with our sail up till I made it be taken down. I took him, it being 3 o'clock, to my lodgings and did give him a good dinner and so parted, he being pretty close to me as to any business of the fleete, knowing me to be a servant of my Lord Sandwich's. He gone I to the office till night, and then they come and tell me my wife is come to towne, so I to her vexed at her coming, but it was upon innocent business, so I was pleased and made her stay, Captain Ferrers and his lady being yet there, and so I left them to dance, and I to the office till past nine at night, and so to them and there saw them dance very prettily, the Captain and his wife, my wife and Mrs. Barbary, and Mercer and my landlady's daughter, and then little Mistress Frances Tooker and her mother, a pretty woman come to see my wife. Anon to supper, and then to dance again (Golding being our fiddler, who plays very well and all tunes) till past twelve at night, and then we broke up and every one to bed, we make shift for all our company, Mrs. Tooker being gone.

27th. Up, and after some pleasant discourse with my wife, I out, leaving her and Mrs. Ferrers there, and I to Captain Cocke's, there to do some business, and then away with Cocke in his coach through Kent Streete, a miserable, wretched, poor place, people sitting sicke and muffled up with plasters at every 4 or 5 doors. So to the 'Change, and thence I by water to the Duke of Albemarle's, and there much company, but I staid and dined, and he makes mighty much of me; and here he tells us the Dutch are gone, and have lost above 160 cables and anchors, through the last foule weather. Here he proposed to me from Mr. Coventry, as I had desired of Mr. Coventry, that I should be Surveyor-Generall of the Victualling business, which I accepted. But, indeed, the terms in which Mr. Coventry proposes it for me are the most obliging that ever I could expect from any man, and more; it saying me to be the fittest man in England, and that he is sure, if I will undertake, I will perform it; and that it will be also a very desirable thing that I might have this encouragement, my encouragement in the Navy alone being in no wise proportionable to my pains or deserts. This, added to the letter I had three days since from Mr. Southerne,[1] signifying that the Duke of Yorke had in his master's absence opened my letter, and commanded him to tell me that he did approve of my being the Surveyor-General, do make me joyful beyond myself that I cannot express it, to see that as I do take pains, so God blesses me, and hath sent me masters that do observe that I take pains. After having done here, I back by water and to London, and there met with Captain Cocke's coach again, and I went in it to Greenwich and thence sent my

[1] James Sotherne, secretary to Sir W. Coventry, and afterwards himself Secretary of the Admiralty (see note, *ante*, January 24th, 1659–60).

wife in it to Woolwich, and I to the office, and thence home late with Captain Taylor, and he and I settled all accounts between us, and I do find that I do get above £120 of him for my services for him within these six months. At it till almost one in the morning, and after supper he away and I to bed, mightily satisfied in all this, and in a resolution I have taken to-night with Mr. Hater to propose the port of London for the victualling business for Thomas Willson, by which it will be better done and I at more ease, in case he should grumble.[1] So to bed.

28th. Up, and sent for Thomas Willson, and broke the victualling business to him and he is mightily contented, and so am I that I have bestowed it on him, and so I to Mr. Boreman's, where Sir W. Batten is, to tell him what I had proposed to Thomas Willson, and the newes also I have this morning from Sir W. Clerke, which is, that notwithstanding all the care the Duke of Albemarle hath taken about the putting the East India prize goods into the East India Company's hands, and my Lord Bruncker and Sir J. Minnes having laden out a great part of the goods, an order is come from Court to stop all, and to have the goods delivered to the Sub-Commissioners of prizes. At which I am glad, because it do vex this simple weake man, and we shall have a little reparation for the disgrace my Lord Sandwich has had in it. He tells me also that the Parliament hath given the Duke of Yorke £120,000,[2] to be paid him after the £1,250,000 is gathered upon the tax which they have now given the King. He tells me that the Dutch have lately launched sixteen new ships; all which is great news. Thence by horsebacke with Mr. Deane to Erith, and so aboard my Lord Bruncker and dined, and very merry with him and good discourse between them about ship building, and, after dinner and a little pleasant discourse, we away and by horse back again to Greenwich, and there I to the office very late, offering my persons for all the victualling posts much to my satisfaction. Also much other business I did to my mind, and so weary home to my lodging, and there after eating and drinking a little I to bed. The King and Court, they say, have now finally resolved to spend nothing upon clothes, but what is of the growth of England; which, if observed, will be very pleasing to the people, and very good for them.

29th (Lord's day). Up, and being ready set out with Captain Cocke in his coach toward Erith, Mr. Deane riding along with us, where we dined and were very merry. After dinner we fell to discourse about the Dutch, Cocke undertaking to prove that they were able to wage warr with us three years together, which, though it may be true, yet, not being satisfied with his arguments, my Lord and I did oppose the strength of his arguments, which brought us to a great heate, he being a conceited man, but of no

[1] The Duke of York's letter appointing Thomas Wilson Surveyor of the Victualling of His Majesty's Navy in the Port of London, and referring to Pepys as Surveyor-General of the Victualling Affairs, is printed in "Memoirs of the English Affairs, chiefly Naval, 1660–73," by James, Duke of York, 1729, p. 131.

[2] This sum was granted by the Commons to Charles, with a request that he would bestow it on his brother.—B.

Logique in his head at all, which made my Lord and I mirth. Anon we parted, and back again, we hardly having a word all the way, he being so vexed at our not yielding to his persuasion. I was set down at Woolwich towne end, and walked through the towne in the darke, it being now night. But in the streete did overtake and almost run upon two women crying and carrying a man's coffin between them. I suppose the husband of one of them, which, methinks, is a sad thing. Being come to Shelden's, I find my people in the darke in the dining room, merry and laughing, and, I thought, sporting one with another, which, God helpe me! raised my jealousy presently. Come in the darke, and one of them touching me (which afterward I found was Susan) made them shreeke, and so went out up stairs, leaving them to light a candle and to run out. I went out and was very vexed till I found my wife was gone with Mr. Hill and Mercer this day to see me at Greenwich, and these people were at supper, and the candle on a sudden falling out of the candlesticke (which I saw as I come through the yarde) and Mrs. Barbary being there I was well at ease again, and so bethought myself what to do, whether to go to Greenwich or stay there; at last go I would, and so with a lanthorne, and 3 or 4 people with me, among others Mr. Browne, who was there, would go, I walked with a lanthorne and discoursed with him about paynting and the several sorts of it. I came in good time to Greenwich, where I found Mr. Hill with my wife, and very glad I was to see him. To supper and discourse of musique and so to bed, I lying with him talking till midnight about Berckenshaw's musique rules, which I did to his great satisfaction inform him in, and so to sleep.

30th. Up, and to my office about business. At noon to dinner, and after some discourse of musique, he and I to the office awhile, and he to get Mr. Coleman, if he can, against night. By and by I back again home, and there find him returned with Mr. Coleman (his wife being ill)[1] and Mr. Laneare,[2] with whom with their Lute we had excellent company and good singing till midnight, and a good supper I did give them, but Coleman's voice is quite spoiled, and when he begins to be drunk he is excellent company, but afterward troublesome and impertinent. Laneare sings in a melancholy method very well, and a sober man he seems to be. They being gone, we to bed, Captain Ferrers coming this day from my Lord is forced to lodge here, and I put him to Mr. Hill.

[1] Edward Coleman, musical composer and singer, who undertook the character of Alphonso when the first part of D'Avenant's "The Siege of Rhodes" was acted at Rutland House in 1656. His wife represented the character of Ianthe at the same time.

[2] Nicholas Lanier, composer of the symphonies to several of the masques written by Ben Jonson, and performed at Court, had died, æt. 78, November 4th, 1646, and was buried at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields ("Somerset House Gazette," vol. i., p. 57). The Letters-Patent under which the Society of Musicians was incorporated at the Restoration, mention a Lanier, possibly a son of Nicholas, as first Marshal, and four others of his name as Wardens or Assistants of the Company. There is an engraved portrait of him in the British Museum (Addit. MS. 15,858, fol. 55), and a letter to his niece, Mrs. Richards, "at her house in the Old Aumery, Westminster."—B.

31st. Up, and to the office, Captain Ferrers going back betimes to my Lord. I to the office, where Sir W. Batten met me, and did tell me that Captain Cocke's black was dead of the plague, which I had heard of before, but took no notice. By and by Captain Cocke come to the office, and Sir W. Batten and I did send to him that he would either forbear the office, or forbear going to his owne office. However, meeting yesterday the Searchers with their rods in their hands coming from Captain Cocke's house, I did overhear them say that the fellow did not die of the plague, but he had I know been ill a good while, and I am told that his boy Jack is also ill. At noon home to dinner, and then to the office again, leaving Mr. Hill if he can to get Mrs. Coleman at night. About nine at night I come home, and there find Mrs. Pierce come and little Fran. Tooker, and Mr. Hill, and other people, a great many dancing, and anon comes Mrs. Coleman with her husband and Laneare. The dancing ended and to sing, which Mrs. Coleman do very finely, though her voice is decayed as to strength but mighty sweet though soft, and a pleasant jolly woman, and in mighty good humour was to-night. Among other things Laneare did, at the request of Mr. Hill, bring two or three the finest prints for my wife to see that ever I did see in all my life. But for singing, among other things, we got Mrs. Coleman to sing part of the Opera, though she won't owne that ever she did get any of it without book in order to the stage; but, above all, her counterfeiting of Captain Cooke's part, in his reproaching his man with cowardice, "Base slave," &c., she do it most excellently. At it till past midnight, and then broke up and to bed. Hill and I together again, and being very sleepy we had little discourse as we had the other night. Thus we end the month merrily; and the more for that, after some fears that the plague would have increased again this week, I hear for certain that there is above 400 [less], the whole number being 1,388, and of them of the plague, 1,031. Want of money in the Navy puts every thing out of order. Men grow mutinous; and nobody here to mind the business of the Navy but myself. At least Sir W. Batten for the few days he has been here do nothing. I in great hopes of my place of Surveyor-Generall of the Victualling, which will bring me £300 per annum.

November 1st. Lay very long in bed discoursing with Mr. Hill of most things of a man's life, and how little merit do prevail in the world, but only favour; and that, for myself, chance without merit brought me in; and that diligence only keeps me so, and will, living as I do among so many lazy people that the diligent man becomes necessary, that they cannot do anything without him, and so told him of my late business of the victualling, and what cares I am in to keepe myself having to do with people of so different factions at Court, and yet must be fair with them all, which was very pleasant discourse for me to tell, as well as he seemed to take it, for him to hear. At last up, and it being a very foule day for raine and a hideous wind, yet having promised I would go by water to Erith, and bearing sayle was in danger of oversetting, but ordered them take down their sayle, and so cold and wet

got thither, as they had ended their dinner. How[ever], I dined well, and after dinner all on shore, my Lord Bruncker with us to Mrs. Williams's lodgings, and Sir W. Batten, Sir Edmund Pooly,[1] and others; and there, it being my Lord's birth-day, had every one a green riband tied in our hats very foolishly; and methinks mighty disgracefully for my Lord to have his folly so open to all the world with this woman. But by and by Sir W. Batten and I took coach, and home to Boreman, and so going home by the backside I saw Captain Cocke 'lighting out of his coach (having been at Erith also with her but not on board) and so he would come along with me to my lodging, and there sat and supped and talked with us, but we were angry a little a while about our message to him the other day about bidding him keepe from the office or his owne office, because of his black dying. I owned it and the reason of it, and would have been glad he had been out of the house, but I could not bid him go, and so supped, and after much other talke of the sad condition and state of the King's matters we broke up, and my friend and I to bed. This night coming with Sir W. Batten into Greenwich we called upon Coll. Cleggatt, who tells us for certaine that the King of Denmark hath declared to stand for the King of England, but since I hear it is wholly false.

2nd. Up, left my wife and to the office, and there to my great content Sir W. Warren come to me to settle the business of the Tangier boates, wherein I shall get above £100, besides £100 which he gives me in the paying for them out of his owne purse. He gone, I home to my lodgings to dinner, and there comes Captain Wager[2] newly returned from the Streights, who puts me in great fear for our last ships that went to Tangier with provisions, that they will be taken. A brave, stout fellow this Captain is, and I think very honest. To the office again after dinner and there late writing letters, and then about 8 at night set out from my office and fitting myself at my lodgings intended to have gone this night in a Ketch down to the Fleete, but calling in my way at Sir J. Minnes's, who is come up from Erith about something about the prizes, they persuaded me not to go till the morning, it being a horrible darke and a windy night. So I back to my lodging and to bed.

3rd. Was called up about four o'clock and in the darke by lanthorne took boat and to the Ketch and set sayle, sleeping a little in the Cabbin till day and then up and fell to reading of Mr. Evelyn's book about Paynting,[3] which is a very pretty book. Carrying good victuals and Tom with me I to breakfast about 9 o'clock, and then to read again and come to the Fleete

[1] M.P. for Bury St. Edmunds, and in the list of proposed Knights of the Royal Oak for Suffolk.—B.

[2] Charles Wager was captain of the "Yarmouth" in the fleet at Scheveningen attending Charles on his return to England. He died at Deal, February 24th, 1665-66. Pepys says that even the Moors mentioned him with tears (see *post*, March 27th, 1668).

[3] This must surely have been Evelyn's "Sculptura, or the History and Art of Chalcography and Engraving in Copper," published in 1662. The translation of Freart's "Idea of the Perfection of Painting demonstrated" was not published until 1668.

about twelve, where I found my Lord (the Prince being gone in) on board the Royall James, Sir Thomas Allen commander, and with my Lord an houre alone discoursing what was my chief and only errand about what was adviseable for his Lordship to do in this state of things, himself being under the Duke of Yorke's and Mr. Coventry's envy, and a great many more and likely never to do anything honourably but he shall be envied and the honour taken as much as can be from it. His absence lessens his interest at Court, and what is worst we never able to set out a fleete fit for him to command, or, if out, to keepe them out or fit them to do any great thing, or if that were so yet nobody at home minds him or his condition when he is abroad, and lastly the whole affairs of state looking as if they would all on a sudden break in pieces, and then what a sad thing it would be for him to be out of the way. My Lord did concur in every thing and thanked me infinitely for my visit and counsel, telling me that in every thing he concurs, but puts a query, what if the King will not think himself safe, if any man should go but him. How he should go off then? To that I had no answer ready, but the making the King see that he may be of as good use to him here while another goes forth. But for that I am not able to say much. We after this talked of some other little things and so to dinner, where my Lord infinitely kind to me, and after dinner I rose and left him with some Commanders at the table taking tobacco and I took the Bezan back with me, and with a brave gale and tide reached up that night to the Hope, taking great pleasure in learning the seamen's manner of singing when they sound the depths, and then to supper and to sleep, which I did most excellently all night, it being a horrible foule night for wind and raine.

4th. They sayled from midnight, and come to Greenwich about 5 o'clock in the morning. I however lay till about 7 or 8, and so to my office, my head a little akeing, partly for want of natural rest, partly having so much business to do to-day, and partly from the newes I hear that one of the little boys at my lodging is not well; and they suspect, by their sending for plaister and fume, that it may be the plague; so I sent Mr. Hater and W. Hewer to speake with the mother; but they returned to me, satisfied that there is no hurt nor danger, but the boy is well, and offers to be searched, however, I was resolved myself to abstain coming thither for a while. Sir W. Batten and myself at the office all the morning. At noon with him to dinner at Boreman's, where Mr. Seymour with us, who is a most conceited fellow and not over much in him. Here Sir W. Batten told us (which I had not heard before) that the last sitting day his cloake was taken from Mingo he going home to dinner, and that he was beaten by the seamen and swears he will come to Greenwich, but no more to the office till he can sit safe. After dinner I to the office and there late, and much troubled to have 100 seamen all the afternoon there, swearing below and cursing us, and breaking the glasse windows, and swear they will pull the house down on Tuesday next. I sent

word of this to Court, but nothing will helpe it but money and a rope. Late at night to Mr. Glanville's there to lie for a night or two, and to bed.

5th (Lord's day). Up, and after being trimmed, by boat to the Cockpitt, where I heard the Duke of Albemarle's chaplin[1] make a simple sermon: among other things, reproaching the imperfection of humane learning, he cried: "All our physicians cannot tell what an ague is, and all our arithmetique is not able to number the days of a man;" which, God knows, is not the fault of arithmetique, but that our understandings reach not the thing. To dinner, where a great deale of silly discourse, but the worst is I hear that the plague increases much at Lambeth, St. Martin's and Westminster, and fear it will all over the city. Thence I to the Swan, thinking to have seen Sarah but she was at church, and so I by water to Deptford, and there made a visit to Mr. Evelyn, who, among other things, showed me most excellent painting in little; in distemper, Indian incke, water colours: graveing; and, above all, the whole secret of mezzo-tinto, and the manner of it, which is very pretty, and good things done with it.[2] He read to me very much also of his discourse, he hath been many years and now is about, about Guardenage; which will be a most noble and pleasant piece. He read me part of a play or two of his making, very good, but not as he conceits them, I think, to be. He showed me his Hortus Hyemalis; leaves laid up in a book of several plants kept dry, which preserve colour, however, and look very finely, better than any Herball. In fine, a most excellent person he is, and must be allowed a little for a little conceitedness; but he may well be so, being a man so much above others. He read me, though with too much gusto, some little poems of his own, that were not transcendant, yet one or two very pretty epigrams; among others, of a lady looking in at a grate, and being pecked at by an eagle that was there. Here comes in, in the middle of our discourse Captain Cocke, as drunk as a dogg, but could stand, and talk and laugh. He did so joy himself in a brave woman that he had been with all the afternoon, and who should it be but my Lady Robinson, but very troublesome he is with his noise and talke, and laughing, though very pleasant. With him in his coach to Mr. Glanville's, where he sat with Mrs. Penington and myself a good while talking of this fine woman again and then went away. Then the lady and I to very serious discourse and, among other things, of what a bonny lasse my Lady Robinson is, who is reported to be kind to the prisoners, and has said to Sir G. Smith, who is her great crony, "Look! there is a pretty man, I would be content to break a commandment with him," and such loose expressions she will have often. After an houre's talke we to bed, the lady mightily troubled about a pretty little bitch she

[1] The Duke of Albemarle had more than one chaplain. Thomas Gumble, D.D., who wrote the life of his patron (1671), was one of these.

[2] Evelyn described the new art of mezzotint in his "Sculptura." He published several works on gardening, and left MSS. on the same subject. We have no record of the plays referred to by Pepys.

hath, which is very sicke, and will eat nothing, and the worst was, I could hear her in her chamber bemoaning the bitch, and by and by taking her into bed with her. The bitch pissed and shit a bed, and she was fain to rise and had coals out of my chamber to dry the bed again. This night I had a letter that Sir G. Carteret would be in towne to-morrow, which did much surprise me.

6th. Up, and to my office, where busy all the morning and then to dinner to Captain Cocke's with Mr. Evelyn, where very merry, only vexed after dinner to stay too long for our coach. At last, however, to Lambeth and thence the Cockpitt, where we found Sir G. Carteret come, and in with the Duke and the East India Company about settling the business of the prizes, and they have gone through with it. Then they broke up, and Sir G. Carteret come out, and thence through the garden to the water side and by water I with him in his boat down with Captain Cocke to his house at Greenwich, and while supper was getting ready Sir G. Carteret and I did walk an houre in the garden before the house, talking of my Lord Sandwich's business; what enemies he hath, and how they have endeavoured to bespatter him: and particularly about his leaving of 30 ships of the enemy, when Pen would have gone, and my Lord called him back again: which is most false. However, he says, it was purposed by some hot-heads in the House of Commons, at the same time when they voted a present to the Duke of Yorke, to have voted £10,000 to the Prince, and half-a-crowne to my Lord of Sandwich; but nothing come of it.[1] But, for all this, the King is most firme to my Lord, and so is my Lord Chancellor, and my Lord Arlington. The Prince, in appearance, kind; the Duke of Yorke silent, says no hurt; but admits others to say it in his hearing. Sir W. Pen, the falsest rascal that ever was in the world; and that this afternoon the Duke of Albemarle did tell him that Pen was a very cowardly rogue, and one that hath brought all these rogueish fanatick Captains into the fleete, and swears he should never go out with the fleete again. That Sir W. Coventry is most kind to Pen still; and says nothing nor do any thing openly to the prejudice of my Lord. He agrees with me, that it is impossible for the King [to] set out a fleete again the next year; and that he fears all will come to ruine, there being no money in prospect but these prizes, which will bring, it may be, £20,000, but that will signify nothing in the world for it. That this late Act of Parliament for bringing the money into the Exchequer, and making of it payable out there, intended as a prejudice to him and will be his convenience hereafter and ruine the King's business, and so I fear it will and do wonder Sir W. Coventry would be led by Sir G. Downing to persuade the King and Duke to have it so, before they had thoroughly weighed all circumstances; that for my Lord, the King has said to him lately that I was an excellent officer, and

[1] The tide of popular indignation ran high against Lord Sandwich, and he was sent to Spain as ambassador to get him honourably out of the way (see *post*, December 6th, p. 112).

that my Lord Chancellor do, he thinks, love and esteem of me as well as he do of any man in England that he hath no more acquaintance with. So having done and received from me the sad newes that we are like to have no money here a great while, not even of the very prizes, I set up my rest [1] in giving up the King's service to be ruined and so in to supper, where pretty merry, and after supper late to Mr. Glanville's, and Sir G. Carteret to bed. I also to bed, it being very late.

7th. Up, and to Sir G. Carteret, and with him, he being very passionate to be gone, without staying a minute for breakfast, to the Duke of Albemarle's and I with him by water and with Fen: but, among other things, Lord! to see how he wondered to see the river so empty of boats, nobody working at the Custome-house keys; and how fearful he is, and vexed that his man, holding a wine-glasse in his hand for him to drinke out of, did cover his hands, it being a cold, windy, rainy morning, under the waterman's coate, though he brought the waterman from six or seven miles up the river, too. Nay, he carried this glasse with him for his man to let him drink out of at the Duke of Albemarle's, where he intended to dine, though this he did to prevent sluttery, for, for the same reason he carried a napkin with him to Captain Cocke's, making him believe that he should eat with foule linnen. Here he with the Duke walked a good while in the Parke, and I with Fen, but cannot gather that he intends to stay with us, nor thinks any thing at all of ever paying one farthing of money more to us here, let what will come of it. Thence in, and Sir W. Batten comes in by and by, and so staying till noon, and there being a great deal of company there, Sir W. Batten and I took leave of the Duke and Sir G. Carteret, there being no good to be done more for money, and so over the River and by coach to Greenwich, where at Boreman's we dined, it being late. Thence my head being full of business and mind out of order for thinking of the effects which will arise from the want of money, I made an end of my letters by eight o'clock, and so to my lodging and there spent the evening till midnight talking with Mrs. Penington, who is a very discreet, understanding lady and very pretty discourse we had and great variety, and she tells me with great sorrow her bitch is dead this morning, died in her bed. So broke up and to bed.

8th. Up, and to the office, where busy among other things to looke my warrants for the settling of the Victualling business, the warrants being come to me for the Surveyors of the ports and that for me also to be Surveyor-Generall. I did discourse largely with Tom Willson about it and doubt not to make it a good service to the King as well, as the King gives us very good salarys. It being a fast day, all people were at church and the office quiett; so I did much business, and at noon adventured to my old lodging, and there

[1] The phrase "set up my rest" is a metaphor from the once fashionable game of Primero, meaning, to stand upon the cards you have in your hand, in hopes they may prove better than those of your adversary. Hence, to make up your mind, to be determined (see Nares's "Glossary").

eat, but am not yet well satisfied, not seeing of Christopher, though they say he is abroad. Thence after dinner to the office again, and thence am sent for to the King's Head by my Lord Rutherford, who, since I can hope for no more convenience from him, his business is troublesome to me, and therefore I did leave him as soon as I could and by water to Deptford, and there did order my matters so, walking up and down the fields till it was dark night, that je allais a la maison of my valentine,[1] and there je faisais whatever je voudrais avec her, and, about eight at night, did take water, being glad I was out of the towne; for the plague, it seems, rages there more than ever, and so to my lodgings, where my Lord had got a supper and the mistresse of the house and her daughters, and here staid Mrs. Pierce to speake with me about her husband's business, and I made her sup with us, and then at night my Lord and I walked with her home, and so back again. My Lord and I ended all we had to say as to his business over-night, and so I took leave, and went again to Mr. Glanville's and so to bed, it being very late.

9th. Up, and did give the servants something at Mr. Glanville's and so took leave, meaning to lie to-night at my owne lodging. To my office, where busy with Mr. Gawden running over the Victualling business, and he is mightily pleased that this course is taking and seems sensible of my favour and promises kindnesse to me. At noon by water, to the King's Head at Deptford, where Captain Taylor invites Sir W. Batten, Sir John Robinson (who come in with a great deale of company from hunting, and brought in a hare alive and a great many silly stories they tell of their sport, which pleases them mightily, and me not at all, such is the different sense of pleasure in mankind), and others upon the score of a survey of his new ship; and strange to see how a good dinner and feasting reconciles everybody, Sir W. Batten and Sir J. Robinson being now as kind to him, and report well of his ship and proceedings, and promise money, and Sir W. Batten is a solicitor for him, but it is a strange thing to observe, they being the greatest enemys he had, and yet, I believe, hath in the world in their hearts. Thence after dinner stole away and to my office, where did a great deale of business till midnight, and then to Mrs. Clerk's, to lodge again, and going home W. Hewer did tell me my wife will be here to-morrow, and hath put away Mary, which vexes me to the heart, I cannot helpe it, though it may be a folly in me, and when I think seriously on it, I think my wife means no ill design in it, or, if she do, I am a foole to be troubled at it, since I cannot helpe it. The Bill of Mortality, to all our griefs, is encreased 399 this week, and the encrease generally through the whole City and suburbs, which makes us all sad.[2]

10th. Up, and entered all my Journall since the 28th of October, having every day's passages well in my head, though it troubles me to remember it,

[1] This was Bagwell's wife. See February 14th, 1664–65.

[2] See note, *ante*, June 29th, 1665, for note on the number of deaths from the plague as given in the Bills of Mortality.

and which I was forced to, being kept from my lodging, where my books and papers are, for several days. So to my office, where till two or three o'clock busy before I could go to my lodging to dinner, then did it and to my office again. In the evening newes is brought me my wife is come: so I to her, and with her spent the evening, but with no great pleasure, I being vexed about her putting away of Mary in my absence, but yet I took no notice of it at all, but fell into other discourse, and she told me, having herself been this day at my house at London, which was boldly done, to see Mary have her things, that Mr. Harrington, our neighbour, an East country merchant, is dead at Epsum of the plague, and that another neighbour of our's, Mr. Hollworthy, a very able man, is also dead by a fall in the country from his horse, his foot hanging in the stirrup, and his brains beat out. Here we sat talking, and after supper to bed.

11th. I up and to the office (leaving my wife in bed) and there till noon, then to dinner and back again to the office, my wife going to Woolwich again, and I staying very late at my office, and so home to bed.

12th (Lord's day). Up, and invited by Captain Cocke to dinner. So after being ready I went to him, and there he and I and Mr. Yard (one of the Guinny Company) dined together and very merry. After dinner I by water to the Duke of Albemarle, and there had a little discourse and business with him, chiefly to receive his commands about pilotts to be got for our Hambro' ships, going now at this time of the year convoy to the merchant ships, that have lain at great pain and charge, some three, some four months at Harwich for a convoy. They hope here the plague will be less this weeke. Thence back by water to Captain Cocke's, and there he and I spent a great deale of the evening as we had done of the day reading and discoursing over part of Mr. Stillingfleet's "Origines Sacræ," [1] wherein many things are very good and some frivolous. Thence by and by he and I to Mrs. Penington's, but she was gone to bed. So we back and walked a while, and then to his house and to supper, and then broke up, and I home to my lodging to bed.

13th. Up, and to my office, where busy all the morning, and at noon to Captain Cocke's to dinner as we had appointed in order to settle our business of accounts. But here came in an Alderman, a merchant, a very merry man, and we dined, and, he being gone, after dinner Cocke and I walke into the garden, and there after a little discourse he did undertake under his hand to secure me £500 profit, for my share of the profit of what we have bought of the prize goods. We agreed upon the terms, which were easier on my side than I expected, and so with extraordinary inward joy we parted till the evening. So I to the office and among other business prepared a deed for him to sign and seale to me about our agreement, which at night I got him to come and sign and seale, and so he and I to Glanville's, and there he and I sat talking and playing with Mrs. Penington, whom we found undrest in

[1] "Origines Sacræ, or a rational Account of the Christian Faith," by Edward Stillingfleet, afterwards Dean of St. Paul's and Bishop of Worcester, was published in 1662.

her smocke and petticoats by the fireside, and there we drank and laughed, and she willingly suffered me to put my hand in her bosom very wantonly, and keep it there long. Which methought was very strange, and I looked upon myself as a man mightily deceived in a lady, for I could not have thought she could have suffered it, by her former discourse with me; so modest she seemed and I know not what. We staid here late, and so home after he and I had walked till past midnight, a bright moonshine, clear, cool night, before his door by the water, and so I home after one of the clock.

14th. Called up by break of day by Captain Cocke, by agreement, and he and I in his coach through Kent-streete (a sad place through the plague, people sitting sicke and with plaisters about them in the street begging) to Viner's and Colvill's about money business, and so to my house, and there I took £300 in order to the carrying it down to my Lord Sandwich in part of the money I am to pay for Captain Cocke by our agreement. So I took it down, and down I went to Greenwich to my office, and there sat busy till noon, and so home to dinner, and thence to the office again, and by and by to the Duke of Albemarle's by water late, where I find he had remembered that I had appointed to come to him this day about money, which I excused not doing sooner; but I see, a dull fellow, as he is, do sometimes remember what another thinks he mindeth not. My business was about getting money of the East India Company; but, Lord! to see how the Duke himself magnifies himself in what he had done with the Company; and my Lord Craven what the King could have done without my Lord Duke, and a deale of stir, but most mightily what a brave fellow I am. Back by water, it raining hard, and so to the office, and stopped my going, as I intended, to the buoy of the Nore, and great reason I had to rejoice at it, for it proved the night of as great a storme as was almost ever remembered. Late at the office, and so home to bed. This day, calling at Mr. Rawlinson's to know how all did there, I hear that my pretty grocer's wife, Mrs. Beversham, over the way there, her husband is lately dead of the plague at Bow, which I am sorry for, for fear of losing her neighbourhood.

15th. Up and all the morning at the office, busy, and at noon to the King's Head taverne,[1] where all the Trinity House dined to-day, to choose a new Master in the room of Hurlestone, that is dead, and Captain Crispe[2] is chosen. But, Lord! to see how Sir W. Batten governs all and tramples upon Hurlestone, but I am confident the Company will grow the worse for that man's death, for now Batten, and in him a lazy, corrupt, doating rogue, will have all the sway there. After dinner who comes in but my Lady Batten, and a troop of a dozen women almost, and expected, as I found afterward, to be made mighty much of, but nobody minded them; but the best jest was, that

[1] There was a once famous King's Head at the corner of Fleet Street and Chancery Lane.

[2] Captain Crispe had only been made an Elder Brother in the previous April (see April 19th, 1665).

when they saw themselves not regarded, they would go away, and it was horrible foule weather; and my Lady Batten walking through the dirty lane with new spicke and span white shoes, she dropped one of her galoshes in the dirt, where it stuck, and she forced to go home without one, at which she was horribly vexed, and I led her; and after vexing her a little more in mirth, I parted, and to Glanville's, where I knew Sir John Robinson, Sir G. Smith, and Captain Cocke were gone, and there, with the company of Mrs. Penington, whose father,[1] I hear was one of the Court of Justice, and died prisoner, of the stone, in the Tower, I made them, against their resolutions, to stay from houre to houre till it was almost midnight, and a furious, darke and rainy, and windy, stormy night, and, which was best, I, with drinking small beer, made them all drunk drinking wine, at which Sir John Robinson made great sport. But, they being gone, the lady and I very civilly sat an houre by the fireside observing the folly of this Robinson, that makes it his worke to praise himself, and all he say and do, like a heavy-headed coxcombe. The plague, blessed be God! is decreased 400; making the whole this week but 1,300 and odd; for which the Lord be praised!

16th. Up, and fitted myself for my journey down to the fleete, and sending my money and boy down by water to Eriffe,[2] I borrowed a horse of Mr. Boreman's son, and after having sat an houre laughing with my Lady Batten and Mrs. Turner, and eat and drank with them, I took horse and rode to Eriffe, where, after making a little visit to Madam Williams, who did give me information of W. Howe's having bought eight bags of precious stones taken from about the Dutch Vice-Admirall's neck, of which there were eight dyamonds which cost him £4,000 sterling, in India, and hoped to have made £12,000 here for them. And that this is told by one that sold him one of the bags, which hath nothing but rubys in it, which he had for 35*s.*; and that it will be proved he hath made £125 of one stone that he bought. This she desired, and I resolved I would give my Lord Sandwich notice of. So I on board my Lord Bruncker; and there he and Sir Edmund Pooly carried me down into the hold of the India shipp, and there did show me the greatest wealth lie in confusion that a man can see in the world. Pepper scattered through every chink, you trod upon it; and in cloves and nutmegs, I walked above the knees; whole rooms full. And silk in bales, and boxes of copper-

[1] Alderman Isaac Penington, Sheriff of London 1638, was elected Member of Parliament for the City of London in 1640, and in 1642 chosen Lord Mayor, and afterwards appointed Lieutenant of the Tower. He was one of the Commissioners for the trial of Charles I., but he did not sign the warrant for his execution, and a member of the Council of State, 1649. In 1660 he was committed to the Tower as one of the King's judges, and his estates confiscated. He died there on December 17th, 1661. "Dec. 19th, 1661. Warrant to Sir John Robinson, Lieutenant of the Tower, to deliver the corpse of Isaac Penington, who died in prison there [Dec. 17], to his relations" ("State Papers"). He had two sons: Isaac, a well-known Quaker, and Arthur, who became a Romish priest; and a daughter Judith.

[2] Erith.

plate, one of which I saw opened. Having seen this, which was as noble a sight as ever I saw in my life, I away on board the other ship in despair to get the pleasure-boat of the gentlemen there to carry me to the fleet. They were Mr. Ashburnham[1] and Colonell Wyndham[2]; but pleading the King's business, they did presently agree I should have it. So I presently on board, and got under sail, and had a good bedd by the shift, of Wyndham's; and so,—

17th. Sailed all night, and got down to Quinbrough water, where all the great ships are now come, and there on board my Lord, and was soon received with great content. And after some little discourse, he and I on board Sir W. Pen; and there held a council of Warr about many wants of the fleete, but chiefly how to get slopps and victuals for the fleete now going out to convoy our Hambro' ships, that have been so long detained for four or five months for want of convoy, which we did accommodate one way or other, and so, after much chatt, Sir W. Pen did give us a very good and neat dinner, and better, I think, than ever I did see at his owne house at home in my life, and so was the other I eat with him. After dinner much talke, and about other things, he and I about his money for his prize goods, wherein I did give him a cool answer, but so as we did not disagree in words much, and so let that fall, and so followed my Lord Sandwich, who was gone a little before me on board the Royall James. And there spent an houre, my Lord playing upon the gittarr, which he now commends above all musique in the world, because it is base enough for a single voice, and is so portable and manageable without much trouble. That being done, I got my Lord to be alone, and so I fell to acquaint him with W. Howe's business, which he had before heard a little of from Captain Cocke, but made no great matter of it, but now he do, and resolves nothing less than to lay him by the heels, and seize on all he hath, saying that for this yeare or two he hath observed him so proud and conceited he could not endure him. But though I was not at all displeased with it, yet I prayed him to forbear doing anything therein till he heard from me again about it, and I had made more enquiry into the truth of it, which he agreed to. Then we fell to publique discourse, wherein was principally this: he cleared it to me beyond all doubt that Coventry is his enemy, and has been long so. So that I am over that, and my Lord told it me upon my proposal of a friendship between them, which he says is impossible, and methinks that my Lord's displeasure about the report in print of the first fight was not of his making, but I perceive my Lord cannot forget it, nor the other think he can. I shewed him how advisable it were upon almost any terms for

[1] John Ashburnham, a Groom of the Bedchamber to Charles I., whom he attended during the whole of the Rebellion, and afterwards filled the same post under Charles II. He was, in 1661, M.P. for Sussex. Ob. 1671. The late Earl of Ashburnham, who was lineally descended from him, wrote an excellent vindication of his ancestor, against the insinuations of Clarendon and others.—B.

[2] Colonel Francis Wyndham, a distinguished loyalist, Governor of Dunster Castle, Somersetshire. He was created a baronet November 18th, 1673.—B.

him to get quite off the sea employment. He answers me again that he agrees to it, but thinks the King will not let him go off. He tells me he lacks now my Lord Orrery to solicit it for him, who is very great with the King. As an infinite secret, my Lord tells me, the factions are high between the King and the Duke, and all the Court are in an uproare with their loose amours; the Duke of Yorke being in love desperately with Mrs. Stewart. Nay, that the Duchesse herself is fallen in love with her new Master of the Horse, one Harry Sidney,[1] and another, Harry Savill.[2] So that God knows what will be the end of it. And that the Duke is not so obsequious as he used to be, but very high of late; and would be glad to be in the head of an army as Generall; and that it is said that he do propose to go and command under the King of Spayne, in Flanders. That his amours to Mrs. Stewart are told the King. So that all is like to be nought among them. That he knows that the Duke of Yorke do give leave to have him spoken slightly of in his owne hearing, and doth not oppose it, and told me from what time he hath observed this to begin. So that upon the whole my Lord do concur to wish with all his heart that he could with any honour get from off the imployment. After he had given thanks to me for my kind visit and good counsel, on which he seems to set much by, I left him, and so away to my Bezan againe, and there to read in a pretty French book, "La Nouvelle Allegorique," upon the strife between rhetorique and its enemies, very pleasant. So, after supper, to sleepe, and sayled all night, and came to Erith before break of day.

18th. About nine of the clock, I went on shore, there (calling by the way only to look upon my Lord Bruncker) to give Mrs. Williams an account of her matters, and so hired an ill-favoured horse, and away to Greenwich to my lodgings, where I hear how rude the souldiers have been in my absence, swearing what they would do with me, which troubled me, but, however, after eating a bit I to the office and there very late writing letters, and so home and to bed.

19th (Lord's day). Up, and after being trimmed, alone by water to Erith, all the way with my song book singing of Mr. Lawes's long recitative song[3]

[1] Known as Handsome Sidney. He was fourth son of Robert, second Earl of Leicester, created Earl of Romney, 1694. He was Warden of the Cinque Ports, 1691–1702; Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, 1692–95; and Master of the Ordnance, 1693–1702. He died, unmarried, April 8th, 1704.

[2] Henry Saville, some time one of the Grooms of the Bedchamber to the Duke of York.—B.

[3] Dr. Hueffer says that this song of Henry Lawes is evidently the one given to "Ariadne sitting upon a rock in the Island of Naxos deserted by Theseus," opening the first book of the "Ayres and Dialogues;" and he adds, "Pepys shows his keen perception of the characteristics belonging not only to a single piece, but to a whole school of music. Lawes's songs, even those of the most lyrical type, partake of the nature of the recitative in the sense that the declamatory element is never lost sight of" (Hueffer's "Italian and other Studies," 1883, p. 293).

Henry Lawes, son of William Lawes of Steeple Langford, and born at Dinton, co. Wilts. He was baptized January 1st, 1595–6, was sworn in as Pistler of the Chapel Royal

in the beginning of his book. Being come there, on board my Lord Bruncker, I find Captain Cocke and other company, the lady not well, and mighty merry we were; Sir Edmund Pooly being very merry, and a right English gentleman, and one of the discontented Cavaliers, that think their loyalty is not considered. After dinner, all on shore to my Lady Williams, and there drank and talked; but, Lord! the most impertinent bold woman with my Lord that ever I did see. I did give her an account again of my business with my Lord touching W. Howe, and she did give me some more information about it, and examination taken about it, and so we parted and I took boat, and to Woolwich, where we found my wife not well of them, and I out of humour begun to dislike her paynting, the last things not pleasing me so well as the former, but I blame myself for my being so little complaisant. So without eating or drinking, there being no wine (which vexed me too), we walked with a lanthorne to Greenwich and eat something at his house, and so home to bed.

20th. Up before day, and wrote some letters to go to my Lord, among others that about W. Howe, which I believe will turn him out, and so took horse for Nonesuch, with two men with me, and the ways very bad, and the weather worse, for wind and rayne. But we got in good time thither, and I did get my tallys got ready, and thence, with as many as could go, to Yowell, and there dined very well, and I saw my Besse, a very well-favoured country lass there, and after being very merry and having spent a piece I took horse, and by another way met with a very good road, but it rained hard and blew, but got home very well. Here I find Mr. Deering come to trouble me about business, which I soon dispatched and parted, he telling me that Luellin[1]

January 1st, 1625–6, and afterwards became Gentleman and Clerk of the Cheque. He composed the music, for Milton's "Comus," performed at Ludlow Castle in 1634, and performed the part of the attendant spirit. He continued in the service of Charles I. until the king's execution. He then had recourse to teaching. At the Restoration he was replaced in his offices at the Chapel Royal, and composed the Coronation Anthems for Charles II. He died October 21st, 1662, and was buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey (see "The Old Cheque Book of the Chapel Royal, 1561–1744," edited by Dr. Rimbault, 1872, pp. 11, 13, 49, 59, 99, 114, 128, 145, 208).

[1] Peter Llewelyn was admitted a Clerk of the Privy Council on February 8th, 1659–60 ("Index of Proceedings of Council," "Calendar of State Papers," Domestic). He is frequently mentioned by Pepys as Luellin, but on April 26th, 1660, his Christian name is given. Mr. W. R. Lluellyn has kindly given the editor this reference to the State Papers, and has also pointed out that Peter Llewelyn was probably the "Peter Fewellin" recorded in the register of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, as having been "borne on the 29th September and baptised on the 30th do. in the year 1636." This Peter Llewelyn was son of David Llewelyn, under-keeper of the privy lodgings and house at Windsor Castle, who died October 16th, 1661, and was buried on the 17th. In May, 1660, David petitioned for the reversion of the housekeeper's place, on the ground that he defended the lodgings and wardrobe at the hazard of his life, and was imprisoned, and ordered to be tried for his life, but the late king himself mediated for him ("Calendar of State Papers"). His son, Charles Llewellin (baptized March 30th, 1630), succeeded his father as under-keeper of the house and privy lodgings at Windsor Castle ("Calendar of State Papers," Domestic, vol. clxxxv.). Another son, David (born 22nd, and baptized 30th

hath been dead this fortnight, of the plague, in St. Martin's Lane, which much surprised me.

21st. Up, and to the office, where all the morning doing business, and at noon home to dinner and quickly back again to the office, where very busy all the evening and late sent a long discourse to Mr. Coventry by his desire about the regulating of the method of our payment of bills in the Navy, which will be very good, though, it may be, he did ayme principally at striking at Sir G. Carteret. So weary but pleased with this business being over I home to supper and to bed.

22nd. Up, and by water to the Duke of Albemarle, and there did some little business, but most to shew myself, and mightily I am yet in his and Lord Craven's books, and thence to the Swan and there drank and so down to the bridge, and so to the 'Change, where spoke with many people, and about a great deale of business, which kept me late. I heard this day that Mr. Harrington is not dead of the plague, as we believed, at which I was very glad, but most of all, to hear that the plague is come very low; that is, the whole under 1,000, and the plague 600 and odd: and great hopes of a further decrease, because of this day's being a very exceeding hard frost, and continues freezing. This day the first of the Oxford Gazettes come out, which is very pretty, full of newes, and no folly in it. Wrote by Williamson.[1] Fear that our Hambro' ships at last cannot go, because of the great frost, which we believe it is there, nor are our ships cleared at the Pillow [Pillau], which will keepe them there too all this winter, I fear. From the 'Change, which is pretty full again, I to my office and there took some things, and so by water to my lodging at Greenwich and dined, and then to the office awhile and at night home to my lodgings, and took T. Willson and T. Hater with me, and there spent the evening till midnight discoursing and settling of our Victualling business, that thereby I might draw up instructions for the Surveyors and that we might be doing something to earne our money. This done I late to bed. Among other things it pleased me to have it demonstrated, that a Purser without professed cheating is a professed loser, twice as much as he gets.

23rd. Up betimes, and so, being trimmed, I to get papers ready against Sir H. Cholmly come to me by appointment, he being newly come over from Tangier.[2] He did by and by come, and we settled all matters about his money, and he is a most satisfied man in me, and do declare his resolution to give

April, 1641), became rector of Tansor, and successively Prebendary of Lincoln and Peterborough ("Register of St. Peter's, Westminster;" Bridges' "Northamptonshire." See Chester's "Westminster Abbey Registers," p. 18). The name is variously spelt—"Fluellin" (the form adopted by Shakespeare) giving the nearest approach to the correct pronunciation.

[1] No. xxiv. of the "Oxford Gazette" was the first London Gazette. The Williamson who "wrote" it was afterwards Sir Joseph Williamson.—B.

[2] Among the Rawlinson MSS. in the Bodleian Library is Pepys's acknowledgment of money received from Sir Hugh Cholmeley in 1665.

me £200 per annum. It continuing to be a great frost, which gives us hope for a perfect cure of the plague, he and I to walk in the parke, and there discoursed with grief of the calamity of the times; how the King's service is performed, and how Tangier is governed by a man, who, though honourable, yet do mind his ways of getting and little else compared, which will never make the place flourish. I brought him and had a good dinner for him, and there come by chance Captain Cuttance, who tells me how W. Howe is laid by the heels, and confined to the Royall Katharine, and his things all seized: and how, also, for a quarrel, which indeed the other night my Lord told me, Captain Ferrers, having cut all over the back of another of my Lord's servants, is parted from my Lord. I sent for little Mrs. Frances Tooker, and after they were gone I sat dallying with her an hour, doing what I would with my hands about her. And a very pretty creature it is. So in the evening to the office, where late writing letters, and at my lodging late writing for the last twelve days my Journall and so to bed. Great expectation what mischief more the French will do us, for we must fall out. We in extraordinary lacke of money and everything else to go to sea next year. My Lord Sandwich is gone from the fleete yesterday toward Oxford.

24th. Up, and after doing some business at the office, I to London, and there, in my way, at my old oyster shop in Gracious Streete, bought two barrels of my fine woman of the shop, who is alive after all the plague, which now is the first observation or inquiry we make at London concerning everybody we knew before it. So to the 'Change, where very busy with several people, and mightily glad to see the 'Change so full, and hopes of another abatement still the next week. Off the 'Change I went home with Sir G. Smith to dinner, sending for one of my barrels of oysters, which were good, though come from Colchester, where the plague hath been so much. Here a very brave dinner, though no invitation; and, Lord! to see how I am treated, that come from so mean a beginning, is matter of wonder to me. But it is God's great mercy to me, and His blessing upon my taking pains, and being punctual in my dealings. After dinner Captain Cocke and I about some business, and then with my other barrel of oysters home to Greenwich, sent them by water to Mrs. Penington, while he and I landed, and visited Mr. Evelyn, where most excellent discourse with him; among other things he showed me a ledger[1] of a Treasurer of the Navy, his great-grandfather, just 100 years old; which I seemed mighty fond of, and he did present me with it, which I take as a great rarity; and he hopes to find me more, older than it. He also shewed us several letters of the old Lord of Leicester's,[2] in Queen

[1] This ledger is now in the British Museum, amongst some of Pepys's papers, in the Ducket Collection.—B.

[2] Amongst these documents, still in the Pepysian Library—for Evelyn complains ("Correspondence," vol. iii., p. 381, edit. 1852) that he lent them to Pepys, who omitted to return them—are some letters relating to the death of Amy Robsart, Lady Robert Dudley. These letters between Lord Robert Dudley and Thomas Blount were published by Lord Braybrooke as an Appendix to the diary.

Elizabeth's time, under the very handwriting of Queen Elizabeth, and Queen Mary, Queen of Scotts; and others, very venerable names. But, Lord! how poorly, methinks, they wrote in those days, and in what plain uncut paper. Thence, Cocke having sent for his coach, we to Mrs. Penington, and there sat and talked and eat our oysters with great pleasure, and so home to my lodging late and to bed.

25th. Up, and busy at the office all day long, saving dinner time, and in the afternoon also very late at my office, and so home to bed. All our business is now about our Hambro' fleete, whether it can go or no this yeare, the weather being set in frosty, and the whole stay being for want of Pilotts now, which I have wrote to the Trinity House about, but have so poor an account from them, that I did acquaint Sir W. Coventry with it this post.

26th (Lord's day). Up, though very late abed, yet before day to dress myself to go toward Erith, which I would do by land, it being a horrible cold frost to go by water: so borrowed two horses of Mr. Howell and his friend, and with much ado set out, after my horses being frosted [1] (which I know not what it means to this day), and my boy having lost one of my spurs and stockings, carrying them to the smith's; but I borrowed a stocking, and so got up, and Mr. Tooker with me, and rode to Erith, and there on board my Lord Bruncker, met Sir W. Warren upon his business, among others, and did a great deale, Sir J. Minnes, as God would have it, not being there to hinder us with his impertinences. Business done, we to dinner very merry, there being there Sir Edmund Pooly, a very worthy gentleman. They are now come to the copper boxes in the prizes, and hope to have ended all this weeke. After dinner took leave, and on shore to Madam Williams, to give her an account of my Lord's letter to me about Howe, who he has clapped by the heels on suspicion of having the jewells, and she did give me my Lord Bruncker's examination of the fellow, that declares his having them, and so away, Sir W. Warren riding with me, and the way being very bad, that is, hard and slippery by reason of the frost, so we could not come to past Woolwich till night. However, having a great mind to have gone to the Duke of Albemarle, I endeavoured to have gone farther, but the night come on and no going, so I 'light and sent my horse by Tooker, and returned on foot to my wife at Woolwich, where I found, as I had directed, a good dinner to be made against to-morrow, and invited guests in the yarde, meaning to be merry, in order to her taking leave, for she intends to come in a day or two to me for altogether. But here, they tell me, one of the houses behind them is infected, and I was fain to stand there a great while, to have their back-door opened, but they could not, having locked them fast, against any passing through, so was forced to pass by them again, close to their sicke beds, which they were removing out of the house, which troubled me; so I made them uninvite their guests, and to resolve of coming all away to me to-morrow, and I walked with a lanthorne, weary as I was, to Greenwich; but it was a fine

[1] Frosting means, having the horses' shoes turned up by the smith.

walke, it being a hard frost, and so to Captain Cocke's, but he I found had sent for me to come to him to Mrs. Penington's, and there I went, and we were very merry, and supped, and Cocke being sleepy he went away betimes. I stayed alone talking and playing with her till past midnight, she suffering me whatever ego voulais avec ses mamilles. . . . Much pleased with her company we parted, and I home to bed at past one, all people being in bed thinking I would have staid out of town all night.

27th. Up, and being to go to wait on the Duke of Albemarle, who is to go out of towne to Oxford to-morrow, and I being unwilling to go by water, it being bitter cold, walked it with my landlady's little boy Christopher to Lambeth, it being a very fine walke and calling at half the way and drank, and so to the Duke of Albemarle, who is visited by every body against his going; and mighty kind to me: and upon my desiring his grace to give me his kind word to the Duke of Yorke, if any occasion there were of speaking of me, he told me he had reason to do so; for there had been nothing done in the Navy without me. His going, I hear, is upon putting the sea business into order, and, as some say, and people of his owne family, that he is agog to go to sea himself the next year. Here I met with a letter from Sir G. Carteret who is come to Cranborne, that he will be here this afternoon and desires me to be with him. So the Duke would have me dine with him. So it being not dinner time, I to the Swan, and there found Sarah all alone in the house. . . . So away to the Duke of Albemarle again, and there to dinner, he most exceeding kind to me to the observation of all that are there. At dinner comes Sir G. Carteret and dines with us. After dinner a great deal alone with Sir G. Carteret, who tells me that my Lord hath received still worse and worse usage from some base people about the Court. But the King is very kind, and the Duke do not appear the contrary; and my Lord Chancellor swore to him "by —— I will not forsake my Lord of Sandwich." Our next discourse is upon this Act for money, about which Sir G. Carteret comes to see what money can be got upon it. But none can be got, which pleases him the thoughts of, for, if the Exchequer should succeede in this, his office would faile. But I am apt to think at this time of hurry and plague and want of trade, no money will be got upon a new way which few understand. We walked, Cocke and I, through the Parke with him, and so we being to meet the Vice-Chamberlayne to-morrow at Nonesuch, to treat with Sir Robert Long about the same business, I into London, it being dark night, by a hackney coach; the first I have durst to go in many a day, and with great pain now for fear. But it being unsafe to go by water in the dark and frosty cold, and unable being weary with my morning walke to go on foot, this was my only way. Few people yet in the streets, nor shops open, here and there twenty in a place almost; though not above five or sixe o'clock at night. So to Viner's and there heard of Cocke, and found him at the Pope's Head, drinking with Temple. I to them, where the Goldsmiths do decry the new Act, for money to be all brought into the Exchequer, and paid out thence, saying they will

not advance one farthing upon it; and indeed it is their interest to say and do so. Thence Cocke and I to Sir G. Smith's, it being now night, and there up to his chamber and sat talking, and I barbing[1] against to-morrow; and anon, at nine at night, comes to us Sir G. Smith and the Lieutenant of the Tower, and there they sat talking and drinking till past midnight, and mighty merry we were, the Lieutenant of the Tower being in a mighty vein of singing, and he hath a very good eare and strong voice, but no manner of skill. Sir G. Smith shewed me his lady's closett, which was very fine; and, after being very merry, here I lay in a noble chamber, and mighty highly treated, the first time I have lain in London a long time.

28th. Up before day, and Cocke and I took a hackney coach appointed with four horses to take us up, and so carried us over London Bridge. But there, thinking of some business, I did 'light at the foot of the bridge, and by helpe of a candle at a stall, where some pavers were at work, I wrote a letter to Mr. Hater, and never knew so great an instance of the usefulness of carrying pen and ink and wax about one: so we, the way being very bad, to Nonesuch, and thence to Sir Robert Long's house;[2] a fine place, and dinner time ere we got thither; but we had breakfasted a little at Mr. Gawden's, he being out of towne though, and there borrowed Dr. Taylor's sermons,[3] and is a most excellent booke and worth my buying, where had a very good dinner, and curiously dressed, and here a couple of ladies, kinswomen of his, not handsome though, but rich, that knew me by report of The. Turner, and mighty merry we were. After dinner to talk of our business, the Act of Parliament, where in short I see Sir R. Long mighty fierce in the great good qualities of it. But in that and many other things he was stiff in, I think without much judgement, or the judgement I expected from him, and already they have evaded the necessity of bringing people into the Exchequer with their bills to be paid there. Sir G. Carteret is titched[4] at this, yet resolves with me to make the best use we can of this Act for the King, but all our care, we think, will not render it as it should be. He did again here alone discourse with me about my Lord, and is himself strongly for my Lord's not going to sea, which I am glad to hear and did confirm him in it. He tells me too that he talked last night with the Duke of Albemarle about my Lord Sandwich, by the by making him sensible that it is his interest to preserve his old friends, which he confessed he had reason to do, for he knows that ill offices were doing of him, and that he honoured my Lord Sandwich with all his heart. After this discourse we parted, and all of us

[1] Shaving.

[2] Sir Robert Long was Auditor of the Exchequer, which office was removed from Westminster to his Majesty's honour of Nonsuch, August 15th, 1665. On September 22nd, 1670, the king demised the Great Park, Great Park Meadow, and the mansion house called Worcester Park, to Sir Robert Long, Bart., for ninety-nine years (Manning and Bray's "Surrey," vol. ii., p. 606).

[3] Collections of Bishop Jeremy Taylor's Sermons were published in 1651–53 and 1657.

[4] Fretful, tetchy.

broke up and we parted. Captain Cocke and I through Wandsworth. Drank at Sir Allen Broderick's,[1] a great friend and comrade of Cocke's, whom he values above the world for a witty companion, and I believe he is so. So to Fox-Hall and there took boat, and down to the Old Swan, and thence to Lumbard Streete, it being darke night, and thence to the Tower. Took boat and down to Greenwich, Cocke and I, he home and I to the office, where did a little business, and then to my lodgings, where my wife is come, and I am well pleased with it, only much trouble in those lodgings we have, the mistresse of the house being so deadly dear in everything we have; so that we do resolve to remove home soon as we know how the plague goes this weeke, which we hope will be a good decrease. So to bed.

29th. Up, my wife and I talking how to dispose of our goods, and resolved upon sending our two mayds Alce (who has been a day or two at Woolwich with my wife, thinking to have had a feast there) and Susan home. So my wife after dinner did take them to London with some goods, and I in the afternoon after doing other business did go also by agreement to meet Captain Cocke and from him to Sir Roger Cuttance, about the money due from Cocke to him for the late prize goods, wherein Sir Roger is troubled that he hath not payment as agreed, and the other, that he must pay without being secured in the quiett possession of them, but some accommodation to both, I think, will be found. But Cocke do tell me that several have begged so much of the King to be discovered out of stolen prize goods and so I am afeard we shall hereafter have trouble, therefore I will get myself free of them as soon as I can and my money paid. Thence home to my house, calling my wife, where the poor wretch is putting things in a way to be ready for our coming home, and so by water together to Greenwich, and so spent the night together.

30th. Up, and at the office all the morning. At noon comes Sir Thomas Allen, and I made him dine with me, and very friendly he is, and a good man, I think, but one that professes he loves to get and to save. He dined with my wife and me and Mrs. Barbary, whom my wife brings along with her from Woolwich for as long as she stays here. In the afternoon to the office, and there very late writing letters and then home, my wife and people sitting up for me, and after supper to bed. Great joy we have this week in the weekly Bill, it being come to 544 in all, and but 333 of the plague; so that we are encouraged to get to London soon as we can. And my father writes as great news of joy to them, that he saw Yorke's waggon go again this week to London, and was full of passengers; and tells me that my aunt Bell hath been dead of the plague these seven weeks.

December 1st. This morning to the office, full of resolution to spend the

[1] Alan Broderick, son of Sir Thomas Broderick, of Richmond, Yorkshire, and Wandsworth, Surrey, was born in 1623 at Garret, near Wandsworth. After the Restoration he successively filled the offices of Provost-Marshal of Munster, Surveyor-General of Ireland, and one of the Commissioners for the settlement of the affairs of that kingdom. He was knighted by Charles II., and died in 1680.

whole day at business, and there, among other things, I did agree with Poynter to be my clerke for my Victualling business, and so all alone all the day long shut up in my little closett at my office, drawing up instructions,[1] which I should long since have done for my Surveyours of the Ports, Sir W. Coventry desiring much to have them, and he might well have expected them long since. After dinner to it again, and at night had long discourse with Gibson, who is for Yarmouth, who makes me understand so much of the victualling business and the pursers' trade, that I am ashamed I should go about the concerning myself in a business which I understand so very very little of, and made me distrust all I had been doing to-day. So I did lay it by till to-morrow morning to think of it afresh, and so home by promise to my wife, to have mirth there. So we had our neighbours, little Miss Tooker and Mrs. Daniels, to dance, and after supper I to bed, and left them merry below, which they did not part from till two or three in the morning.

2nd. Up, and discoursing with my wife, who is resolved to go to London for good and all this day, we did agree upon giving Mr. Sheldon £10, and Mrs. Barbary two pieces, and so I left her to go down thither to fetch away the rest of the things and pay him the money, and so I to the office, where very busy setting Mr. Poynter to write out my last night's worke, which pleases me this day, but yet it is pretty to reflect how much I am out of confidence with what I had done upon Gibson's discourse with me, for fear I should have done it sillily, but Poynter likes them, and Mr. Hater also, but yet I am afeard lest they should do it out of flattery, so conscious I am of my ignorance. Dined with my wife at noon and took leave of her, she being to go to London, as I said, for altogether, and I to the office, busy till past one in the morning.

3rd. It being Lord's day, up and dressed and to church, thinking to have sat with Sir James Bunce[2] to hear his daughter[3] and her husband sing, that are so much commended, but was prevented by being invited into Coll. Cleggatt's pew. However, there I sat, near Mr. Laneare, with whom I spoke, and in sight, by chance, and very near my fat brown beauty of our Parish, the rich merchant's lady, a very noble woman,[4] and Madame Pierce. A good sermon of Mr. Plume's, and so to Captain Cocke's, and there dined with him, and Colonell Wyndham, a worthy gentleman, whose wife was nurse to the present King,[5] and one that while she lived governed him and every thing else, as Cocke says, as a minister of state; the old King putting mighty weight and trust upon her. They talked much of matters of State and per-

[1] Instructions for the Victualling Agent in the Port of London, dated November 30th, 1665, will be found among the Rawlinson MSS. in the Bodleian.

[2] Sir James Bunce was an alderman of the city of London.

[3] Mrs. Chamberlain (see December 24th).

[4] Apparently Mrs. Lethieulier, daughter of Sir William Hooker (see December 13th).

[5] Colonel Wyndham's wife was Anne, daughter and co-heir of Thomas Gerard, of Trent, Somersetshire. As to Mrs. Wyndham's influence over Charles II., when Prince of Wales, see Clarendon, vol. v., p. 153, ed. 1826.—B.

sons, and particularly how my Lord Barkeley hath all along been a fortunate, though a passionate and but weak man as to policy; but as a kinsman brought in and promoted by my Lord of St. Alban's, and one that is the greatest vapourer in the world, this Colonell Wyndham says; and one to whom only, with Jacke Asheburne[1] and Colonel Legg,[2] the King's removal to the Isle of Wight from Hampton Court was communicated; and (though betrayed by their knavery, or at best by their ignorance, insomuch that they have all solemnly charged one another with their failures therein, and have been at daggers-drawing publickly about it), yet now none greater friends in the world. We dined, and in comes Mrs. Owen, a kinswoman of my Lord Bruncker's, about getting a man discharged, which I did for her, and by and by Mrs. Pierce to speake with me (and Mary my wife's late maid, now gone to her) about her husband's business of money, and she tells us how she prevented Captain Fisher the other day in his purchase of all her husband's fine goods, as pearls and silks, that he had seized in an Apothecary's house, a friend of theirs, but she got in and broke them open and removed all before Captain Fisher came the next day to fetch them away, at which he is starke mad. She went home, and I to my lodgings. At night by agreement I fetched her again with Cocke's coach, and he come and we sat and talked together, thinking to have had Mrs. Coleman and my songsters, her husband and Laneare, but they failed me. So we to supper, and as merry as was sufficient, and my pretty little Miss with me; and so after supper walked [with] Pierce home, and so back and to bed. But, Lord! I stand admiring of the wittinesse of her little boy, which is one of the wittiest boys, but most confident that ever I did see of a child of 9 years old or under in all my life, or indeed one twice his age almost, but all for roguish wit. So to bed.

4th. Several people to me about business, among others Captain Taylor, intended Storekeeper for Harwich, whom I did give some assistance in his dispatch by lending him money. So out and by water to London and to the 'Change, and up and down about several businesses, and after the observing (God forgive me!) one or two of my neighbour Jason's women come to towne, which did please me very well, home to my house at the office, where my wife had got a dinner for me: and it was a joyfull thing for us to meet here, for which God be praised! Here was her brother come to see her, and speake with me about business. It seems my recommending of him hath not only obtained his presently being admitted into the Duke of Albemarle's guards, and present pay, but also by the Duke's and Sir Philip Howard's direction, to be put as a right-hand man, and other marks of special respect, at which I am very glad, partly for him, and partly to see that I am reckoned something in my recommendations, but wish he may carry himself that I

[1] Should be Ashburnham. See Sir John Ashburnham's "Vindication," and note to November 16th, *ante*.

[2] William Legge, Groom of the Bedchamber to Charles I., and father to George Legge, first Lord Dartmouth. He was M.P. for Southampton. Died 1672.

may receive no disgrace by him. So to the 'Change. Up and down again in the evening about business and to meet Captain Cocke, who waited for Mrs. Pierce (with whom he is mightily stricken), to receive and hide for her her rich goods she saved the other day from seizure. Upon the 'Change to-day Colvill tells me, from Oxford, that the King in person hath justified my Lord Sandwich to the highest degree; and is right in his favour to the uttermost. So late by water home, taking a barrel of oysters with me, and at Greenwich went and sat with Madam Penington . . . . and made her undress her head and sit dishevilled all night sporting till two in the morning, and so away to my lodging and so to bed. Over-fasting all the morning hath filled me mightily with wind, and nothing else hath done it, that I fear a fit of the cholique.

5th. Up and to the office, where very busy about several businesses all the morning. At noon empty, yet without stomach to dinner, having spoiled myself with fasting yesterday, and so filled with wind. In the afternoon by water, calling Mr. Stevens (who is with great trouble paying of seamen of their tickets at Deptford) and to London, to look for Captain Kingdon, whom we found at home about 5 o'clock. I tried him, and he promised to follow us presently to the East India House to sign papers to-night in order to the settling the business of my receiving money for Tangier. We went and stopt the officer there to shut up. He made us stay above an houre. I sent for him; he comes, but was not found at home, but abroad on other business, and brings a paper saying that he had been this houre looking for the Lord Ashley's order. When he looks for it, that is not the paper. He would go again to look; kept us waiting till almost 8 at night. Then was I to go home by water this weather and darke, and to write letters by the post, besides keeping the East India officers there so late. I sent for him again; at last he comes, and says he cannot find the paper (which is a pretty thing to lay orders for £100,000 no better). I was angry; he told me I ought to give people ease at night, and all business was to be done by day. I answered him sharply, that I did [not] make, nor any honest man, any difference between night and day in the King's business, and this was such, and my Lord Ashley should know. He answered me short. I told him I knew the time (meaning the Rump's time) when he did other men's business with more diligence. He cried, "Nay, say not so," and stopped his mouth, not one word after. We then did our business without the order in less than eight minutes, which he made me to no purpose stay above two hours for the doing. This made him mad, and so we exchanged notes, and I had notes for £14,000 of the Treasurer of the Company, and so away and by water to Greenwich and wrote my letters, and so home late to bed.

6th. Up betimes, it being fast-day; and by water to the Duke of Albemarle,[1] who come to towne from Oxford last night. He is mighty brisk, and very kind to me, and asks my advice principally in everything. He surprises

[1] At the Cockpit.

me with the news that my Lord Sandwich goes Embassador to Spayne speedily;[1] though I know not whence this arises, yet I am heartily glad of it. He did give me several directions what to do, and so I home by water again and to church a little, thinking to have met Mrs. Pierce in order to our meeting at night; but she not there, I home and dined, and comes presently by appointment my wife. I spent the afternoon upon a song[2] of Solyman's words to Roxalana that I have set, and so with my wife walked and Mercer to Mrs. Pierce's, where Captain Rolt and Mrs. Knipp,[3] Mr. Coleman and his wife, and Laneare, Mrs. Worshipp[4] and her singing daughter, met; and by and by unexpectedly comes Mr. Pierce from Oxford. Here the best company for musique I ever was in, in my life, and wish I could live and die in it, both for musique and the face of Mrs. Pierce, and my wife and Knipp, who is pretty enough; but the most excellent, mad-humoured thing, and sings the noblest that ever I heard in my life, and Rolt, with her, some things together most excellently. I spent the night in extasy almost; and, having invited them to my house a day or two hence, we broke up, Pierce having told me that he is told how the King hath done my Lord Sandwich all the right imaginable, by shewing him his countenance before all the world on every

[1] Lord Sandwich's conduct at Bergen, when he captured eight Dutch ships of war and about twenty other vessels, and appropriated a portion of the cargo to his own use, caused him to be reprimanded and deprived of his command. To screen him, however, from public disgrace he was appointed ambassador to Spain. Sir Richard Fanshaw, our ambassador there, was unjustly superseded. Clarendon, in his "Life," gives as the reason for Ranshaw's recall disapproval of the commercial treaty between England and Spain of December 17th, 1665, which he had signed; but we see from Pepys's words that Lord Sandwich's appointment had been decided upon before this (see Lister's "Life of Clarendon," vol. ii., p. 359).

[2] The words of this song, addressed by Solyman to Roxolana, are taken from the second part of the "Siege of Rhodes," act iv., sc. 2. Pepys's music is in the Pepysian Library.

"Beauty retire; thou doest my pitty move,
Believe my pitty, and then trust my love.
[*Exit* ROXOLANA.
Att first I thought her by our Prophet sent,
As a re-ward for valour's toiles,
More worth than all my Fa-ther's spoiles;
But now, she is become my punishment.
But thou art just, O Pow'r di-vine,
With niew and painfull arts
Of studied warr, I breake the hearts
Of half the world, and shee breakes mine."

[3] Genest, in his "History of the British Stage," vol. i., enumerates sixteen characters filled by Mrs. Knipp, at the King's House, between 1664 and 1678, when she disappears from the playbills, in which her name is spelt in six different ways. The details in the Diary respecting this lively actress and "her brute of a husband," whom Pepys describes as a "horse jockey," are so amusing, that any particulars of their subsequent history would have been interesting.

[4] Sister of Mrs. Clerke, wife of Dr. Clerke. See February 13th, 1666–67.

occasion, to remove thoughts of discontent; and that he is to go Embassador, and that the Duke of Yorke is made generall of all forces by land and sea, and the Duke of Albemarle, lieutenant-generall. Whether the two latter alterations be so, true or no, he knows not, but he is told so; but my Lord is in full favour with the King. So all home and to bed.

7th. Up and to the office, where very busy all day. Sir G. Carteret's letter tells me my Lord Sandwich is, as I was told, declared Embassador Extraordinary to Spayne, and to go with all speed away, and that his enemies have done him as much good as he could wish. At noon late to dinner, and after dinner spent till night with Mr. Gibson and Hater discoursing and making myself more fully [know] the trade of pursers, and what fittest to be done in their business, and so to the office till midnight writing letters, and so home, and after supper with my wife about one o'clock to bed.

8th. Up, well pleased in my mind about my Lord Sandwich, about whom I shall know more anon from Sir G. Carteret, who will be in towne, and also that the Hambrough [ships] after all difficulties are got out. God send them good speed! So, after being trimmed, I by water to London, to the Navy office, there to give order to my mayde to buy things to send down to Greenwich for supper to-night; and I also to buy other things, as oysters, and lemons, 6*d.* per piece, and oranges, 3*d.* That done I to the 'Change, and among many other things, especially for getting of my Tangier money, I by appointment met Mr. Gawden, and he and I to the Pope's Head Taverne, and there he did give me alone a very pretty dinner. Our business to talk of his matters and his supply of money, which was necessary for us to talk on before the Duke of Albemarle this afternoon and Sir G. Carteret. After that I offered now to pay him the £4,000 remaining of his £8,000 for Tangier, which he took with great kindnesse, and prayed me most frankly to give him a note for £3,500 and accept the other £500 for myself, which in good earnest was against my judgement to do, for [I] expected about £100 and no more, but however he would have me do it, and ownes very great obligations to me, and the man indeed I love, and he deserves it. This put me into great joy, though with a little stay to it till we have time to settle it, for so great a sum I was fearfull any accident might by death or otherwise defeate me, having not now time to change papers. So we rose, and by water to White Hall, where we found Sir G. Carteret with the Duke, and also Sir G. Downing, whom I had not seen in many years before. He greeted me very kindly, and I him; though methinks I am touched, that it should be said that he was my master heretofore, as doubtless he will. So to talk of our Navy business, and particularly money business, of which there is little hopes of any present supply upon this new Act, the goldsmiths being here (and Alderman Backewell newly come from Flanders), and none offering any. So we rose without doing more than my stating the case of the Victualler, that whereas there is due to him on the last year's declaration £80,000, and the charge of this year's amounts to £420,000 and odd, he must be supplied

between this and the end of January with £150,000, and the remainder in 40 weeks by weekly payments, or else he cannot go through his business. Thence after some discourse with Sir G. Carteret, who, though he tells me that he is glad of my Lord's being made Embassador, and that it is the greatest courtesy his enemies could do him; yet I find he is not heartily merry upon it, and that it was no design of my Lord's friends, but the prevalence of his enemies, and that the Duke of Albemarle and Prince Rupert are like to go to sea together the next year. I pray God, when my Lord is gone, they do not fall hard upon the Vice-Chamberlain, being alone, and in so envious a place, though by this late Act and the instructions now a brewing for our office as to method of payments will destroy the profit of his place of itself without more trouble. Thence by water down to Greenwich, and there found all my company come; that is, Mrs. Knipp, and an ill, melancholy, jealous-looking fellow, her husband, that spoke not a word to us all the night, Pierce and his wife, and Rolt, Mrs. Worshipp and her daughter, Coleman and his wife, and Laneare, and, to make us perfectly happy, there comes by chance to towne Mr. Hill to see us. Most excellent musique we had in abundance, and a good supper, dancing, and a pleasant scene of Mrs. Knipp's rising sicke from table, but whispered me it was for some hard word or other her husband gave her just now when she laughed and was more merry than ordinary. But we got her in humour again, and mighty merry; spending the night, till two in the morning, with most complete content as ever in my life, it being increased by my day's work with Gawden. Then broke up, and we to bed, Mr. Hill and I, whom I love more and more, and he us.

9th. Called up betimes by my Lord Bruncker, who is come to towne from his long water worke at Erith last night, to go with him to the Duke of Albemarle, which by his coach I did. Our discourse upon the ill posture of the times through lacke of money. At the Duke's did some business, and I believe he was not pleased to see all the Duke's discourse and applications to me and every body else. Discoursed also with Sir G. Carteret about office business, but no money in view. Here my Lord and I staid and dined, the Vice-Chamberlain taking his leave. At table the Duchesse, a damned ill-looking woman, complaining of her Lord's going to sea the next year, said these cursed words: "If my Lord had been a coward he had gone to sea no more: it may be then he might have been excused, and made an Embassador" (meaning my Lord Sandwich).[1] This made me mad, and I believed she perceived my countenance change, and blushed herself very much. I was in hopes others had not minded it, but my Lord Bruncker, after we were come away, took notice of the words to me with displeasure. Thence after dinner away by

[1] When Lord Sandwich was away a new commander had to be chosen, and rank and long service pointed out Prince Rupert for the office, it having been decided that the heir presumptive should be kept at home. It was thought, however, that the same confidence could not be placed in the prince's discretion as in his courage, and therefore the Duke of Albemarle was induced to take a joint command with him, "and so make one admiral of two persons" (see Lister's "Life of Clarendon," vol. ii., pp. 360, 361).

water, calling and taking leave of Sir G. Carteret, whom we found going through at White Hall, and so over to Lambeth and took coach and home, and so to the office, where late writing letters, and then home to Mr. Hill, and sang, among other things, my song of "Beauty retire," which he likes, only excepts against two notes in the base, but likes the whole very well. So late to bed.

10th (Lord's day). Lay long talking, Hill and I, with great pleasure, and then up, and being ready walked to Cocke's for some newes, but heard none, only they would have us stay their dinner, and sent for my wife, who come, and very merry we were, there being Sir Edmund Pooly and Mr. Evelyn. Before we had dined comes Mr. Andrews, whom we had sent for to Bow, and so after dinner home, and there we sang some things, but not with much pleasure, Mr. Andrews being in so great haste to go home, his wife looking every hour to be brought to bed. He gone Mr. Hill and I continued our musique, one thing after another, late till supper, and so to bed with great pleasure.

11th. Lay long with great pleasure talking. So I left him and to London to the 'Change, and after discoursed with several people about business; met Mr. Gawden at the Pope's Head, where he brought Mr. Lewes and T. Willson to discourse about the Victualling business, and the alterations of the pursers' trade, for something must be done to secure the King a little better, and yet that they may have wherewith to live. After dinner I took him aside, and perfected to my great joy my business with him, wherein he deals most nobly in giving me his hand for the £4,000, and would take my note but for £3,500. This is a great blessing, and God make me thankfull truly for it. With him till it was darke putting in writing our discourse about victualling, and so parted, and I to Viner's, and there evened all accounts, and took up my notes setting all straight between us to this day. The like to Colvill, and paying several bills due from me on the Tangier account. Then late met Cocke and Temple[1] at the Pope's Head, and there had good discourse with Temple, who tells me that of the £80,000 advanced already by the East India Company, they have had £45,000 out of their hands. He discoursed largely of the quantity of money coyned, and what may be thought the real sum of money in the kingdom. He told me, too, as an instance of the thrift used in the King's business, that the tools and the interest of the money-using to the King for the money he borrowed while the new invention of the mill money was perfected, cost him £35,000, and in mirthe tells me that the new fashion money is good for nothing but to help the Prince, if he can secretly get copper plates shut up in silver it shall never be discovered, at least not in his age. Thence Cocke and I by water, he home and I home, and there sat with Mr. Hill and my wife supping, talking and singing till midnight, and then to bed. [That I may remember it the more particularly, I thought fit to insert this additional memorandum of Temple's discourse this night with me, which

[1] "Sir Robert Viner's chief man" (see September 30th, 1665).

I took in writing from his mouth. Before the Harp and Crosse money was cried down, he and his fellow goldsmiths did make some particular trials what proportion that money bore to the old King's money, and they found that generally it come to, one with another, about £25 in every £100. Of this money there was, upon the calling of it in, £650,000 at least brought into the Tower; and from thence he computes that the whole money of England must be full £16,250,000. But for all this believes that there is above £30,000,000; he supposing that about the King's coming in (when he begun to observe the quantity of the new money) people begun to be fearfull of this money's being cried down, and so picked it out and set it a-going as fast as they could, to be rid of it; and he thinks £30,000,000 the rather, because if there were but £16,250,000 the King having £2,000,000 every year, would have the whole money of the kingdom in his hands in eight years. He tells me about £350,000 sterling was coined out of the French money, the proceeds of Dunkirke; so that, with what was coined of the Crosse money, there is new coined about £1,000,000 besides the gold, which is guessed at £500,000. He tells me, that, though the King did deposit the French money in pawn all the while for the £350,000 he was forced to borrow thereupon till the tools could be made for the new Minting in the present form, yet the interest he paid for that time came to £35,000, Viner having to his knowledge £10,000 for the use of £100,000 of it.] [1]

12th. Up, and to the office, where my Lord Bruncker met, and among other things did finish a contract with Cocke for hemp, by which I hope to get my money due from him paid presently. At noon home to dinner, only eating a bit, and with much kindness taking leave of Mr. Hill who goes away to-day, and so I by water saving the tide through Bridge and to Sir G. Downing by appointment at Charing Crosse, who did at first mightily please me with informing me thoroughly the virtue and force of this Act, and indeed it is ten times better than ever I thought could have been said of it, but when he come to impose upon me that without more ado I must get by my credit people to serve in goods and lend money upon it and none could do it better than I, and the King should give me thanks particularly in it, and I could not get him to excuse me, but I must come to him though to no purpose on Saturday, and that he is sure I will bring him some bargains or other made upon this Act, it vexed me more than all the pleasure I took before, for I find he will be troublesome to me in it, if I will let him have as much of my time as he would have. So late I took leave and in the cold (the weather setting in cold) home to the office and, after my letters being wrote, home to supper and to bed, my wife being also gone to London.

13th. Up betimes and finished my Journall for five days back, and then after being ready to my Lord Bruncker by appointment, there to order the disposing of some money that we have come into the office, and here to my great content I did get a bill of imprest to Captain Cocke to pay myself in

[1] The passage between brackets is from a piece of paper inserted in this place.

part of what is coming to me from him for my Lord Sandwich's satisfaction and my owne, and also another payment or two wherein I am concerned, and having done that did go to Mr. Pierce's, where he and his wife made me drink some tea, and so he and I by water together to London. Here at a taverne in Cornhill he and I did agree upon my delivering up to him a bill of Captain Cocke's, put into my hand for Pierce's use upon evening of reckonings about the prize goods, and so away to the 'Change, and there hear the ill news, to my great and all our great trouble, that the plague is encreased again this week, notwithstanding there hath been a day or two great frosts; but we hope it is only the effects of the late close warm weather, and if the frosts continue the next week, may fall again; but the town do thicken so much with people, that it is much if the plague do not grow again upon us. Off the 'Change invited by Sheriff Hooker, who keeps the poorest, mean, dirty table in a dirty house that ever I did see any Sheriff of London; and a plain, ordinary, silly man I think he is, but rich; only his son, Mr. Lethulier,[1] I like, for a pretty, civil, understanding merchant; and the more by much, because he happens to be husband to our noble, fat, brave lady in our parish, that I and my wife admire so. Thence away to the Pope's Head Taverne, and there met first with Captain Cocke, and dispatched my business with him to my content, he being ready to sign his bill of imprest of £2,000, and gives it me in part of his payment to me, which glads my heart. He being gone, comes Sir W. Warren, who advised with me about several things about getting money, and £100 I shall presently have of him. We advised about a business of insurance, wherein something may be saved to him and got to me, and to that end he and I did take a coach at night and to the Cockepitt, there to get the Duke of Albemarle's advice for our insuring some of our Sounde goods coming home under Harman's convoy, but he proved shy of doing it without knowledge of the Duke of Yorke, so we back again and calling at my house to see my wife, who is well; though my great trouble is that our poor little parish is the greatest number this weeke in all the city within the walls, having six, from one the last weeke; and so by water to Greenwich leaving Sir W. Warren at home, and I straight to my Lord Bruncker, it being late, and concluded upon insuring something and to send to that purpose to Sir W. Warren to come to us to-morrow morning. So I home and, my mind in great rest, to bed.

14th. Up, and to the office a while with my Lord Bruncker, where we directed Sir W. Warren in the business of the insurance as I desired, and ended some other businesses of his, and so at noon I to London, but the 'Change was done before I got thither, so I to the Pope's Head Taverne, and there find Mr. Gawden and Captain Beckford and Nick Osborne going to dinner, and I dined with them and very exceeding merry we were as I had [not] been a great while, and dinner being done I to the East India House and

[1] Mr. Lethieulier's wife was Anne, daughter of Sir William Hooker (see October 14th, 1666), and his wife Mary, daughter of Thomas Gipps, or Gibbs, of London.

there had an assignment on Mr. Temple for the £2,000 of Cocke's which joyed my heart; so, having seen my wife in the way, I home by water and to write my letters and then home to bed.

15th. Up, and spent all the morning with my Surveyors of the Ports for the Victualling, and there read to them what instructions I had provided for them and discoursed largely much of our business and the business of the pursers. I left them to dine with my people, and to my Lord Bruncker's, where I met with a great good dinner and Sir T. Teddiman, with whom my Lord and I were to discourse about the bringing of W. Howe to a tryall for his jewells, and there till almost night, and so away toward the office and in my way met with Sir James Bunce; and after asking what newes, he cried "Ah!" says he (I know [not] whether in earnest or jest), "this is the time for you," says he, "that were for Oliver heretofore; you are full of employment, and we poor Cavaliers sit still and can get nothing;" which was a pretty reproach, I thought, but answered nothing to it, for fear of making it worse. So away and I to see Mrs. Penington, but company being to come to her, I staid not, but to the office a little and so home, and after supper to bed.

16th. Up, and met at the office; Sir W. Batten with us, who come from Portsmouth on Monday last, and hath not been with us to see or discourse with us about any business till this day. At noon to dinner, Sir W. Warren with me on boat, and thence I by water, it being a fearfull cold, snowing day to Westminster to White Hall stairs and thence to Sir G. Downing, to whom I brought the happy newes of my having contracted, as we did this day with Sir W. Warren, for a ship's lading of Norway goods here and another at Harwich to the value of above £3,000, which is the first that hath been got upon the New Act, and he is overjoyed with it and tells me he will do me all the right to Court about it in the world, and I am glad I have it to write to Sir W. Coventry to-night. He would fain have me come in £200 to lend upon the Act, but I desire to be excused in doing that, it being to little purpose for us that relate to the King to do it, for the sum gets the King no courtesy nor credit. So I parted from him and walked to Westminster Hall, where Sir W. Warren, who come along with me, staid for me, and there I did see Betty Howlet come after the sicknesse to the Hall. Had not opportunity to salute her, as I desired, but was glad to see her and a very pretty wench she is. Thence back, landing at the Old Swan and taking boat again at Billingsgate, and setting ashore we home and I to the office, . . . and there wrote my letters, and so home to supper and to bed, it being a great frost. Newes is come to-day of our Sounde fleete being come, but I do not know what Sir W. Warren hath insured.

17th (Lord's day). After being trimmed word brought me that Cutler's coach is, by appointment, come to the Isle of Doggs for me, and so I over the water; and in his coach to Hackney, a very fine, cold, clear, frosty day. At his house I find him with a plain little dinner, good wine, and welcome.

He is still a prating man; and the more I know him, the less I find in him. A pretty house he hath here indeed, of his owne building. His old mother was an object at dinner that made me not like it; and, after dinner, to visit his sicke wife I did not also take much joy in, but very friendly he is to me, not for any kindnesse I think he hath to any man, but thinking me, I perceive, a man whose friendship is to be looked after. After dinner back again and to Deptford to Mr. Evelyn's, who was not within, but I had appointed my cozen Thos. Pepys of Hatcham to meet me there, to discourse about getting his £1,000 of my Lord Sandwich, having now an opportunity of my having above that sum in my hands of his. I found this a dull fellow still in all his discourse, but in this he is ready enough to embrace what I counsel him to, which is, to write importunately to my Lord and me about it and I will look after it. I do again and again declare myself a man unfit to be security for such a sum. He walked with me as far as Deptford upper towne, being mighty respectfull to me, and there parted, he telling me that this towne is still very bad of the plague. I walked to Greenwich first, to make a short visit to my Lord Bruncker, and next to Mrs. Penington and spent all the evening with her with the same freedom I used to have and very pleasant company. With her till one of the clock in the morning and past, and so to my lodging to bed, and

18th. Betimes up, it being a fine frost, and walked it to Redriffe, calling and drinking at Half-way house, thinking, indeed, to have overtaken some of the people of our house, the women, who were to walk the same walke, but I could not. So to London, and there visited my wife, and was a little displeased to find she is so forward all of a spurt to make much of her brother and sister since my last kindnesse to him in getting him a place, but all ended well presently, and I to the 'Change and up and down to Kingdon and the goldsmith's to meet Mr. Stephens, and did get all my money matters most excellently cleared to my complete satisfaction. Passing over Cornhill I spied young Mrs. Daniel and Sarah, my landlady's daughter, who are come, as I expected, to towne, and did say they spied me and I dogged them to St. Martin's, where I passed by them being shy, and walked down as low as Ducke Lane and enquired for some Spanish books, and so back again and they were gone. So to the 'Change, hoping to see them in the streete, and missing them, went back again thither and back to the 'Change, but no sight of them, so went after my business again, and, though late, was sent to by Sir W. Warren (who heard where I was) to intreat me to come dine with him, hearing that I lacked a dinner, at the Pope's Head; and there with Mr. Hinton,[1] the goldsmith, and others, very merry; but, Lord! to see how Dr. Hinton[2] come in with a gallant or two from Court, and do so call "Cozen"

[1] Edmund Hinton, a goldsmith in Lombard Street (Ellis's "Original Letters," 3rd series, vol. iv., p. 310).

[2] John Hinton, M.D., a strong royalist, who attended Henrietta Maria in her confinement at Exeter when she gave birth to the Princess Henrietta. He was knighted by Charles II., and appointed physician in ordinary to the king and queen. His knight-

Mr. Hinton, the goldsmith, but I that know him to be a beggar and a knave, did make great sport in my mind at it. After dinner Sir W. Warren and I alone in another room a little while talking about business, and so parted, and I hence, my mind full of content in my day's worke, home by water to Greenwich, the river beginning to be very full of ice, so as I was a little frighted, but got home well, it being darke. So having no mind to do any business, went home to my lodgings, and there got little Mrs. Tooker, and Mrs. Daniel, the daughter, and Sarah to my chamber to cards and sup with me, when in comes Mr. Pierce to me, who tells me how W. Howe has been examined on shipboard by my Lord Bruncker to-day, and others, and that he has charged him out of envy with sending goods under my Lord's seale and in my Lord Bruncker's name, thereby to get them safe passage, which, he tells me, is false, but that he did use my name to that purpose, and hath acknowledged it to my Lord Bruncker, but do also confess to me that one parcel he thinks he did use my Lord Bruncker's name, which do vexe me mightily that my name should be brought in question about such things, though I did not say much to him of my discontent till I have spoke with my Lord Bruncker about it. So he being gone, being to go to Oxford to-morrow, we to cards again late, and so broke up, I having great pleasure with my little girle, Mrs. Tooker.

19th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning. At noon by agreement comes Hatcham Pepys to dine with me. I thought to have had him to Sir J. Minnes to a good venison pasty with the rest of my fellows, being invited, but seeing much company I went away with him and had a good dinner at home. He did give me letters he hath wrote to my Lord and Moore about my Lord's money to get it paid to my cozen, which I will make good use of. I made mighty much of him, but a sorry dull fellow he is, fit for nothing that is ingenious, nor is there a turd of kindnesse or service to be had from him. So I shall neglect him if I could get but him satisfied about this money that I may be out of bonds for my Lord to him. To see that this fellow could desire me to helpe him to some employment, if it were but of £100 per annum: when he is not worth less than, I believe, £20,000. He gone, I to Sir J. Minnes, and thence with my Lord Bruncker on board the Bezan to examine W. Howe again, who I find upon this tryall one of much more wit and ingenuity in his answers than ever I expected, he being very cunning and discreet and well spoken in them. I said little to him or concerning him; but, Lord! to see how he writes to me adays, and styles me "My Honour." So much as a man subjected and dejected under afflictions as to flatter me in that manner on this occasion. Back with my Lord to Sir J. Minnes, where I left him and the rest of a great deale of company, and so I to my office, where late writing letters and then home to bed.

hood was a reward for having procured a private advance of money from his kinsman, the goldsmith, to enable the Duke of Albemarle to pay the army (see "Memorial to King Charles II. from Sir John Hinton, A.D. 1679," printed in Ellis's "Original Letters," 3rd series, vol. iv., p. 296).

20th. Up, and was trimmed, but not time enough to save my Lord Bruncker's coach or Sir J. Minnes's, and so was fain to walk to Lambeth on foot, but it was a very fine frosty walke, and great pleasure in it, but troublesome getting over the River for ice. I to the Duke of Albemarle, whither my brethren were all come, but I was not too late. There we sat in discourse upon our Navy business an houre, and thence in my Lord Bruncker's coach alone, he walking before (while I staid awhile talking with Sir G. Downing about the Act, in which he is horrid troublesome) to the Old Exchange. Thence I took Sir Ellis Layton to Captain Cocke's, where my Lord Bruncker and Lady Wiliams dine, and we all mighty merry; but Sir Ellis Layton one of the best companions at a meale in the world. After dinner I to the Exchange to see whether my pretty seamstress be come again or no, and I find she is, so I to her, saluted her over her counter in the open Exchange above, and mightily joyed to see her, poor pretty woman! I must confess I think her a great beauty. After laying out a little money there for two pair of thread stockings, cost 8*s*., I to Lumbard Streete to see some business to-night there at the goldsmith's, among others paying in £1,258 to Viner for my Lord Sandwich's use upon Cocke's account. I was called by my Lord Bruncker in his coach with his mistresse, and Mr. Cottle the lawyer, our acquaintance at Greenwich, and so home to Greenwich, and thence I to Mrs. Penington, and had a supper from the King's Head for her, and there mighty merry and free as I used to be with her, and at last, late, I did pray her to undress herself into her nightgowne, that I might see how to have her picture drawne carelessly (for she is mighty proud of that conceit), and I would walk without in the streete till she had done. So I did walk forth, and whether I made too many turns or no in the darke cold frosty night between the two walls up to the Parke gate I know not, but she was gone to bed when I come again to the house, upon pretence of leaving some papers there, which I did on purpose by her consent. So I away home, and was there sat up for to be spoken with my young Mrs. Daniel, to pray me to speake for her husband to be a Lieutenant. I had the opportunity here of kissing her again and again, and did answer that I would be very willing to do him any kindnesse, and so parted, and I to bed, exceedingly pleased in all my matters of money this month or two, it having pleased God to bless me with several opportunities of good sums, and that I have them in effect all very well paid, or in my power to have. But two things trouble me; one, the sicknesse is increased above 80 this weeke (though in my owne parish not one has died, though six the last weeke); the other, most of all, which is, that I have so complexed an account for these last two months for variety of layings out upon Tangier, occasions and variety of gettings that I have not made even with myself now these 3 or 4 months, which do trouble me mightily, finding that I shall hardly ever come to understand them thoroughly again, as I used to do my accounts when I was at home.

21st. At the office all the morning. At noon all of us dined at Captain

Cocke's at a good chine of beef, and other good meat; but, being all frost-bitten, was most of it unroast; but very merry, and a good dish of fowle we dressed ourselves. Mr. Evelyn there, in very good humour. All the afternoon till night pleasant, and then I took my leave of them and to the office, where I wrote my letters, and away home, my head full of business and some trouble for my letting my accounts go so far that I have made an oathe this night for the drinking no wine, &c., on such penalties till I have passed my accounts and cleared all. Coming home and going to bed, the boy tells me his sister Daniel has provided me a supper of little birds killed by her husband, and I made her sup with me, and after supper were alone a great while, and I had the pleasure of her lips, she being a pretty woman, and one whom a great belly becomes as well as ever I saw any. She gone, I to bed. This day I was come to by Mrs. Burrows, of Westminster, Lieutenant Burrows (lately dead) his wife, a most pretty woman and my old acquaintance; I had a kiss or two of her, and a most modest woman she is.

22nd. Up betimes and to my Lord Bruncker to consider the late instructions sent us for the method of our signing bills hereafter and paying them. By and by, by agreement, comes Sir J. Minnes and Sir W. Batten, and then to read them publicly and consider of putting them in execution. About this all the morning, and, it appearing necessary for the Controller to have another Clerke, I recommended Poynter to him, which he accepts, and I by that means rid of one that I fear would not have been fit for my turne, though he writes very well. At noon comes Mr. Hill to towne, and finds me out here, and brings Mr. Houbland,[1] who met him here. So I was compelled to leave my Lord and his dinner and company, and with them to the Beare, and dined with them and their brothers, of which Hill had his and the other two of his, and mighty merry and very fine company they are, and I glad to see them. After dinner I forced to take leave of them by being called upon by Mr. Andrews, I having sent for him, and by a fine glosse did bring him to desire tallys for what orders I have to pay him and his company for Tangier victualls, and I by that means cleared to myself £210 coming to me upon their two orders, which is also a noble addition to my late profits, which have been very considerable of late, but how great I know not till I come to cast up my accounts, which burdens my mind that it should be so backward, but I am resolved to settle to nothing till I have done it. He gone, I to my Lord Bruncker's, and there spent the evening by my desire in seeing his Lordship open to pieces and make up again his watch, thereby being taught what I never knew before; and it is a thing very well worth my having seen, and am mightily pleased and satisfied with it. So I sat talking with him till late at night, somewhat vexed at a snappish answer Madam Williams did give me to herself, upon my speaking a free word to her in mirthe, calling her a mad jade. She answered, we were not so well acquainted yet. But I was more at a letter from my Lord Duke of Albemarle to-day, pressing us to

[1] James Houblon.

continue our meetings for all Christmas, which, though every body intended not to have done, yet I am concluded in it, who intended nothing else. But I see it is necessary that I do make often visits to my Lord Duke, which nothing shall hinder after I have evened my accounts, and now the river is frozen I know not how to get to him. Thence to my lodging, making up my Journall for 8 or 9 days, and so my mind being eased of it, I to supper and to bed. The weather hath been frosty these eight or nine days, and so we hope for an abatement of the plague the next weeke, or else God have mercy upon us! for the plague will certainly continue the next year if it do not.

23rd. At my office all the morning and home to dinner, my head full of business, and there my wife finds me unexpectedly. But I not being at leisure to stay or talk with her, she went down by coach to Woolwich, thinking to fetch Mrs. Barbary to carry her to London to keep her Christmas with her, and I to the office. This day one come to me with four great turkies, as a present from Mr. Deane, at Harwich, three of which my wife carried in the evening home with her to London in her coach (Mrs. Barbary not being to be got so suddenly, but will come to her the next week), and I at my office late, and then to my lodgings to bed.

24th (Sunday). Up betimes, to my Lord Duke of Albemarle by water, and after some talke with him about business of the office with great content, and so back again and to dinner, my landlady and her daughters with me, and had mince-pies, and very merry at a mischance her young son had in tearing of his new coate quite down the outside of his sleeve in the whole cloth, one of the strangest mishaps that ever I saw in my life. Then to church, and placed myself in the Parson's pew under the pulpit, to hear Mrs. Chamberlain in the next pew sing, who is daughter to Sir James Bunch, of whom I have heard much, and indeed she sings very finely, and from church met with Sir W. Warren and he and I walked together talking about his and my businesses, getting of money as fairly as we can, and, having set him part of his way home, I walked to my Lord Bruncker, whom I heard was at Alderman Hooker's, hoping to see and salute Mrs. Lethulier, whom I did see in passing, but no opportunity of beginning acquaintance, but a very noble lady she is, however the silly alderman got her. Here we sat talking a great while, Sir The. Biddulph and Mr. Vaughan, a son-in-law of Alderman Hooker's. Hence with my Lord Bruncker home and sat a little with him and so home to bed.

25th (Christmas-day). To church in the morning, and there saw a wedding in the church, which I have not seen many a day; and the young people so merry one with another, and strange to see what delight we married people have to see these poor fools decoyed into our condition, every man and woman gazing and smiling at them. Here I saw again my beauty Lethulier. Thence to my Lord Bruncker's by invitation and dined there, and so home to look over and settle my papers, both of my accounts private, and those of Tangier, which I have let go so long that it were impossible for any soul, had

I died, to understand them, or ever come to any good end in them. I hope God will never suffer me to come to that disorder again.

26th. Up, and to the office, where Sir J. Minnes and my Lord Bruncker and I met, to give our directions to the Commanders of all the ships in the river to bring in lists of their ships' companies, with entries, discharges, &c., all the last voyage, where young Seymour,[1] among 20 that stood bare, stood with his hat on, a proud, saucy young man. Thence with them to Mr. Cuttle's, being invited, and dined nobly and neatly; with a very pretty house and a fine turret at top, with winding stairs and the finest prospect I know about all Greenwich, save the top of the hill, and yet in some respects better than that. Here I also saw some fine writing worke and flourishing of Mr. Hore, he one that I knew long ago, an acquaintance of Mr. Tomson's at Westminster, that is this man's clerk. It is the story of the several Archbishops of Canterbury, engrossed in vellum, to hang up in Canterbury Cathedral in tables, in lieu of the old ones, which are almost worn out. Thence to the office a while, and so to Captain Cocke's and there talked, and home to look over my papers, and so to bed.

27th. Up, and with Cocke, by coach to London, there home to my wife, and angry about her desiring a mayde yet, before the plague is quite over. It seems Mercer is troubled that she hath not one under her, but I will not venture my family by increasing it before it be safe. Thence about many businesses, particularly with Sir W. Warren on the 'Change, and he and I dined together and settled our Tangier matters, wherein I get above £200 presently. We dined together at the Pope's Head to do this, and thence to the goldsmiths, I to examine the state of my matters there too, and so with him to my house, but my wife was gone abroad to Mrs. Mercer's, so we took boat, and it being darke and the thaw having broke the ice, but not carried it quite away, the boat did pass through so much of it all along, and that with the crackling and noise that it made me fearfull indeed. So I forced the watermen to land us on Redriffe side, and so walked together till Sir W. Warren and I parted near his house and thence I walked quite over the fields home by light of linke, one of my watermen carrying it, and I reading by the light of it, it being a very fine, clear, dry night. So to Captain Cocke's, and there sat and talked, especially with his Counsellor, about his prize goods, that hath done him good turne, being of the company with Captain Fisher, his name Godderson; here I supped and so home to bed, with great content that the plague is decreased to 152, the whole being but 330.

28th. Up and to the office, and thence with a great deal of business in my head, dined alone with Cocke. So home alone strictly about my accounts, wherein I made a good beginning, and so, after letters wrote by the post, to bed.

29th. Up betimes, and all day long within doors upon my accounts,

[1] Captain Hugh Seymour, of the "Foresight" (fourth rate), who was killed in the action of July, 1666 (see *post*, July 29th).

publique and private, and find the ill effect of letting them go so long without evening, that no soul could have ever understood them but myself, and I with much ado. But, however, my regularity in all I did and spent do helpe me, and I hope to find them well. Late at them and to bed.

30th. Up and to the office, at noon home to dinner, and all the afternoon to my accounts again, and there find myself, to my great joy, a great deal worth above £4,000, for which the Lord be praised! and is principally occasioned by my getting £500 of Cocke, for my profit in his bargains of prize goods, and from Mr. Gawden's making me a present of £500 more, when I paid him £8,000 for Tangier. So to my office to write letters, then to my accounts again, and so to bed, being in great ease of mind.

31st (Lord's day). All the morning in my chamber, writing fair the state of my Tangier accounts, and so dined at home. In the afternoon to the Duke of Albemarle and thence back again by water, and so to my chamber to finish the entry of my accounts and to think of the business I am next to do, which is the stating my thoughts and putting in order my collections about the business of pursers, to see where the fault of our present constitution relating to them lies and what to propose to mend it, and upon this late and with my head full of this business to bed. Thus ends this year, to my great joy, in this manner. I have raised my estate from £1,300 in this year to £4,400. I have got myself greater interest, I think, by my diligence, and my employments encreased by that of Treasurer for Tangier, and Surveyour of the Victualls. It is true we have gone through great melancholy because of the great plague, and I put to great charges by it, by keeping my family long at Woolwich, and myself and another part of my family, my clerks, at my charge at Greenwich, and a mayde at London; but I hope the King will give us some satisfaction for that. But now the plague is abated almost to nothing, and I intending to get to London as fast as I can. My family, that is my wife and maids, having been there these two or three weeks. The Dutch war goes on very ill, by reason of lack of money; having none to hope for, all being put into disorder by a new Act that is made as an experiment to bring credit to the Exchequer, for goods and money to be advanced upon the credit of that Act. I have never lived so merrily (besides that I never got so much) as I have done this plague time, by my Lord Bruncker's and Captain Cocke's good company, and the acquaintance of Mrs. Knipp, Coleman and her husband, and Mr. Laneare, and great store of dancings we have had at my cost (which I was willing to indulge myself and wife) at my lodgings. The great evil of this year, and the only one indeed, is the fall of my Lord of Sandwich, whose mistake about the prizes hath undone him, I believe, as to interest at Court; though sent (for a little palliating it) Embassador into Spayne, which he is now fitting himself for. But the Duke of Albemarle goes with the Prince to sea this next year, and my Lord very meanly spoken of; and, indeed, his miscarriage about the prize goods is not to be excused, to suffer a company of rogues to go away with ten times as

much as himself, and the blame of all to be deservedly laid upon him.[1] My whole family hath been well all this while, and all my friends I know of, saving my aunt Bell, who is dead, and some children of my cozen Sarah's, of the plague. But many of such as I know very well, dead; yet, to our great joy, the town fills apace, and shops begin to be open again. Pray God continue the plague's decrease! for that keeps the Court away from the place of business, and so all goes to rack as to publick matters, they at this distance not thinking of it.

1665–66.

January 1st (New-Yeare's Day). Called up by five o'clock, by my order, by Mr. Tooker, who wrote, while I dictated to him, my business of the Pursers; and so, without eating or drinking, till three in the afternoon, and then, to my great content, finished it. So to dinner, Gibson and he and I, and then to copying it over, Mr. Gibson reading and I writing, and went a good way in it till interrupted by Sir W. Warren's coming, of whom I always learne something or other, his discourse being very good and his brains also. He being gone we to our business again, and wrote more of it fair, and then late to bed.[2]

2nd. Up by candlelight again, and wrote the greatest part of my business fair, and then to the office, and so home to dinner, and after dinner up and made an end of my fair writing it, and that being done, set two entering while to my Lord Bruncker's, and there find Sir J. Minnes and all his company, and Mr. Boreman and Mrs. Turner, but, above all, my dear Mrs. Knipp, with whom I sang, and in perfect pleasure I was to hear her sing, and especially her little Scotch song of "Barbary Allen;"[3] and to make our mirthe the completer, Sir J. Minnes was in the highest pitch of mirthe, and his mimicall tricks, that ever I saw, and most excellent pleasant company he is, and the best mimique that ever I saw, and certainly would have made an excellent actor, and now would be an excellent teacher of actors. Thence, it being post night, against my will took leave, but before I come to my office, longing for more of her company, I returned and met them coming home in coaches, so I got into the coach where Mrs. Knipp was and got her upon my knee (the

[1] According to Granville Penn ("Memorials of Sir W. Penn," ii. 488 n.) £2,000 went to Lord Sandwich and £8,000 among eight others.

[2] This document is in the British Museum (Harleian MS. 6287), and is entitled, "A Letter from Mr. Pepys, dated at Greenwich, 1 Jan. 1665–6, which he calls his New Year's Gift to his hon. friend, Sir. Wm. Coventry, wherein he lays down a method for securing his Majesty in husbandly execution of the Victualling Part of the Naval Expence." It consists of nineteen closely written folio pages, and is a remarkable specimen of Pepys's business habits.—B. There are copies of several letters on the victualling of the navy, written by Pepys in 1666, among the Rawlinson MSS. in the Bodleian.

[3] The Scottish ballad is entitled, "Sir John Grehme and Barbara Allan," and the English version, "Barbara Allen's Cruelty." Both are printed in Percy's "Reliques," Series III.

coach being full) and played with her breasts and sung, and at last set her at her house and so good night. So home to my lodgings and there endeavoured to have finished the examining my papers of Pursers' business to have sent away to-night, but I was so sleepy with my late early risings and late goings to bed that I could not do it, but was forced to go to bed and leave it to send away to-morrow by an Expresse.

3rd. Up, and all the morning till three in the afternoon examining and fitting up my Pursers' paper and sent it away by an Expresse. Then comes my wife, and I set her to get supper ready against I go to the Duke of Albemarle and back again; and at the Duke's with great joy I received the good news of the decrease of the plague this week to 70, and but 253 in all; which is the least Bill hath been known these twenty years in the City. Through the want of people in London is it, that must make it so low below the ordinary number for Bills. So home, and find all my good company I had bespoke, as Coleman and his wife, and Laneare, Knipp and her surly husband; and good musique we had, and, among other things, Mrs. Coleman sang my words I set of "Beauty retire," and I think it is a good song, and they praise it mightily. Then to dancing and supper, and mighty merry till Mr. Rolt come in, whose pain of the tooth-ake made him no company, and spoilt ours; so he away, and then my wife's teeth fell of akeing, and she to bed. So forced to break up all with a good song, and so to bed.

4th. Up, and to the office, where my Lord Bruncker and I, against Sir W. Batten and Sir J. Minnes and the whole table, for Sir W. Warren in the business of his mast contract, and overcome them and got them to do what I had a mind to, for indeed my Lord being unconcerned in what I aimed at. So home to dinner, where Mr. Sheldon come by invitation from Woolwich, and as merry as I could be with all my thoughts about me and my wife still in pain of her tooth. He anon took leave and took Mrs. Barbary his niece home with him, and seems very thankful to me for the £10 I did give him for my wife's rent of his house, and I am sure I am beholding to him, for it was a great convenience to me, and then my wife home to London by water and I to the office till 8 at night, and so to my Lord Bruncker's, thinking to have been merry, having appointed a meeting for Sir J. Minnes and his company and Mrs. Knipp again, but whatever hindered I know not, but no company come, which vexed me because it disappointed me of the glut of mirthe I hoped for. However, good discourse with my Lord and merry, with Mrs. Williams's descants upon Sir J. Minnes's and Mrs. Turner's not coming. So home and to bed.

5th. I with my Lord Bruncker and Mrs. Williams by coach with four horses to London, to my Lord's house in Covent-Guarden. But, Lord! what staring to see a nobleman's coach come to town. And porters every where bow to us; and such begging of beggars! And a delightfull thing it is to see the towne full of people again as now it is; and shops begin to open, though in many places seven or eight together, and more, all shut; but yet the towne

is full, compared with what it used to be. I mean the City end; for Covent-Guarden and Westminster are yet very empty of people, no Court nor gentry being there. Set Mrs. Williams down at my Lord's house and he and I to Sir G. Carteret, at his chamber at White Hall, he being come to town last night to stay one day. So my Lord and he and I much talke about the Act, what credit we find upon it, but no private talke between him and I. So I to the 'Change, and there met Mr. Povy, newly come to town, and he and I to Sir George Smith's and there dined nobly. He tells me how my Lord Bellases complains for want of money and of him and me therein, but I value it not, for I know I do all that can be done. We had no time to talk of particulars, but leave it to another day, and I away to Cornhill to expect my Lord Bruncker's coming back again, and I staid at my stationer's house, and by and by comes my Lord, and did take me up and so to Greenwich, and after sitting with them a while at their house, home, thinking to get Mrs. Knipp, but could not, she being busy with company, but sent me a pleasant letter, writing herself "Barbary Allen." I went therefore to Mr. Boreman's for pastime, and there staid an houre or two talking with him, and reading a discourse about the River of Thames, the reason of its being choked up in several places with shelfes; which is plain is, by the encroachments made upon the River, and running out of causeways into the River at every wood-wharfe; which was not heretofore when Westminster Hall and White Hall were built, and Redriffe Church, which now are sometimes overflown with water. I had great satisfaction herein. So home and to my papers for lacke of company, but by and by comes little Mrs. Tooker and sat and supped with me, and I kept her very late talking and making her comb my head, and did what I will with her. So late to bed.

6th. Up betimes and by water to the Cockepitt, there met Sir G. Carteret and, after discourse with the Duke, all together, and there saw a letter wherein Sir W. Coventry did take notice to the Duke with a commendation of my paper about Pursers, I to walke in the Parke with the Vice-Chamberlain, and received his advice about my deportment about the advancing the credit of the Act; giving me caution to see that we do not misguide the King by making them believe greater matters from it than will be found. But I see that this arises from his great trouble to see the Act succeede, and to hear my name so much used and my letters shown at Court about goods served us in upon the credit of it. But I do make him believe that I do it with all respect to him and on his behalfe too, as indeed I do, as well as my owne, that it may not be said that he or I do not assist therein. He tells me that my Lord Sandwich do proceed on his journey with the greatest kindnesse that can be imagined from the King and Chancellor, which was joyfull newes to me. Thence with Lord Bruncker to Greenwich by water to a great dinner and much company; Mr. Cottle and his lady and others and I went, hoping to get Mrs. Knipp to us, having wrote a letter to her in the morning, calling myself

"Dapper Dicky," [1] in answer to her's of "Barbary Allen," but could not, and am told by the boy that carried my letter, that he found her crying; but I fear she lives a sad life with that ill-natured fellow her husband: so we had a great, but I a melancholy dinner, having not her there, as I hoped. After dinner to cards, and then comes notice that my wife is come unexpectedly to me to towne. So I to her. It is only to see what I do, and why I come not home; and she is in the right that I would have a little more of Mrs. Knipp's company before I go away. My wife to fetch away my things from Woolwich, and I back to cards and after cards to choose King and Queene, and a good cake there was, but no marks found; but I privately found the clove, the mark of the knave, and privately put it into Captain Cocke's piece, which made some mirthe, because of his lately being knowne by his buying of clove and mace of the East India prizes. At night home to my lodging, where I find my wife returned with my things, and there also Captain Ferrers is come upon business of my Lord's to this town about getting some goods of his put on board in order to his going to Spain, and Ferrers presumes upon my finding a bed for him, which I did not like to have done without my invitation because I had done [it] several times before, during the plague, that he could not provide himself safely elsewhere. But it being Twelfth Night, they had got the fiddler and mighty merry they were; and I above come not to them, but when I had done my business among my papers went to bed, leaving them dancing, and choosing King and Queene.

7th (Lord's day). Up, and being trimmed I was invited by Captain Cocke, so I left my wife, having a mind to some discourse with him, and dined with him. He tells me of new difficulties about his goods which troubles me and I fear they will be great. He tells me too what I hear everywhere how the towne talks of my Lord Craven being to come into Sir G. Carteret's place; but sure it cannot be true. But I do fear those two families, his and my Lord Sandwich's, are quite broken. And I must now stand upon my own legs. Thence to my lodging, and considering how I am hindered by company there to do any thing among my papers, I did resolve to go away to-day rather than stay to no purpose till to-morrow and so got all my things packed up and spent half an hour with W. Howe about his papers of accounts for contingencies and my Lord's accounts, so took leave of my landlady and daughters, having paid dear for what time I have spent there, but yet having been quiett and my health, I am very well contented therewith. So with my wife and Mercer took boat and away home; but in the evening, before I went, comes Mrs. Knipp, just to speake with me privately, to excuse her not coming to me yesterday, complaining how like a devil her husband treats her, but will be with us in towne a weeke hence, and so I kissed her and parted. Being come home, my wife and I to look over our house and consider of laying out a little money to hang our bedchamber better than it is, and

[1] A song called "Dapper Dicky" is in the British Museum; it begins, "In a barren tree." It was printed in 1710.—B.

so resolved to go and buy something to-morrow, and so after supper, with great joy in my heart for my coming once again hither, to bed.

8th. Up, and my wife and I by coach to Bennett's, in Paternoster Row, few shops there being yet open, and there bought velvett for a coate, and camelott for a cloake for myself; and thence to a place to look over some fine counterfeit damasks to hang my wife's closett, and pitched upon one, and so by coach home again, I calling at the 'Change, and so home to dinner and all the afternoon look after my papers at home and my office against to-morrow, and so after supper and considering the uselessness of laying out so much money upon my wife's closett, but only the chamber, to bed.

9th. Up, and then to the office, where we met first since the plague, which God preserve us in! At noon home to dinner, where uncle Thomas with me, and in comes Pierce lately come from Oxford, and Ferrers. After dinner Pierce and I up to my chamber, where he tells me how a great difference hath been between the Duke and Duchesse, he suspecting her to be naught with Mr. Sidney.[1] But some way or other the matter is made up; but he was banished the Court, and the Duke for many days did not speak to the Duchesse at all. He tells me that my Lord Sandwich is lost there at Court, though the King is particularly his friend. But people do speak every where slightly of him; which is a sad story to me, but I hope it may be better again. And that Sir G. Carteret is neglected, and hath great enemies at work against him. That matters must needs go bad, while all the town, and every boy in the streete, openly cries, "The King cannot go away till my Lady Castlemaine be ready to come along with him;" she being lately put to bed.[2] And that he visits her and Mrs. Stewart every morning before he eats his breakfast. All this put together makes me very sad, but yet I hope I shall do pretty well among them for all this, by my not meddling with either of their matters. He and Ferrers gone I paid uncle Thomas his last quarter's money, and then comes Mr. Gawden and he and I talked above stairs together a good while about his business, and to my great joy got him to declare that of the £500 he did give me the other day, none of it was for my Treasurershipp for Tangier (I first telling him how matters stand between Povy and I, that he was to have half of whatever was coming to me by that office), and that he will gratify me at 2 per cent. for that when he next receives any money. So there

[1] "This Duchess was Chancellor Hyde's daughter, and she was a very handsome woman, and had a great deal of wit; therefore it was not without reason that Mr. Sydney, the handsomest youth of his time, of the Duke's bedchamber, was so much in love with her, as appeared to us all, and the Duchess not unkind to him, but very innocently. He was afterwards banished the Court for another reason, as was reported" (Sir John Reresby's "Memoirs," August 5th, 1664, ed. Cartwright, pp. 64, 65). "'How could the Duke of York make my mother a Papist?' said the Princess Mary to Dr. Burnet. 'The Duke caught a man in bed with her,' said the Doctor, 'and then had power to make her do anything.' The Prince, who sat by the fire, said, 'Pray, madam, ask the Doctor a few more questions'" (Spence's "Anecdotes," ed. Singer, 329).

[2] December 28th, 1665. In a Fellow's chamber in Merton College, Oxford, of George Fitzroy, afterwards Duke of Northumberland.—*B.*

is £80 due to me more than I thought of. He gone I with a glad heart to the office to write my letters and so home to supper and bed, my wife mighty full of her worke she hath to do in furnishing her bedchamber.

10th. Up, and by coach to Sir G. Downing, where Mr. Gawden met me by agreement to talke upon the Act. I do find Sir G. Downing to be a mighty talker, more than is true, which I now know to be so, and suspected it before, but for all that I have good grounds to think it will succeed for goods and in time for money too, but not presently. Having done with him, I to my Lord Bruncker's house in Covent-Garden, and, among other things, it was to acquaint him with my paper of Pursers, and read it to him, and had his good liking of it. Shewed him Mr. Coventry's sense of it, which he sent me last post much to my satisfaction. Thence to the 'Change, and there hear to our grief how the plague is encreased this week from seventy to eighty-nine. We have also great fear of our Hambrough fleete, of their meeting the Dutch; as also have certain newes, that by storms Sir Jer. Smith's fleet is scattered, and three of them come without masts back to Plymouth, which is another very exceeding great disappointment,[1] and if the victualling ships are miscarried will tend to the losse of the garrison of Tangier. Thence home, in my way had the opportunity I longed for, of seeing and saluting Mrs. Stokes, my little goldsmith's wife in Paternoster Row, and there bespoke some thing, a silver chafing-dish for warming plates, and so home to dinner, found my wife busy about making her hangings for her chamber with the upholster. So I to the office and anon to the Duke of Albemarle, by coach at night, taking, for saving time, Sir W. Warren with me, talking of our businesses all the way going and coming, and there got his reference of my pursers' paper to the Board to consider of it before he reads it, for he will never understand it I am sure. Here I saw Sir W. Coventry's kind letter to him concerning my paper, and among others of his letters, which I saw all, and that is a strange thing, that whatever is writ to this Duke of Albemarle, all the world may see; for this very night he did give me Mr. Coventry's letter to read, soon as it come to his hand, before he had read it himself, and bid me take out of it what concerned the Navy, and many things there was in it, which I should not have thought fit for him to have let any body so suddenly see; but, among other things, find him profess himself to the Duke a friend into the inquiring further into the business of Prizes, and advises that it may be publique, for the righting the King, and satisfying the people and getting the blame to be rightly laid where it should be, which strikes very hard upon my Lord Sandwich, and troubles me to read it. Besides, which vexes me more, I heard the damned Duchesse again say to twenty gentlemen publiquely in the room, that she would have Montagu sent once more to sea, before he goes his Embassy, that we may see whether he will make amends for his cowardice, and repeated the answer she did give the other day in my hearing to Sir

[1] Admiral Sir Jeremy Smith, mentioned October 13th, 1665, *ante*, commanded a fleet in the Streights at this time, and another in the Channel in 1668.—B.

G. Downing, wishing her Lord had been a coward, for then perhaps he might have been made an Embassador, and not been sent now to sea. But one good thing she said, she cried mightily out against the having of gentlemen Captains with feathers and ribbands, and wished the King would send her husband to sea with the old plain sea Captains, that he served with formerly, that would make their ships swim with blood, though they could not make legs[1] as Captains now-a-days can. It grieved me to see how slightly the Duke do every thing in the world, and how the King and every body suffers whatever he will to be done in the Navy, though never so much against reason, as in the business of recalling tickets, which will be done notwithstanding all the arguments against it. So back again to my office, and there to business and so to bed.

11th. Up and to the office. By and by to the Custome House to the Farmers, there with a letter of Sir G. Carteret's for £3,000, which they ordered to be paid me. So away back again to the office, and at noon to dinner all of us by invitation to Sir W. Pen's, and much other company. Among others, Lieutenant of the Tower, and Broome, his poet,[2] and Dr. Whistler, and his (Sir W. Pen's) son-in-law Lowder,[3] servant to Mrs. Margaret Pen, and Sir Edward Spragg, a merry man, that sang a pleasant song pleasantly. Rose from table before half dined, and with Mr. Mountney of the Custome House to the East India House, and there delivered to him tallys for £3,000, and received a note for the money on Sir R. Viner. So ended the matter, and back to my company, where staid a little, and thence away with my Lord Bruncker for discourse sake, and he and I to Gresham College to have seen Mr. Hooke and a new invented chariott of Dr. Wilkins, but met with nobody at home.[4] So to Dr. Wilkins's, where I never was before, and very kindly received and met with Dr. Merritt, and fine discourse among them to my great joy, so sober and so ingenious. He is now upon finishing his discourse of a universal

[1] Make bows, play the courtier. The reading, "make leagues," appeared in former editions till Mr. Mynors Bright corrected it.

[2] Alexander Brome.

[3] Anthony Lowther, of Marske, in Yorkshire, one of the original Fellows of the Royal Society, who shortly afterwards married Margaret Penn, was M.P. for Appleby in 1678 and 1679. He was buried at Walthamstow in 1692. William, his son by Margaret Penn, created a baronet in 1697, married the heir of Thomas Preston, of Holker, Lancashire. The second baronet married Elizabeth, daughter of William, Duke of Devonshire, and their son, dying unmarried, bequeathed Holker and other estates to his cousin, Lord George Cavendish.

[4] The Royal Society did not meet until February 21st, having had a specially long recess on account of the plague. At the previous meeting on June 28th, 1665, "Mr. Hooke was ordered to prosecute his chariot-wheels, watches, and glasses during the recess." At the meeting of March 14th, "The President inquiring into the employments in which the members of the Society had been engaged during their long recess, several of those who were present gave some account thereof, viz., Dr. Wilkins and Mr. Hooke, of the business of the chariots, viz., that after great variety of trials they conceived that they brought it to a good issue, the defects found since the chariot came to London being thought easy to remedy," &c. (Birch's "History of the Royal Society," vol. ii., p. 66).

character. So away and I home to my office about my letters, and so home to supper and to bed.

12th. By coach to the Duke of Albemarle, where Sir W. Batten and I only met. Troubled at my heart to see how things are ordered there without consideration or understanding. Thence back by coach and called at Wotton's, my shoemaker, lately come to towne, and bespoke shoes, as also got him to find me a taylor to make me some clothes, my owne being not yet in towne, nor Pym, my Lord Sandwich's taylor. So he helped me to a pretty man, one Mr. Penny, against St. Dunstan's Church. Thence to the 'Change and there met Mr. Moore, newly come to towne, and took him home to dinner with me and after dinner to talke, and he and I do conclude my Lord's case to be very bad and may be worse, if he do not get a pardon for his doings about the prizes and his business at Bergen, and other things done by him at sea, before he goes for Spayne. I do use all the art I can to get him to get my Lord to pay my cozen Pepys, for it is a great burden to my mind my being bound for my Lord in £1,000 to him. Having done discourse with him and directed him to go with my advice to my Lord expresse to-morrow to get his pardon perfected before his going, because of what I read the other night in Sir W. Coventry's letter, I to the office, and there had an extraordinary meeting of Sir J. Minnes, Sir W. Batten, and Sir W. Pen, and my Lord Bruncker and I to hear my paper read about pursers, which they did all of them with great good will and great approbation of my method and pains in all, only Sir W. Pen, who must except against every thing and remedy nothing, did except against my proposal for some reasons, which I could not understand, I confess, nor my Lord Bruncker neither, but he did detect indeed a failure or two of mine in my report about the ill condition of the present pursers, which I did magnify in one or two little things, to which, I think, he did with reason except, but at last with all respect did declare the best thing he ever heard of this kind, but when Sir W. Batten did say, "Let us that do know the practical part of the Victualling meet Sir J. Minnes, Sir W. Pen and I and see what we can do to mend all," he was so far from offering or furthering it, that he declined it and said, he must be out of towne. So as I ever knew him never did in his life ever attempt to mend any thing, but suffer all things to go on in the way they are, though never so bad, rather than improve his experience to the King's advantage. So we broke up, however, they promising to meet to offer some thing in it of their opinions, and so we rose, and I and my Lord Bruncker by coach a little way for discourse sake, till our coach broke, and tumbled me over him quite down the side of the coach, falling on the ground about the Stockes,[1] but up again, and thinking it fit to have for my honour some thing reported in writing to the Duke in favour of my pains in this, lest it should be thought to be rejected as frivolous, I did move it to my Lord, and he will see it done to-morrow. So we parted, and I to the office and thence home to my

[1] On the site of the Mansion House.

poor wife, who works all day at home like a horse, at the making of her hangings for our chamber and the bed. So to supper and to bed.

13th. At the office all the morning, where my Lord Bruncker moved to have something wrote in my matter as I desired him last night, and it was ordered and will be done next sitting. Home with his Lordship to Mrs. Williams's, in Covent-Garden, to dinner (the first time I ever was there), and there met Captain Cocke; and pretty merry, though not perfectly so, because of the fear that there is of a great encrease again of the plague this week. And again my Lord Bruncker do tell us, that he hath it from Sir John Baber,[1] who is related to my Lord Craven, that my Lord Craven do look after Sir G. Carteret's place, and do reckon himself sure of it. After dinner Cocke and I together by coach to the Exchange, in our way talking of our matters, and do conclude that every thing must breake in pieces, while no better counsels govern matters than there seem to do, and that it will become him and I and all men to get their reckonings even, as soon as they can, and expect all to breake. Besides, if the plague continues among us another yeare, the Lord knows what will become of us. I set him down at the 'Change, and I home to my office, where late writing letters and doing business, and thence home to supper and to bed. My head full of cares, but pleased with my wife's minding her worke so well, and busying herself about her house, and I trust in God if I can but clear myself of my Lord Sandwich's bond, wherein I am bound with him for £1,000 to T. Pepys, I shall do pretty well, come what will come.

14th (Lord's day). Long in bed, till raised by my new taylor, Mr. Penny, [who] comes and brings me my new velvet coat, very handsome, but plain, and a day hence will bring me my camelott cloak. He gone I close to my papers and to set all in order and to perform my vow to finish my journall and other things before I kiss any woman more or drink any wine, which I must be forced to do to-morrow if I go to Greenwich as I am invited by Mr. Boreman to hear Mrs. Knipp sing, and I would be glad to go, so as we may be merry. At noon eat the second of the two cygnets Mr. Shepley sent us for a new-year's gift, and presently to my chamber again and so to work hard all day about my Tangier accounts, which I am going again to make up, as also upon writing a letter to my father about Pall, whom it is time now I find to think of disposing of while God Almighty hath given me something to give with her, and in my letter to my father I do offer to give her £450 to make her own £50 given her by my uncle up £500. I do also therein propose Mr. Harman the upholster for a husband for her, to whom I have a great love and did heretofore love his former wife, and a civil man he is and careful in his way, beside, I like his trade and place he lives in, being Cornhill. Thus late at work, and so to supper and to bed. This afternoon, after sermon, comes my dear fair beauty of the Exchange, Mrs. Batelier, brought by her sister,

[1] John Baber, M.D., Physician in Ordinary to the king, who knighted him March 19th, 1660. He died 1703–4, aged seventy-nine.

an acquaintance of Mercer's, to see my wife. I saluted her with as much pleasure as I had done any a great while. We sat and talked together an houre, with infinite pleasure to me, and so the fair creature went away, and proves one of the modestest women, and pretty, that ever I saw in my life, and my [wife] judges her so too.

15th. Busy all the morning in my chamber in my old cloth suit, while my usuall one is to my taylor's to mend, which I had at noon again, and an answer to a letter I had sent this morning to Mrs. Pierce to go along with my wife and I down to Greenwich to-night upon an invitation to Mr. Boreman's to be merry to dance and sing with Mrs. Knipp. Being dressed, and having dined, I took coach and to Mrs. Pierce, to her new house in Covent-Garden, a very fine place and fine house. Took her thence home to my house, and so by water to Boreman's by night, where the greatest disappointment that ever I saw in my life, much company, a good supper provided, and all come with expectation of excesse of mirthe, but all blank through the waywardnesse of Mrs. Knipp, who, though she had appointed the night, could not be got to come. Not so much as her husband could get her to come; but, which was a pleasant thing in all my anger, I asking him, while we were in expectation what answer one of our many messengers would bring, what he thought, whether she would come or no, he answered that, for his part, he could not so much as thinke. By and by we all to supper, which the silly master of the feast commended, but, what with my being out of humour, and the badnesse of the meate dressed, I did never eat a worse supper in my life. At last, very late, and supper done, she came undressed, but it brought me no mirthe at all; only, after all being done, without singing, or very little, and no dancing, Pierce and I to bed together, and he and I very merry to find how little and thin clothes they give us to cover us, so that we were fain to lie in our stockings and drawers, and lay all our coates and clothes upon the bed. So to sleep.

16th. Up, and leaving the women in bed together (a pretty black and white) I to London to the office, and there forgot, through business, to bespeak any dinner for my wife and Mrs. Pierce. However, by noon they come, and a dinner we had, and Kate Joyce comes to see us, with whom very merry. After dinner she and I up to my chamber, who told me her business was chiefly for my advice about her husband's leaving off his trade, which though I wish enough, yet I did advise against, for he is a man will not know how to live idle, and employment he is fit for none. Thence anon carried her and Mrs. Pierce home, and so to the Duke of Albemarle, and mighty kind he to me still. So home late at my letters, and so to bed, being mightily troubled at the newes of the plague's being encreased, and was much the saddest news that the plague hath brought me from the beginning of it; because of the lateness of the year, and the fear, we may with reason have, of its continuing with us the next summer. The total being now 375, and the plague 158.

17th. Busy all the morning, settling things against my going out of towne

this night. After dinner, late took horse, having sent for Lashmore to go with me, and so he and I rode to Dagenhams in the dark. There find the whole family well. It was my Lord Crew's desire that I should come, and chiefly to discourse with me of Lord Sandwich's matters; and therein to persuade, what I had done already, that my Lord should sue out a pardon for his business of the prizes, as also for Bergen, and all he hath done this year past, before he begins his Embassy to Spayne. For it is to be feared that the Parliament will fly out against him and particular men, the next Session. He is glad also that my Lord is clear of his sea-imployment, though sorry as I am, only in the manner of its bringing about. By and by to supper, my Lady Wright very kind. After supper up to wait on my Lady Crew, who is the same weake silly lady as ever, asking such saintly questions. Down to my Lord again and sat talking an houre or two, and anon to prayers the whole family, and then all to bed, I handsomely used, lying in the chamber Mr. Carteret formerly did, but sat up an houre talking sillily with Mr. Carteret and Mr. Marre, and so to bed.

18th. Up before day and thence rode to London before office time, where I met a note at the doore to invite me to supper to Mrs. Pierce's because of Mrs. Knipp, who is in towne and at her house. To the office, where, among other things, vexed with Major Norwood's coming, who takes it ill my not paying a bill of Exchange of his, but I have good reason for it, and so the less troubled, but yet troubled, so as at noon being carried by my Lord Bruncker to Captain Cocke's to dinner, where Mrs. Williams was, and Mrs. Knipp, I was not heartily merry, though a glasse of wine did a little cheer me. After dinner to the office. Anon comes to me thither my Lord Bruncker, Mrs. Williams, and Knipp. I brought down my wife in her night-gowne, she not being indeed very well, to the office to them and there by and by they parted all and my wife and I anon and Mercer, by coach, to Pierce's; where mighty merry, and sing and dance with great pleasure; and I danced, who never did in company in my life, and Captain Cocke come for a little while and danced, but went away, but we staid and had a pretty supper, and spent till two in the morning, but got home well by coach, though as dark as pitch, and so to bed.

19th. Up and ready, called on by Mr. Moone, my Lord Bellases' Secretary, who and I good friends though I have failed him in some payments. Thence with Sir J. Minnes to the Duke of Albemarle's, and carried all well, and met Norwood but prevented him in desiring a meeting of the Commissioners for Tangier. Thence to look for Sir H. [Cholmly], but he not within, he coming to town last night. It is a remarkable thing how infinitely naked all that end of the towne, Covent-Garden, is at this day of people; while the City is almost as full again of people as ever it was. To the 'Change and so home to dinner and the office, whither anon comes Sir H. Cholmley to me, and he and I to my house, there to settle his accounts with me, and so with great pleasure we agreed and great friends become, I think, and he presented me upon

the foot of our accounts for this year's service for him £100, whereof Povy must have half. Thence to the office and wrote a letter to Norwood to satisfy him about my nonpayment of his bill, for that do still stick in my mind. So at night home to supper and to bed.

20th. To the office, where upon Mr. Kinaston's coming to me about some business of Colonell Norwood's, I sent my boy home for some papers, where, he staying longer than I would have him, and being vexed at the business and to be kept from my fellows in the office longer than was fit, I become angry, and boxed my boy when he came, that I do hurt my thumb so much, that I was not able to stir all the day after, and in great pain. At noon to dinner, and then to the office again, late, and so to supper and to bed.

21st (Lord's day). Lay almost till noon merrily and with pleasure talking with my wife in bed. Then up looking about my house, and the roome which my wife is dressing up, having new hung our bedchamber with blue, very handsome. After dinner to my Tangier accounts and there stated them against to-morrow very distinctly for the Lords to see who meet to-morrow, and so to supper and to bed.

22nd. Up, and set my people to work in copying Tangier accounts, and I down the river to Greenwich to the office to fetch away some papers and thence to Deptford, where by agreement my Lord Bruncker was to come, but staid almost till noon, after I had spent an houre with W. Howe talking of my Lord Sandwich's matters and his folly in minding his pleasures too much now-a-days, and permitting himself to be governed by Cuttance to the displeasing of all the Commanders almost of the fleete, and thence we may conceive indeed the rise of all my Lord's misfortunes of late. At noon my Lord Bruncker did come, but left the keys of the chests we should open, at Sir G. Carteret's lodgings, of my Lord Sandwich's, wherein Howe's supposed jewells are;[1] so we could not, according to my Lord Arlington's order, see them to-day; but we parted, resolving to meet here at night: my Lord Bruncker being going with Dr. Wilkins, Mr. Hooke,[2] and others, to Colonell Blunt's, to consider again of the business of charriots, and to try their new invention. Which I saw here my Lord Bruncker ride in; where the coachman sits astride upon a pole over the horse, but do not touch the horse, which is a pretty odde thing; but it seems it is most easy for the horse, and, as they say, for the man also. Thence I with speede by water home and eat a bit, and took my accounts and to the Duke of Albemarle, where for all I feared of Norwood he was very civill, and Sir Thomas Ingram beyond expectation, I giving them all content and I thereby settled mightily in my mind, for I was weary of the employment, and had had thoughts of giving it over. I did also give a good step in a business of Mr. Hubland's, about getting a ship of his to go to Tangier, which during this strict embargo is a great matter, and I shall have a good reward for it, I hope. Thence by water in the darke down

[1] The jewels were stolen from the Dutch Vice-Admiral. See *ante*, November 16th.
[2] Dr. Robert Hooke. See note, *ante*, February 15th, 1664–65.

to Deptford, and there find my Lord Bruncker come and gone, having staid long for me. I back presently to the Crowne taverne behind the Exchange by appointment, and there met the first meeting of Gresham College since the plague. Dr. Goddard did fill us with talke, in defence of his and his fellow physicians going out of towne in the plague-time; saying that their particular patients were most gone out of towne, and they left at liberty; and a great deal more, &c. But what, among other fine discourse pleased me most, was Sir G. Ent [1] about Respiration; that it is not to this day known, or concluded on among physicians, nor to be done either, how the action is managed by nature, or for what use it is. Here late till poor Dr. Merriot [2] was drunk, and so all home, and I to bed.

23rd. Up and to the office and then to dinner. After dinner to the office again all the afternoon, and much business with me. Good newes beyond all expectation of the decrease of the plague, being now but 79, and the whole but 272. So home with comfort to bed. A most furious storme all night and morning.

24th. By agreement my Lord Bruncker called me up, and though it was a very foule, windy, and rainy morning, yet down to the waterside we went, but no boat could go, the storme continued so. So my Lord to stay till fairer weather carried me into the Tower to Mr. Hore's and there we staid talking an houre, but at last we found no boats yet could go, so we to the office, where we met upon an occasion extraordinary of examining abuses of our clerkes in taking money for examining of tickets, but nothing done in it. Thence my Lord and I, the weather being a little fairer, by water to Deptford to Sir G. Carteret's house, where W. Howe met us, and there we opened the chests, and saw the poor sorry rubys which have caused all this ado to the undoing of W. Howe; though I am not much sorry for it, because of his pride and ill nature. About 200 of these very small stones, and a cod of muske (which it is strange I was not able to smell) is all we could find; so locked them up again, and my Lord and I, the wind being again very furious, so as we durst not go by water, walked to London quite round the bridge, no boat being able to stirre; and, Lord! what a dirty walk we had, and so strong the wind, that in the fields we many times could not carry our bodies against it, but were driven backwards. We went through Horsydowne, where I never was since a little boy, that I went to enquire after my father, whom we did give over for lost coming from Holland.[3] It was dangerous to walk the

[1] Sir George Ent, M.D., F.R.S. (1604–1689), President of the College of Physicians, 1670–75, 1682–1684. He was knighted by Charles II. in 1665, in the Harveian Museum, immediately after the delivery of his Anatomy Lectures. His last publication was entitled "Animadversiones in Malachiæ Thrustoni, M.D. Diatribam de Respirationis usu primario," London, 1672, 8vo. (Munk's "Roll of the College of Physicians," vol. i., p. 223). Died 1689.

[2] Christopher Merrett, M.D. (1614–1695).

[3] From the Domestic State Papers in the Public Record Office, London. Page 327, Entry Book No. 105 of the Protector Oliver's Council of State.

streets, the bricks and tiles falling from the houses that the whole streets were covered with them; and whole chimneys, nay, whole houses in two or three places, blowed down. But, above all, the pales on London-bridge on both sides were blown away, so that we were fain to stoop very low for fear of blowing off of the bridge. We could see no boats in the Thames afloat, but what were broke loose, and carried through the bridge, it being ebbing water. And the greatest sight of all was, among other parcels of ships driven here and there in clusters together, one was quite overset and lay with her masts all along in the water, and keel above water. So walked home, my Lord away to his house and I to dinner, Mr. Creed being come to towne and to dine with me, though now it was three o'clock. After dinner he and I to our accounts and very troublesome he is and with tricks which I found plainly and was vexed at; while we were together comes Sir G. Downing with Colonell Norwood, Rumball,[1] and Warrupp to visit me. I made them drink good wine and discoursed above alone a good while with Sir G. Downing, who is very troublesome, and then with Colonell Norwood, who hath a great mind to have me concerned with him in everything; which I like, but am shy of adventuring too much, but will thinke of it. They gone, Creed and I to finish the settling his accounts. Thence to the office, where the Houblans and we discoursed upon a rubb which we have for one of the ships I hoped to have got to go out to Tangier for them. They being gone, I to my office-business late, and then home to supper and even sacke for lacke of a little

Ordered by the Council, Thursday, August 7th, 1656, "That passes be graunted to goe beyond y^e^ Seas to y^e^ p'sons following, viz^t^ To John Pepys and his man w^th^ necessaryes for Holland, being on the desire of M^r^ Sam^ll^ Pepys."

Probably this was a later journey of Pepys's father to Holland, as Pepys says here he was a little boy then.—M. B.

[1] Rumball is mentioned on several occasions in the Diary. On October 29th, 1660, Pepys praises his claret, and on December 8th, 1661, a great christening of Rumball's child (Charles) is mentioned. Since these passages were printed the editor has been obligingly informed as to this worthy by Sir Horace Rumbold, Bart., G.C.M.G., H.B.M. Minister at the Hague. The forms Rumball and Rumbell given by Pepys are corruptions of the correct name, which was Rumbold. William Rumbold entered the office of the Great Wardrobe in 1629, attended Charles I. all through the Civil War till Naseby, where he was engaged, together with his father, Thomas Rumbold, afterwards taken prisoner by the Parliamentary forces, and during the period of the Commonwealth he rendered considerable service to the royal cause. He acted as Secretary to the Secret Council which was kept up in England by Charles II. during his exile, and among the Clarendon Papers at Oxford there are numerous letters from him written to the king, Lord Chancellor Hyde, Ormonde, and others. At the Restoration he became Comptroller of the Great Wardrobe and Surveyor-General of the Customs. He died May 27th, 1667, at his house at Parson's Green, Fulham, where he is buried in the chancel of All Saints' Church with his wife Mary, daughter of William Barclay, Esquire of the Body to Charles I. This distinguished royalist was an ancestor of Sir Horace Rumbold, who has contributed to the Transactions of the Royal Historical Society "Notes on the History of the Family of Rumbold in the Seventeenth Century" (N.S., vol. vi., p. 145). Sir Horace mentions the Colonel Henry Norwood referred to in the text as one of those friends who spoke of William Rumbold with great affection.

wine, which I was forced to drink against my oathe, but without pleasure.

25th. Up and to the office, at noon home to dinner. So abroad to the Duke of Albemarle and Kate Joyce's and her husband, with whom I talked a great deale about Pall's business, and told them what portion I would give her, and they do mightily like of it and will proceed further in speaking with Harman, who hath already been spoke to about it, as from them only, and he is mighty glad of it, but doubts it may be an offence to me, if I should know of it, so thinks that it do come only from Joyce, which I like the better. So I do believe the business will go on, and I desire it were over. I to the office then, where I did much business, and set my people to work against furnishing me to go to Hampton Court, where the King and Duke will be on Sunday next. It is now certain that the King of France hath publickly declared war against us, and God knows how little fit we are for it. At night comes Sir W. Warren, and he and I into the garden, and talked over all our businesses. He gives me good advice not to embarke into trade (as I have had it in my thoughts about Colonell Norwood) so as to be seen to mind it, for it will do me hurte, and draw my mind off from my business and embroile my estate too soon. So to the office business, and I find him as cunning a man in all points as ever I met with in my life and mighty merry we were in the discourse of our owne trickes. So about 10 o'clock at night I home and staid with him there settling my Tangier-Boates business and talking and laughing at the folly of some of our neighbours of this office till two in the morning and so to bed.

26th. Up, and pleased mightily with what my poor wife hath been doing these eight or ten days with her owne hands, like a drudge in fitting the new hangings of our bed-chamber of blue, and putting the old red ones into my dressing-room, and so by coach to White Hall, where I had just now notice that Sir G. Carteret is come to towne. He seems pleased, but I perceive he is heartily troubled at this Act, and the report of his losing his place, and more at my not writing to him to the prejudice of the Act. But I carry all fair to him and he to me. He bemoans the Kingdom as in a sad state, and with too much reason I doubt, having so many enemys about us and no friends abroad, nor money nor love at home. Thence to the Duke of Albemarle, and there a meeting with all the officers of the Navy, where, Lord! to see how the Duke of Albemarle flatters himself with false hopes of money and victuals and all without reason. Then comes the Committee of Tangier to sit, and I there carry all before me very well. Thence with Sir J. Bankes and Mr. Gawden to the 'Change, they both very wise men. After 'Change and agreeing with Houblon about our ships, D. Gawden and I to the Pope's Head and there dined and little Chaplin (who a rich man grown). He gone after dinner, D. Gawden and I to talke of the Victualling business of the Navy in what posture it is, which is very sad also for want of money. Thence home to my chamber by oathe to finish my Journall. Here W. Hewer came to me with £320 from Sir W. Warren, whereof £220 is got clearly by a late business of

insurance of the Gottenburg ships, and the other £100 which was due and he had promised me before to give me to my very extraordinary joy, for which I ought and do bless God and so to my office, where late providing a letter to send to Mr. Gawden in a manner we concluded on to-day, and so to bed.

27th. Up very betimes to finish my letter and writ it fair to Mr. Gawden, it being to demand several arrears in the present state of the victualling, partly to the King's and partly to give him occasion to say something relating to the want of money on his own behalf. This done I to the office, where all the morning. At noon after a bit of dinner back to the office and there fitting myself in all points to give an account to the Duke and Mr. Coventry in all things, and in my Tangier business, till three o'clock in the morning, and so to bed.

28th. And up again about six (Lord's day), and being dressed in my velvett coate and plain cravatte took a hackney coach provided ready for me by eight o'clock, and so to my Lord Bruncker's with all my papers, and there took his coach with four horses and away toward Hampton Court, having a great deale of good discourse with him, particularly about his coming to lie at the office, when I went further in inviting him to than I intended, having not yet considered whether it will be convenient for me or no to have him here so near us, and then of getting Mr. Evelyn or Sir Robert Murray into the Navy in the room of Sir Thomas Harvey. At Brainford I 'light, having need to shit, and went into an Inne doore that stood open, found the house of office and used it, but saw no people, only after I was in the house, heard a great dogg barke, and so was afeard how I should get safe back again, and therefore drew my sword and scabbard out of my belt to have ready in my hand, but did not need to use it, but got safe into the coach again, but lost my belt by the shift, not missing it till I come to Hampton Court. At the Wicke found Sir J. Minnes and Sir W. Batten at a lodging provided for us by our messenger, and there a good dinner ready. After dinner took coach and to Court, where we find the King, and Duke, and Lords, all in council; so we walked up and down: there being none of the ladies come, and so much the more business I hope will be done. The Council being up, out comes the King, and I kissed his hand, and he grasped me very kindly by the hand. The Duke also, I kissed his, and he mighty kind, and Sir W. Coventry. I found my Lord Sandwich there, poor man! I see with a melancholy face, and suffers his beard to grow on his upper lip more than usual. I took him a little aside to know when I should wait on him, and where: he told me, and that it would be best to meet at his lodgings, without being seen to walk together. Which I liked very well; and, Lord! to see in what difficulty I stand, that I dare not walk with Sir W. Coventry, for fear my Lord or Sir G. Carteret should see me; nor with either of them, for fear Sir W. Coventry should. After changing a few words with Sir W. Coventry, who assures me of his respect and love to me, and his concernment for my health in all this

sickness, I went down into one of the Courts, and there met the King and Duke; and the Duke called me to him. And the King come to me of himself, and told me, "Mr. Pepys," says he, "I do give you thanks for your good service all this year, and I assure you I am very sensible of it." And the Duke of Yorke did tell me with pleasure, that he had read over my discourse about pursers, and would have it ordered in my way, and so fell from one discourse to another. I walked with them quite out of the Court into the fields, and then back to my Lord Sandwich's chamber, where I find him very melancholy and not well satisfied, I perceive, with my carriage to Sir G. Carteret, but I did satisfy him and made him confess to me, that I have a very hard game to play; and told me he was sorry to see it, and the inconveniences which likely may fall upon me with him; but, for all that, I am not much afeard, if I can but keepe out of harm's way in not being found too much concerned in my Lord's or Sir G. Carteret's matters, and that I will not be if I can helpe it. He hath got over his business of the prizes, so far as to have a privy seale passed for all that was in his distribution to the officers, which I am heartily glad of; and, for the rest, he must be answerable for what he is proved to have. But for his pardon for anything else, he thinks it not seasonable to aske it, and not usefull to him; because that will not stop a Parliament's mouth, and for the King, he is sure enough of him. I did aske him whether he was sure of the interest and friendship of any great Ministers of State and he told me, yes. As we were going further, in comes my Lord Mandeville, so we were forced to breake off and I away, and to Sir W. Coventry's chamber, where he not come in but I find Sir W. Pen, and he and I to discourse. I find him very much out of humour, so that I do not think matters go very well with him, and I am glad of it. He and I staying till late, and Sir W. Coventry not coming in (being shut up close all the afternoon with the Duke of Albemarle), we took boat, and by water to Kingston, and so to our lodgings, where a good supper and merry, only I sleepy, and therefore after supper I slunk away from the rest to bed, and lay very well and slept soundly, my mind being in a great delirium between joy for what the King and Duke have said to me and Sir W. Coventry, and trouble for my Lord Sandwich's concernments, and how hard it will be for me to preserve myself from feeling thereof.

29th. Up, and to Court by coach, where to Council before the Duke of Yorke, the Duke of Albemarle with us, and after Sir W. Coventry had gone over his notes that he had provided with the Duke of Albemarle, I went over all mine with good successe, only I fear I did once offend the Duke of Albemarle, but I was much joyed to find the Duke of Yorke so much contending for my discourse about the pursers against Sir W. Pen, who opposes it like a foole; my Lord Sandwich come in in the middle of the business, and, poor man, very melancholy, methought, and said little at all, or to the business, and sat at the lower end, just as he come, no roome being made for him, only I did give him my stoole, and another was reached me. After coun-

cil done, I walked to and again up and down the house, discoursing with this and that man. Anon others tooke occasion to thanke the Duke of Yorke for his good opinion in general of my service, and particularly his favour in conferring on me the Victualling business. He told me that he knew nobody so fit as I for it, and next, he was very glad to find that to give me for my encouragement, speaking very kindly of me. So to Sir W. Coventry's to dinner with him, whom I took occasion to thanke for his favour and good thoughts of what little service I did, desiring he would do the last act of friendship in telling me of my faults also. He told me he would be sure he would do that also, if there were any occasion for it. So that as much as it is possible under so great a fall of my Lord Sandwich's, and difference between them, I may conclude that I am thoroughly right with Sir W. Coventry. I dined with him with a great deale of company, and much merry discourse. I was called away before dinner ended to go to my company who dined at our lodgings. Thither I went with Mr. Evelyn (whom I met) in his coach going that way, but finding my company gone, but my Lord Bruncker left his coach for me; so Mr. Evelyn and I into my Lord's coach, and rode together with excellent discourse till we come to Clapham, talking of the vanity and vices of the Court, which makes it a most contemptible thing; and indeed in all his discourse I find him a most worthy person. Particularly he entertained me with discourse of an Infirmary, which he hath projected for the sick and wounded seamen against the next year, which I mightily approve of; and will endeavour to promote it, being a worthy thing, and of use, and will save money. He set me down at Mr. Gawden's, where nobody yet come home, I having left him and his sons and Creed at Court, so I took a book and into the gardens, and there walked and read till darke with great pleasure, and then in and in comes Osborne, and he and I to talk of Mr. Jaggard, who comes from London, and great hopes there is of a decrease this week also of the plague. Anon comes in Creed, and after that Mr. Gawden and his sons, and then they bringing in three ladies, who were in the house, but I do not know them, his daughter and two nieces, daughters of Dr. Whistler's, with whom and Creed mighty sport at supper, the ladies very pretty and mirthfull. I perceive they know Creed's gut and stomach as well as I, and made as much mirthe as I with it at supper. After supper I made the ladies sing, and they have been taught, but, Lord! though I was forced to commend them, yet it was the saddest stuff I ever heard. However, we sat up late, and then I, in the best chamber like a prince, to bed, and Creed with me, and being sleepy talked but little.

30th. Lay long till Mr. Gawden was gone out being to take a little journey. Up, and Creed and I some good discourse, but with some trouble for the state of my Lord's matters. After walking a turne or two in the garden, and bid good morrow to Mr. Gawden's sons, and sent my service to the ladies, I took coach after Mr. Gawden's, and home, finding the towne keeping the day solemnly, it being the day of the King's murther, and they being at

church, I presently into the church, thinking to see Mrs. Lethulier or Batelier, but did not, and a dull sermon of our young Lecturer, too bad. This is the first time I have been in this church since I left London for the plague, and it frighted me indeed to go through the church more than I thought it could have done, to see so [many] graves lie so high upon the churchyards where people have been buried of the plague.[1] I was much troubled at it, and do not think to go through it again a good while. So home to my wife, whom I find not well, in bed, and it seems hath not been well these two days. She rose and we to dinner, after dinner up to my chamber, where she entertained me with what she hath lately bought of clothes for herself, and Damask linnen, and other things for the house. I did give her a serious account how matters stand with me, of favour with the King and Duke, and of danger in reference to my Lord's and Sir G. Carteret's falls, and the dissatisfaction I have heard the Duke of Albemarle hath acknowledged to somebody, among other things, against my Lord Sandwich, that he did bring me into the Navy against his desire and endeavour for another, which was our doting foole Turner. Thence from one discourse to another, and looking over my house, and other things I spent the day at home, and at night betimes to bed. After dinner this day I went down by water to Deptford, and fetched up what money there was of W. Howe's contingencies in the chest there, being £516 13*s.* 3*d.* and brought it home to dispose of.

31st. Lay pretty long in bed, and then up and to the office, where we met on extraordinary occasion about the business of tickets. By and by to the 'Change, and there did several businesses, among others brought home my cozen Pepys, whom I appointed to be here to-day, and Mr. Moore met us upon the business of my Lord's bond. Seeing my neighbour Mr. Knightly walk alone from the 'Change, his family being not yet come to town, I did invite him home with me, and he dined with me, a very sober, pretty man he is. He is mighty solicitous, as I find many about the City that live near the churchyards, to have the churchyards covered with lime, and I think it is needfull, and ours I hope will be done. Good pleasant discourse at dinner of the practices of merchants to cheate the "Customers," occasioned by Mr. Moore's being with much trouble freed of his prize goods, which he bought, which fell into the Customers' hands, and with much ado hath cleared them. Mr. Knightly being gone, my cozen Pepys and Moore and I to our business, being the clearing of my Lord Sandwich's bond wherein I am bound with him to my cozen for £1,000; I have at last by my dexterity got my Lord's consent to have it paid out of the money raised by his prizes. So the bond

[1] The following summary of the deaths from the plague of 1665, in the parish of St. Olave's, Hart Street, was extracted from the register by the Rev. C. Murray, and printed in the "Gentleman's Magazine," October, 1845: In July, 4; August, 22; September, 63; October, 54; November, 18; December, 5. Of these, there were buried in the churchyard, 98; in the new churchyard, 42; in vaults, 12; in the church, 7; in the chancel, 1. Buried, places of interment not specified, 166. Total, 326. No wonder that Pepys felt nervous on first entering the church after the sickness abated.—B.

is cancelled, and he paid by having a note upon Sir Robert Viner, in whose hands I had lodged my Lord's money, by which I am to my extraordinary comfort eased of a liablenesse to pay the sum in case of my Lord's death, or troubles in estate, or my Lord's greater fall, which God defend! Having settled this matter at Sir R. Viner's, I took up Mr. Moore (my cozen going home) and to my Lord Chancellor's new house which he is building, only to view it, hearing so much from Mr. Evelyn of it; and, indeed, it is the finest pile I ever did see in my life, and will be a glorious house.[1] Thence to the Duke of Albemarle, who tells me Mr. Coventry is come to town and directs me to go to him about some business in hand, whether out of displeasure or desire of ease I know not; but I asked him not the reason of it but went to White Hall, but could not find him there, though to my great joy people begin to bustle up and down there, the King holding his resolution to be in towne to-morrow, and hath good encouragement, blessed be God! to do so, the plague being decreased this week to 56, and the total to 227. So after going to the Swan in the Palace, and sent for Spicer to discourse about my last Tangier tallys that have some of the words washed out with the rain, to have them new writ, I home, and there did some business and at the office, and so home to supper, and to bed.

February 1st. Up and to the office, where all the morning till late, and Mr. Coventry with us, the first time since before the plague, then hearing my wife was gone abroad to buy things and see her mother and father, whom she hath not seen since before the plague, and no dinner provided for me ready, I walked to Captain Cocke's, knowing my Lord Bruncker dined there, and there very merry, and a good dinner. Thence my Lord and his mistresse, Madam Williams, set me down at the Exchange, and I to Alderman Backewell's to set all my reckonings straight there, which I did, and took up all my notes. So evened to this day, and thence to Sir Robert Viner's, where I did the like, leaving clear in his hands just £2,000 of my owne money, to be called for when I pleased. Having done all this I home, and there to the office, did my business there by the post and so home, and spent till one in the morning in my chamber to set right all my money matters, and so to bed.

2nd. Up betimes, and knowing that my Lord Sandwich is come to towne with the King and Duke, I to wait upon him, which I did, and find him in very good humour, which I am glad to see with all my heart. Having received his commands, and discoursed with some of his people about my Lord's going, and with Sir Roger Cuttance, who was there, and finds himself slighted by Sir W. Coventry, I advised him however to look after employment lest it should be said that my Lord's friends do forsake the service after he hath made them rich with the prizes. I to London, and there among other things did look over some pictures at Cade's for my house, and did

[1] Clarendon House. See note, *ante*, February 20th, 1664–65.

carry home a silver drudger[1] for my cupboard of plate, and did call for my silver chafing dishes, but they are sent home, and the man would not be paid for them, saying that he was paid for them already, and with much ado got him to tell me by Mr. Wayth, but I would not accept of that, but will send him his money, not knowing any courtesy I have yet done him to deserve it. So home, and with my wife looked over our plate, and picked out £40 worth, I believe, to change for more useful plate, to our great content, and then we shall have a very handsome cupboard of plate. So to dinner, and then to the office, where we had a meeting extraordinary, about stating to the Duke the present debts of the Navy, for which ready money must be had, and that being done, I to my business, where late, and then home to supper, and to bed.

3rd. Up, and to the office very busy till 3 o'clock, and then home, all of us, for half an hour to dinner, and to it again till eight at night, stating our wants of money for the Duke, but could not finish it. So broke up, and I to my office, then about letters and other businesses very late, and so home to supper, weary with business, and to bed.

4th. Lord's day; and my wife and I the first time together at church since the plague, and now only because of Mr. Mills his coming home to preach his first sermon; expecting a great excuse for his leaving the parish before any body went, and now staying till all are come home; but he made but a very poor and short excuse, and a bad sermon. It was a frost, and had snowed last night, which covered the graves in the churchyard, so as I was the less afeard for going through. Here I had the content to see my noble Mrs. Lethulier, and so home to dinner, and all the afternoon at my Journall till supper, it being a long while behindhand. At supper my wife tells me that W. Joyce has been with her this evening, the first time since the plague, and tells her my aunt James is lately dead of the stone, and what she had hath given to his and his brother's wife and my cozen Sarah. So after supper to work again, and late to bed.

5th. Up, and with Sir W. Batten (at whose lodgings calling for him, I saw his Lady the first time since her coming to towne since the plague, hav-

[1] The dredger was probably the *drageoir* of France; in low Latin, *dragerium,* or *drageria,* in which comfits (*dragées*) were kept. Roquefort says, "The ladies wore a little spice-box, in shape like a watch, to carry *dragées*, and it was called a *drageoir*." The custom continued certainly till the middle of the last century. Old Palsgrave, in his "Eclaircissement de la Langue Françayse," gives "dradge" as spice, rendering it by the French word *dragée*. Chaucer says, of his Doctor of Physic,

> "Full ready hadde he his Apothecaries
> To send him dragges, and his lattuaries."

The word sometimes may have signified the pounded condiments in which our forefathers delighted. It is worth notice, that "dragge" was applied to a grain in the eastern counties, though not exclusively there, appearing to denote mixed grain. Bishop Kennett tells us that "dredge mault is mault made up of oats, mixed with barley, of which they make an excellent, freshe, quiete sort of drinke, in Staffordshire." The dredger is still commonly used in our kitchen.—B.

ing absented myself designedly to shew some discontent, and that I am not at all the more suppliant because of my Lord Sandwich's fall), to my Lord Bruncker's, to see whether he goes to the Duke's this morning or no. But it is put off, and so we parted. My Lord invited me to dinner to-day to dine with Sir W. Batten and his Lady there, who were invited before, but lest he should thinke so little an invitation would serve me my turne I refused and parted, and to Westminster about business, and so back to the 'Change, and there met Mr. Hill, newly come to town, and with him the Houblands, preparing for their ship's and his going to Tangier, and agreed that I must sup with them to-night. So home and eat a bit, and then to White Hall to a Committee for Tangier, but it did not meet but was put off to to-morrow, so I did some little business and visited my Lord Sandwich, and so, it raining, went directly to the Sun, behind the Exchange, about seven o'clock, where I find all the five brothers Houblons, and mighty fine gentlemen they are all, and used me mighty respectfully. We were mighty civilly merry, and their discourses, having been all abroad, very fine. Here late and at last accompanied home with Mr. J. Houblon and Hill, whom I invited to sup with me on Friday, and so parted and I home to bed.

6th. Up, and to the office, where very busy all the morning. We met upon a report to the Duke of Yorke of the debts of the Navy, which we finished by three o'clock, and having eat one little bit of meate, I by water before the rest to White Hall (and they to come after me) because of a Committee for Tangier, where I did my business of stating my accounts perfectly well, and to good liking, and do not discern, but the Duke of Albemarle is my friend in his intentions notwithstanding my general fears. After that to our Navy business, where my fellow officers were called in, and did that also very well, and then broke up, and I home by coach, Tooker with me, and staid in Lumbard Streete at Viner's, and sent home for the plate which my wife and I had a mind to change, and there changed it, about £50 worth, into things more usefull, whereby we shall now have a very handsome cupboard of plate. So home to the office, wrote my letters by the post, and to bed.

7th. It being fast day I staid at home all day long to set things to rights in my chamber by taking out all my books, and putting my chamber in the same condition it was before the plague. But in the morning doing of it, and knocking up a nail I did bruise my left thumb so as broke a great deal of my flesh off, that it hung by a little. It was a sight frighted my wife, but I put some balsam of Mrs. Turner's to it, and though in great pain, yet went on with my business, and did it to my full content, setting every thing in order, in hopes now that the worst of our fears are over as to the plague for the next year. Interrupted I was by two or three occasions this day to my great vexation, having this the only day I have been able to set apart for this work since my coming to town. At night to supper, weary, and to bed, having had the plasterers and joiners also to do some jobbs.

8th. Up, and all the morning at the office. At noon to the 'Change, ex-

pecting to have received from Mr. Houbland, as he promised me, an assignment upon Viner, for my reward for my getting them the going of their two ships to Tangier, but I find myself much disappointed therein, for I spoke with him and he said nothing of it, but looked coldly, through some disturbance he meets with in our business through Colonell Norwood's pressing them to carry more goods than will leave room for some of their own. But I shall ease them. Thence to Captain Cocke's, where Mr. Williamson, Wren, Boldell and Madam Williams, and by and by Lord Bruncker, he having been with the King and Duke upon the water to-day, to see Greenwich house, and the yacht Castle is building of, and much good discourse. So to White Hall to see my Lord Sandwich, and then home to my business till night, and then to bed.

9th. Up, and betimes to Sir Philip Warwicke, who was glad to see me, and very kind. Thence to Colonell Norwood's lodgings, and there set about Houblons' business about their ships. Thence to Westminster, to the Exchequer, about my Tangier business to get orders for tallys, and so to the Hall, where the first day of the Terme, and the Hall very full of people, and much more than was expected, considering the plague that hath been. Thence to the 'Change, and to the Sun behind it to dinner with the Lieutenant [of the] Tower, Colonell Norwood and others, where strange pleasure they seem to take in their wine and meate, and discourse of it with the curiosity and joy that methinks was below men of worthe. Thence home, and there very much angry with my people till I had put all things in good forwardnesse about my supper for the Houblons, but that being done I was in good humour again, and all things in good order. Anon the five brothers Houblons come and Mr. Hill, and a very good supper we had, and good company and discourse, with great pleasure. My new plate sets off my cupboard very nobly. Here they were till about eleven at night with great pleasure, and a fine sight it is to see these five brothers thus loving one to another, and all industrious merchants. Our subject was principally Mr. Hill's going for them to Portugall, which was the occasion of this entertainment. They gone, we to bed.

10th. Up, and to the office. At noon, full of business, to dinner. This day comes first Sir Thomas Harvy after the plague, having been out of towne all this while. He was coldly received by us, and he went away before we rose also, to make himself appear yet a man less necessary. After dinner, being full of care and multitude of business, I took coach and my wife with me. I set her down at her mother's (having first called at my Lord Treasurer's and there spoke with Sir Ph. Warwicke), and I to the Exchequer about Tangier orders, and so to the Swan and there staid a little, and so by coach took up my wife, and at the old Exchange bought a muffe, and so home and late at my letters, and so to supper and to bed, being now-a-days, for these four or five months, mightily troubled with my snoring in my sleep, and know not how to remedy it.

11th (Lord's day). Up, and put on a new black cloth suit to an old coate that I make to be in mourning at Court, where they are all, for the King of Spayne.[1] To church I, and at noon dined well, and then by water to White Hall, carrying a captain of the Tower (who desired his freight thither); there I to the Parke, and walked two or three turnes of the Pell Mell with the company about the King and Duke; the Duke speaking to me a good deal. There met Lord Bruncker and Mr. Coventry, and discoursed about the Navy business; and all of us much at a loss that we yet can hear nothing of Sir Jeremy Smith's fleete, that went away to the Streights the middle of December, through all the storms that we have had since, that have driven back three or four of them with their masts by the board. Yesterday come out the King's Declaration of War against the French,[2] but with such mild invitations of both them and the Dutch to come over hither with promise of their protection, that every body wonders at it. Thence home with my Lord Bruncker for discourse sake, and thence by hackney coach home, and so my wife and I mighty pleasant discourse, supped and to bed. The great wound I had Wednesday last in my thumb having with once dressing by Mrs. Turner's balsam been perfectly cured, whereas I did not hope to save my nail, whatever else ill it did give me. My wife and I are much thoughtfull now-a-days about Pall's coming up in order to a husband.

12th. Up, and very busy to perform an oathe in finishing my Journall this morning for 7 or 8 days past. Then to several people attending upon business, among others Mr. Grant and the executors of Barlow for the £25 due for the quarter before he died, which I scrupled to pay, being obliged but to pay every half year. Then comes Mr. Cæsar, my boy's lute-master, whom I have not seen since the plague before, but he hath been in Westminster all this while very well; and tells me in the height of it, how bold people there were, to go in sport to one another's burials; and in spite too, ill people would breathe in the faces (out of their windows) of well people going by. Then to dinner before the 'Change, and so to the 'Change, and then to the taverne to talk with Sir William Warren, and so by coach to several places, among others to my Lord Treasurer's, there to meet my Lord Sandwich, but missed, and met him at [my] Lord Chancellor's, and there talked with him about his accounts, and then about Sir G. Carteret, and I find by him that Sir G. Carteret has a worse game to play than my Lord Sandwich, for people are jeering at him, and he cries out of the business of Sir W. Coventry, who strikes at all and do all. Then to my bookseller's, and then received some books I have new bought, and here late choosing some more to new bind, having resolved to give myself £10 in books, and so home to the office

[1] Philip IV., who died September 17th, 1665.

[2] It was proclaimed by the Herald-at-Arms, and two of his brethren. His Majesty's Sergeants-at-Arms, with other usual officers (with his Majesty's trumpeters attending), before his royal palace at Whitehall; and afterwards (the Lord Mayor and his brethren assisting) at Temple Bar, and other the usual parts of the city ("The London Gazette," February 8th–12th, 1665–6).—B.

and then home to supper, where Mr. Hill was and supped with us, and good discourse; an excellent person he still appears to me. After supper and he gone, we to bed.

13th. Up, and all the morning at the office. At noon to the 'Change, and thence after business dined at the Sheriffe's [Hooker], being carried by Mr. Lethulier, where to my heart's content I met with his wife, a most beautiful fat woman. But all the house melancholy upon the sickness of a daughter of the house in childbed, Mr. Vaughan's lady. So all of them undressed, but however this lady a very fine woman. I had a salute of her, and after dinner some discourse the Sheriffe and I about a parcel of tallow I am buying for the office of him. I away home, and there at the office all the afternoon till late at night, and then away home to supper and to bed. Ill newes this night that the plague is encreased this week, and in many places else about the towne, and at Chatham and elsewhere. This day my wife wanting a chambermaid with much ado got our old little Jane to be found out, who come to see her and hath lived all this while in one place, but is so well that we will not desire her removal, but are mighty glad to see the poor wench, who is very well and do well.

14th (St. Valentine's day). This morning called up by Mr. Hill, who, my wife thought, had been come to be her Valentine; she, it seems, having drawne him last night, but it proved not. However, calling him up to our bed-side, my wife challenged him. I up, and made myself ready, and so with him by coach to my Lord Sandwich's by appointment to deliver Mr. Howe's accounts to my Lord. Which done, my Lord did give me hearty and large studied thanks for all my kindnesse to him and care of him and his business. I after profession of all duty to his Lordship took occasion to bemoane myself that I should fall into such a difficulty about Sir G. Carteret, as not to be for him, but I must be against Sir W. Coventry, and therefore desired to be neutrall, which my Lord approved and confessed reasonable, but desired me to befriend him privately. Having done in private with my Lord I brought Mr. Hill to kisse his hands, to whom my Lord professed great respect upon my score. My Lord being gone, I took Mr. Hill to my Lord Chancellor's new house that is building, and went with trouble up to the top of it, and there is there the noblest prospect that ever I saw in my life, Greenwich being nothing to it; and in every thing is a beautiful house, and most strongly built in every respect; and as if, as it hath, it had the Chancellor for its master. Thence with him to his paynter, Mr. Hales, who is drawing his picture, which will be mighty like him, and pleased me so, that I am resolved presently to have my wife's and mine done by him, he having a very masterly hand. So with mighty satisfaction to the 'Change and thence home, and after dinner abroad, taking Mrs. Mary Batelier with us, who was just come to see my wife, and they set me down at my Lord Treasurer's, and themselves went with the coach into the fields to take the ayre. I staid a meeting of the Duke of Yorke's, and the officers of the Navy and Ordnance. My Lord Treasurer

lying in bed of the gowte. Our business was discourse of the straits of the Navy for want of money, but after long discourse as much out of order as ordinary people's, we come to no issue, nor any money promised, or like to be had, and yet the worke must be done. Here I perceive Sir G. Carteret had prepared himself to answer a choque of Sir W. Coventry, by offering of himself to shew all he had paid, and what is unpaid, and what moneys and assignments he hath in his hands, which, if he makes good, was the best thing he ever did say in his life, and the best timed, for else it must have fallen very foule on him. The meeting done I away, my wife and they being come back and staying for me at the gate. But, Lord! to see how afeard I was that Sir W. Coventry should have spyed me once whispering with Sir G. Carteret, though not intended by me, but only Sir G. Carteret come to me and I could not avoyde it. So home, they set me down at the 'Change, and I to the Crowne, where my Lord Bruncker was come and several of the Virtuosi, and after a small supper and but little good discourse I with Sir W. Batten (who was brought thither with my Lord Bruncker) home, where I find my wife gone to Mrs. Mercer's to be merry, but presently come in with Mrs. Knipp, who, it seems, is in towne, and was gone thither with my wife and Mercer to dance, and after eating a little supper went thither again to spend the whole night there, being W. Howe there, at whose chamber they are, and Lawd Crisp by chance. I to bed.

15th. Up, and my wife not come home all night. To the office, where sat all the morning. At noon to Starky's, a great cooke in Austin Friars, invited by Colonell Atkins, and a good dinner for Colonell Norwood and his friends, among others Sir Edward Spragg and others, but ill attendance. Before dined, called on by my wife in a coach, and so I took leave, and then with her and Knipp and Mercer (Mr. Hunt newly come out of the country being there also come to see us) to Mr. Hales, the paynter's, having set down Mr. Hunt by the way. Here Mr. Hales[1] begun my wife in the posture we saw one of my Lady Peters, like a St. Katharine.[2] While he painted, Knipp, and Mercer, and I, sang; and by and by comes Mrs. Pierce, with my name in her bosom for her Valentine, which will cost me money. But strange how like his very first dead colouring is, that it did me good to see it, and pleases me mightily, and I believe will be a noble picture. Thence with them all as far as Fleete Streete, and there set Mercer and Knipp down, and we home. I to the office, whither the Houblons come telling me of a little new trouble from Norwood about their ship, which troubles me, though without reason. So late home to supper and to bed. We hear this night of Sir Jeremy Smith, that he and his fleete have been seen at Malaga; which is good newes.

[1] John Hayls, or Hales, a portrait-painter "remarkable for copying Vandyke well, and for being a rival of Lely." Pepys employed him to paint portraits of himself, his wife, and his father.

[2] It was the fashion at this time to be painted as St. Catherine, in compliment to the queen.

16th. Up betimes, and by appointment to the Exchange, where I met Messrs. Houblons, and took them up in my coach and carried them to Charing Crosse, where they to Colonell Norwood to see how they can settle matters with him, I having informed them by the way with advice to be easy with him, for he may hereafter do us service, and they and I are like to understand one another to very good purpose. I to my Lord Sandwich, and there alone with him to talke of his affairs, and particularly of his prize goods, wherein I find he is wearied with being troubled, and gives over the care of it to let it come to what it will, having the King's release for the dividend made, and for the rest he thinks himself safe from being proved to have anything more. Thence to the Exchequer, and so by coach to the 'Change, Mr. Moore with me, who tells me very odde passages of the indiscretion of my Lord in the management of his family, of his carelessnesse, &c., which troubles me, but makes me rejoice with all my heart of my being rid of the bond of £1,000, for that would have been a cruel blow to me. With Moore to the Coffee-House,[1] the first time I have been there, where very full, and company it seems hath been there all the plague time. So to the 'Change, and then home to dinner, and after dinner to settle accounts with him for my Lord, and so evened with him to this day. Then to the office, and out with Sir W. Warren for discourse by coach to White Hall, thinking to have spoke with Sir W. Coventry, but did not, and to see the Queene, but she comes but to Hampton Court to-night. Back to my office and there late, and so home to supper and bed. I walked a good while to-night with Mr. Hater in the garden, talking about a husband for my sister, and reckoning up all our clerks about us, none of which he thinks fit for her and her portion. At last I thought of young Gawden, and will thinke of it again.

17th. Up, and to the office, where busy all the morning. Late to dinner, and then to the office again, and there busy till past twelve at night, and so home to supper and to bed. We have newes of Sir Jeremy Smith's being very well with his fleete at Cales.[2]

18th (Lord's day). Lay long in bed discoursing with pleasure with my wife, among other things about Pall's coming up, for she must be here a little to be fashioned, and my wife hath a mind to go down for her, which I am not much against, and so I rose and to my chamber to settle several things. At noon comes my uncle Wight to dinner, and brings with him Mrs. Wight, sad company to me, nor was I much pleased with it, only I must shew respect to my uncle. After dinner they gone, and it being a brave day, I walked to White Hall, where the Queene and ladies are all come: I saw some few of them, but not the Queene, nor any of the great beauties. I endeavoured to have seen my Lord Hinchingbrooke, who come to town yesterday, but I could not. Met with Creed and walked with him a turne or two

[1] This is supposed to be intended for the famous Will's Coffee House in Covent Garden.

[2] Cadiz.

in the Parke, but without much content, having now designs of getting money in my head, which allow me not the leisure I used to have with him, besides an odde story lately told of him for a great truth, of his endeavouring to lie with a woman at Oxford, and her crying out saved her; and this being publickly known, do a little make me hate him. Thence took coach, and calling by the way at my bookseller's for a booke[1] writ about twenty years ago in prophecy of this year coming on, 1666, explaining it to be the marke of the beast, I home, and there fell to reading, and then to supper, and to bed.

19th. Up, and by coach to my Lord Sandwich's, but he was gone out. So I to White Hall, and there waited on the Duke of Yorke with some of the rest of our brethren, and thence back again to my Lord's, to see my Lord Hinchingbroke, which I did, and I am mightily out of countenance in my great expectation of him by others' report, though he is indeed a pretty gentleman, yet nothing what I took him for, methinks, either as to person or discourse discovered to me, but I must try him more before I go too far in censuring. Hence to the Exchequer from office to office, to set my business of my tallys in doing, and there all the morning. So at noon by coach to St. Paul's Church-yarde to my Bookseller's, and there bespoke a few more books to bring all I have lately bought to £10. Here I am told for certain, what I have heard once or twice already, of a Jew in town, that in the name of the rest do offer to give any man £10 to be paid £100, if a certain person now at Smyrna be within these two years owned by all the Princes of the East, and particularly the grand Signor as the King of the world, in the same manner we do the King of England here, and that this man is the true Messiah. One named a friend of his that had received ten pieces in gold upon this score, and says that the Jew hath disposed of £1,100 in this manner, which is very strange; and certainly this year of 1666 will be a year of great action: but what the consequences of it will be, God knows! Thence to the 'Change, and from my stationer's thereabouts carried home by coach two books of Ogilby's, his Æsop and Coronation, which fell to my lot at his lottery.[2] Cost me £4 besides the binding. So home. I find my wife gone out to

[1] The book purchased by Pepys is entitled, "An Interpretation of the Number 666, wherein not only the manner how this Number ought to be interpreted is clearly proved and demonstrated; but it is also shewed that this number is an exquisite and perfect character, truly, exactly, and essentially describing that state of Government to which all other notes of Antichrist doe agree. With all knowne objections solidly and fully answered, that can be materially made against it." By Francis Potter, B.D., Oxford, 1642, 4to. A copy of this work in the British Museum contains the book-plate of "William Hewer, of Clapham, in the county of Surrey, Esq., 1699." See November 4th and 10th, 1666, *post*.—B.

[2] John Ogilby's "Entertainment of Charles II. in his Passage through the City of London to his Coronation" was published by the king's command in 1662—a splendid volume with plates by Hollar. His translation of Æsop was published in 1651 and 1658; but it was probably the illustrated edition issued in 1665 which Pepys bought. The lottery took place at the old theatre between Lincoln's Inn Fields and Vere Street.

Hales, her paynter's, and I after a little dinner do follow her, and there do find him at worke, and with great content I do see it will be a very brave picture. Left her there, and I to my Lord Treasurer's, where Sir G. Carteret and Sir J. Minnes met me, and before my Lord Treasurer and Duke of Albemarle the state of our Navy debts were laid open, being very great, and their want of money to answer them openly professed, there being but £1,500,000 to answer a certaine expense and debt of £2,300,000. Thence walked with Fenn down to White Hall, and there saw the Queene at cards with many ladies, but none of our beauties were there. But glad I was to see the Queene so well, who looks prettily; and methinks hath more life than before, since it is confessed of all that she miscarryed lately; Dr. Clerke telling me yesterday at White Hall that he had the membranes and other vessels in his hands which she voided, and were perfect as ever woman's was that bore a child. Thence hoping to find my Lord Sandwich, away by coach to my Lord Chancellor's, but missed him, and so home and to office, and then to supper and my Journall, and to bed.

20th. Up, and to the office; where, among other businesses, Mr. Evelyn's proposition about publique Infirmarys was read and agreed on, he being there: and at noon I took him home to dinner, being desirous of keeping my acquaintance with him; and a most excellent humoured man I still find him, and mighty knowing. After dinner I took him by coach to White Hall, and there he and I parted, and I to my Lord Sandwich's, where coming and bolting into the dining-room, I there found Captain Ferrers going to christen a child of his born yesterday, and I come just pat to be a godfather, along with my Lord Hinchingbrooke, and Madam Pierce, my Valentine, which for that reason I was pretty well contented with, though a little vexed to see myself so beset with people to spend me money, as she of a Valentine and little Mrs. Tooker, who is come to my house this day from Greenwich, and will cost me 20*s*., my wife going out with her this afternoon, and now this christening. Well, by and by the child is brought and christened Katharine, and I this day on this occasion drank a glasse of wine, which I have not professedly done these two years, I think, but a little in the time of the sicknesse. After that done, and gone and kissed the mother in bed, I away to Westminster Hall, and there hear that Mrs. Lane is come to town. So I staid loitering up and down till anon she comes and agreed to meet at Swayn's, and there I went anon, and she come, but staid but little, the place not being private. I have not seen her since before the plague. So thence parted and rencontrais à her last logis, and in the place did what I tenais a mind pour ferais con her. At last she desired to borrow money of me, £5, and would pawn gold with me for it, which I accepted and promised in a day or two to supply her. So away home to the office, and thence home, where little Mrs. Tooker staid all night with us, and a pretty child she is, and happens to be niece to my beauty that is dead, that lived at the Jackanapes, in Cheap-

side. So to bed, a little troubled that I have been at two houses this afternoon with Mrs. Lane that were formerly shut up of the plague.

21st. Up, and with Sir J. Minnes to White Hall by his coach, by the way talking of my brother John to get a spiritual promotion for him, which I am now to looke after, for as much as he is shortly to be Master of Arts, and writes me this weeke a Latin letter that he is to go into orders this Lent. There to the Duke's chamber, and find our fellows discoursing there on our business, so I was sorry to come late, but no hurte was done thereby. Here the Duke, among other things, did bring out a book of great antiquity of some of the customs of the Navy, about 100 years since, which he did lend us to read and deliver him back again. Thence I to the Exchequer, and there did strike my tallys for a quarter for Tangier and carried them home with me, and thence to Trinity-house, being invited to an Elder Brother's feast; and there met and sat by Mr. Prin, and had good discourse about the privileges of Parliament, which, he says, are few to the Commons' House, and those not examinable by them, but only by the House of Lords. Thence with my Lord Bruncker to Gresham College, the first time after the sicknesse that I was there, and the second time any met. And here a good lecture of Mr. Hooke's about the trade of felt-making, very pretty. And anon alone with me about the art of drawing pictures by Prince Rupert's rule and machine, and another of Dr. Wren's;[1] but he says nothing do like squares, or, which is the best in the world, like a darke roome,[2] which pleased me mightily. Thence with Povy home to my house, and there late settling accounts with him, which was very troublesome to me, and he gone, found Mr. Hill below, who sat with me till late talking, and so away, and we to bed.

22nd. Up, and to the office, where sat all the morning. At noon home to dinner and thence by coach with my wife for ayre principally for her. I alone stopped at Hales's and there mightily am pleased with my wife's picture that is begun there, and with Mr. Hill's, though I must [owne] I am not more pleased with it now the face is finished than I was when I saw it the second time of sitting. Thence to my Lord Sandwich's, but he not within, but goes to-morrow. My wife to Mrs. Hunt's, who is lately come to towne and grown mighty fat. I called her there, and so home and late at the office, and so home to supper and to bed. We are much troubled that the sicknesse in general (the town being so full of people) should be but three, and yet of the particular disease of the plague there should be ten encrease.

23rd. Up betimes, and out of doors by 6 of the clock, and walked (W. Howe with me) to my Lord Sandwich's, who did lie the last night at his house in Lincoln's Inne Fields. It being fine walking in the morning, and the streets full of people again. There I staid, and the house full of people

[1] Afterwards the famous Sir Christopher Wren. He was one of the mainstays of the Royal Society.

[2] The *camera obscura*.

come to take leave of my Lord, who this day goes out of towne upon his embassy towards Spayne. And I was glad to find Sir W. Coventry to come, though I know it is only a piece of courtshipp. I had much discourse with my Lord, he telling me how fully he leaves the King his friend and the large discourse he had with him the other day, and how he desired to have the business of the prizes examined before he went, and that he yielded to it, and it is done as far as it concerns himself to the full, and the Lords Commissioners for prizes did reprehend all the informers in what related to his Lordship, which I am glad of in many respects. But we could not make an end of discourse, so I promised to waite upon [him] on Sunday at Cranborne, and took leave and away hence to Mr. Hales's with Mr. Hill and two of the Houblons, who come thither to speak with me, and saw my wife's picture, which pleases me well, but Mr. Hill's picture never a whit so well as it did before it was finished, which troubled me, and I begin to doubt the picture of my Lady Peters my wife takes her posture from, and which is an excellent picture, is not of his making, it is so master-like. I set them down at the 'Change and I home to the office, and at noon dined at home and to the office again. Anon comes Mrs. Knipp to see my wife, who is gone out, so I fain to entertain her, and took her out by coach to look my wife at Mrs. Pierce's and Unthanke's, but find her not. So back again, and then my wife comes home, having been buying of things, and at home I spent all the night talking with this baggage, and teaching her my song of "Beauty retire," which she sings and makes go most rarely, and a very fine song it seems to be. She also entertained me with repeating many of her own and others' parts of the play-house, which she do most excellently; and tells me the whole practices of the play-house and players, and is in every respect most excellent company. So I supped, and was merry at home all the evening, and the rather it being my birthday, 33 years, for which God be praised that I am in so good a condition of healthe and estate, and every thing else as I am, beyond expectation, in all. So she to Mrs. Turner's to lie, and we to bed. Mightily pleased to find myself in condition to have these people come about me and to be able to entertain them, and have the pleasure of their qualities, than which no man can have more in the world.

24th. All the morning at the office till past three o'clock. At that houre home and eat a bit alone, my wife being gone out. So abroad by coach with Mr. Hill, who staid for me to speake about business, and he and I to Hales's, where I find my wife and her woman, and Pierce and Knipp, and there sung and was mighty merry, and I joyed myself in it; but vexed at first to find my wife's picture not so like as I expected; but it was only his having finished one part, and not another, of the face; but, before I went, I was satisfied it will be an excellent picture. Here we had ale and cakes and mighty merry, and sung my song, which she [Knipp] now sings bravely, and makes me proud of myself. Thence left my wife to go home with Mrs. Pierce, while I

home to the office, and there pretty late, and to bed, after fitting myself for to-morrow's journey.

25th (Lord's day). My wife up between three and four of the clock in the morning to dress herself, and I about five, and were all ready to take coach, she and I and Mercer, a little past five, but, to our trouble, the coach did not come till six. Then with our coach of four horses I hire on purpose, and Leshmore to ride by, we through the City to Branford and so to Windsor, Captain Ferrers overtaking us at Kensington, being to go with us, and here drank, and so through, making no stay, to Cranborne,[1] about eleven o'clock, and found my Lord and the ladies at a sermon in the house; which being ended we to them, and all the company glad to see us, and mighty merry to dinner. Here was my Lord, and Lord Hinchingbroke, and Mr. Sidney,[2] Sir Charles Herbert,[3] and Mr. Carteret, my Lady Carteret, my Lady Jemimah, and Lady Slaning.[4] After dinner to talk to and again, and then to walke in the Parke, my Lord and I alone, talking upon these heads; first, he has left his business of the prizes as well as is possible for him, having cleared himself before the Commissioners by the King's commands, so that nothing or little is to be feared from that point, he goes fully assured, he tells me, of the King's favour. That upon occasion I may know, I desired to know, his friends I may trust to, he tells me, but that he is not yet in England, but continues this summer in Ireland, my Lord Orrery is his father almost in affection. He tells me my Lord of Suffolke, Lord Arlington, Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Treasurer, Mr. Atturny Montagu, Sir Thomas Clifford in the House of Commons, Sir G. Carteret, and some others I cannot presently remember, are friends that I may rely on for him. He tells me my Lord Chancellor seems his very good friend, but doubts that he may not think him so much a servant of the Duke of Yorke's as he would have him, and indeed my Lord tells me he hath lately made it his business to be seen studious of the King's favour, and not of the Duke's, and by the King will stand or fall, for factions there are, as he tells me, and God knows how high they may come. The Duke of Albemarle's post is so great, having had the name of bringing in the King, that he is like to stand, or, if it were not for him, God knows in what troubles we might be from some private faction, if an army could be got into another hand, which God forbid! It is believed that though Mr. Coventry be in appearance so great against the Chancellor, yet that there is a good understanding between the Duke and him. He dreads the issue of this year, and fears there will be some very great revolutions before his coming back again. He doubts it is needful for him to have a pardon for his last year's actions, all which he did without commission, and at most but the King's private single word for that of Bergen; but he dares

[1] Cranbourne Lodge. Sir G. Carteret's official residence, as Vice-Chamberlain. See July 20th, 1665.

[2] Sidney Montagu, Lord Sandwich's second son.

[3] Sir Charles Harbord. See *ante*, October 24th, 1665.

[4] Sir George Carteret's daughter Caroline.

not ask it at this time, lest it should make them think that there is something more in it than yet they know; and if it should be denied, it would be of very ill consequence. He says also, if it should in Parliament be enquired into the selling of Dunkirke (though the Chancellor was the man that would have it sold to France, saying the King of Spayne had no money to give for it); yet he will be found to have been the greatest adviser of it; which he is a little apprehensive may be called upon this Parliament. He told me it would not be necessary for him to tell me his debts, because he thinks I know them so well. He tells me, that for the match propounded of Mrs. Mallett for my Lord Hinchingbroke, it hath been lately off, and now her friends bring it on again, and an overture hath been made to him by a servant of her's, to compass the thing without consent of friends, she herself having a respect to my Lord's family, but my Lord will not listen to it but in a way of honour. The Duke hath for this weeke or two been very kind to him, more than lately, and so others, which he thinks is a good sign of faire weather again. He says the Archbishopp of Canterbury hath been very kind to him, and hath plainly said to him that he and all the world knows the difference between his judgment and brains and the Duke of Albemarle's, and then calls my Lady Duchesse the veryest slut and drudge and the foulest worde that can be spoke of a woman almost. My Lord having walked an houre with me talking thus and going in, and my Lady Carteret not suffering me to go back again to-night, my Lord to walke again with me about some of this and other discourse, and then in a-doors and to talke with all and with my Lady Carteret, and I with the young ladies and gentlemen, who played on the guittar, and mighty merry, and anon to supper, and then my Lord going away to write, the young gentlemen to flinging of cushions, and other mad sports; at this late till towards twelve at night, and then being sleepy, I and my wife in a passage-room to bed, and slept not very well because of noise.

26th. Called up about five in the morning, and my Lord up, and took leave, a little after six, very kindly of me and the whole company. Then I in, and my wife up and to visit my Lady Slaning in her bed, and there sat three hours, with Lady Jemimah with us, talking and laughing, and by and by my Lady Carteret comes, and she and I to talke, I glad to please her in discourse of Sir G. Carteret, that all will do well with him, and she is much pleased, he having had great annoyance and fears about his well doing, and I fear hath doubted that I have not been a friend to him, but cries out against my Lady Castlemaine, that makes the King neglect his business and seems much to fear that all will go to wracke, and I fear with great reason; exclaims against the Duke of Albemarle, and more the Duchesse for a filthy woman, as indeed she is. Here staid till 9 o'clock almost, and then took coach with so much love and kindnesse from my Lady Carteret, Lady Jemimah, and Lady Slaning, that it joys my heart, and when I considered the manner of my going hither, with a coach and four horses and servants and a woman with us, and coming hither being so much made of, and used with that state, and

then going to Windsor and being shewn all that we were there, and had wherewith to give every body something for their pains, and then going home, and all in fine weather and no fears nor cares upon me, I do thinke myself obliged to thinke myself happy, and do look upon myself at this time in the happiest occasion a man can be, and whereas we take pains in expectation of future comfort and ease, I have taught myself to reflect upon myself at present as happy, and enjoy myself in that consideration, and not only please myself with thoughts of future wealth and forget the pleasure we at present enjoy. So took coach and to Windsor, to the Garter, and thither sent for Dr. Childe;[1] who come to us, and carried us to St. George's Chappell; and there placed us among the Knights' stalls (and pretty the observation, that no man, but a woman may sit in a Knight's place, where any brass-plates are set); and hither come cushions to us, and a young singing-boy to bring us a copy of the anthem to be sung. And here, for our sakes, had this anthem and the great service sung extraordinary, only to entertain us. It is a noble place indeed, and a good Quire of voices. Great bowing by all the people, the poor Knights particularly, to the Alter. After prayers, we to see the plate of the chappell, and the robes of Knights, and a man to shew us the banners of the several Knights in being, which hang up over the stalls. And so to other discourse very pretty, about the Order. Was shewn where the late [King] is buried,[2] and King Henry the Eighth, and my Lady [Jane] Seymour. This being done, to the King's house, and to observe the neatness and contrivance of the house and gates: it is the most romantique castle that is in the world. But, Lord! the prospect that is in the balcone in the Queene's lodgings, and the terrace and walk, are strange things to consider, being the best in the world, sure. Infinitely satisfied I and my wife with all this, she being in all points mightily pleased too, which added to my pleasure; and so giving a great deal of money to this and that man and woman, we to our taverne, and there dined, the Doctor with us; and so took coach and away to Eton, the Doctor with me. Before we went to Chappell this morning, Kate Joyce, in a stage-coach going toward London, called to me. I went to her and saluted her, but could not get her to stay with us, having company. At Eton I left my wife in the coach, and he and I to the College, and there find all mighty fine. The school good, and the custom pretty of boys cutting their names in the struts of the window when they go to Cambridge, by which many a one hath lived to see himself Provost and Fellow, that had his name

[1] William Child, Doctor of Music, born at Bristol in 1604, and educated in the choir of the cathedral under Elway Bevin. In 1636 he was appointed one of the organists of St. George's Chapel at Windsor. After the Restoration he was appointed "Chanter of the King's Chapel at Whitehall," and one of the organists. He died on March 23rd, 1696–7, in the ninety-first year of his age, and was buried in St. George's Chapel, Windsor (Rimbault's "Old Cheque Book of the Chapel Royal," p. 226).

[2] Sir Henry Halford wrote "An Account of what appeared on opening the Coffin of K. Charles I. at Windsor," 1813, which was reprinted in his "Essays and Orations," 1831, 1842.

in the window standing. To the Hall, and there find the boys' verses, "De Peste;" it being their custom to make verses at Shrove-tide. I read several, and very good ones they were, and better, I think, than ever I made when I was a boy, and in rolls as long and longer than the whole Hall, by much. Here is a picture of Venice hung up given, and a monument made of Sir H. Wotton's giving it to the College. Thence to the porter's, in the absence of the butler, and did drink of the College beer, which is very good; and went into the back fields to see the scholars play. And so to the chappell, and there saw, among other things, Sir H. Wotton's stone with his Epitaph:

> Hic jacet primus hujus sententiæ Author:—
> Disputandi pruritus fit ecclesiæ scabies.

But unfortunately the word "Author" was wrong writ, and now so basely altered that it disgraces the stone. Thence took leave of the Doctor, and so took coach, and finely, but sleepy, away home, and got thither about eight at night, and after a little at my office, I to bed; and an houre after, was waked with my wife's quarrelling with Mercer, at which I was angry, and my wife and I fell out. But with much ado to sleep again, I beginning to practise more temper, and to give her her way.

27th. Up, and after a harsh word or two my wife and I good friends, and so up and to the office, where all the morning. At noon late to dinner, my wife gone out to Hales's about her picture, and, after dinner, I after her, and do mightily like her picture, and think it will be as good as my Lady Peters's. So home mightily pleased, and there late at business and set down my three last days' journalls, and so to bed, overjoyed to thinke of the pleasure of the last Sunday and yesterday, and my ability to bear the charge of these pleasures, and with profit too, by obliging my Lord, and reconciling Sir George Carteret's family.

28th (Ash Wednesday). Up, and after doing a little business at my office I walked, it being a most curious dry and cold morning, to White Hall, and there I went into the Parke, and meeting Sir Ph. Warwicke took a turne with him in the Pell Mell, talking of the melancholy posture of affairs, where every body is snarling one at another, and all things put together looke ominously. This new Act too putting us out of a power of raising money. So that he fears as I do, but is fearfull of enlarging in that discourse of an ill condition in every thing, and the State and all. We appointed another time to meet to talke of the business of the Navy alone seriously, and so parted, and I to White Hall, and there we did our business with the Duke of Yorke, and so parted, and walked to Westminster Hall, where I staid talking with Mrs. Michell and Howlett long and her daughter, which is become a mighty pretty woman, and thence going out of the Hall was called to by Mrs. Martin, so I went to her and bought two bands, and so parted, and by and by met at her chamber, and there did what I would, and so away home and there find Mrs. Knipp, and we dined together, she the pleasantest company in the world. After dinner I did give my wife money to lay out on

Knipp, 20*s*., and I abroad to White Hall to visit Colonell Norwood, and then Sir G. Carteret, with whom I have brought myself right again, and he very open to me; is very melancholy, and matters, I fear, go down with him, but he seems most afeard of a general catastrophe to the whole kingdom, and thinks, as I fear, that all things will come to nothing. Thence to the Palace Yard, to the Swan, and there staid till it was dark, and then to Mrs. Lane's, and there lent her £5 upon £4. 01*s*. in gold. And then did what I would with her, and I perceive she is come to be very bad, and offers any thing, that it is dangerous to have to do with her, nor will I see [her] any more a good while. Thence by coach home and to the office, where a while, and then betimes to bed by ten o'clock, sooner than I have done many a day. And thus ends this month, with my mind full of resolution to apply myself better from this time forward to my business than I have done these six or eight days, visibly to my prejudice both in quiett of mind and setting backward of my business, that I cannot give a good account of it as I ought to do.

March 1st. Up, and to the office and there all the morning sitting and at noon to dinner with my Lord Bruncker, Sir W. Batten and Sir W. Pen at the White Horse in Lumbard Streete, where, God forgive us! good sport with Captain Cocke's having his mayde sicke of the plague a day or two ago and sent to the pest house, where she now is, but he will not say anything but that she is well. But blessed be God! a good Bill this week we have; being but 237 in all, and 42 of the plague, and of them but six in the City: though my Lord Bruncker says, that these six are most of them in new parishes where they were not the last week. Here was with us also Mr. Williamson, who the more I know, the more I honour. Hence I slipt after dinner without notice home and there close to my business at my office till twelve at night, having with great comfort returned to my business by some fresh vowes in addition to my former, and more severe, and a great joy it is to me to see myself in a good disposition to business. So home to supper and to my Journall and to bed.

2nd. Up, as I have of late resolved before 7 in the morning and to the office, where all the morning, among other things setting my wife and Mercer with much pleasure to worke upon the ruling of some paper for the making of books for pursers, which will require a great deale of worke and they will earn a good deale of money by it, the hopes of which makes them worke mighty hard. At noon dined and to the office again, and about 4 o'clock took coach and to my Lord Treasurer's and thence to Sir Philip Warwicke's new house by appointment, there to spend an houre in talking and we were together above an hour, and very good discourse about the state of the King as to money, and particularly in the point of the Navy. He endeavours hard to come to a good understanding of Sir G. Carteret's accounts, and by his discourse I find Sir G. Carteret must be brought to it, and what a madman he is that he do not do it of himself, for the King expects the Parliament will call upon him for his promise of giving an account of the money, and he will be

ready for it, which cannot be, I am sure, without Sir G. Carteret's accounts be better understood than they are. He seems to have a great esteem of me and my opinion and thoughts of things. After we had spent an houre thus discoursing and vexed that we do but grope so in the darke as we do, because the people, that should enlighten us, do not helpe us, we resolved fitting some things for another meeting, and so broke up. He shewed me his house, which is yet all unhung, but will be a very noble house indeed. Thence by coach calling at my bookseller's and carried home £10 worth of books, all, I hope, I shall buy a great while. There by appointment find Mr. Hill come to sup and take his last leave of me, and by and by in comes Mr. James Houbland to bear us company, a man I love mightily, and will not lose his acquaintance. He told me in my eare this night what he and his brothers have resolved to give me, which is £200, for helping them out with two or three ships. A good sum and that which I did believe they would give me, and I did expect little less. Here we talked and very good company till late, and then took leave of one another, and indeed I am heartily sorry for Mr. Hill's leaving us, for he is a very worthy gentleman, as most I know. God give him a good voyage and successe in his business. Thus we parted and my wife and I to bed, heavy for the losse of our friend.

3rd. All the morning at the office, at noon to the Old James, being sent for, and there dined with Sir William Rider, Cutler, and others, to make an end with two Scots Maisters about the freight of two ships of my Lord Rutherford's. After a small dinner and a little discourse I away to the Crowne behind the Exchange to Sir W. Pen, Captain Cocke and Fenn, about getting a bill of Cocke's paid to Pen, in part for the East India goods he sold us. Here Sir W. Pen did give me the reason in my eare of his importunity for money, for that he is now to marry his daughter. God send her better fortune than her father deserves I should wish him for a false rogue. Thence by coach to Hales's, and there saw my wife sit; and I do like her picture mightily, and very like it will be, and a brave piece of work. But he do complain that her nose hath cost him as much work as another's face, and he hath done it finely indeed. Thence home and late at the office, and then to bed.

4th (Lord's day). And all day at my Tangier and private accounts, having neglected them since Christmas, which I hope I shall never do again; for I find the inconvenience of it, it being ten times the labour to remember and settle things. But I thank God I did it at last, and brought them all fine and right; and I am, I thinke, by all appears to me (and I am sure I cannot be £10 wrong), worth above £4,600, for which the Lord be praised! being the biggest sum I ever was worth yet.

5th. I was at it till past two o'clock on Monday morning, and then read my vowes, and to bed with great joy and content that I have brought my things to so good a settlement, and now having my mind fixed to follow my business again and sensible of Sir W. Coventry's jealousies, I doubt, concerning me, partly my siding with Sir G. Carteret, and partly that indeed I

have been silent in my business of the office a great while, and given but little account of myself and least of all to him, having not made him one visitt since he came to towne from Oxford, I am resolved to fall hard to it again, and fetch up the time and interest I have lost or am in a fair way of doing it. Up about eight o'clock, being called up by several people, among others by Mr. Moone, with whom I went to Lumbard Streete to Colvill, and so back again and in my chamber he and I did end all our businesses together of accounts for money upon bills of Exchange, and am pleased to find myself reputed a man of business and method, as he do give me out to be. To the 'Change at noon and so home to dinner. Newes for certain of the King of Denmarke's declaring for the Dutch, and resolution to assist them. To the office, and there all the afternoon. In the evening come Mr. James and brother Houblons to agree upon share parties for their ships, and did acquaint me that they had paid my messenger, whom I sent this afternoon for it, £200 for my friendship in the business, which pleases me mightily. They being gone I forth late to Sir R. Viner's to take a receipt of them for the £200 lodged for me there with them, and so back home, and after supper to bed.

6th. Up betimes and did much business before office time. Then to the office and there till noon and so home to dinner and to the office again till night. In the evening being at Sir W. Batten's, stepped in (for I have not used to go thither a good while), I find my Lord Bruncker and Mrs. Williams, and they would of their own accord, though I had never obliged them (nor my wife neither) with one visit for many of theirs, go see my house and my wife; which I showed them and made them welcome with wine and China oranges (now a great rarity since the war, none to be had). There being also Captain Cocke and Mrs. Turner, who had never been in my house since I come to the office before, and Mrs. Carcasse, wife of Mr. Carcasse's. My house happened to be mighty clean, and did me great honour, and they mightily pleased with it. They gone I to the office and did some business, and then home to supper and to bed. My mind troubled through a doubtfulness of my having incurred Sir W. Coventry's displeasure by not having waited on him since his coming to towne, which is a mighty faulte and that I can bear the fear of the bad effects of till I have been with him, which shall be to-morrow, God willing. So to bed.

7th. Up betimes, and to St. James's, thinking Mr. Coventry had lain there; but he do not, but at White Hall; so thither I went and had as good a time as heart could wish, and after an houre in his chamber about publique business he and I walked up, and the Duke being gone abroad we walked an houre in the Matted Gallery: he of himself begun to discourse of the unhappy differences between him and my Lord of Sandwich, and from the beginning to the end did run through all passages wherein my Lord hath, at any time, gathered any dissatisfaction, and cleared himself to me most honourably; and in truth, I do believe he do as he says. I did afterwards

purge myself of all partiality in the business of Sir G. Carteret, (whose story Sir W. Coventry did also run over), that I do mind the King's interest, notwithstanding my relation to him; all which he declares he firmly believes, and assures me he hath the same kindnesse and opinion of me as ever. And when I said I was jealous of myself, that having now come to such an income as I am, by his favour, I should not be found to do as much service as might deserve it; he did assure me, he thinks it not too much for me, but thinks I deserve it as much as any man in England. All this discourse did cheer my heart, and sets me right again, after a good deal of melancholy, out of fears of his disinclination to me, upon the differences with my Lord Sandwich and Sir G. Carteret; but I am satisfied thoroughly, and so went away quite another man, and by the grace of God will never lose it again by my folly in not visiting and writing to him, as I used heretofore to do. Thence by coach to the Temple, and it being a holy day, a fast-day, there 'light, and took water, being invited, and down to Greenwich, to Captain Cocke's, where dined, he and Lord Bruncker, and Matt. Wren,[1] Boltele, and Major Cooper, who is also a very pretty companion; but they all drink hard, and, after dinner, to gaming at cards. So I provoked my Lord to be gone, and he and I to Mr. Cottle's and met Mrs. Williams (without whom he cannot stir out of doors) and there took coach and away home. They carry me to London and set me down at the Temple, where my mind changed and I home, and to writing and heare my boy play on the lute, and a turne with my wife pleasantly in the garden by moonshine, my heart being in great peace, and so home to supper and to bed. The King and Duke are to go to-morrow to Audly End, in order to the seeing and buying of it of my Lord Suffolke.[2]

8th. Up betimes and to the office, where all the morning sitting and did discover three or four fresh instances of Sir W. Pen's old cheating dissembling tricks, he being as false a fellow as ever was born. Thence with Sir W. Batten and Lord Bruncker to the White Horse in Lumbard Streete to dine with Captain Cocke, upon particular business of canvas to buy for the King, and here by chance I saw the mistresse of the house I have heard much of, and a very pretty woman she is indeed and her husband the simplest looked fellow and old that ever I saw. After dinner I took coach and away to Hales's, where my wife is sitting; and, indeed, her face and necke, which

[1] Matthew Wren, eldest son of the Bishop of Ely, of both his names, M.P. for St. Michael's, 1661, and made secretary to Lord Clarendon, after whose fall he filled a similar office under the Duke of York, till his death in 1672. According to Pepys's "Signs Manual," Wren was mortally wounded in the battle of Solebay. He was one of the earliest members of the Royal Society, and published two tracts in answer to Harrington's "Oceana."—B.

[2] The king took possession of Audley End the following autumn, but the conveyance of the estate was not executed till May 8th, 1699; of the purchase-money, which was £50,000, £20,000 remained on mortgage of the Hearth Tax in Ireland; and, in 1701, Henry Howard, fifth Earl of Suffolk, was allowed by the Crown, upon the debt being cancelled, to re-establish himself in the seat of his ancestors. It seems very doubtful whether the interest of the mortgage was ever received by the Suffolk family.—B.

are now finished, do so please me that I am not myself almost, nor was not all the night after in writing of my letters, in consideration of the fine picture that I shall be master of. Thence home and to the office, where very late, and so home to supper and to bed.

9th. Up, and being ready, to the Cockpitt to make a visit to the Duke of Albemarle, and to my great joy find him the same man to me that [he has been] heretofore, which I was in great doubt of, through my negligence in not visiting of him a great while; and having now set all to rights there, I am in mighty ease in my mind and I think shall never suffer matters to run so far backward again as I have done of late, with reference to my neglecting him and Sir W. Coventry. Thence by water down to Deptford, where I met my Lord Bruncker and Sir W. Batten by agreement, and to measuring Mr. Castle's new third-rate ship, which is to be called the Defyance.[1] And here I had my end in saving the King some money and getting myself some experience in knowing how they do measure ships. Thence I left them and walked to Redriffe, and there taking water was overtaken by them in their boat, and so they would have me in with them to Castle's house, where my Lady Batten and Madam Williams were, and there dined and a deale of doings. I had a good dinner and counterfeit mirthe and pleasure with them, but had but little thinking how I neglected my business. Anon, all home to Sir W. Batten's and there Mrs. Knipp coming we did spend the evening together very merry. She and I singing, and, God forgive me! I do still see that my nature is not to be quite conquered, but will esteem pleasure above all things, though yet in the middle of it, it has reluctances after my business, which is neglected by my following my pleasure. However musique and women I cannot but give way to, whatever my business is. They being gone I to the office a while and so home to supper and to bed.

10th. Up, and to the office, and there busy sitting till noon. I find at home Mrs. Pierce and Knipp come to dine with me. We were mighty merry; and, after dinner, I carried them and my wife out by coach to the New Exchange, and there I did give my valentine, Mrs. Pierce, a dozen payre of gloves, and a payre of silke stockings, and Knipp for company's sake, though my wife had, by my consent, laid out 20*s*. upon her the other day, six payre of gloves. Thence to Hales's to have seen our pictures, but could not get in, he being abroad, and so to the Cakehouse hard by, and there sat in the coach with great pleasure, and eat some fine cakes and so carried them to Pierce's and away home. It is a mighty fine witty boy, Mrs. Pierce's little boy. Thence home and to the office, where late writing letters and leaving a great deale to do on Monday, I home to supper and to bed. The truth is, I do indulge

[1] William Castell wrote to the Navy Commissioners on February 17th, 1665–66, to inform them that the "Defiance" had gone to Longreach, and again, on February 22nd, to say that Mr. Grey had no masts large enough for the new ship. Sir William Batten on March 29th asked for the consent of the Board to bring the "Defiance" into dock ("Calendar of State Papers," Domestic, 1665–66, pp. 252, 262, 324).

myself a little the more in pleasure, knowing that this is the proper age of my life to do it; and out of my observation that most men that do thrive in the world, do forget to take pleasure during the time that they are getting their estate, but reserve that till they have got one, and then it is too late for them to enjoy it with any pleasure.

11th (Lord's day). Up, and by water to White Hall, there met Mr. Coventry coming out, going along with the Commissioners of the Ordnance to the water side to take barge, they being to go down to the Hope. I returned with them as far as the Tower in their barge speaking with Sir W. Coventry and so home and to church, and at noon dined and then to my chamber, where with great pleasure about one business or other till late, and so to supper and to bed.

12th. Up betimes, and called on by abundance of people about business, and then away by water to Westminster, and there to the Exchequer about some business, and thence by coach calling at several places, to the Old Exchange, and there did much business, and so homeward and bought a silver salt for my ordinary table to use, and so home to dinner, and after dinner comes my uncle and aunt Wight, the latter I have not seen since the plague; a silly, froward, ugly woman she is. We made mighty much of them, and she talks mightily of her fear of the sicknesse, and so a deale of tittle tattle and I left them and to my office where late, and so home to supper and to bed. This day I hear my Uncle Talbot Pepys died the last week, and was buried. All the news now is, that Sir Jeremy Smith is at Cales[1] with his fleete, and Mings in the Elve.[2] The King is come this noon to towne from Audly End, with the Duke of Yorke and a fine train of gentlemen.

13th. Up betimes, and to the office, where busy sitting all the morning, and I begin to find a little convenience by holding up my head to Sir W. Pen, for he is come to be more supple. At noon to dinner, and then to the office again, where mighty business, doing a great deale till midnight and then home to supper and to bed. The plague encreased this week 29 from 28, though the total fallen from 238 to 207, which do never a whit please me.

14th. Up, and met by 6 o'clock in my chamber Mr. Povy (from White Hall) about evening reckonings between him and me, on our Tangier business, and at it hard till toward eight o'clock, and he then carried me in his chariot to White Hall, where by and by my fellow officers met me, and we had a meeting before the Duke. Thence with my Lord Bruncker towards London, and in our way called in Covent Garden, and took in Sir John (formerly Dr.) Baber; who hath this humour that he will not enter into discourse while any stranger is in company, till he be told who he is that seems a stranger to him. This he did declare openly to me, and asked my Lord who I was, giving this reason, that he has been inconvenienced by being too free in discourse till he knew who all the company were. Thence to Guild-

[1] Cadiz.
[2] Elbe.

hall (in our way taking in Dr. Wilkins), and there my Lord and I had full and large discourse with Sir Thomas Player,[1] the Chamberlain of the City (a man I have much heard of for his credit and punctuality in the City, and on that score I had a desire to be made known to him), about the credit of our tallys, which are lodged there for security to such as should lend money thereon to the use of the Navy. And I had great satisfaction therein: and the truth is, I find all our matters of credit to be in an ill condition. Thence, I being in a little haste walked before and to the 'Change a little and then home, and presently to Trinity house to dinner, where Captain Cox made his Elder Brother's dinner. But it seemed to me a very poor sorry dinner. I having many things in my head rose, when my belly was full, though the dinner not half done, and home and there to do some business, and by and by out of doors and met Mr. Povy coming to me by appointment, but it being a little too late, I took a little pride in the streete not to go back with him, but prayed him to come another time, and I away to Kate Joyce's, thinking to have spoke to her husband about Pall's business, but a stranger, the Welsh Dr. Powell, being there I forebore and went away and so to Hales's, to see my wife's picture, which I like mighty well, and there had the pleasure to see how suddenly he draws the Heavens, laying a darke ground and then lightening it when and where he will. Thence to walk all alone in the fields behind Grayes Inne, making an end of reading over my dear "Faber fortunæ," of my Lord Bacon's, and thence, it growing dark, took two or three wanton turns about the idle places and lanes about Drury Lane, but to no satisfaction, but a great fear of the plague among them, and so anon I walked by invitation to Mrs. Pierce's, where I find much good company, that is to say, Mrs. Pierce, my wife, Mrs. Worshipp and her daughter, and Harris the player, and Knipp, and Mercer, and Mrs. Barbary Sheldon, who is come this day to spend a weeke with my wife; and here with musique we danced, and sung and supped, and then to sing and dance till past one in the morning; and much mirthe with Sir Anthony Apsley and one Colonell Sidney, who lodge in the house; and above all, they are mightily taken with Mrs. Knipp. Hence weary and sleepy we broke up, and I and my company homeward by coach and to bed.

15th. Lay till it was full time to rise, it being eight o'clock, and so to the office and there sat till almost three o'clock and then to dinner, and after dinner (my wife and Mercer and Mrs. Barbary being gone to Hales's before), I and my cozen Anthony Joyce, who come on purpose to dinner with me, and he and I to discourse of our proposition of marriage between Pall and Harman, and upon discourse he and I to Harman's house and took him to a taverne hard by, and we to discourse of our business, and I offered £500, and he declares most ingenuously that his trade is not to be trusted on,

[1] One of the City Members in the Oxford and Westminster Parliaments. See more of him in the Notes, by Scott, to "Absalom and Achitophel;" in which poem he is introduced under the designation of "railing Rabsheka."—B.

that he however needs no money, but would have her money bestowed on her, which I like well, he saying that he would adventure 2 or £300 with her. I like him as a most good-natured, and discreet man, and, I believe, very cunning. We come to this conclusion for us to meete one another the next weeke, and then we hope to come to some end, for I did declare myself well satisfied with the match. Thence to Hales's, where I met my wife and people; and do find the picture, above all things, a most pretty picture, and mighty like my wife; and I asked him his price: he says £14, and the truth is, I think he do deserve it. Thence toward London and home, and I to the office, where I did much, and betimes to bed, having had of late so little sleep, and there slept

16th. Till 7 this morning. Up and all the morning about the Victualler's business, passing his account. At noon to the 'Change, and did several businesses, and thence to the Crowne behind the 'Change and dined with my Lord Bruncker and Captain Cocke and Fenn, and Madam Williams, who without question must be my Lord's wife, and else she could not follow him wherever he goes and kisse and use him publiquely as she do. Thence to the office, where Sir W. Pen and I made an end of the Victualler's business, and thence abroad about several businesses, and so in the evening back again, and anon called on by Mr. Povy, and he and I staid together in my chamber till 12 at night ending our reckonings and giving him tallys for all I was to pay him and so parted, and I to make good my Journall for two or three days, and begun it till I come to the other side, where I have scratched so much, for, for want of sleep, I begun to write idle and from the purpose. So forced to breake off, and to bed.[1]

17th. Up, and to finish my Journall, which I had not sense enough the last night to make an end of, and thence to the office, where very busy all the morning. At noon home to dinner and presently with my wife out to Hales's, where I am still infinitely pleased with my wife's picture. I paid him £14 for it, and 25*s.* for the frame, and I think it is not a whit too deare for so good a picture. It is not yet quite finished and dry, so as to be fit to bring home yet. This day I begun to sit, and he will make me, I think, a very fine picture. He promises it shall be as good as my wife's, and I sit to have it full of shadows, and do almost break my neck looking over my shoulder to make the posture for him to work by. Thence home and to the office, and so home having a great cold, and so my wife and Mrs. Barbary have very great ones, we are at a loss how we all come by it together, so to bed, drinking butter-ale. This day my W. Hewer comes from Portsmouth and gives me an instance of another piece of knavery of Sir W. Pen, who wrote to Commissioner Middleton, that it was my negligence the other day he was not acquainted, as the board directed, with our clerks coming down to the pay. But I need no new arguments to teach me that he is a false rogue to me and all the world besides.

[1] There are several erasures in the original MS.

18th (Lord's day). Up and my cold better, so to church, and then home to dinner, and so walked out to St. James's Church, thinking to have seen faire Mrs. Butler, but could not, she not being there, nor, I believe, lives thereabouts now. So walked to Westminster, very fine fair dry weather, but all cry out for lack of rain. To Herbert's and drank, and thence to Mrs. Martin's, and did what I would with her; her husband going for some wine for us. The poor man I do think would take pains if I can get him a purser's place, which I will endeavour. She tells me as a secret that Betty Howlet of the Hall, my little sweetheart, that I used to call my second wife, is married to a younger son of Mr. Michell's (his elder brother, who should have had her, being dead this plague), at which I am glad, and that they are to live nearer me in Thames Streete, by the Old Swan. Thence by coach home and to my chamber about some accounts, and so to bed. Sir Christopher Mings is come home from Hambro' without anything done, saving bringing home some pipestaves for us.

19th. Up betimes and upon a meeting extraordinary at the office most of the morning with Lord Bruncker, Sir W. Coventry, and Sir W. Pen, upon the business of the accounts. Where now we have got almost as much as we would have we begin to lay all on the Controller, and I fear he will be run down with it, for he is every day less and less capable of doing business. Thence with my Lord Bruncker, Sir W. Coventry to the ticket office, to see in what little order things are there, and there it is a shame to see how the King is served. Thence to the Chamberlain of London, and satisfy ourselves more particularly how much credit we have there, which proves very little. Thence to Sir Robert Long's, absent. About much the same business, but have not the satisfaction we would have there neither. So Sir W. Coventry parted, and my Lord and I to Mrs. Williams's, and there I saw her closett, where indeed a great many fine things there are, but the woman I hate. Here we dined, and Sir J. Minnes come to us, and after dinner we walked to the King's play-house, all in dirt, they being altering of the stage to make it wider. But God knows when they will begin to act again; but my business here was to see the inside of the stage and all the tiring-rooms and machines; and, indeed, it was a sight worthy seeing. But to see their clothes, and the various sorts, and what a mixture of things there was; here a wooden-leg, there a ruff, here a hobby-horse, there a crown, would make a man split himself to see with laughing; and particularly Lacy's[1] wardrobe, and Shotrell's.[2] But then again, to think how fine they show on the stage by candle-light, and how poor things they are to look now too near hand, is not pleasant

[1] John Lacy, the celebrated comedian (see note, *ante*, May 21st, 1662).

[2] Robert and William Shotterel both belonged to the King's Company at the opening of their new theatre in 1663. One of them, called by Downes a good actor, had been quartermaster to the troop of horse in which Hart was serving as lieutenant and Burt as cornet under Charles I.'s standard; but nothing further is recorded of his merits or career. Pepys refers to Robert Shotterel, who, it appears, was living in Playhouse Yard, Drury Lane. 1681–84.—B.

at all. The machines are fine, and the paintings very pretty. Thence mightily satisfied in my curiosity I away with my Lord to see him at her house again, and so take leave and by coach home and to the office, and thence sent for to Sir G. Carteret by and by to the Broad Streete, where he and I walked two or three hours till it was quite darke in his gallery talking of his affairs, wherein I assure him all will do well, and did give him (with great liberty, which he accepted kindly) my advice to deny the Board nothing they would aske about his accounts, but rather call upon them to know whether there was anything more they desired, or was wanting. But our great discourse and serious reflections was upon the bad state of the kingdom in general, through want of money and good conduct, which we fear will undo all. Thence mightily satisfied with this good fortune of this discourse with him I home, and there walked in the darke till 10 o'clock at night in the garden with Sir W. Warren, talking of many things belonging to us particularly, and I hope to get something considerably by him before the year be over. He gives me good advice of circumspection in my place, which I am now in great mind to improve; for I think our office stands on very ticklish terms, the Parliament likely to sit shortly and likely to be asked more money, and we able to give a very bad account of the expence of what we have done with what they did give before. Besides, the turning out the prize officers may be an example for the King giving us up to the Parliament's pleasure as easily, for we deserve it as much. Besides, Sir G. Carteret did tell me to-night how my Lord Bruncker himself, whose good-will I could have depended as much on as any, did himself to him take notice of the many places I have; and though I was a painful man, yet the Navy was enough for any man to go through with in his owne single place there, which much troubles me, and shall yet provoke me to more and more care and diligence than ever. Thence home to supper, where I find my wife and Mrs. Barbary with great colds, as I also at this time have. This day by letter from my father he propounds a match in the country for Pall, which pleased me well, of one that hath seven score and odd pounds land per annum in possession, and expects £1,000 in money by the death of an old aunt. He hath neither father, mother, sister, nor brother, but demands £600 down, and £100 on the birth of first child, which I had some inclination to stretch to. He is kinsman to, and lives with, Mr. Phillips, but my wife tells me he is a drunken, ill-favoured, ill-bred country fellow, which sets me off of it again, and I will go on with Harman. So after supper to bed.

20th. Up and to the office, where busy all the morning. At noon dined in haste, and so my wife, Mrs. Barbary, Mercer, and I by coach to Hales's, where I find my wife's picture now perfectly finished in all respects, and a beautiful picture it is, as almost I ever saw. I sat again, and had a great deale done, but, whatever the matter is, I do not fancy that it has the ayre of my face, though it will be a very fine picture. Thence home and to my business, being post night, and so home to supper and to bed.

21st. Up betimes, and first by coach to my Lord Generall to visitt him, and then to the Duke of Yorke, where we all met and did our usual business with him; but, Lord! how everything is yielded to presently, even by Sir W. Coventry, that is propounded by the Duke, as now to have Troutbecke,[1] his old surgeon, and intended to go Surgeon-General of the fleete, to go Physician-General of the fleete, of which there never was any precedent in the world, and he for that to have £20 per month. Thence with Lord Bruncker to Sir Robert Long,[2] whom we found in his closett, and after some discourse of business he fell to discourse at large and pleasant, and among other things told us of the plenty of partridges in France, where he says the King of France and his company killed with their guns, in the plain de Versailles, 300 and odd partridges at one bout. Thence I to the Excise Office behind the 'Change, and there find our business of our tallys in great disorder as to payment, and thereupon do take a resolution of thinking how to remedy it, as soon as I can. Thence home, and there met Sir W. Warren, and after I had eat a bit of victuals (he staying in the office) he and I to White Hall. He to look after the business of the prize ships which we are endeavouring to buy, and hope to get money by them. So I to London by coach and to Gresham College, where I staid half an houre, and so away home to my office, and there walking late alone in the darke in the garden with Sir W. Warren, who tells me that at the Committee of the Lords for the prizes to-day, there passed very high words between my Lord Ashly and Sir W. Coventry, about our business of the prize ships. And that my Lord Ashly did snuff and talk as high to him, as he used to do to any ordinary seaman. And that Sir W. Coventry did take it very quietly, but yet for all did speak his mind soberly and with reason, and went away, saying, he had done his duty therein, and so left it to them, whether they would let so many ships go for masts or not. Here he and I talked of 1,000 businesses, all profitable discourse, and late parted, and I home to supper and to bed, troubled a little at a letter from my father, telling me how [he] is like to be sued for a debt of Tom's, by Smith, the mercer.

22nd. Up, and to the office all the morning. At noon my wife being gone to her father's I dined with Sir W. Batten, he inviting me. After dinner to my office close, and did very much business, and so late home to supper and to bed. The plague increased four this week, which troubles me, though but one in the whole.

23rd. Up, and going out of my dressing-room, when ready to go down stairs, I spied little Mrs. Tooker, my pretty little girle, which, it seems, did come yesterday to our house to stay a little while with us, but I did not know of it till now. I was glad of her coming, she being a very pretty child, and now grown almost a woman. I out by six o'clock by appointment to

[1] John Troutbecke in 1661 was surgeon to the Life Guards, commanded by the Duke of Albemarle.

[2] Sir Robert Long (see notes *ante*, March 21st, 1662–63 and November 28th, 1665).

Hales's, where we fell to my picture presently very hard, and it comes on a very fine picture, and very merry, pleasant discourse we had all the morning while he was painting. Anon comes my wife and Mercer and little Tooker, and having done with me we all to a picture drawer's hard by, Hales carrying me to see some landskipps of a man's doing. But I do not [like] any of them, save only a piece of fruit, which indeed was very fine. Thence I to Westminster, to the Chequer, about a little business, and then to the Swan, and there sent for a bit of meat and dined; and after dinner had opportunity of being pleased with Sarah; and so away to Westminster Hall, and there Mrs. Michell tells me with great joy how little Betty Howlett is married to her young son Michell, which is a pretty odd thing, that he should so soon succeed in the match to his elder brother that died of the plague, and to the house and trade intended for him, and more they say that the girle has heretofore said that she did love this little one more than the other brother that was intended her all along. I am mighty glad of this match, and more that they are likely to live near me in Thames Streete, where I may see Betty now and then, whom I from a girle did use to call my second wife, and mighty pretty she is. Thence by coach to Anthony Joyce to receive Harman's answer, which did trouble me to receive, for he now demands £800, whereas he never made exception at the portion, but accepted of £500. This I do not like; but, however, I cannot much blame the man, if he thinks he can get more of another than of me. So home and hard to my business at the office, where much business, and so home to supper and to bed.

24th. Up and to the office, where all the morning. At noon home to dinner, where Anthony Joyce, and I did give my final answer, I would give but £500 with my sister, and did show him the good offer made us in the country, to which I did now more and more incline, and intend to pursue that. After dinner I to White Hall to a Committee for Tangier, where the Duke of Yorke was, and I acquitted myself well in what I had to do. After the Committee up, I had occasion to follow the Duke into his lodgings, into a chamber where the Duchesse was sitting to have her picture drawn by Lilly, who was there at work. But I was well pleased to see that there was nothing near so much resemblance of her face in his work, which is now the second, if not the third time, as there was of my wife's at the very first time. Nor do I think at last it can be like, the lines not being in proportion to those of her face. So home, and to the office, where late, and so to bed.

25th (Lady day and Sunday). Up, and to my chamber in my gowne all the morning about settling my papers there. At noon to dinner, where my wife's brother, whom I sent for to offer making him a Muster-Master and send to sea, which the poore man likes well of and will go, and it will be a good preferment to him, only hazardous. I hope he will prove a good discreet man. After dinner to my papers and Tangier accounts again till supper, and after supper again to them, but by my mixing them, I know not how, my private and publique accounts, it makes me mad to see how hard it is to bring them

to be understood, and my head is confounded, that though I did sweare to sit up till one o'clock upon them, yet, I fear, it will be to no purpose, for I can not understand what I do or have been doing of them to-day.

26th. Up, and a meeting extraordinary there was of Sir W. Coventry, Lord Bruncker, and myself, about the business of settling the ticket office, where infinite room is left for abusing the King in the wages of seamen. Our [meeting] being done, my Lord Bruncker and I to the Tower, to see the famous engraver,[1] to get him to grave a seale for the office. And did see some of the finest pieces of work in embossed work, that ever I did see in my life, for fineness and smallness of the images thereon, and I will carry my wife thither to shew them her. Here I also did see bars of gold melting, which was a fine sight. So with my Lord to the Pope's Head Taverne in Lumbard Streete to dine by appointment with Captain Taylor, whither Sir W. Coventry come to us, and were mighty merry, and I find reason to honour him every day more and more. Thence alone to Broade Street to Sir G. Carteret by his desire to confer with him, who is I find in great pain about the business of the office, and not a little, I believe, in fear of falling there, Sir W. Coventry having so great a pique against him, and herein I first learn an eminent instance how great a man this day, that nobody would think could be shaken, is the next overthrown, dashed out of countenance, and every small thing of irregularity in his business taken notice of, where nobody the other day durst cast an eye upon them, and next I see that he that the other day nobody durst come near is now as supple as a spaniel, and sends and speaks to me with great submission, and readily hears to advice. Thence home to the office, where busy late, and so home a little to my accounts publique and private, but could not get myself rightly to know how to dispose of them in order to passing.

27th. All the morning at the office busy. At noon dined at home, Mr. Cooke, our old acquaintance at my Lord Sandwich's, come to see and dine with me, but I quite out of humour, having many other and better things to thinke of. Thence to the office to settle my people's worke and then home to my publique accounts of Tangier, which it is strange by meddling with evening reckonings with Mr. Povy lately how I myself am become intangled therein, so that after all I could do, ready to breake my head and brains, I thought of another way, though not so perfect, yet the only one which this account is capable of. Upon this latter I sat up till past two in the morning and then to bed.

28th. Up, and with Creed, who come hither betimes to speake with me about his accounts, to White Hall by water, mighty merry in discourse, though I had been very little troubled with him, or did countenance it, having now, blessed be God! a great deale of good business to mind to better purpose than chatting with him. Waited on the Duke, after that walked with Sir W.

[1] One of the Rotiers (see March 9th, 1662–63).

Clerke into St. James's Parke, and by and by met with Mr. Hayes,[1] Prince Rupert's Secretary, who are mighty, both, briske blades, but I fear they promise themselves more than they expect. Thence to the Cockpitt, and dined with a great deal of company at the Duke of Albemarle's, and a bad and dirty, nasty dinner. So by coach to Hales's, and there sat again, and it is become mighty like. Hither come my wife and Mercer brought by Mrs. Pierce and Knipp, we were mighty merry and the picture goes on the better for it. Thence set them down at Pierce's, and we home, where busy and at my chamber till 12 at night, and so to bed. This night, I am told, the Queene of Portugall, the mother to our Queene, is lately dead, and newes brought of it hither this day.[2]

29th. All the morning hard at the office. At noon dined and then out to Lumbard Streete, to look after the getting of some money that is lodged there of mine in Viner's hands, I having no mind to have it lie there longer. So back again and to the office, where and at home about publique and private business and accounts till past 12 at night, and so to bed. This day, poor Jane, my old, little Jane, came to us again, to my wife's and my great content, and we hope to take mighty pleasure in her, she having all the marks and qualities of a good and loving and honest servant, she coming by force away from the other place, where she hath lived ever since she went from us, and at our desire, her late mistresse having used all the stratagems she could to keepe her.

30th. My wife and I mighty pleased with Jane's coming to us again. Up, and away goes Alce, our cooke-mayde, a good servant, whom we loved and did well by her, and she an excellent servant, but would not bear being told of any faulte in the fewest and kindest words and would go away of her owne accord, after having given her mistresse warning fickly for a quarter of a yeare together. So we shall take another girle and make little Jane our cook, at least, make a trial of it. Up, and after much business I out to Lumbard Streete, and there received £2,200 and brought it home; and, contrary to expectation, received £35 for the use of £2,000 of it [for] a quarter of a year, where it hath produced me this profit, and hath been a convenience to me as to care and security of my house, and demandable at two days' warning, as this hath been. This morning Sir W. Warren come to me a second time about having £2,000 of me upon his bills on the Act to enable him to pay for the ships he is buying, wherein I shall have considerable profit. I am loth to do it, but yet speaking with Colvill I do not see but I shall be able to do it and get money by it too. Thence home and eat one mouthful, and so to Hales's, and there sat till almost quite darke upon working my gowne, which

[1] James Hayes.

[2] Donna Luiza, the Queen Regent of Portugal. She was daughter of the Duke de Medina Sidonia and widow of Juan IV. The Court wore the deepest mourning on this occasion. The ladies were directed to wear their hair plain, and to appear without spots on their faces, the disfiguring fashion of patching having just been introduced.—Strickland's *Queens of England*, vol. viii., p. 362.

I hired to be drawn in: an Indian gowne, and I do see all the reason to expect a most excellent picture of it. So home and to my private accounts in my chamber till past one in the morning, and so to bed, with my head full of thoughts for my evening of all my accounts to-morrow, the latter end of the month, in which God give me good issue, for I never was in such a confusion in my life and that in great sums.

31st. All the morning at the office busy. At noon to dinner, and thence to the office and did my business there as soon as I could, and then home and to my accounts, where very late at them, but, Lord! what a deale of do I have to understand any part of them, and in short do what I could, I could not come to any understanding of them, but after I had throughly wearied myself, I was forced to go to bed and leave them much against my will and vowe too, but I hope God will forgive me, for I have sat up these four nights till past twelve at night to master them, but cannot. Thus ends this month, with my head and mind mighty full and disquiett because of my accounts, which I have let go too long, and confounded my publique with my private that I cannot come to any liquidating of them. However, I do see that I must be grown richer than I was by a good deale last month. Busy also I am in thoughts for a husband for my sister, and to that end my wife and I have determined that she shall presently go into the country to my father and mother, and consider of a proffer made them for her in the country, which, if she likes, shall go forward.

April 1st (Lord's day). Up and abroad, and by coach to Charing Cross, to wait on Sir Philip Howard; whom I found in bed: and he do receive me very civilly. My request was about suffering my wife's brother to go to sea, and to save his pay in the Duke's guards; which after a little difficulty he did with great respect agree to. I find him a very fine-spoken gentleman, and one of great parts, and very courteous. Much pleased with this visit I to White Hall, where I met Sir G. Downing, and to discourse with him an houre about the Exchequer payments upon the late Act, and informed myself of him thoroughly in my safety in lending £2,000 to Sir W. Warren, upon an order of his upon the Exchequer for £2,602 and I do purpose to do it. Thence meeting Dr. Allen,[1] the physician, he and I and another walked in the Parke, a most pleasant warm day, and to the Queene's chappell; where I do not so dislike the musique. Here I saw on a post an invitation to all good Catholiques to pray for the soul of such a one departed this life. The Queene, I hear, do not yet hear of the death of her mother, she being in a course of physique, that they dare not tell it her. At noon by coach home, and there by invitation met my uncle and aunt Wight and their cozen Mary, and dined with me and very merry. After dinner my uncle and I abroad by coach to White Hall, up and down the house, and I did some business and thence with him and a gentleman he met with to my Lord Chancellor's new house, and there viewed it again and again and up to the top and I like it as well as

[1] Thomas Allen, M.D. (see note, November 3rd, 1663).

ever and think it a most noble house. So all up and down my Lord St. Albans his new building and market-house,[1] and the taverne under the market-house, looking to and again into every place of building, and so away and took coach and home, where to my accounts, and was at them till I could not hold open my eyes, and so to bed. I this afternoon made a visit to my Lady Carteret, whom I understood newly come to towne; and she took it mighty kindly, but I see her face and heart are dejected from the condition her husband's matters stand in. But I hope they will do all well enough. And I do comfort her as much as I can, for she is a noble lady.

2nd. Up, and to the office and thence with Mr. Gawden to Guildhall to see the bills and tallys there in the chamber (and by the way in the streete his new coach broke and we fain to take an old hackney). Thence to the Exchequer again to inform myself of some other points in the new Act in order to my lending Sir W. Warren £2,000 upon an order of his upon the Act, which they all encourage me to. There walking with Mr. Gawden in Westminster Hall, he and I to talke from one business to another and at last to the marriage of his daughter. He told me the story of Creed's pretences to his daughter, and how he would not believe but she loved him, while his daughter was in great passion on the other hand against him. Thence to talke of his son Benjamin; and I propounded a match for him, and at last named my sister, which he embraces heartily, and speaking of the lowness of her portion, that it would be less than £1,000, he tells me if everything else agrees, he will out of what he means to give me yearly, make a portion for her shall cost me nothing more than I intend freely. This did mightily rejoice me and full of it did go with him to London to the 'Change; and there did much business and at the Coffee-house with Sir W. Warren, who very wisely did shew me that my matching my sister with Mr. Gawden would undo me in all my places, everybody suspecting me in all I do; and I shall neither be able to serve him, nor free myself from imputation of being of his faction, while I am placed for his severest check. I was convinced that it would be for neither of our interests to make this alliance, and so am quite off of it again, but with great satisfaction in the motion. Thence to the Crowne tavern behind the Exchange to meet with Cocke and Fenn and did so, and dined with them, and after dinner had the intent of our meeting, which was some private discourse with Fenn, telling him what I hear and think of his business, which he takes very kindly and says he will look about him. It was about his giving of ill language and answers to people that come to him about money and some other particulars. This morning Mrs. Barbary and little Mrs. Tooker went away homeward. Thence my wife by coach calling me at White Hall to visit my Lady Carteret, and she was not within. So to West-

[1] Jermyn Street and St. Alban's Market, which was afterwards called St. James's Market. "A large place with a commodious Market House in the midst, filled with Butchers' shambles, besides the Stalls in the Market-Place for country Butchers, Higglers, and the like; being a market now (1720) grown to great account, and much resorted unto, as being well served with good provisions."—Strype, b. vi., p. 83.

minster Hall, where I purposely tooke my wife well dressed into the Hall to see and be seen; and, among others, [met] Howlet's daughter, who is newly married, and is she I call wife, and one I love mightily. So to Broad Streete and there met my Lady and Sir G. Carteret, and sat and talked with them a good while and so home, and to my accounts which I cannot get through with. But at it till I grew drowsy, and so to bed mightily vexed that I can come to no better issue in my accounts.

3rd. Up, and Sir W. Warren with me betimes and signed a bond, and assigned his order on the Exchequer to a blank for me to fill and I did deliver him £1,900.[1] The truth is, it is a great venture to venture so much on the Act, but thereby I hedge in £300 gift for my service about some ships that he hath bought, prizes, and good interest besides, and his bond to repay me the money at six weeks' warning. So to the office, where busy all the morning. At noon home to dinner, and there my brother Balty dined with me and my wife, who is become a good serious man, and I hope to do him good being sending him a Muster-Master on one of the squadrons of the fleete. After dinner and he gone I to my accounts hard all the afternoon till it was quite darke, and I thank God I do come to bring them very fairly to make me worth £5,000 stocke in the world, which is a great mercy to me. Though I am a little troubled to find £50 difference between the particular account I make to myself of my profits and loss in each month and the account which I raise from my acquittances and money which I have at the end of every month in my chest and other men's hands. However I do well believe that I am effectually £5,000, the greatest sum I ever was in my life yet, and this day I have as I have said before agreed with Sir W. Warren and got of him £300 gift. At night a while to the office and then home and supped and to my accounts again till I was ready to sleepe, there being no pleasure to handle them, if they are not kept in good order. So to bed.

4th. Up, and with Sir W. Pen in his coach to White Hall, in his way talking simply and fondly as he used to do, but I find myself to slight him and his simple talke, I thank God, and that my condition will enable me to do it. Thence, after doing our business with the Duke of Yorke, with Captain Cocke home to the 'Change in his coach. He promises me presently a dozen of silver salts, and proposes a business for which he hath promised Mrs. Williams for my Lord Bruncker a set of plate shall cost him £500 and me the like, which will be a good business indeed. After done several businesses at the 'Change I home, and being washing day dined upon cold meate, and so abroad by coach to Hales's, and there sat till night, mightily pleased with my picture, which is now almost finished. So by coach home, it being the fast day and to my chamber and so after supper to bed, consulting how to send my wife into the country to advise about Pall's marriage, which I much desire, and my father too, and two or three offers are now in hand.

[1] Among the Rawlinson MSS. is a memorandum of this loan of £1,900, dated April 3rd, 1666.

5th. Up, and before office time to Lumbard Streete, and there at Viner's was shewn the silver plates, made for Captain Cocke to present my Lord Bruncker; and I chose a dozen of the same weight to be bespoke for myself, which he told me yesterday he would give me on the same occasion. To the office, where the falsenesse and impertinencies of Sir W. Pen would make a man mad to think of. At noon would have avoided, but could not, dining with my Lord Bruncker and his mistresse with Captain Cocke at the Sun Taverne in Fish Streete, where a good dinner, but the woman do tire me, and indeed how simply my Lord Bruncker, who is otherwise a wise man, do proceed at the table in serving of Cocke, without any means of understanding in his proposal, or defence when proposed, would make a man think him a foole. After dinner home, where I find my wife hath on a sudden, upon notice of a coach going away to-morrow, taken a resolution of going in it to Brampton, we having lately thought it fit for her to go to satisfy herself and me in the nature of the fellow that is there proposed to my sister. So she to fit herself for her journey and I to the office all the afternoon till late, and so home and late putting notes to "It is decreed, nor shall thy fate, &c." [1] and then to bed. The plague is, to our great grief, encreased nine this week, though decreased a few in the total. And this encrease runs through many parishes, which makes us much fear the next year.

6th. Up mighty betimes upon my wife's going this day toward Brampton. I could not go to the coach with her, but W. Hewer did and hath leave from me to go the whole day's journey with her. All the morning upon business at the office, and at noon dined, and Mrs. Hunt coming lent her £5 on her occasions and so carried her to Axe Yard end at Westminster and there left her, a good and understanding woman, and her husband I perceive thrives mightily in his business of the Excise. Thence to Mr. Hales and there sat, and my picture almost finished, which by the word of Mr. and Mrs. Pierce (who come in accidently) is mighty like, and I am sure I am mightily pleased both in the thing and the posture. Thence with them home a little, and so to White Hall and there met by agreement with Sir Stephen Fox and Mr. Ashburnham, and discoursed the business of our Excise tallys; the former being Treasurer of the guards, and the other Cofferer of the King's household. I benefitted much by their discourse. We come to no great conclusion upon our discourse, but parted, and I home, where all things, methinks, melancholy in the absence of my wife. This day great newes of the Swedes declaring for us against the Dutch, and, so far as that, I believe it. After a little supper to bed.

7th. Lay pretty long to-day, lying alone and thinking of several businesses. So up to the office and there till noon. Thence with my Lord Bruncker home

[1] Pepys did not finish his setting of Ben Jonson's song,

"It is decreed—nor shall thy fate, O Rome!
Resist my vow, though hills were set on hills,"

until November 11th, 1666. The original is preserved in the Pepysian Library.

by coach to Mrs. Williams's, where Bab. Allen and Dr. Charleton dined. Bab and I sang and were mighty merry as we could be there, where the rest of the company did not overplease. Thence took her by coach to Hales's, and there find Mrs. Pierce and her boy and Mary. She had done sitting the first time, and indeed her face is mighty like at first dash. Thence took them to the cakehouse, and there called in the coach for cakes and drank, and thence I carried them to my Lord Chancellor's new house to shew them that, and all mightily pleased, thence set each down at home, and so I home to the office, where about ten of the clock W. Hewer comes to me to tell me that he has left my wife well this morning at Bugden, which was great riding, and brings me a letter from her. She is very well got thither, of which I am heartily glad. After writing several letters, I home to supper and to bed. The Parliament of which I was afraid of their calling us of the Navy to an account of the expense of money and stores and wherein we were so little ready to give them a good answer [will soon meet].[1] The Bishop of Munster, every body says, is coming to peace with the Dutch, we having not supplied him with the money promised him.

8th (Lord's day). Up, and was in great trouble how to get a passage to White Hall, it raining, and no coach to be had. So I walked to the Old Swan, and there got a scull. To the Duke of Yorke, where we all met to hear the debate between Sir Thomas Allen and Mr. Wayth; the former complaining of the latter's ill usage of him at the late pay of his ship. But a very sorry poor occasion he had for it. The Duke did determine it with great judgement, chiding both, but encouraging Wayth to continue to be a check to all captains in any thing to the King's right. And, indeed, I never did see the Duke do any thing more in order, nor with more judgement than he did pass the verdict in this business. The Court full this morning of the newes of Tom Cheffin's[2] death, the King's closett-keeper. He was well last night as ever, playing at tables in the house, and not very ill this morning at six o'clock, yet dead before seven: they think, of an imposthume in his breast. But it looks fearfully among people now-a-days, the plague, as we hear, encreasing every where again. To the Chappell, but could not get in to hear well. But I had the pleasure once in my life to see an Archbishop[3] (this was of Yorke) in a pulpit. Then at a loss how to get home to dinner, having promised to carry Mrs. Hunt thither. At last got my Lord Hinchingbroke's coach,

[1] Parliament was summoned to meet on the 23rd April.

[2] Sir E. Walker, Garter King at Arms, in 1644 gave a grant of arms *gratis* to Thomas Chiffinch, one of the pages of his Majesty's bedchamber, Keeper of his private Closet, and Comptroller of the Excise. His brother William (whose daughter Barbara married Edward Villiers, first Earl of Jersey) appears to have succeeded to the two first-named appointments, and became a great favourite with the king, whom he survived. He died April 6th, 1666, and was buried on the 10th in Westminster Abbey. There is a portrait of William Chiffinch at Gorhambury.—B.

[3] Richard Sterne, Bishop of Carlisle, elected Archbishop of York, 1664. Died June 18th, 1683.

he staying at Court; and so took her up in Axe-yard, and home and dined. And good discourse of the old matters of the Protector and his family, she having a relation to them. The Protector[1] lives in France: spends about £500 per annum. Thence carried her home again and then to Court and walked over to St. James's Chappell, thinking to have heard a Jesuite preach, but come too late. So got a hackney and home, and there to business. At night had Mercer comb my head and so to supper, sing a psalm, and to bed.

9th. Up betimes, and with my Joyner begun the making of the window in my boy's chamber bigger, purposing it shall be a roome to eat and for having musique in. To the office, where a meeting upon extraordinary business, at noon to the 'Change about more, and then home with Creed and dined, and then with him to the Committee of Tangier, where I got two or three things done I had a mind to of convenience to me. Thence by coach to Mrs. Pierce's, and with her and Knipp and Mrs. Pierce's boy and girle abroad, thinking to have been merry at Chelsey; but being come almost to the house by coach near the waterside, a house alone, I think the Swan, a gentleman walking by called to us to tell us that the house was shut up of the sicknesse. So we with great affright turned back, being holden to the gentleman; and went away (I for my part in great disorder) for Kensington, and there I spent about 30*s*. upon the jades with great pleasure, and we sang finely and staid till about eight at night, the night coming on apace and so set them down at Pierce's, and so away home, where awhile with Sir W. Warren about business, and then to bed.

10th. Up betimes, and many people to me about business. To the office and there sat till noon, and then home and dined, and to the office again all the afternoon, where we sat all, the first time of our resolution to sit both forenoons and afternoons. Much business at night and then home, and though late did see some work done by the plasterer to my new window in the boy's chamber plastered. Then to supper, and after having my head combed by the little girle to bed. Bad news that the plague is decreased in the general again and two increased in the sickness.

11th. To White Hall, having first set my people to worke about setting me rails upon the leads of my wife's closett, a thing I have long designed, but never had a fit opportunity till now. After having done with the Duke of Yorke, I to Hales's, where there was nothing found to be done more to my picture,[2] but the musique, which now pleases me mightily, it being

[1] Richard Cromwell subsequently returned to England, and resided in strict privacy at Cheshunt for some years before his death in 1712.

[2] This picture was bought by Mr. Peter Cunningham at the sale of the Pepys-Cockerell collection in 1848, in the catalogue of which it was described as, "Portrait of a Musician," and was exhibited at the Manchester Art Treasures Exhibition, 1857. It was purchased by the trustees of the National Portrait Gallery in 1866. Pepys is represented in a gown "which I hired to be drawn in; a morning gowne," and holding in his left hand a piece of music, his own composition, with the words, "Beauty retire." An etching from this picture is given as the frontispiece to the Library Edition of this work (see

painted true. Thence home, and after dinner to Gresham College, where a great deal of do and formality in choosing of the Council and Officers. I had three votes to be of the Council, who am but a stranger, nor expected any.[1] So my Lord Bruncker being confirmed President I home, where I find to my great content my rails up upon my leads. To the office and did a little business and then home and did a great jobb at my Tangier accounts, which I find are mighty apt to run into confusion, my head also being too full of other businesses and pleasures. This noon Bagwell's wife come to me to the office, after her being long at Portsmouth. After supper, and past 12 at night to bed.

12th. Up and to the office, where all the morning. At noon dined at home and so to my office again, and taking a turne in the garden my Lady Pen comes to me and takes me into her house, where I find her daughter and a pretty lady of her acquaintance, one Mrs. Lowder,[2] sister, I suppose, of her servant Lowder's, with whom I, notwithstanding all my resolution to follow business close this afternoon, did stay talking and playing the foole almost all the afternoon, and there saw two or three foolish sorry pictures of her doing, but very ridiculous compared to what my wife do. She grows mighty homely and looks old. Thence ashamed at myself for this losse of time, yet not able to leave it, I to the office, where my Lord Bruncker come; and he and I had a little fray, he being, I find, a very peevish man, if he be denied what he expects, and very simple in his argument in this business (about signing a warrant for paying Sir Thos. Allen £1,000 out of the groats); but we were pretty good friends before we parted, and so we broke up and I to the writing my letters by the post, and so home to supper and to bed.

13th. Up, being called up by my wife's brother, for whom I have got a commission from the Duke of Yorke for Muster-Master of one of the divisions, of which Harman is Rere-Admirall, of which I am glad as well as he. After I had acquainted him with it, and discoursed a little of it, I went forth and took him with me by coach to the Duke of Albemarle, who being not up, I took a walk with Balty into the Parke, and to the Queene's Chappell, it being Good Friday, where people were all upon their knees very silent; but, it seems, no masse this day. So back and waited on the Duke and received some commands of his, and so by coach to Mr. Hales's, where it is pretty strange to see that his second doing, I mean the second time of her sitting, is less like Mrs. Pierce than the first, and yet I am confident will be most like her, for he is so curious that I do not see how it is possible for him to mistake. Here he and I presently resolved of going to White Hall, to spend an houre in the galleries there among the pictures, and we did so to my great satisfaction, he shewing me the difference in the payntings, and when I come more

post, 13th inst., where we are informed that the landscape background was painted out by Pepys's wish). There is a similar picture belonging to Mr. Hawes, of Kensington, which Mr. George Scharf, C.B., the Keeper of the National Portrait Gallery, thinks is either a replica or a good old copy.

[1] John Creed was selected as a member of council at this meeting.

[2] Margaret Lowther subsequently married John Holmes, afterwards knighted.—B.

and more to distinguish and observe the workmanship, I do not find so many good things as I thought there was, but yet great difference between the works of some and others; and, while my head and judgment was full of these, I would go back again to his house to see his pictures, and indeed, though, I think, at first sight some difference do open, yet very inconsiderably but that I may judge his to be very good pictures. Here we fell into discourse of my picture, and I am for his putting out the Landskipp, though he says it is very well done, yet I do judge it will be best without it, and so it shall be put out, and be made a plain sky like my wife's picture, which will be very noble. Thence called upon an old woman in Pannier Ally to agree for ruling of some paper for me and she will do it pretty cheap. Here I found her have a very comely black mayde to her servant, which I liked very well. So home to dinner and to see my joiner do the bench upon my leads to my great content. After dinner I abroad to carry paper to my old woman, and so to Westminster Hall, and there beyond my intention or design did see and speak with Betty Howlett, at her father's still, and it seems they carry her to her own house to begin the world with her young husband on Monday next, Easter Monday. I please myself with the thoughts of her neighbourhood, for I love the girl mightily. Thence home, and thither comes Mr. Houblon and a brother, with whom I evened for the charter parties of their ships for Tangier, and paid them the third advance on their freight to full satisfaction, and so, they being gone, comes Creed and with him till past one in the morning, evening his accounts till my head aked and I was fit for nothing, however, coming at last luckily to see through and settle all to my mind, it did please me mightily, and so with my mind at rest to bed, and he with me and hard to sleep.

14th. Up about seven and finished our papers, he and I, and I delivered him tallys and some money and so away I to the office, where we sat all the morning. At noon dined at home and Creed with me, then parted, and I to the office, and anon called thence by Sir H. Cholmley and he and I to my chamber, and there settled our matters of accounts, and did give him tallys and money to clear him, and so he being gone and all these accounts cleared I shall be even with the King, so as to make a very clear and short account in a very few days, which pleases me very well. Here he and I discoursed a great while about Tangier, and he do convince me, as things are now ordered by my Lord Bellasses and will be by Norwood (men that do only mind themselves), the garrison will never come to any thing, and he proposes his owne being governor, which in truth I do think will do very well, and that he will bring it to something. He gone I to my office, where to write letters late, and then home and looked over a little more my papers of accounts lately passed, and so to bed.

15th (Easter Day). Up and by water to Westminster to the Swan to lay down my cloak, and there found Sarah alone, with whom after I had staid awhile I to White Hall Chapel, and there coming late could hear nothing of

the Bishop of London's sermon. So walked into the Park to the Queene's chappell, and there heard a good deal of their mass, and some of their musique, which is not so contemptible, I think, as our people would make it, it pleasing me very well; and, indeed, better than the anthem I heard afterwards at White Hall, at my coming back. I staid till the King went down to receive the Sacrament, and stood in his closett with a great many others, and there saw him receive it, which I did never see the manner of before. But I do see very little difference between the degree of the ceremonies used by our people in the administration thereof, and that in the Roman church, saving that methought our Chappell was not so fine, nor the manner of doing it so glorious, as it was in the Queene's chappell. Thence walked to Mr. Pierce's, and there dined, I alone with him and her and their children: very good company and good discourse, they being able to tell me all the businesses of the Court; the amours and the mad doings that are there; how for certain Mrs. Stewart do do everything with the King that a mistress should do; and that the King hath many bastard children that are known and owned, besides the Duke of Monmouth. After a great deale of this discourse I walked thence into the Parke with her little boy James with me, who is the wittiest boy and the best company in the world, and so back again through White Hall both coming and going, and people did generally take him to be my boy and some would aske me. Thence home to Mr. Pierce again; and he being gone forth, she and I and the children out by coach to Kensington, to where we were the other day, and with great pleasure stayed till night; and were mighty late getting home, the horses tiring and stopping at every twenty steps. By the way we discoursed of Mrs. Clerke, who, she says, is grown mighty high, fine, and proud, but tells me an odd story how Captain Rolt did see her the other day accost a gentleman in Westminster Hall and went with him, and he dogged them to Moorefields to a little blind bawdy house, and there staid watching three hours and they come not out, so could stay no longer but left them there, and he is sure it was she, he knowing her well and describing her very clothes to Mrs. Pierce, which she knows are what she wears. Seeing them well at home I homeward, but the horses at Ludgate Hill made a final stop; so there I 'lighted, and with a linke, it being about 10 o'clock, walked home, and after singing a Psalm or two and supped to bed.

16th. Up, and set my people, Mercer, W. Hewer, Tom and the girle at work at ruling and stitching my ruled book for the Muster-Masters, and I hard toward the settling of my Tangier accounts. At noon dined alone, the girl Mercer taking physique can eat nothing, and W. Hewer went forth to dinner. So up to my accounts again, and then comes Mrs. Mercer and fair Mrs. Turner, a neighbour of hers that my wife knows by their means, to visit me. I staid a great while with them, being taken with this pretty woman, though a mighty silly, affected citizen woman she is. Then I left them to come to me at supper anon, and myself out by coach to the old woman in

Pannyer Alley for my ruled papers, and they are done, and I am much more taken with her black maid Nan. Thence further to Westminster, thinking to have met Mrs. Martin, but could not find her, so back and called at Kirton's to borrow 10*s*., to pay for my ruled papers. I having not money in my pocket enough to pay for them. But it was a pretty consideration that on this occasion I was considering where I could with most confidence in a time of need borrow 10*s*., and I protest I could not tell where to do it and with some trouble and fear did aske it here. So that God keepe me from want, for I shall be in a very bad condition to helpe myself if ever I should come to want or borrow. Thence called for my papers and so home, and there comes Mrs. Turner and Mercer and supped with me, and well pleased I was with their company, but especially Mrs. Turner's, she being a very pretty woman of person and her face pretty good, the colour of her haire very fine and light. They staid with me talking till about eleven o'clock and so home, W. Hewer, who supped with me, leading them home. So I to bed.

17th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning. At noon dined at home, my brother Balty with me, who is fitting himself to go to sea. So after dinner to my accounts and did proceed a good way in settling them, and thence to the office, where all the afternoon late, writing my letters and doing business, but, Lord! what a conflict I had with myself, my heart tempting me 1,000 times to go abroad about some pleasure or other, notwithstanding the weather foule. However I reproached myself with my weaknesse in yielding so much my judgment to my sense, and prevailed with difficulty and did not budge, but stayed within, and, to my great content, did a great deale of business, and so home to supper and to bed. This day I am told that Moll Davis, the pretty girle, that sang and danced so well at the Duke's house, is dead.[1]

18th. [Up] and by coach with Sir W. Batten and Sir Thos. Allen to White Hall, and there after attending the Duke as usual and there concluding of many things preparatory to the Prince and Generall's going to sea on Monday next, Sir W. Batten and Sir T. Allen and I to Mr. Lilly's, the painter's; and there saw the heads, some finished, and all begun, of the Flaggmen[2] in the late great fight with the Duke of Yorke against the Dutch. The Duke of Yorke hath them done to hang in his chamber, and very finely they are done indeed. Here is the Prince's, Sir G. Askue's, Sir Thomas Teddiman's, Sir Christopher Mings, Sir Joseph Jordan, Sir William Barkeley, Sir Thomas Allen, and Captain Harman's, as also the Duke of Albemarle's; and will be my Lord Sandwich's, Sir W. Pen's, and Sir Jeremy Smith's. Being very well satisfied with this sight, and other good pictures hanging in the house, we parted, and I left them, and [to] pass away a little time went to the printed

[1] This report of her death was not true (see March 7th, 1666–67).—M. B.

[2] These portraits of the Admirals by Sir Peter Lely are at present at Greenwich Hospital. They were exhibited at the Naval Exhibition, 1891. Pepys does not mention Sir John Lawson.

picture seller's in the way thence to the Exchange, and there did see great plenty of fine prints; but did not buy any, only a print of an old pillar in Rome made for a Naval Triumph,[1] which for the antiquity of the shape of ships, I buy and keepe.[2] Thence to the Exchange, that is, the New Exchange, and looked over some play books and intend to get all the late new plays. So to Westminster, and there at the Swan got a bit of meat and dined alone; and so away toward King's Street, and spying out of my coach Jane that lived heretofore at Jevons, my barber's, I went a little further and stopped, and went on foot back, and overtook her, taking water at Westminster Bridge, and spoke to her, and she telling me whither she was going I over the water and met her at Lambeth, and there drank with her; she telling me how he that was so long her servant, did prove to be a married man, though her master told me (which she denies) that he had lain with her several times in his house. There left her sans essayer alcun cose con elle, and so away by boat to the 'Change, and took coach and to Mr. Hales, where he would have persuaded me to have had the landskipp stand in my picture, but I like it not and will have it otherwise, which I perceive he do not like so well, however is so civil as to say it shall be altered. Thence away to Mrs. Pierce's, who was not at home, but gone to my house to visit me with Mrs. Knipp. I therefore took up the little girle Betty and my mayde Mary that now lives there and to my house, where they had been but were gone, so in our way back again met them coming back again to my house in Cornehill, and there stopped laughing at our pretty misfortunes, and so I carried them to Fish Streete, and there treated them with prawns and lobsters, and it beginning to grow darke we away, but the jest is our horses would not draw us up the Hill, but we were fain to 'light and stay till the coachman had made them draw down to the bottom of the Hill, thereby warming their legs, and then they came up cheerfully enough, and we got up and I carried them home, and coming home called at my paper ruler's and there found black Nan, which pleases me mightily, and having saluted her again and again away home and to bed. . . . In all my ridings in the coach and intervals my mind hath been full these three weeks of setting in musique "It is decreed, &c."

19th. Lay long in bed, so to the office, where all the morning. At noon dined with Sir W. Warren at the Pope's Head. So back to the office, and there met with the Commissioners of the Ordnance, where Sir W. Pen being almost drunk vexed me, and the more because Mr. Chichly observed it with me, and it was a disparagement to the office. They gone I to my office. Anon comes home my wife from Brampton, not looked for till Saturday,

[1] The *columna rostrata* erected in the Forum to C. Duilius, who obtained a triumph for the first naval victory over the Carthaginians, B.C. 261. Part of the column was discovered in the ruins of the Forum near the arch of Septimius, and transferred to the Capitol.—B.

[2] This is the first mention of Pepys's buying prints.—B.

which will hinder me of a little pleasure, but I am glad of her coming. She tells me Pall's business with Ensum is like to go on, but I must give, and she consents to it, another £100. She says she doubts my father is in want of money, for rents come in mighty slowly. My mother grows very unpleasant and troublesome and my father mighty infirm through his old distemper,[1] which altogether makes me mighty thoughtfull. Having heard all this and bid her welcome I to the office, where late, and so home, and after a little more talk with my wife, she to bed and I after her.

20th. Up, and after an houre or two's talke with my poor wife, who gives me more and more content every day than other, I abroad by coach to Westminster, and there met with Mrs. Martin, and she and I over the water to Stangold,[2] and after a walke in the fields to the King's Head, and there spent an houre or two with pleasure with her, and eat a tansy and so parted, and I to the New Exchange, there to get a list of all the modern plays which I intend to collect and have them bound up together. Thence to Mr. Hales's, and there, though against his particular mind, I had my landskipp done out, and only a heaven made in the roome of it, which though it do not please me thoroughly now it is done, yet it will do better than as it was before. Thence to Paul's Churchyarde, and there bespoke some new books, and so to my ruling woman's and there did see my work a doing, and so home and to my office a little, but was hindered of business I intended by being sent for to Mrs. Turner, who desired some discourse with me and lay her condition before me, which is bad and poor. Sir Thomas Harvey intends again to have lodgings in her house, which she prays me to prevent if I can, which I promised. Thence to talke generally of our neighbours. I find she tells me the faults of all of them, and their bad words of me and my wife, and indeed do discover more than I thought. So I told her, and so will practise that I will have nothing to do with any of them. She ended all with a promise of shells to my wife, very fine ones indeed, and seems to have great respect and honour for my wife. So home and to bed.

21st. Up betimes and to the office, there to prepare some things against the afternoon for discourse about the business of the pursers and settling the pursers' matters of the fleete according to my proposition. By and by the office sat, and they being up I continued at the office to finish my matters against the meeting before the Duke this afternoon, so home about three to clap a bit of meate in my mouth, and so away with Sir W. Batten to White Hall, and there to the Duke, but he being to go abroad to take the ayre, he dismissed us presently without doing any thing till to-morrow morning. So my Lord Bruncker and I down to walk in the garden [at White Hall], it being a mighty hot and pleasant day; and there was the King, who, among others, talked to us a little; and among other pretty things, he swore merrily that he believed the ketch that Sir W. Batten bought the last year at Col-

[1] A rupture.
[2] Stangate.

chester was of his own getting, it was so thick to its length. Another pleasant thing he said of Christopher Pett, commending him that he will not alter his moulds of his ships upon any man's advice; "as," says he, "Commissioner Taylor I fear do of his New London, that he makes it differ, in hopes of mending the Old London, built by him." "For," says he, "he finds that God hath put him into the right, and so will keep in it while he is in." "And," says the King, "I am sure it must be God put him in, for no art of his owne ever could have done it;" for it seems he cannot give a good account of what he do as an artist. Thence with my Lord Bruncker in his coach to Hide Parke, the first time I have been there this year. There the King was; but I was sorry to see my Lady Castlemaine, for the mourning forceing all the ladies to go in black, with their hair plain and without any spots, I find her to be a much more ordinary woman than ever I durst have thought she was; and, indeed, is not so pretty as Mrs. Stewart, whom I saw there also. Having done at the Park he set me down at the Exchange, and I by coach home and there to my letters, and they being done, to writing a large letter about the business of the pursers to Sir W. Batten against to-morrow's discourse, and so home and to bed.

22nd (Lord's day). Up, and put on my new black coate, long down to my knees, and with Sir W. Batten to White Hall, where all in deep mourning for the Queene's mother. There had great discourse, before the Duke and Sir W. Coventry begun the discourse of the day about the purser's business, which I seconded, and with great liking to the Duke, whom however afterward my Lord Bruncker and Sir W. Pen did stop by some thing they said, though not much to the purpose, yet because our proposition had some appearance of certain charge to the King it was ruled that for this year we should try another the same in every respect with ours, leaving out one circumstance of allowing the pursers the victuals of all men short of the complement. I was very well satisfied with it and am contented to try it, wishing it may prove effectual. Thence away with Sir W. Batten in his coach home, in our way he telling me the certaine newes, which was afterward confirmed to me this day by several, that the Bishopp of Munster has made a league [with] the Hollanders, and that our King and Court are displeased much at it: moreover we are not sure of Sweden. I home to my house, and there dined mighty well, my poor wife and Mercer and I. So back again walked to White Hall, and there to and again in the Parke, till being in the shoemaker's stockes[1] I was heartily weary, yet walked however to the Queene's Chappell at St. James's, and there saw a little mayde baptized; many parts and words whereof are the same with that of our Liturgy, and little that is more ceremonious than ours. Thence walked to Westminster and eat a bit of bread and drank, and so to Worster House,[2] and there staid, and saw the Council up,

[1] A cant expression for tight shoes.

[2] In the Strand; the mansion stood where Beaufort Buildings are now; it was rented by Lord Clarendon while his house was building.

and then back, walked to the Cockepitt, and there took my leave of the Duke of Albemarle, who is going to-morrow to sea. He seems mightily pleased with me, which I am glad of; but I do find infinitely my concernment in being careful to appear to the King and Duke to continue my care of his business, and to be found diligent as I used to be. Thence walked wearily as far as Fleet Streete and so there met a coach and home to supper and to bed, having sat a great while with Will Joyce, who come to see me, and it is the first time I have seen him at my house since the plague, and find him the same impertinent, prating coxcombe that ever he was.

23rd. Being mighty weary last night, lay long this morning, then up and to the office, where Sir W. Batten, Lord Bruncker and I met, and toward noon took coach and to White Hall, where I had the opportunity to take leave of the Prince, and again of the Duke of Albemarle; and saw them kiss the King's hands and the Duke's; and much content, indeed, there seems to be in all people at their going to sea, and [they] promise themselves much good from them. This morning the House of Parliament do meet, only to adjourne again till winter. The plague, I hear, encreases in the towne much, and exceedingly in the country everywhere. Thence walked to Westminster Hall, and after a little stay, there being nothing now left to keep me there, Betty Howlett being gone, I took coach and away home, in my way asking in two or three places the worth of pearles, I being now come to the time that I have long ago promised my wife a necklace. Dined at home and took Balty with me to Hales's to show him his sister's picture, and thence to Westminster, and there I to the Swan and drank, and so back again alone to Hales's and there met my wife and Mercer, Mrs. Pierce being sitting, and two or three idle people of her acquaintance more standing by. Her picture do come on well. So staid until she had done and then set her down at home, and my wife and I and the girle by coach to Islington, and there eat and drank in the coach and so home, and there find a girle sent at my desire by Mrs. Michell of Westminster Hall, to be my girle under the cooke-mayde, Susan. But I am a little dissatisfied that the girle, though young, is taller and bigger than Su, and will not, I fear, be under her command, which will trouble me, and the more because she is recommended by a friend that I would not have any unkindness with, but my wife do like very well of her. So to my accounts and journall at my chamber, there being bonfires in the streete, for being St. George's day, and the King's Coronation, and the day of the Prince and Duke's going to sea. So having done my business, to bed.

24th. Up, and presently am told that the girle that came yesterday hath packed up her things to be gone home again to Enfield, whence she come, which I was glad of, that we might be at first rid of her altogether rather than be liable to her going away hereafter. The reason was that London do not agree with her. So I did give her something, and away she went. By and by comes Mr. Bland to me, the first time since his coming from Tangier, and tells me, in short, how all things are out of order there, and like to be;

and the place never likely to come to anything while the soldiers govern all, and do not encourage trade. He gone I to the office, where all the morning, and so to dinner, and there in the afternoon very busy all day till late, and so home to supper and to bed.

25th. Up, and to White Hall to the Duke as usual, and did our business there. So I away to Westminster (Balty with me, whom I had presented to Sir W. Coventry) and there told Mrs. Michell of her kinswoman's running away, which troubled her. So home, and there find another little girle come from my wife's mother, likely to do well. After dinner I to the office, where Mr. Prin come to meet about the Chest business; and till company come, did discourse with me a good while alone in the garden about the laws of England, telling me the many faults in them; and among others, their obscurity through multitude of long statutes, which he is about to abstract out of all of a sort; and as he lives, and Parliaments come, get them put into laws, and the other statutes repealed, and then it will be a short work to know the law, which appears a very noble good thing. By and by Sir W. Batten and Sir W. Rider met with us, and we did something to purpose about the Chest, and hope we shall go on to do so. They up, I to present Balty to Sir W. Pen, who at my entreaty did write a most obliging letter to Harman to use him civilly, but the dissembling of the rogue is such, that it do not oblige me at all. So abroad to my ruler's of my books, having, God forgive me! a mind to see Nan there, which I did, and so back again, and then out again to see Mrs. Bettons, who were looking out of the window as I come through Fenchurch Streete. So that indeed I am not, as I ought to be, able to command myself in the pleasure of my eye. So home, and with my wife and Mercer spent our evening upon our new leads by our bed-chamber singing, while Mrs. Mary Batelier looked out of the window to us, and we talked together, and at last bid good night. However, my wife and I staid there talking of several things with great pleasure till eleven o'clock at night, and it is a convenience I would not want for any thing in the world, it being, methinks, better than almost any roome in my house. So having supped upon the leads, to bed. The plague, blessed be God! is decreased sixteen this week.

26th. To the office, where all the morning. At noon home to dinner, and in the afternoon to my office again, where very busy all the afternoon and particularly about fitting of Mr. Yeabsly's accounts for the view of the Lords Commissioners for Tangier. At night home to supper and to bed.

27th. Up (taking Balty with me, who lay at my house last [night] in order to his going away to-day to sea with the pursers of the Henery, whom I appointed to call him), abroad to many several places about several businesses, to my Lord Treasurer's, Westminster, and I know not where. At noon to the 'Change a little, and there bespoke some maps to hang in my new roome (my boy's roome) which will be very pretty. Home to dinner, and after dinner to the hanging up of maps, and other things for the fitting of

the roome, and now it will certainly be one of the handsomest and most usefull roomes in my house. So that what with this room and the room on my leads my house is half as good again as it was. All this afternoon about this till I was so weary and it was late I could do no more but finished the room. So I did not get out to the office all the day long. At night spent a good deale of time with my wife and Mercer teaching them a song, and so after supper to bed.

28th. Up and to the office. At noon dined at home. After dinner abroad with my wife to Hales's to see only our pictures and Mrs. Pierce's, which I do not think so fine as I might have expected it. My wife to her father's, to carry him some ruling work,[1] which I have advised her to let him do. It will get him some money. She also is to look out for another little girle, the last we had being also gone home the very same day she came. She was also to look after a necklace of pearle, which she is mighty busy about, I being contented to lay out £80 in one for her. I home to my business. By and by comes my wife and presently after, the tide serving, Balty took leave of us, going to sea, and upon very good terms, to be Muster-Master of a squadron, which will be worth £100 this yeare to him, besides keeping him the benefit of his pay in the Guards. He gone, I very busy all the afternoon till night, among other things, writing a letter to my brother John, the first I have done since my being angry with him, and that so sharpe a one too that I was sorry almost to send it when I had wrote it, but it is preparatory to my being kind to him, and sending for him up hither when he hath passed his degree of Master of Arts. So home to supper and to bed.

29th (Lord's day). Up, and to church, where Mr. Mills, a lazy, simple sermon upon the Devil's having no right to any thing in this world. So home to dinner, and after dinner I and my boy down by water to Redriffe and thence walked to Mr. Evelyn's, where I walked in his garden till he come from Church, with great pleasure reading Ridly's[2] discourse, all my way going and coming, upon the Civill and Ecclesiastical Law. He being come home, he and I walked together in the garden with mighty pleasure, he being a very ingenious man; and the more I know him, the more I love him. His chief business with me was to propose having my cozen Thomas Pepys in Commission of the Peace, which I do not know what to say to till I speake with him, but should be glad of it and will put him upon it. Thence walked back again reading and so took water and home, where I find my uncle and aunt Wight, and supped with them upon my leads with mighty pleasure and mirthe, and they being gone I mighty weary to bed, after having my haire of my head cut shorter, even close to my skull, for coolnesse, it being mighty hot weather.

[1] For the making books of accounts for pursers see March 2nd, 1665–66.

[2] Sir Thomas Ridley, a native of Ely. He was a Master in Chancery, and author of "A View of the Civil and Ecclesiastical Law," published at Oxford in 1607, and subsequently reprinted. He died 1626.—M. B.

30th. Up and, being ready, to finish my journall for four days past. To the office, where busy all the morning. At noon dined alone, my wife gone abroad to conclude about her necklace of pearle. I after dinner to even all my accounts of this month; and, bless God! I find myself, notwithstanding great expenses of late; viz. £80 now to pay for a necklace; near £40 for a set of chairs and couch; near £40 for my three pictures: yet I do gather, and am now worth £5,200. My wife comes home by and by, and hath pitched upon a necklace with three rows, which is a very good one, and £80 is the price. In the evening, having finished my accounts to my full content and joyed that I have evened them so plainly, remembering the trouble my last accounts did give me by being let alone a little longer than ordinary, by which I am to this day at a loss for £50, I hope I shall never commit such an error again, for I cannot devise where the £50 should be, but it is plain I ought to be worth £50 more than I am, and blessed be God the error was no greater. In the evening with my [wife] and Mercer by coach to take the ayre as far as Bow, and eat and drank in the coach by the way and with much pleasure and pleased with my company. At night home and up to the leads, but were contrary to expectation driven down again with a stinke by Sir W. Pen's shying of a shitten pot in their house of office close by, which do trouble me for fear it do hereafter annoy me. So down to sing a little and then to bed. So ends this month with great layings-out. Good health and gettings, and advanced well in the whole of my estate, for which God make me thankful!

May 1st. Up, and all the morning at the office. At noon, my cozen Thomas Pepys did come to me, to consult about the business of his being a Justice of the Peace, which he is much against; and among other reasons, tells me, as a confidant, that he is not free to exercise punishment according to the Act against Quakers and other people, for religion. Nor do he understand Latin, and so is not capable of the place as formerly, now all warrants do run in Latin. Nor is he in Kent, though he be of Deptford parish, his house[1] standing in Surry. However, I did bring him to incline towards it, if he be pressed to take it. I do think it may be some repute to me to have my kinsman in Commission there, specially if he behave himself to content in the country. He gone and my wife gone abroad, I out also to and fro, to see and be seen, among others to find out in Thames Streete where Betty Howlett is come to live, being married to Mrs. Michell's son; which I did about the Old Swan, but did not think fit to go thither or see them. Thence by water to Redriffe, reading a new French book my Lord Bruncker did give me to-day, "L'Histoire Amoureuse des Gaules," [2] being a pretty libel against the

[1] Hatcham, near New Cross, on the Deptford Road.

[2] This book, which has frequently been reprinted, was written by Roger de Rabutin, Comte de Bussy, for the amusement of his mistress, Madame de Montglas, and consists of sketches of the chief ladies of the court, in which he libelled friends and foes alike. These circulated in manuscript, and were printed at Liège in 1665. Louis XIV. was so much annoyed with the book that he sent the author to the Bastille for over a year.

amours of the Court of France. I walked up and down Deptford yarde, where I had not been since I come from living at Greenwich, which is some months. There I met with Mr. Castle, and was forced against my will to have his company back with me. So we walked and drank at Halfway house and so to his house, where I drank a cupp of syder, and so home, where I find Mr. Norbury newly come to town to see us. After he gone my wife tells me the ill newes that our Susan is sicke and gone to bed, with great pain in her head and back, which troubles us all. However we to bed expecting what tomorrow would produce. She hath we conceive wrought a little too much, having neither maid nor girle to help her.

2nd. Up and find the girle better, which we are glad of, and with Sir W. Batten to White Hall by coach. There attended the Duke as usual. Thence with Captain Cocke, whom I met there, to London, to my office, to consult about serving him in getting him some money, he being already tired of his slavery to my Lord Bruncker, and the charge it costs him, and gets no manner of courtesy from him for it. He gone I home to dinner, find the girle yet better, so no fear of being forced to send her out of doors as we intended. After dinner I by water to White Hall to a Committee for Tangier upon Mr. Yeabsly's business, which I got referred to a Committee to examine. Thence among other stops went to my ruler's house, and there staid a great while with Nan idling away the afternoon with pleasure. By and by home, so to my office a little, and then home to supper with my wife, the girle being pretty well again, and then to bed.

3rd. Up, and all the morning at the office. At noon home, and contrary to my expectation find my little girle Su worse than she was, which troubled me, and the more to see my wife minding her paynting and not thinking of her house business, this being the first day of her beginning the second time to paynt. This together made me froward that I was angry with my wife, and would not have Browne to think to dine at my table with me always, being desirous to have my house to myself without a stranger and a mechanique to be privy to all my concernments. Upon this my wife and I had a little disagreement, but it ended by and by, and then to send up and down for a nurse to take the girle home and would have given anything. I offered to the only one that we could get 20*s*. per weeke, and we to find clothes, and bedding and physique, and would have given 30*s*., as demanded, but desired an houre or two's time. So I away by water to Westminster, and there sent for the girle's mother to Westminster Hall to me; she came and undertakes to get her daughter a lodging and nurse at next doore to her, though she dare not, for the parish's sake, whose sexton her husband is, to [have] her into her owne house. Thence home, calling at my bookseller's and other trifling places, and in the evening the mother come and with a nurse she has got, who demanded and I did agree at 10*s*. per weeke to take her, and so she away, and my house mighty uncouth, having so few in it, and we shall want a servant or two by it, and the truth is my heart was a little sad all the

afternoon and jealous of myself. But she went, and we all glad of it, and so a little to the office, and so home to supper and to bed.

4th. Up and by water to Westminster to Charing Cross (Mr. Gregory for company with me) to Sir Ph. Warwicke's, who was not within. So I took Gregory to White Hall, and there spoke with Joseph Williamson to have leave in the next Gazette to have a general pay for the Chest at Chatham declared upon such a day in June. Here I left Gregory, and I by coach back again to Sir Philip Warwicke's, and in the Park met him walking, so discoursed about the business of striking a quarter's tallys for Tangier, due this day, which he hath promised to get my Lord Treasurer's warrant for, and so away hence, and to Mr. Hales, to see what he had done to Mrs. Pierce's picture, and whatever he pretends, I do not think it will ever be so good a picture as my wife's. Thence home to the office a little and then to dinner, and had a great fray with my wife again about Browne's coming to teach her to paynt, and sitting with me at table, which I will not yield to. I do thoroughly believe she means no hurte in it; but very angry we were, and I resolved all into my having my will done, without disputing, be the reason what it will; and so I will have it. After dinner abroad again and to the New Exchange about play books, and to White Hall, thinking to have met Sir G. Carteret, but failed. So to the Swan at Westminster, and there spent a quarter of an hour with Jane, and thence away home, and my wife coming home by and by (having been at her mother's to pray her to look out for a mayde for her) by coach into the fields to Bow, and so home back in the evening, late home, and after supper to bed, being much out of order for lack of somebody in the room of Su. This evening, being weary of my late idle courses, and the little good I shall do the King or myself in the office, I bound myself to very strict rules till Whitsunday next.

5th. At the office all the morning. After dinner upon a letter from the fleete from Sir W. Coventry I did do a great deale of worke for the sending away of the victuallers that are in the river, &c., too much to remember. Till 10 at night busy about letters and other necessary matter of the office. About 11 I home, it being a fine moonshine and so my wife and Mercer come into the garden, and, my business being done, we sang till about twelve at night, with mighty pleasure to ourselves and neighbours, by their casements opening, and so home to supper and to bed.

6th (Lord's day). To church. Home, and after dinner walked to White Hall, thinking to have seen Mr. Coventry, but failed, and therefore walked clear on foot back again. Busy till night in fitting my Victualling papers in order, which I through my multitude of business and pleasure have not examined these several months. Walked back again home, and so to the Victualling Office, where I met Mr. Gawden, and have received some satisfaction, though it be short of what I expected, and what might be expected from me. So after evened I have gone, and so to supper and to bed.

7th. Up betimes to set my Victualling papers in order against Sir W.

Coventry comes, which indeed makes me very melancholy, being conscious that I am much to seeke in giving a good answer to his queries about the Victualling business. At the office mighty busy, and brought myself into a pretty plausible condition before Sir W. Coventry come, and did give him a pretty tolerable account of every thing and went with him into the Victualling office, where we sat and examined his businesses and state of the victualling of the fleete, which made me in my heart blushe that I could say no more to it than I did or could. But I trust in God I shall never be in that condition again. We parted, and I with pretty good grace, and so home to dinner, where my wife troubled more and more with her swollen cheek. So to dinner, my sister-in-law with us, who I find more and more a witty woman; and then I to my Lord Treasurer's and the Exchequer about my Tangier businesses, and with my content passed by all things and persons without so much as desiring any stay or loss of time with them, being by strong vowe obliged on no occasion to stay abroad but my publique offices. So home again, where I find Mrs. Pierce and Mrs. Ferrers come to see my wife. I staid a little with them, being full of business, and so to the office, where busy till late at night and so weary and a little conscious of my failures to-day, yet proud that the day is over without more observation on Sir W. Coventry's part, and so to bed and to sleepe soundly.

8th. Up, and to the office all the morning. At noon dined at home, my wife's cheek bad still. After dinner to the office again and thither comes Mr. Downing,[1] the anchor-smith, who had given me 50 pieces in gold the last month to speake for him to Sir W. Coventry, for his being smith at Deptford; but after I had got it granted to him, he finds himself not fit to go on with it, so lets it fall. So has no benefit of my motion. I therefore in honour and conscience took him home the money, and, though much to my grief, did yet willingly and forcibly force him to take it again, the poor man having no mind to have it. However, I made him take it, and away he went, and I glad to have given him so much cause to speake well of me. So to my office again late, and then home to supper to a good lobster with my wife, and then a little to my office again, and so to bed.

9th. Up by five o'clock, which I have not a long time done, and down the river by water to Deptford, among other things to examine the state of Ironworke, in order to the doing something with reference to Downing that may induce him to returne me the 50 pieces. Walked back again reading of my Civill Law Book, and so home and by coach to White Hall, where we did our usual business before the Duke, and heard the Duke commend Deane's ship "The Rupert" before "The Defyance," built lately by Castle, in hearing of Sir W. Batten, which pleased me mightily. Thence by water to Westminster, and there looked after my Tangier order, and so by coach to Mrs. Pierce's, thinking to have gone to Hales's, but she was not ready, so away

[1] John Downing.

home and to dinner, and after dinner out by coach to Lovett's to have forwarded what I have doing there, but find him and his pretty wife gone to my house to show me something. So away to my Lord Treasurer's, and thence to Pierce's, where I find Knipp, and I took them to Hales's to see our pictures finished, which are very pretty, but I like not hers half so well as I thought at first, it being not so like, nor so well painted as I expected, or as mine and my wife's are. Thence with them to Cornhill to call and choose a chimney-piece for Pierce's closett, and so home, where my wife in mighty pain and mightily vexed at my being abroad with these women; and when they were gone called them whores and I know not what, which vexed me, having been so innocent with them. So I with them to Mrs. Turner's and there sat with them a while, anon my wife sends for me, I come, and what was it but to scold at me and she would go abroad to take the ayre presently, that she would. So I left my company and went with her to Bow, but was vexed and spoke not one word to her all the way going nor coming, or being come home, but went up straight to bed. Half an hour after (she in the coach leaning on me as being desirous to be friends) she comes up mighty sicke with a fit of the cholique and in mighty pain and calls for me out of the bed; I rose and held her, she prays me to forgive her, and in mighty pain we put her to bed, where the pain ceased by and by, and so had some asparagus to our bed side for supper and very kindly afterward to sleepe and good friends in the morning.

10th. So up, and to the office, where all the morning. At noon home to dinner and there busy all the afternoon till past six o'clock, and then abroad with my wife by coach, who is now at great ease, her cheeke being broke inward. We took with us Mrs. Turner, who was come to visit my wife just as we were going out. A great deale of tittle tattle discourse to little purpose, I finding her, though in other things a very discreete woman, as very a gossip speaking of her neighbours as any body. Going out towards Hackney by coach for the ayre, the silly coachman carries us to Shoreditch, which was so pleasant a piece of simplicity in him and us, that made us mighty merry. So back again late, it being wondrous hot all the day and night and it lightning exceedingly all the way we went and came, but without thunder. Coming home we called at a little alehouse, and had an eele pye, of which my wife eat part and brought home the rest. So being come home we to supper and to bed. This day come our new cook maid Mary, commended by Mrs. Batters.

11th. Up betimes, and then away with Mr. Yeabsly to my Lord Ashly's, whither by and by comes Sir H. Cholmly and Creed, and then to my Lord, and there entered into examination of Mr. Yeabsly's accounts, wherein as in all other things I find him one of the most distinct men that ever I did see in my life. He raised many scruples which were to be answered another day and so parted, giving me an alarme how to provide myself against the day of my passing my accounts. Thence I to Westminster to look after the striking of my tallys, but nothing done or to be done therein. So to the 'Change, to speak with Captain Cocke, among other things about getting

of the silver plates[1] of him, which he promises to do; but in discourse he tells me that I should beware of my fellow-officers; and by name told me that my Lord Bruncker should say in his hearing, before Sir W. Batten, of me, that he could undo the man, if he would; wherein I think he is a foole; but, however, it is requisite I be prepared against the man's friendship. Thence home to dinner alone, my wife being abroad. After dinner to the setting some things in order in my dining-room; and by and by comes my wife home and Mrs. Pierce with her, so I lost most of this afternoon with them, and in the evening abroad with them, our long tour by coach, to Hackney, so to Kingsland, and then to Islington, there entertaining them by candle-light very well, and so home with her, set her down, and so home and to bed.

12th. Up, to the office very betimes to draw up a letter for the Duke of Yorke relating to him the badness of our condition in this office for want of money. That being in good time done we met at the office and there sat all the morning. At noon home, where I find my wife troubled still at my checking her last night in the coach in her long stories out of Grand Cyrus, which she would tell, though nothing to the purpose, nor in any good manner.[2] This she took unkindly, and I think I was to blame indeed; but she do find with reason, that in the company of Pierce, Knipp, or other women that I love, I do not value her, or mind her as I ought. However very good friends by and by, and to dinner, and after dinner up to the putting our dining room in order, which will be clean again anon, but not as it is to be because of the pictures which are not come home. To the office and did much business, in the evening to Westminster and White Hall about business and among other things met Sir G. Downing on White Hall bridge, and there walked half an hour, talking of the success of the late new Act; and indeed it is very much, that that hath stood really in the room of £800,000[3] now since Christmas, being itself but £1,250,000. And so I do really take it to be a very considerable thing done by him; for the beginning, end, and every part of it, is to be imputed to him. So home by water, and there hard till 12 at night at work finishing the great letter to the Duke of Yorke against tomorrow morning, and so home to bed. This day come home again my little girle Susan, her sicknesse proving an ague, and she had a fit soon almost as she come home. The fleete is not yet gone from the Nore. The plague encreases in many places, and is 53 this week with us.

[1] See April 5th, 1666.

[2] Sir Walter Scott observes, in his "Life of Dryden," that the romances of Calprenede and Scuderi, those ponderous and unmerciful folios, now consigned to oblivion, were, in their day, not only universally read and admired, but supposed to furnish the most perfect models of gallantry and heroism. Dr. Johnson read them all. "I have," says Mrs. Chapone, "and yet I am still alive, dragged through 'Le Grand Cyrus,' in twelve huge volumes; 'Cleopatra,' in eight or ten; 'Ibrahim,' 'Clelie,' and some others, whose names, as well as all the rest of them, I have forgotten" ("Letters to Mrs. Carter"). No wonder that Pepys sat on thorns, when his wife began to recite "Le Grand Cyrus" in the coach, "and trembled at the impending tale."—B.

[3] There appears to be some error in these figures.—B.

13th (Lord's day). Up, and walked to White Hall, where we all met to present a letter to the Duke of Yorke, complaining solemnly of the want of money, and that being done, I to and again up and down Westminster, thinking to have spent a little time with Sarah at the Swan, or Mrs. Martin, but was disappointed in both, so walked the greatest part of the way home, where comes Mr. Symons, my old acquaintance, to dine with me, and I made myself as good company as I could to him, but he was mighty impertinent methought too yet, and thereby I see the difference between myself now and what it was heretofore, when I reckoned him a very brave fellow. After dinner he and I walked together as far as Cheapside, and I quite through to Westminster again, and fell by chance into St. Margett's[1] Church, where I heard a young man play the foole upon the doctrine of purgatory. At this church I spied Betty Howlett, who indeed is mighty pretty, and struck me mightily. After church time, standing in the Church yarde, she spied me, so I went to her, her father and mother and husband being with her. They desired and I agreed to go home with Mr. Michell, and there had the opportunity to have saluted two or three times Betty and make an acquaintance which they are pleased with, though not so much as I am or they think I am. I staid here an houre or more chatting with them in a little sorry garden of theirs by the Bowling Alley, and so left them and I by water home, and there was in great pain in mind lest Sir W. Pen, who is going down to the Fleete, should come to me or send for me to be informed in the state of things, and particularly the Victualling, that by my pains he might seem wise. So after spending an houre with my wife pleasantly in her closett, I to bed even by daylight.

14th. Comes betimes a letter from Sir W. Coventry, that he and Sir G. Carteret are ordered presently down to the Fleete. I up and saw Sir W. Pen gone also after them, and so I finding it a leisure day fell to making cleane my closett in my office, which I did to my content and set up my Platts again, being much taken also with Griffin's mayde, that did cleane it, being a pretty mayde. I left her at it, and toward Westminster myself with my wife by coach and meeting took up Mr. Lovett the varnisher with us, who is a pleasant speaking and humoured man, so my wife much taken with him, and a good deale of worke I believe I shall procure him. I left my wife at the New Exchange and myself to the Exchequer, to looke after my Tangier tallys, and there met Sir G. Downing, who shewed me his present practise now begun this day to paste up upon the Exchequer door a note of what orders upon the new Act are paid and now in paying, and my Lord of Oxford coming by, also took him, and shewed him his whole method of keeping his books, and everything of it, which indeed is very pretty, and at this day there is assigned upon the Act £804,000. Thence at the New Exchange took up my wife again, and so home to dinner, and after dinner to my office again to set things in order. In the evening out with my wife and my aunt Wight,

[1] St. Margaret's.

to take the ayre, and happened to have a pleasant race between our hackney-coach and a gentleman's. At Bow we eat and drank and so back again, it being very cool in the evening. Having set home my aunt and come home, I fell to examine my wife's kitchen book, and find 20*s.* mistake, which made me mighty angry and great difference between us, and so in the difference to bed.

15th. Up and to the office, where we met and sat all the morning. At noon home to dinner, and after dinner by coach to Sir Philip Warwicke's, he having sent for me, but was not within, so I to my Lord Crew's, who is very lately come to towne, and with him talking half an houre of the business of the warr, wherein he is very doubtful, from our want of money, that we shall fail. And I do concur with him therein. After some little discourse of ordinary matters, I away to Sir Philip Warwicke's again, and was come in, and gone out to my Lord Treasurer's; whither I followed him, and there my business was, to be told that my Lord Treasurer hath got £10,000 for us in the Navy, to answer our great necessities, which I did thank him for; but the sum is not considerable. So home, and there busy all the afternoon till night, and then home to supper and to bed.

16th. Up very betimes, and so down the river to Deptford to look after some business, being by and by to attend the Duke and Mr. Coventry, and so I was willing to carry something fresh that I may look as a man minding business, which I have done too much for a great while to forfeit, and is now so great a burden upon my mind night and day that I do not enjoy myself in the world almost. I walked thither, and come back again by water, and so to White Hall, and did our usual business before the Duke, and so to the Exchequer, where the lazy rogues have not yet done my tallys, which vexes me. Thence to Mr. Hales, and paid him for my picture, and Mr. Hill's, for the first £14 for the picture, and 25*s.* for the frame, and for the other £7 for the picture, it being a copy of his only, and 5*s.* for the frame; in all £22 10*s.* I am very well satisfied with my pictures, and so took them in another coach home along with me, and there with great pleasure my wife and I hung them up, and, that being done, to dinner, where Mrs. Barbara Sheldon come to see us and dined with us, and we kept her all the day with us, I going down to Deptford, and, Lord! to see with what itching desire I did endeavour to see Bagwell's wife, but failed, for which I am glad, only I observe the folly of my mind that cannot refrain from pleasure at a season above all others in my life requisite for me to shew my utmost care in. I walked both going and coming, spending my time reading of my Civill and Ecclesiastical Law book. Being returned home, I took my wife and Mrs. Barbary and Mercer out by coach and went our Grand Tour, and baited at Islington, and so late home about 11 at night, and so with much pleasure to bed.

17th. Up, lying long, being wearied yesterday with long walking. So to the office, where all the morning with fresh occasion of vexing at myself for my late neglect of business, by which I cannot appear half so usefull as I used to do. Home at noon to dinner, and then to my office again, where I could

not hold my eyes open for an houre, but I drowsed (so little sensible I apprehend my soul is of the necessity of minding business), but I anon wakened and minded my business, and did a great deale with very great pleasure, and so home at night to supper and to bed, mightily pleased with myself for the business that I have done, and convinced that if I would but keepe constantly to do the same I might have leisure enough and yet do all my business, and by the grace of God so I will. So to bed.

18th. Up by 5 o'clock, and so down by water to Deptford and Blackewall to dispatch some business. So walked to Dickeshoare,[1] and there took boat again and home, and thence to Westminster, and attended all the morning on the Exchequer for a quarter's tallys for Tangier. But, Lord! to see what a dull, heavy sort of people they are there would make a man mad. At noon had them and carried them home, and there dined with great content with my people, and within and at the office all the afternoon and night, and so home to settle some papers there, and so to bed, being not very well, having eaten too much lobster at noon at dinner with Mr. Hollyard, he coming in and commending it so much.

19th. Up, and to the office all the morning. At noon took Mr. Deane (lately come to towne) home with me to dinner, and there after giving him some reprimands and good advice about his deportment in the place where by my interest he is at Harwich, and then declaring my resolution of being his friend still, we did then fall to discourse about his ship "Rupert," built by him there, which succeeds so well as he hath got great honour by it, and I some by recommending him; the King, Duke, and every body saying it is the best ship that was ever built. And then he fell to explain to me his manner of casting the draught of water which a ship will draw before-hand: which is a secret the King and all admire in him; and he is the first that hath come to any certainty before-hand, of foretelling the draught of water of a ship before she be launched. I must confess I am much pleased in his success in this business, and do admire at the confidence of Castle who did undervalue the draught Deane sent up to me, that I was ashamed to owne it or him, Castle asking of me upon the first sight of it whether he that laid it down had ever built a ship or no, which made me the more doubtfull of him. He being gone, I to the office, where much business and many persons to speake with me. Late home and to bed, glad to be at a little quiett.

20th (Lord's day). With my wife to church in the morning. At noon dined mighty nobly, ourselves alone. After dinner my wife and Mercer by coach to Greenwich, to be gossip to Mrs. Daniel's child. I out to Westminster, and straight to Mrs. Martin's, and there did what I would with her, she staying at home all the day for me; and not being well pleased with her over free and loose company, I away to Westminster Abbey, and there fell in discourse with Mr. Blagrave, whom I find a sober politique man, that gets money and increase of places, and thence by coach home, and thence by water after I

[1] Dick Shore or Duck Shore, Limehouse (see note, January 15th, 1660–61).

had discoursed awhile with Mr. Yeabsly, whom I met and took up in my coach with me, and who hath this day presented my Lord Ashly with £100 to bespeak his friendship to him in his accounts now before us; and my Lord hath received it, and so I believe is as bad, as to bribes, as what the world says of him. Calling on all the Victualling ships to know what they had of their complements, and so to Deptford, to enquire after a little business there, and thence by water back again, all the way coming and going reading my Lord Bacon's "Faber Fortunæ," which I can never read too often, and so back home, and there find my wife come home, much pleased with the reception she had there, and she was godmother, and did hold the child at the Font, and it is called John. So back again home, and after setting my papers in order and supping, to bed, desirous to rise betimes in the morning.

21st. Up between 4 and 5 o'clock and to set several papers to rights, and so to the office, where we had an extraordinary meeting. But, Lord! how it torments me to find myself so unable to give an account of my Victualling business, which puts me out of heart in every thing else, so that I never had a greater shame upon me in my owne mind, nor more trouble as to publique business than I have now, but I will get out of it as soon as possibly I can. At noon dined at home, and after dinner comes in my wife's brother Balty and his wife, he being stepped ashore from the fleete for a day or two. I away in some haste to my Lord Ashly, where it is stupendous to see how favourably, and yet closely, my Lord Ashly carries himself to Mr. Yeabsly, in his business, so as I think we shall do his business for him in very good manner. But it is a most extraordinary thing to observe, and that which I would not but have had the observation of for a great deal of money. Being done there, and much forwarded Yeabsly's business, I with Sir H. Cholmly to my Lord Bellassis, who is lately come from Tangier to visit him, but is not within. So to Westminster Hall a little about business and so home by water, and then out with my wife, her brother, sister, and Mercer to Islington, our grand tour, and there eat and drank. But in discourse I am infinitely pleased with Balty, his deportment in his business of Muster-Master, and hope mighty well from him, and am glad with all my heart I put him into this business. Late home and to bed, they also lying at my house, he intending to go away to-morrow back again to sea.

22nd. Up betimes and to my business of entering some Tangier payments in my book in order, and then to the office, where very busy all the morning. At noon home to dinner, Balty being gone back to sea and his wife dining with us, whom afterward my wife carried home. I after dinner to the office, and anon out on several occasions, among others to Lovett's, and there staid by him and her and saw them (in their poor conditioned manner) lay on their varnish, which however pleased me mightily to see. Thence home to my business writing letters, and so at night home to supper and to bed.

23rd. Up by 5 o'clock and to my chamber settling several matters in order.

So out toward White Hall, calling in my way on my Lord Bellassis, where I come to his bedside, and did give me a full and long account of his matters, how he left them at Tangier. Declares himself fully satisfied with my care; seems cunningly to argue for encreasing the number of men there. Told me the whole story of his gains by the Turky prizes, which he owns he hath got about £5,000 by. Promised me the same profits Povy was to have had; and in fine, I find him a pretty subtle man; and so I left him, and to White Hall before the Duke and did our usual business, and eased my mind of two or three things of weight that lay upon me about Lanyon's salary, which I have got to be £150 per annum. Thence to Westminster to look after getting some little for some great tallys, but shall find trouble in it. Thence homeward and met with Sir Philip Warwicke, and spoke about this, in which he is scrupulous. After that to talk of the wants of the Navy. He lays all the fault now upon the new Act, and owns his owne folly in thinking once so well of it as to give way to others' endeavours about it, and is grieved at heart to see what passe things are like to come to. Thence to the Excise Office to the Commissioners to get a meeting between them and myself and others about our concernments in the Excise for Tangier, and so to the 'Change awhile, and thence home with Creed, and find my wife at dinner with Mr. Cooke, who is going down to Hinchinbrooke. After dinner Creed and I and wife and Mercer out by coach, leaving them at the New Exchange, while I to White Hall, and there staid at Sir G. Carteret's chamber till the Council rose, and then he and I, by agreement this morning, went forth in his coach by Tiburne, to the Parke; discoursing of the state of the Navy as to money, and the state of the Kingdom too, how ill able to raise more: and of our office as to the condition of the officers; he giving me caution as to myself, that there are those that are my enemies as well as his, and by name my Lord Bruncker, who hath said some odd speeches against me. So that he advises me to stand on my guard; which I shall do, and unless my too-much addiction to pleasure undo me, will be acute enough for any of them. We rode to and again in the Parke a good while, and at last home and set me down at Charing Crosse, and thence I to Mrs. Pierce's to take up my wife and Mercer, where I find her new picture by Hales do not please her, nor me indeed, it making no show, nor is very like, nor no good painting. Home to supper and to bed, having my right eye sore and full of humour of late, I think, by my late change of my brewer, and having of 8*s*. beer.

24th. Up very betimes, and did much business in my chamber. Then to the office, where busy all the morning. At noon rose in the pleasantest humour I have seen Sir W. Coventry and the whole board in this twelvemonth from a pleasant crossing humour Sir W. Batten was in, he being hungry, and desirous to be gone. Home, and Mr. Hunt come to dine with me, but I was prevented dining till 4 o'clock by Sir H. Cholmly and Sir J. Bankes's coming in about some Tangier business. They gone I to dinner, the others having dined. Mr. Sheply is also newly come out of the country and come to see

us, whom I am glad to see. He left all well there; but I perceive under some discontent in my Lord's behalfe, thinking that he is under disgrace with the King; but he is not so at all, as Sir G. Carteret assures me. They gone I to the office and did business, and so in the evening abroad alone with my wife to Kingsland, and so back again and to bed, my right eye continuing very ill of the rheum, which hath troubled it four or five days.

25th. Up betimes and to my chamber to do business, where the greatest part of the morning. Then out to the 'Change to speake with Captain [Cocke], who tells me my silver plates are ready for me, and shall be sent me speedily; and proposes another proposition of serving us with a thousand tons of hempe, and tells me it shall bring me £500, if the bargain go forward, which is a good word. Thence to Sir G. Carteret, who is at the pay of the tickets with Sir J. Minnes this day, and here I sat with them a while, the first time I ever was there, and thence to dinner with him, a good dinner. Here come a gentleman over from France arrived here this day, Mr. Browne of St. Mellos,[1] who, among other things, tells me the meaning of the setting out of doggs every night out of the towne walls, which are said to secure the city; but it is not so, but only to secure the anchors, cables, and ships that lie dry, which might otherwise in the night be liable to be robbed. And these doggs are set out every night, and called together in every morning by a man with a horne, and they go in very orderly. Thence home, and there find Knipp at dinner with my wife, now very big, and within a fortnight of lying down. But my head was full of business and so could have no sport. So I left them, promising to return and take them out at night, and so to the Excise Office, where a meeting was appointed of Sir Stephen Fox, the Cofferer, and myself, to settle the business of our tallys, and it was so pretty well against another meeting. Thence away home to the office and out again to Captain Cocke (Mr. Moore for company walking with me and discoursing and admiring of the learning of Dr. Spencer), and there he and I discoursed a little more of our matters, and so home, and (Knipp being gone) took out my wife and Mercer to take the ayre a little, and so as far as Hackney and back again, and then to bed.

26th. Up betimes and to the office, where all the morning. At noon dined at home. So to the office again, and a while at the Victualling Office to understand matters there a little, and thence to the office and despatched much business, to my great content, and so home to supper and to bed.

27th (Lord's day). Rose betimes, and to my office till church time to write two copies of my Will fair, bearing date this day, wherein I have given my sister Pall £500, my father for his owne and my mother's support £2,000, to my wife the rest of my estate, but to have £2,500 secured to her, though by deducting out of what I have given my father and my sister. I dispatched all before church time and then to church, my wife with me. Thence home to dinner, whither come my uncle Wight, and aunt and uncle Norbury, and

[1] St. Malo.

Mr. Shepley. A good dinner and very merry. After dinner we broke up and I by water to Westminster to Mrs. Martin's, and there sat with her and her husband and Mrs. Burrows, the pretty, an hour or two, then to the Swan a while, and so home by water, and with my wife by and by by water as low as Greenwich, for ayre only, and so back again home to supper and to bed with great pleasure.

28th. Up and to my chamber to do some business there, and then to the office, where a while, and then by agreement to the Excise Office, where I waited all the morning for the Cofferer and Sir St. Foxe's coming, but they did not, so I and the Commissioners lost their labour and expectation of doing the business we intended. Thence home, where I find Mr. Lovett and his wife came to see us. They are a pretty couple, and she a fine bred woman. They dined with us, and Browne, the paynter, and she plays finely on the lute. My wife and I were well pleased with her company. After dinner broke up, I to the office and they abroad. All the afternoon I busy at the office, and down by water to Deptford. Walked back to Redriffe, and so home to the office again, being thoughtfull how to answer Sir W. Coventry against to-morrow in the business of the victualling, but that I do trust to Tom Wilson, that he will be ready with a book for me to-morrow morning. So to bed, my wife telling me where she hath been to-day with my aunt Wight, and seen Mrs. Margaret Wight, and says that she is one of the beautifullest women that ever she saw in her life, the most excellent nose and mouth. They have been also to see pretty Mrs. Batelier, and conclude her to be a prettier woman than Mrs. Pierce, whom my wife led my aunt to see also this day.

29th (King's birth-day and Restauration day). Waked with the ringing of the bells all over the towne; so up before five o'clock, and to the office, where we met, and I all the morning with great trouble upon my spirit to think how I should come off in the afternoon when Sir W. Coventry did go to the Victualling office to see the state of matters there, and methinks by his doing of it without speaking to me, and only with Sir W. Pen, it must be of design to find my negligence. However, at noon I did, upon a small invitation of Sir W. Pen's, go and dine with Sir W. Coventry at his office, where great good cheer and many pleasant stories of Sir W. Coventry; but I had no pleasure in them. However, I had last night and this morning made myself a little able to report how matters were, and did readily go with them after dinner to the Victualling office; and there, beyond belief, did acquit myself very well to full content; so that, beyond expectation, I got over this second rub in this business; and if ever I fall on it again, I deserve to be undone. Being broke up there, I with a merry heart home to my office, and thither my wife comes to me, to tell me, that if I would see the handsomest woman in England, I shall come home presently; and who should it be but the pretty lady of our parish, that did heretofore sit on the other side of our church, over against our gallery, that is since married; she with Mrs. Anne Jones, one of this parish, that dances finely, and Mrs. —— sister did come

to see her this afternoon, and so I home and there find Creed also come to me. So there I spent most of the afternoon with them, and indeed she is a pretty black woman, her name Mrs. Horsely. But, Lord! to see how my nature could not refrain from the temptation; but I must invite them to Foxhall, to Spring Gardens, though I had freshly received minutes of a great deale of extraordinary business. However I could not helpe it, but sent them before with Creed, and I did some of my business; and so after them, and find them there, in an arbour, and had met with Mrs. Pierce, and some company with her. So here I spent 20*s.* upon them, and were pretty merry. Among other things, had a fellow that imitated all manner of birds, and doggs, and hogs, with his voice, which was mighty pleasant. Staid here till night: then set Mrs. Pierce in at the New Exchange, and ourselves took coach, and so set Mrs. Horsely home, and then home ourselves, but with great trouble in the streets by bonefires, it being the King's birth-day and day of Restauration; but, Lord! to see the difference how many there were on the other side, and so few ours, the City side of the Temple, would make one wonder the difference between the temper of one sort of people and the other: and the difference among all between what they do now, and what it was the night when Monk come into the City. Such a night as that I never think to see again, nor think it can be. After I come home I was till one in the morning with Captain Cocke drawing up a contract with him intended to be offered to the Duke to-morrow, which, if it proceeds, he promises me £500.

30th. Up and to my office, there to settle some business in order to our waiting on the Duke to-day. That done to White Hall to Sir W. Coventry's chamber, where I find the Duke gone out with the King to-day on hunting. So after some discourse with him, I by water to Westminster, and there drew a draught of an order for my Lord Treasurer to sign for my having some little tallys made me in lieu of two great ones, of £2,000 each, to enable me to pay small sums therewith. I shewed it to Sir R. Long and had his approbation, and so to Sir Ph. Warwicke's, and did give it him to get signed. So home to my office, and there did business. By and by toward noon word is brought me that my father and my sister are come. I expected them to-day, but not so soon. I to them, and am heartily glad to see them, especially my father, who, poor man, looks very well, and hath rode up this journey on horseback very well, only his eyesight and hearing is very bad. I staid and dined with them, my wife being gone by coach to Barnet, with W. Hewer and Mercer, to meet them, and they did come Ware way. After dinner I left them to dress themselves and I abroad by appointment to my Lord Ashly, who, it is strange to see, how prettily he dissembles his favour to Yeabsly's business, which none in the world could mistrust only I, that am privy to his being bribed. Thence to White Hall, and there staid till the Council was up, with Creed expecting a meeting of Tangier to end Yeabsly's business, but we could not procure it. So I to my Lord Treasurer's and got

my warrant, and then to Lovett's, but find nothing done there. So home and did a little business at the office, and so down by water to Deptford and back again home late, and having signed some papers and given order in business, home, where my wife is come home, and so to supper with my father, and mighty pleasant we were, and my wife mighty kind to him and Pall, and so after supper to bed, myself being sleepy, and my right eye still very sore, as it has been now about five days or six, which puts me out of tune. To-night my wife tells me newes has been brought her that Balty's wife is brought to bed, by some fall or fit, before her time, of a great child but dead. If the woman do well we have no reason to be sorry, because his staying a little longer without a child will be better for him and her.

31st. Waked very betimes in the morning by extraordinary thunder and rain, which did keep me sleeping and waking till very late, and it being a holiday and my eye very sore, and myself having had very little sleep for a good while till nine o'clock, and so up, and so saw all my family up, and my father and sister, who is a pretty good-bodied woman, and not over thicke, as I thought she would have been, but full of freckles, and not handsome in face. And so I out by water among the ships, and to Deptford and Blackewall about business, and so home and to dinner with my father and sister and family, mighty pleasant all of us; and, among other things, with a sparrow that our Mercer hath brought up now for three weeks, which is so tame that it flies up and down, and upon the table, and eats and pecks, and do every thing so pleasantly, that we are mightily pleased with it. After dinner I to my papers and accounts of this month to sett all straight, it being a publique Fast-day appointed to pray for the good successe of the fleete. But it is a pretty thing to consider how little a matter they make of this keeping of a Fast, that it was not so much as declared time enough to be read in the churches the last Sunday; but ordered by proclamation since: I suppose upon some sudden newes of the Dutch being come out. To my accounts and settled them clear; but to my grief find myself poorer than I was the last by near £20, by reason of my being forced to return £50 to Downing, the smith, which he had presented me with. However, I am well contented, finding myself yet to be worth £5,200. Having done, to supper with my wife, and then to finish the writing fair of my accounts, and so to bed. This day come to town Mr. Homewood, and I took him home in the evening to my chamber, and discoursed with him about my business of the Victualling, which I have a mind to employ him in, and he is desirous of also, but do very ingenuously declare he understands it not so well as other things, and desires to be informed in the nature of it before he attempts it, which I like well, and so I carried him to Mr. Gibson to discourse with him about it, and so home again to my accounts.[1] Thus ends this month, with my mind oppressed by my defect in my duty of the Victualling, which lies upon me as a

[1] In the margin of the MS. is this note: "This of Mr. Homewood ought to come in upon the first of June."

burden, till I get myself into a better posture therein, and hinders me and casts down my courage in every thing else that belongs to me, and the jealousy I have of Sir W. Coventry's being displeased with me about it; but I hope in a little time to remedy all. As to publique business; by late tidings of the French fleete being come to Rochelle (how true, though, I know not) our fleete is divided; Prince Rupert being gone with about thirty ships to the Westward as is conceived to meet the French, to hinder their coming to join with the Dutch. My Lord Duke of Albemarle lies in the Downes with the rest, and intends presently to sail to the Gunfleete.

June 1st. Being prevented yesterday in meeting by reason of the fast day, we met to-day all the morning. At noon I and my father, wife and sister, dined at Aunt Wight's here hard by at Mr. Woolly's, upon sudden warning, they being to go out of town to-morrow. Here dined the faire Mrs. Margaret Wight, who is a very fine lady, but the cast of her eye, got only by an ill habit, do her much wrong and her hands are bad; but she hath the face of a noble Roman lady. After dinner my uncle and Woolly and I out into their yarde, to talke about what may be done hereafter to all our profits by prize-goods, which did give us reason to lament the losse of the opportunity of the last yeare, which, if we were as wise as we are now, and at the peaceable end of all those troubles that we met with, all might have been such a hit as will never come again in this age, and so I do really believe it. Thence home to my office and there did much business, and at night home to my father to supper and to bed.

2nd. Up, and to the office, where certain newes is brought us of a letter come to the King this morning from the Duke of Albemarle, dated yesterday at eleven o'clock, as they were sailing to the Gunfleete, that they were in sight of the Dutch fleete, and were fitting themselves to fight them; so that they are, ere this, certainly engaged; besides, several do averr they heard the guns all yesterday in the afternoon. This put us at the Board into a tosse. Presently come orders for our sending away to the fleete a recruite of 200 soldiers. So I rose from the table, and to the Victualling-office, and thence upon the River among several vessels, to consider of the sending them away; and lastly, down to Greenwich, and there appointed two yachts to be ready for them; and did order the soldiers to march to Blackewall. Having set all things in order against the next flood, I went on shore with Captain Erwin at Greenwich, and into the Parke, and there we could hear the guns from the fleete most plainly. Thence he and I to the King's Head and there bespoke a dish of steaks for our dinner about four o'clock. While that was doing, we walked to the water-side, and there seeing the King and Duke come down in their barge to Greenwich-house, I to them, and did give them an account [of] what I was doing. They went up to the Parke to hear the guns of the fleete go off. All our hopes now are that Prince Rupert with his fleete is coming back and will be with the fleete this even: a message being sent to him to that purpose on Wednesday last; and a return is come from him this morn-

ing, that he did intend to sail from St. Ellen's point about four in the afternoon on Wednesday [Friday], which was yesterday; which gives us great hopes, the wind being very fair, that he is with them this even, and the fresh going off of the guns makes us believe the same. After dinner, having nothing else to do till flood, I went and saw Mrs. Daniel, to whom I did not tell that the fleets were engaged, because of her husband, who is in the R. Charles. Very pleasant with her half an hour, and so away and down to Blackewall, and there saw the soldiers (who were by this time gotten most of them drunk) shipped off. But, Lord! to see how the poor fellows kissed their wives and sweethearts in that simple manner at their going off, and shouted, and let off their guns, was strange sport. In the evening come up the River the Katharine yacht, Captain Fazeby, who hath brought over my Lord of Alesbury[1] and Sir Thomas Liddall [2] (with a very pretty daughter, and in a pretty travelling-dress) from Flanders, who saw the Dutch fleete on Thursday, and ran from them; but from that houre to this hath not heard one gun, nor any newes of any fight. Having put the soldiers on board, I home and wrote what I had to write by the post, and so home to supper and to bed, it being late.

3rd (Lord's-day; Whit-sunday). Up, and by water to White Hall, and there met with Mr. Coventry, who tells me the only news from the fleete is brought by Captain Elliott, of The Portland, which, by being run on board by The Guernsey, was disabled from staying abroad; so is come in to Aldbrough. That he saw one of the Dutch great ships blown up, and three on fire. That they begun to fight on Friday; and at his coming into port, he could make another ship of the King's coming in, which he judged to be the Rupert: that he knows of no other hurt to our ships. With this good newes I home by water again, and to church in the sermon-time, and with great joy told it my fellows in the pew. So home after church time to dinner, and after dinner my father, wife, sister, and Mercer by water to Woolwich, while I walked by land, and saw the Exchange as full of people, and hath been all this noon as of any other day, only for newes. I to St. Margaret's, Westminster, and there saw at church my pretty Betty Michell, and thence to the Abbey, and so to Mrs. Martin, and there did what je voudrais avec her. . . . So by and by he come in, and after some discourse with him I away to White Hall, and there met with this bad newes farther, that the Prince come to Dover but at ten o'clock last night, and there heard nothing of a fight; so that we are defeated of all our hopes of his helpe to the fleete. It is also reported by some Victuallers that the Duke of Albemarle and Holmes their flags were shot down, and both fain to come to anchor to renew their rigging and sails. A letter is also come this afternoon, from Har-

[1] Robert, Lord Bruce, succeeded his father as Earl of Elgin, December 21st, 1663; created Earl of Aylesbury, March 18th, 1665. Died October 20th, 1685.

[2] Of Ravensworth Castle, Durham, succeeded his grandfather, the first baronet, 1650. He had three daughters. Died 1697.—B.

man in the Henery; which is she [that] was taken by Elliott for the Rupert; that being fallen into the body of the Dutch fleete, he made his way through them, was set on by three fire-ships one after another, got two of them off, and disabled the third; was set on fire himself; upon which many of his men leapt into the sea and perished; among others, the parson first. Have lost above 100 men, and a good many women (God knows what is become of Balty), and at last quenched his own fire and got to Aldbrough; being, as all say, the greatest hazard that ever any ship escaped, and as bravely managed by him. The mast of the third fire-ship fell into their ship on fire, and hurt Harman's leg, which makes him lame now, but not dangerous. I to Sir G. Carteret, who told me there hath been great bad management in all this; that the King's orders that went on Friday for calling back the Prince, were sent but by the ordinary post on Wednesday; and come to the Prince his hands but on Friday; and then, instead of sailing presently, he stays till four in the evening. And that which is worst of all, the Hampshire, laden with merchants' money, come from the Straights, set out with or but just before the fleete, and was in the Downes by five in the clock yesterday morning; and the Prince with his fleete come to Dover but at ten of the clock at night. This is hard to answer, if it be true. This puts great astonishment into the King, and Duke, and Court, every body being out of countenance. So meeting Creed, he and I by coach to Hide Parke alone to talke of these things, and do blesse God that my Lord Sandwich was not here at this time to be concerned in a business like to be so misfortunate. It was a pleasant thing to consider how fearful I was of being seen with Creed all this afternoon, for fear of people's thinking that by our relation to my Lord Sandwich we should be making ill construction of the Prince's failure. But, God knows, I am heartily sorry for the sake of the whole nation, though, if it were not for that, it would not be amisse to have these high blades find some checke to their presumption and their disparaging of as good men. Thence set him down in Covent Guarden and so home by the 'Change, which is full of people still, and all talk highly of the failure of the Prince in not making more haste after his instructions did come, and of our managements here in not giving it sooner and with more care and oftener. Thence. After supper to bed.

4th. Up, and with Sir J. Minnes and Sir W. Pen to White Hall in the latter's coach, where, when we come, we find the Duke at St. James's, whither he is lately gone to lodge. So walking through the Parke we saw hundreds of people listening at the Gravell-pits,[1] and to and again in the Parke to hear the guns, and I saw a letter, dated last night, from Strowd, Governor of Dover Castle, which says that the Prince come thither the night before with his fleete, but that for the guns which we writ that we heard, it is only a mistake for thunder;[2] and so far as to yesterday it is a miraculous thing

[1] Kensington.

[2] Evelyn was in his garden when he heard the guns, and he at once set off to Rochester

that we all Friday, and Saturday and yesterday, did hear every where most plainly the guns go off, and yet at Deale and Dover to last night they did not hear one word of a fight, nor think they heard one gun. This, added to what I have set down before the other day about the Katharine, makes room for a great dispute in philosophy, how we should hear it and they not, the same wind that brought it to us being the same that should bring it to them: but so it is. Major Halsey, however (he was sent down on purpose to hear newes), did bring newes this morning that he did see the Prince and his fleete at nine of the clock yesterday morning, four or five leagues to sea behind the Goodwin, so that by the hearing of the guns this morning we conclude he is come to the fleete. After wayting upon the Duke, Sir W. Pen (who was commanded to go to-night by water down to Harwich, to dispatch away all the ships he can) and I home, drinking two bottles of Cocke ale in the streete in his new fine coach, where no sooner come, but newes is brought me of a couple of men come to speak with me from the fleete; so I down, and who should it be but Mr. Daniel, all muffled up, and his face as black as the chimney, and covered with dirt, pitch, and tarr, and powder, and muffled with dirty clouts, and his right eye stopped with okum. He is come last night at five o'clock from the fleete, with a comrade of his that hath endangered another eye. They were set on shore at Harwich this morning, and at two o'clock, in a catch with about twenty more wounded men from the Royall Charles. They being able to ride, took post about three this morning, and were here between eleven and twelve. I went presently into the coach with them, and carried them to Somerset-House-stairs, and there took water (all the world gazing upon us, and concluding it to be newes from the fleete, and every body's face appeared expecting of newes) to the Privy-stairs, and left them at Mr. Coventry's lodging (he, though, not being there); and so I into the Parke to the King, and told him my Lord Generall was well the last night at five o'clock, and the Prince come with his fleete and joyned with his about seven. The King was mightily pleased with this newes, and so took me by the hand and talked a little of it. Giving him the best account I could; and then he bid me to fetch the two seamen to him, he walking into the house. So I went and fetched the seamen into the Vane room to him, and there he heard the whole account.

THE FIGHT.

How we found the Dutch fleete at anchor on Friday half seas over, between Dunkirke and Ostend, and made them let slip their anchors. They about ninety, and we less than sixty. We fought them, and put them to the run, till they met with about sixteen sail of fresh ships, and so bore up again. The fight continued till night, and then again the next morning from five till

and the coast, but he found that nothing had been heard at Deal (see his "Diary," June 1st, 1666).

seven at night. And so, too, yesterday morning they begun again, and continued till about four o'clock, they chasing us for the most part of Saturday and yesterday, we flying from them. The Duke himself, then those people were put into the catch, and by and by spied the Prince's fleete coming, upon which De Ruyter called a little council (being in chase at this time of us), and thereupon their fleete divided into two squadrons; forty in one, and about thirty in the other (the fleete being at first about ninety, but by one accident or other, supposed to be lessened to about seventy); the bigger to follow the Duke, the less to meet the Prince.[1] But the Prince come up with the Generall's fleete, and the Dutch come together again and bore towards their own coast, and we with them; and now what the consequence of this day will be, at that time fighting, we know not. The Duke was forced to come to anchor on Friday, having lost his sails and rigging. No particular person spoken of to be hurt but Sir W. Clerke, who hath lost his leg, and bore it bravely. The Duke himself had a little hurt in his thigh, but signified little. The King did pull out of his pocket about twenty pieces in gold, and did give it Daniel for himself and his companion; and so parted, mightily pleased with the account he did give him of the fight, and the successe it ended with, of the Prince's coming, though it seems the Duke did give way again and again. The King did give order for care to be had of Mr. Daniel and his companion; and so we parted from him, and then met the Duke [of York], and gave him the same account: and so broke up, and I left them going to the surgeon's and I myself by water to the 'Change, and to several people did give account of the business. So home about four o'clock to dinner, and was followed by several people to be told the newes, and good newes it is. God send we may hear a good issue of this day's business! After I had eat something I walked to Gresham College, where I heard my Lord Bruncker was, and there got a promise of the receipt of the fine varnish, which I shall be glad to have. Thence back with Mr. Hooke to my house and there lent some of my tables of naval matters, the names of rigging and the timbers about a ship, in order to Dr. Wilkins' book coming out about the Universal Language.[2] Thence, he being gone, to the Crown, behind the 'Change, and there supped at the club with my Lord Bruncker, Sir G. Ent, and others of Gresham College; and all our discourse is of this fight at sea, and all are doubtful of the successe, and conclude all had been lost if the Prince had not come in, they having chased us the greatest part of Saturday and Sunday. Thence with my Lord Bruncker and Creed by coach to White Hall, where

[1] Sir Joseph Jordan, in a letter to Sir William Penn, dated "Royal Oak, June 5th," 1666, writes: "It is believed, that if Prince Rupert had been with us the first day, the enemy could not have escaped. But we must submit to the all-seeing Providence, who knows what is best for us. It is my part to praise my God that hath delivered me and this ship wonderfully, after so many days' battle; the greatest passes, I think, that ever was fought at sea" (Penn's "Memorials of Sir William Penn," ii., 390).

[2] Bishop Wilkins's "Essay towards a Real Character and a Philosophical Language" was published in 1668.

fresh letters are come from Harwich, where the Gloucester, Captain Clerke,[1] is come in, and says that on Sunday night upon coming in of the Prince, the Duke did fly; but all this day they have been fighting; therefore they did face again, to be sure. Captain Bacon[2] of The Bristoll is killed. They cry up Jenings[3] of The Ruby, and Saunders[4] of The Sweepstakes. They condemn mightily Sir Thomas Teddiman for a coward, but with what reason time must shew. Having heard all this Creed and I walked into the Parke till 9 or 10 at night, it being fine moonshine, discoursing of the unhappinesse of our fleete, what it would have been if the Prince had not come in, how much the Duke hath failed of what he was so presumptuous of, how little we deserve of God Almighty to give us better fortune, how much this excuses all that was imputed to my Lord Sandwich, and how much more he is a man fit to be trusted with all those matters than those that now command, who act by nor with any advice, but rashly and without any order. How bad we are at intelligence that should give the Prince no sooner notice of any thing but let him come to Dover without notice of any fight, or where the fleete were, or any thing else, nor give the Duke any notice that he might depend upon the Prince's reserve; and lastly, of how good use all may be to checke our pride and presumption in adventuring upon hazards upon unequal force against a people that can fight, it seems now, as well as we, and that will not be discouraged by any losses, but that they will rise again. Thence by water home, and to supper (my father, wife, and sister having been at Islington to-day at Pitt's) and to bed.

5th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning, expecting every houre more newes of the fleete and the issue of yesterday's fight, but nothing come. At noon, though I should have dined with my Lord Mayor[5] and Aldermen at an entertainment of Commissioner Taylor's, yet it being a time of expectation of the successe of the fleete, I did not go, but dined at home, and after dinner by water down to Deptford (and Woolwich, where I had not been since I lodged there, and methinks the place has grown natural to me), and thence down to Longreach, calling on all the ships in the way, seeing their condition for sayling, and what they want. Home about 11 of the clock, and so eat a bit and to bed, having received no manner of newes this day, but of The Rainbow's being put in from the fleete, maimed as the other ships are, and some say that Sir W. Clerke is dead of his leg being cut off.

6th. Up betimes, and vexed with my people for having a key taken out of the chamber doors and nobody knew where it was, as also with my boy for not being ready as soon as I, though I called him, whereupon I boxed him soundly, and then to my business at the office and on the Victualling Office,

[1] Captain Robert Clark.
[2] Captain Philemon Bacon.
[3] Captain William Jennings, knighted soon after this engagement.
[4] Captain Francis Sanders.
[5] Sir Thomas Bludworth.

and thence by water to St. James's, whither he [the Duke of York] is now gone, it being a monthly fast-day for the plague. There we all met, and did our business as usual with the Duke, and among other things had Captain Cocke's proposal of East country goods read, brought by my Lord Bruncker, which I make use of as a monkey do the cat's foot. Sir W. Coventry did much oppose it, and it's likely it will not do; so away goes my hopes of £500. Thence after the Duke into the Parke, walking through to White Hall, and there every body listening for guns, but none heard, and every creature is now overjoyed and concludes upon very good grounds that the Dutch are beaten because we have heard no guns nor no newes of our fleete. By and by walking a little further, Sir Philip Frowde[1] did meet the Duke with an expresse to Sir W. Coventry (who was by) from Captain Taylor, the Storekeeper at Harwich, being the narration of Captain Hayward of The Dunkirke; who gives a very serious account, how upon Monday the two fleetes fought all day till seven at night, and then the whole fleete of Dutch did betake themselves to a very plain flight, and never looked back again. That Sir Christopher Mings is wounded in the leg; that the Generall is well. That it is conceived reasonably, that of all the Dutch fleete, which, with what recruits they had, come to one hundred sayle, there is not above fifty got home; and of them, few if any of their flags. And that little Captain Bell, in one of the fire-ships, did at the end of the day fire a ship of 70 guns. We were all so overtaken with this good newes, that the Duke ran with it to the King, who was gone to chappell, and there all the Court was in a hubbub, being rejoiced over head and ears in this good newes. Away go I by coach to the New Exchange, and there did spread this good newes a little, though I find it had broke out before. And so home to our own church, it being the common Fast-day, and it was just before sermon; but, Lord! how all the people in the church stared upon me to see me whisper to Sir John Minnes and my Lady Pen. Anon I saw people stirring and whispering below, and by and by comes up the sexton from my Lady Ford to tell me the newes (which I had brought), being now sent into the church by Sir W. Batten in writing, and handed from pew to pew. But that which pleased me as much as the newes, was, to have the fair Mrs. Middleton at our church, who indeed is a very beautiful lady. Here after sermon comes to our office 40 people almost of all sorts and qualities to hear the newes, which I took great delight to tell them. Then home and found my wife at dinner, not knowing of my being at church, and after dinner my father and she out to Hales's, where my father is to begin to sit to-day for his picture, which I have a desire to have. I all the afternoon at home doing some business, drawing up my vowes for the rest of the yeare to Christmas; but, Lord! to see in what a condition of happiness I am, if I would but keepe myself so; but my love of

[1] A loyal officer in the army of Charles I., afterwards secretary to Anne Hyde, Duchess of York. His grandson, of the same name, was author of some plays and poems, and died in 1738.—B.

pleasure is such, that my very soul is angry with itself for my vanity in so doing. Anon took coach and to Hales's, but he was gone out, and my father and wife gone. So I to Lovett's, and there to my trouble saw plainly that my project of varnished books will not take, it not keeping colour, not being able to take polishing upon a single paper. Thence home, and my father and wife not coming in, I proceeded with my coach to take a little ayre as far as Bow all alone, and there turned back and home; but before I got home, the bonefires were lighted all the towne over, and I going through Crouched Friars, seeing Mercer at her mother's gate, stopped, and 'light, and into her mother's, the first time I ever was there, and find all my people, father and all, at a very fine supper at W. Hewer's lodging, very neatly, and to my great pleasure. After supper, into his chamber, which is mighty fine with pictures and every thing else, very curious, which pleased me exceedingly. Thence to the gate, with the women all about me, and Mrs. Mercer's son had provided a great many serpents, and so I made the women all fire some serpents. By and by comes in our faire neighbour, Mrs. Turner, and two neighbour's daughters, Mrs. Tite, the elder of whom, a long red-nosed silly jade; the younger, a pretty black girle, and the merriest sprightly jade that ever I saw. With them idled away the whole night till twelve at night at the bonefire in the streets. Some of the people thereabouts going about with musquets, and did give me two or three vollies of their musquets, I giving them a crowne to drink; and so home. Mightily pleased with this happy day's newes, and the more, because confirmed by Sir Daniel Harvy,[1] who was in the whole fight with the Generall, and tells me that there appear but thirty-six in all of the Dutch fleete left at the end of the voyage when they run home. The joy of the City was this night exceeding great.

7th. Up betimes, and to my office about business (Sir W. Coventry having sent me word that he is gone down to the fleete to see how matters stand, and to be back again speedily); and with the same expectation of congratulating ourselves with the victory that I had yesterday. But my Lord Bruncker and Sir T. H.[2] that come from Court, tell me quite contrary newes, which astonishes me: that is to say, that we are beaten, lost many ships and good commanders; have not taken one ship of the enemy's; and so can only report ourselves a victory; nor is it certain that we were left masters of the field. But, above all, that The Prince run on shore upon the Galloper, and there stuck; was endeavoured to be fetched off by the Dutch, but could not; and so they burned her; and Sir G. Ascue is taken prisoner, and carried into Holland. This newes do much trouble me, and the thoughts of the ill consequences of it, and the pride and presumption that brought us to it. At noon to the 'Change, and there find the discourse of towne, and their countenances much changed; but yet not very plain. So home to dinner all alone, my father

[1] Ranger of Richmond Park. He was brother-in-law to the Edward Montagu killed at Bergen.—B.

[2] Sir Thomas Harvey.

and people being gone all to Woolwich to see the launching of the new ship The Greenwich, built by Chr. Pett. I left alone with little Mrs. Tooker, whom I kept with me in my chamber all the afternoon, and did what I would with her. By and by comes Mr. Wayth to me; and discoursing of our ill successe, he tells me plainly from Captain Page's own mouth (who hath lost his arm in the fight), that the Dutch did pursue us two hours before they left us, and then they suffered us to go on homewards, and they retreated towards their coast: which is very sad newes. Then to my office and anon to White Hall, late, to the Duke of York to see what commands he hath and to pray a meeting to-morrow for Tangier in behalf of Mr. Yeabsly, which I did do and do find the Duke much damped in his discourse, touching the late fight, and all the Court talk sadly of it. The Duke did give me several letters he had received from the fleete, and Sir W. Coventry and Sir W. Pen, who are gone down thither, for me to pick out some works to be done for the setting out the fleete again; and so I took them home with me, and was drawing out an abstract of them till midnight. And as to newes, I do find great reason to think that we are beaten in every respect, and that we are the losers. The Prince upon the Galloper, where both the Royall Charles and Royall Katharine had come twice aground, but got off. The Essex carried into Holland; the Swiftsure missing (Sir William Barkeley) ever since the beginning of the fight. Captains Bacon, Tearne, Wood, Mootham, Whitty, and Coppin,[1] slayne. The Duke of Albemarle writes, that he never fought with worse officers in his life, not above twenty of them behaving themselves like men. Sir William Clerke lost his leg; and in two days died. The Loyall George, Seven Oakes, and Swiftsure, are still missing, having never, as the Generall writes himself, engaged with them. It was as great an alteration to find myself required to write a sad letter instead of a triumphant one to my Lady Sandwich this night, as ever on any occasion I had in my life. So late home and to bed.

8th. Up very betimes and to attend the Duke of York by order, all of us to report to him what the works are that are required of us and to divide among us, wherein I have taken a very good share, and more than I can perform, I doubt. Thence to the Exchequer about some Tangier businesses, and then home, where to my very great joy I find Balty come home without any hurt, after the utmost imaginable danger he hath gone through in the Henery, being upon the quarterdeck with Harman all the time; and for which service Harman I heard this day commended most seriously and most eminently by the Duke of Yorke. As also the Duke did do most utmost right to Sir Thomas Teddiman, of whom a scandal was raised, but without cause, he having behaved himself most eminently brave all the whole fight, and to extraordinary great service and purpose, having given Trump himself such a broadside as was hardly ever given to any ship. Mings is shot

[1] John Coppin (see April 15th, 1660). He commanded the "St. George," a second-rate, in this bloody conflict.

through the face, and into the shoulder, where the bullet is lodged. Young Holmes[1] is also ill wounded, and Atber in The Rupert. Balty tells me the case of The Henery; and it was, indeed, most extraordinary sad and desperate. After dinner Balty and I to my office, and there talked a great deal of this fight; and I am mightily pleased in him and have great content in, and hopes of his doing well. Thence out to White Hall to a Committee for Tangier, but it met not. But, Lord! to see how melancholy the Court is, under the thoughts of this last overthrow (for so it is), instead of a victory, so much and so unreasonably expected. Thence, the Committee not meeting, Creed and I down the river as low as Sir W. Warren's, with whom I did motion a business that may be of profit to me, about buying some lighters to send down to the fleete, wherein he will assist me. So back again, he and I talking of the late ill management of this fight, and of the ill management of fighting at all against so great a force bigger than ours, and so to the office, where we parted, but with this satisfaction that we hear the Swiftsure, Sir W. Barkeley, is come in safe to the Nore, after her being absent ever since the beginning of the fight, wherein she did not appear at all from beginning to end. But wherever she has been, they say she is arrived there well, which I pray God however may be true. At the office late, doing business, and so home to supper and to bed.

9th. Up, and to St. James's, there to wait on the Duke of Yorke, and had discourse with him about several businesses of the fleete. But, Lord! to see how the Court is divided about The Swiftsure and The Essex's being safe. And wagers and odds laid on both sides. I did tell the Duke how Sir W. Batten did tell me this morning that he was sure the Swiftsure is safe. This put them all in a great joy and certainty of it, but this I doubt will prove nothing. Thence to White Hall in expectation of a meeting of Tangier, and we did industriously labour to have it this morning; but we could not get a fifth person there, so after much pains and thoughts on my side on behalfe of Yeabsly, we were fain to breake up. But, Lord! to see with what patience Lord Ashly did stay all the morning to get a Committee, little thinking that I know the reason of his willingnesse. So I home to dinner and back again to White Hall, and, being come thither a little too soon, went to Westminster Hall, and bought a payre of gloves, and to see how people do take this late fight at sea, and I find all give over the thoughts of it as a victory and to reckon it a great overthrow. So to White Hall, and there when we were come all together in certain expectation of doing our business to Yeabsly's full content, and us that were his friends, my Lord Peterborough (whether through some difference between him and my Lord Ashly, or him and me or Povy, or through the falsenesse of Creed, I know not) do bring word that the Duke of Yorke (who did expressly bid me wait at the Committee for the dispatch of the business) would not have us go forward in

[1] Brother of Sir Robert Holmes, and afterwards Sir John Holmes. He married Margaret Lowther.

this business of allowing the losse of the ships till Sir G. Carteret and Sir W. Coventry were come to towne, which was the very thing indeed which we would have avoided. This being told us, we broke up doing nothing, to my great discontent, though I said nothing, and afterwards I find by my Lord Ashly's discourse to me that he is troubled mightily at it, and indeed it is a great abuse of him and of the whole Commissioners that nothing of that nature can be done without Sir G. Carteret or Sir W. Coventry. No sooner was the Committee up, and I going [through] the Court homeward, but I am told Sir W. Coventry is come to town; so I to his chamber, and there did give him an account how matters go in our office, and with some content I parted from him, after we had discoursed several things of the haste requisite to be made in getting the fleete out again and the manner of doing it. But I do not hear that he is at all pleased or satisfied with the late fight; but he tells me more newes of our suffering, by the death of one or two captains more than I knew before. But he do give over the thoughts of the safety of The Swiftsure or Essex. Thence homewards, landed at the Old Swan, and there find my pretty Betty Michell and her husband at their doore in Thames Streete, which I was glad to find, and went into their shop, and they made me drink some of their strong water, the first time I was ever with them there. I do exceedingly love her. After sitting a little and talking with them about several things at great distance I parted and home to my business late. But I am to observe how the drinking of some strong water did immediately put my eyes into a fit of sorenesse again as they were the other day. I mean my right eye only. Late at night I had an account brought me by Sir W. Warren that he has gone through four lighters for me, which pleases me very well. So home to bed, much troubled with our disappointment at the Tangier Committee.

10th (Lord's day). Up very betimes, and down the river to Deptford, and did a good deale of business in sending away and directing several things to the Fleete. That being done, back to London to my office, and there at my office till after Church time fitting some notes to carry to Sir W. Coventry in the afternoon. At noon home to dinner, where my cozen Joyces, both of them, they and their wives and little Will, come by invitation to dinner to me, and I had a good dinner for them; but, Lord! how sicke was I of W. Joyce's company, both the impertinencies of it and his ill manners before me at my table to his wife, which I could hardly forbear taking notice of; but being at my table and for his wife's sake, I did, though I will prevent his giving me the like occasion again at my house I will warrant him. After dinner I took leave and by water to White Hall, and there spent all the afternoon in the Gallery, till the Council was up, to speake with Sir W. Coventry. Walking here I met with Pierce the surgeon, who is lately come from the fleete, and tells me that all the commanders, officers, and even the common seamen do condemn every part of the late conduct of the Duke of Albemarle: both in his fighting at all, in his manner of fighting, running among them in his re-

treat, and running the ships on ground; so as nothing can be worse spoken of. That Holmes, Spragg, and Smith do all the business, and the old and wiser commanders nothing. So as Sir Thomas Teddiman (whom the King and all the world speak well of) is mightily discontented, as being wholly slighted. He says we lost more after the Prince come, than before too. The Prince was so maimed, as to be forced to be towed home. He says all the fleete confess their being chased home by the Dutch; and yet the body of the Dutch that did it, was not above forty sayle at most. And yet this put us into the fright, as to bring all our ships on ground. He says, however, that the Duke of Albemarle is as high almost as ever, and pleases himself to think that he hath given the Dutch their bellies full, without sense of what he hath lost us; and talks how he knows now the way to beat them. But he says, that even Smith himself, one of his creatures, did himself condemn the late conduct from the beginning to the end. He tells me further, how the Duke of Yorke is wholly given up to his new mistresse, my Lady Denham, going at noon-day with all his gentlemen with him to visit her in Scotland Yard;[1] she declaring she will not be his mistresse, as Mrs. Price,[2] to go up and down the Privy-stairs, but will be owned publicly; and so she is. Mr. Bruncker, it seems, was the pimp to bring it about, and my Lady Castlemaine, who designs thereby to fortify herself by the Duke; there being a falling-out the other day between the King and her: on this occasion, the Queene, in ordinary talke before the ladies in her drawing-room, did say to my Lady Castlemaine that she feared the King did take cold, by staying so late abroad at her house. She answered before them all, that he did not stay so late abroad with her, for he went betimes thence (though he do not before one, two, or three in the morning), but must stay somewhere else. The King

[1] Margaret Brook, married to Sir John Denham, May 25th, 1665. George Brook, third son of William Brook, Lord Cobham, was attainted and executed for his share in Raleigh's plot. He left a son, William Brook, who, having been restored in blood, and made a Knight of the Bath, espoused Penelope, third daughter of Sir Moyses Hill, of Hillsborough Castle, in Ireland, the ancestor of the Marquises of Downshire, by whom he had issue three daughters: *first*, Hill, who became the wife of Sir William Boothby; the *second*, Frances, described, on the lettering of her engraved portrait, as "Lady Whitmore." She was the wife of Sir Thomas Whitmore, of Bridgenorth, second son of Sir Thomas Whitmore, of Apley, Bart. Her daughter, Frances, married William, grandson of Sir George Whitmore, of Balmes, mentioned by Pepys. See Dryden's epitaph on her in his "Works" (Scott's edit., vol. xi., p. 150): the *third* was Lady Denham.

Their mother, Lady Brook, surviving her husband, re-married Edward Russell, youngest son of Francis, fifth Earl of Bedford, whose sister was Countess of Bristol. Hence the relationship, or rather the connection, between the two families; for Hamilton ("Mém. de Grammont") mentioning that *"les Demoiselles Brook"* assisted at all Lord Bristol's fêtes, calls them *"ses parents."*—B.

The marriage of Sir John Denham to Margaret Brook took place in Westminster Abbey.

[2] Henrietta Maria Price, daughter of Colonel Sir Herbert Price, Bart., Master of the Household to Queen Henrietta Maria, and afterwards to King Charles II., maid of honour to the queen, who figures far from creditably in the Grammont memoirs.

then coming in and overhearing, did whisper in the eare aside, and told her she was a bold impertinent woman, and bid her to be gone out of the Court, and not come again till he sent for her; which she did presently, and went to a lodging in the Pell Mell, and kept there two or three days, and then sent to the King to know whether she might send for her things away out of her house. The King sent to her, she must first come and view them: and so she come, and the King went to her, and all friends again. He tells me she did, in her anger, say she would be even with the King, and print his letters to her. So putting all together, we are and are like to be in a sad condition. We are endeavouring to raise money by borrowing it of the City; but I do not think the City will lend a farthing. By and by the Council broke up, and I spoke with Sir W. Coventry about business, with whom I doubt not in a little time to be mighty well, when I shall appear to mind my business again as I used to do, which by the grace of God I will do. Gone from him I endeavoured to find out Sir G. Carteret, and at last did at Mr. Ashburnham's, in the Old Palace Yarde, and thence he and I stepped out and walked an houre in the churchyarde, under Henry the Seventh's Chappell, he being lately come from the fleete; and tells me, as I hear from every body else, that the management in the late fight was bad from top to bottom. That several said this would not have been if my Lord Sandwich had had the ordering of it. Nay, he tells me that certainly had my Lord Sandwich had the misfortune to have done as they have done, the King could not have saved him. There is, too, nothing but discontent among the officers: and all the old experienced men are slighted. He tells me to my question (but as a great secret), that the dividing of the fleete did proceed first from a proposition from the fleete, though agreed to hence. But he confesses it arose from want of due intelligence, which he confesses we do want. He do, however, call the fleete's retreat on Sunday a very honourable retreat, and that the Duke of Albemarle did do well in it, and would have been well if he had done it sooner, rather than venture the loss of the fleete and crown, as he must have done if the Prince had not come. He was surprised when I told him I heard that the King did intend to borrow some money of the City, and would know who had spoke of it to me; I told him Sir Ellis Layton[1] this afternoon. He says it is a dangerous discourse, for that the City certainly will not be invited to do it, and then for the King to ask it and be denied, will be the beginning of our sorrow. He seems to fear we shall all fall to pieces among ourselves. This evening we hear that Sir Christopher Mings is dead of his late wounds; and Sir W. Coventry did commend him to me in a most extraordinary manner. But this day, after three days' trial in vain, and the hazard of the spoiling of the ship in lying till next spring, besides the disgrace of it, newes is brought that the Loyall London is launched at Deptford. Having talked thus much with Sir G. Carteret we parted there, and I home by water, taking in my boat with me young Michell and my Betty his

[1] Sir Ellis Layton or Elisha Leighton (see note, Jan. 11th, 1663–64).

wife, meeting them accidentally going to look a boat. I set them down at the Old Swan and myself went through bridge to the Tower, and so home, and after supper to bed.

11th. Up, and down by water to Sir W. Warren's (the first time I was in his new house on the other side the water since he enlarged it) to discourse about our lighters that he hath bought for me, and I hope to get £100 by this jobb. Having done with him I took boat again (being mightily struck with a woman in a hat, a seaman's mother,[1] that stood on the key) and home, where at the office all the morning with Sir W. Coventry and some others of our board hiring of fireships, and Sir W. Coventry begins to see my pains again, which I do begin to take, and I am proud of it, and I hope shall continue it. He gone, at noon I home to dinner, and after dinner my father and wife out to the painter's to sit again, and I, with my Lady Pen and her daughter, to see Harman; whom we find lame in bed. His bones of his anckle are broke, but he hopes to do well soon; and a fine person by his discourse he seems to be and my hearty [friend]; and he did plainly tell me that at the Council of War before the fight, it was against his reason to begin the fight then, and the reasons of most sober men there, the wind being such, and we to windward, that they could not use their lower tier of guns, which was a very sad thing for us to have the honour and weal of the nation ventured so foolishly. I left them there, and walked to Deptford, reading in Walsingham's Manual, a very good book, and there met with Sir W. Batten and my Lady at Uthwayt's. Here I did much business and yet had some little mirthe with my Lady, and anon we all come up together to our office, where I was very late doing much business. Late comes Sir J. Bankes to see me, and tells me that coming up from Rochester he overtook three or four hundred seamen, and he believes every day they come flocking from the fleete in like numbers; which is a sad neglect there, when it will be impossible to get others, and we have little reason to think that these will return presently again. He gone, I to end my letters to-night, and then home to supper and to bed.

12th. Up, and to the office, where we sat all the morning. At noon to dinner, and then to White Hall in hopes of a meeting of Tangier about Yeabsly's business, but it could not be obtained, Sir G. Carteret nor Sir W. Coventry being able to be there, which still vexes [me] to see the poor man forced still to attend, as also being desirous to see what my profit is, and get it. Walking here in the galleries I find the Ladies of Honour dressed in their riding garbs, with coats and doublets with deep skirts, just for all the world like mine, and buttoned their doublets up the breast, with perriwigs and with hats; so that, only for a long petticoat dragging under their men's coats, nobody could take them for women in any point whatever; which was an odde sight, and a sight did not please me. It was Mrs. Wells and another fine lady that I saw thus. Thence down by water to Deptford, and there late seeing some things dispatched down to the fleete, and so home (thinking in-

[1] Mother or mauther, a wench.

deed to have met with Bagwell, but I did not) to write my letters very late, and so to supper and to bed.

13th. Up, and by coach to St. James's, and there did our business before the Duke as usual, having, before the Duke come out of his bed, walked in an ante-chamber with Sir H. Cholmly,[1] who tells me there are great jarrs between the Duke of Yorke and the Duke of Albemarle, about the latter's turning out one or two of the commanders put in by the Duke of Yorke. Among others, Captain Du Tell,[2] a Frenchman, put in by the Duke of Yorke, and mightily defended by him; and is therein led by Monsieur Blancford,[2] that it seems hath the same command over the Duke of Yorke as Sir W. Coventry hath; which raises ill blood between them. And I do in several little things observe that Sir W. Coventry hath of late, by the by, reflected on the Duke of Albemarle and his captains, particularly in that of old Teddiman, who did deserve to be turned out this fight, and was so; but I heard Sir W. Coventry say that the Duke of Albemarle put in one as bad as he is in his room, and one that did as little. After we had done with the Duke of Yorke, I with others to White Hall, there to attend again a Committee of Tangier, but there was none, which vexed me to the heart, and makes me mighty doubtfull that when we have one, it will be prejudiced against poor Yeabsly and to my great disadvantage thereby, my Lord Peterborough making it his business, I perceive (whether in spite to me, whom he cannot but smell to be a friend to it, or to my Lord Ashly, I know not), to obstruct it, and seems to take delight in disappointing of us; but I shall be revenged of him. Here I staid a very great while, almost till noon, and then meeting Balty I took him with me, and to Westminster to the Exchequer about breaking of two tallys of £2,000 each into smaller tallys, which I have been endeavouring a good while, but to my trouble it will not, I fear, be done, though there be no reason against it, but only a little trouble to the clerks; but it is nothing to me of real profit at all. Thence with Balty to Hales's by coach, it being the seventh day from my making my late oathes, and by them I am at liberty to dispense with any of my oathes every seventh day after I had for the six days before going performed all my vowes. Here I find my father's picture begun, and so much to my content, that it joys my very heart to thinke that I should have his picture so well done; who, besides that he is my father, and a man that loves me, and hath ever done so, is also, at this day, one of the

[1] Sir Hugh Cholmley (see note, August 6th, 1662).

[2] Charnock ("Biographia Navalis," p. 163) mentions a Sir John Du Tiel, said to have been of French extraction and a knight of Malta. The Duke of York took Captain Du Tell into his service as Yeoman of the Cellar and Cupbearer. This most improper step of the Duke of York is alluded to in the "Poems on State Affairs," vol. i., p. 36, ed. 1703:

"Cashier the memory of Dutell, raised up
To taste, instead of death, his Highness' cup."

See July 27th, 1666.

[2] Louis de Duras, Marquis de Blanquefort in France, who served with the English fleet as a volunteer; Earl of Feversham in 1677. See note, February 3rd, 1664–65.

most carefull and innocent men in the world. Thence with mighty content homeward, and in my way at the Stockes did buy a couple of lobsters, and so home to dinner, where I find my wife and father had dined, and were going out to Hales's to sit there, so Balty and I alone to dinner, and in the middle of my grace, praying for a blessing upon (these his good creatures), my mind fell upon my lobsters: upon which I cried, Odd zooks! and Balty looked upon me like a man at a losse what I meant, thinking at first that I meant only that I had said the grace after meat instead of that before meat. But then I cried, what is become of my lobsters? Whereupon he run out of doors to overtake the coach, but could not, so came back again, and mighty merry at dinner to thinke of my surprise. After dinner to the Excise Office by appointment, and there find my Lord Bellasses and the Commissioners, and by and by the whole company come to dispute the business of our running so far behindhand there, and did come to a good issue in it, that is to say, to resolve upon having the debt due to us, and the Household and the Guards from the Excise stated, and so we shall come to know the worst of our condition and endeavour for some helpe from my Lord Treasurer. Thence home, and put off Balty, and so, being invited, to Sir Christopher Mings's funeral, but find them gone to church. However I into the church (which is a fair, large church, and a great chappell) and there heard the service, and staid till they buried him, and then out. And there met with Sir W. Coventry (who was there out of great generosity, and no person of quality there but he) and went with him into his coach, and being in it with him there happened this extraordinary case,—one of the most romantique that ever I heard of in my life, and could not have believed, but that I did see it; which was this:—About a dozen able, lusty, proper men come to the coachside with tears in their eyes, and one of them that spoke for the rest begun and says to Sir W. Coventry, "We are here a dozen of us that have long known and loved, and served our dead commander, Sir Christopher Mings, and have now done the last office of laying him in the ground. We would be glad we had any other to offer after him, and in revenge of him. All we have is our lives; if you will please to get His Royal Highness to give us a fireship among us all, here is a dozen of us, out of all which choose you one to be commander, and the rest of us, whoever he is, will serve him; and, if possible, do that that shall show our memory of our dead commander, and our revenge." Sir W. Coventry was herewith much moved (as well as I, who could hardly abstain from weeping), and took their names, and so parted; telling me that he would move His Royal Highness as in a thing very extraordinary, which was done. Thereon see the next day in this book. So we parted. The truth is, Sir Christopher Mings was a very stout man, and a man of great parts, and most excellent tongue among ordinary men; and as Sir W. Coventry says, could have been the most useful man at such a pinch of time as this. He was come into great renowne here at home, and more abroad in the West Indys. He had brought his family into a way of being great; but dying at this time, his memory and

name (his father being always and at this day a shoemaker, and his mother a Hoyman's daughter;[1] of which he was used frequently to boast) will be quite forgot in a few months as if he had never been, nor any of his name be the better by it; he having not had time to will any estate, but is dead poor rather than rich. So we left the church and crowd, and I home (being set down on Tower Hill), and there did a little business and then in the evening went down by water to Deptford, it being very late, and there I staid out as much time as I could, and then took boat again homeward, but the officers being gone in, returned and walked to Mrs. Bagwell's house, and there (it being by this time pretty dark and past ten o'clock) went into her house and did what I would. But I was not a little fearfull of what she told me but now, which is, that her servant was dead of the plague, that her coming to me yesterday was the first day of her coming forth, and that she had new whitened the house all below stairs, but that above stairs they are not so fit for me to go up to, they being not so. So I parted thence, with a very good will, but very civil, and away to the waterside, and sent for a pint of sacke and so home, drank what I would and gave the waterman the rest, and so adieu. Home about twelve at night, and so to bed, finding most of my people gone to bed. In my way home I called on a fisherman and bought three eeles, which cost me three shillings.

14th. Up, and to the office, and there sat all the morning. At noon dined at home, and thence with my wife and father to Hales's, and there looked only on my father's picture (which is mighty like); and so away to White Hall to a committee for Tangier, where the Duke of York was, and Sir W. Coventry, and a very full committee; and instead of having a very prejudiced meeting, they did, though indeed inclined against Yeabsly, yield to the greatest part of his account, so as to allow of his demands to the value of £7,000 and more, and only give time for him to make good his pretence to the rest; which was mighty joy to me: and so we rose up. But I must observe the force of money, which did make my Lord Ashly to argue and behave himself in the business with the greatest friendship, and yet with all the discretion imaginable; and [it] will be a business of admonition and instruction to me concerning him (and other men, too, for aught I know) as long as I live. Thence took Creed with some kind of violence and some hard words between us to St. James's, to have found out Sir W. Coventry to have signed the order for his payment among others that did stay on purpose to do it (and which is strange among the rest my Lord Ashly, who did cause Creed to write it presently and kept two or three of them with him by cunning to stay and sign it), but Creed's ill nature (though never so well bribed, as it hath lately in this case by twenty pieces) will not be overcome from his usual delays. Thence failing of meeting Sir W. Coventry I took leave of Creed (very good friends) and away home, and there took out my father, wife, sister, and

[1] Professor Laughton (in the "Dict. Nat. Biog.") shows cause for doubting the correctness of this statement.

Mercer our grand Tour in the evening, and made it ten at night before we got home, only drink at the doore at Islington at the Katherine Wheel, and so home and to the office a little, and then to bed.

15th. Up betimes, and to my Journall entries, but disturbed by many businesses, among others by Mr. Houblon's coming to me about evening their freight for Tangier, which I did, and then Mr. Bland, who presented me yesterday with a very fine African mat, to lay upon the ground under a bed of state, being the first fruits of our peace with Guyland. So to the office, and thither come my pretty widow Mrs. Burrows, poor woman, to get her ticket paid for her husband's service, which I did her myself, and did baisser her moucher, and I do hope may thereafter have some day sa company. Thence to Westminster to the Exchequer, but could not persuade the blockheaded fellows to do what I desire, of breaking my great tallys into less, notwithstanding my Lord Treasurer's order, which vexed [me] so much that I would not bestow more time and trouble among a company of dunces, and so back again home, and to dinner, whither Creed come and dined with me and after dinner Mr. Moore, and he and I abroad, thinking to go down the river together, but the tide being against me would not, but returned and walked an houre in the garden, but, Lord! to hear how he pleases himself in behalf of my Lord Sandwich, in the miscarriage of the Duke of Albemarle, and do inveigh against Sir W. Coventry as a cunning knave, but I thinke that without any manner of reason at all, but only his passion. He being gone I to my chamber at home to set my Journall right and so to settle my Tangier accounts, which I did in very good order, and then in the evening comes Mr. Yeabsly to reckon with me, which I did also, and have above £200 profit therein to myself, which is a great blessing, the God of heaven make me thankfull for it. That being done, and my eyes beginning to be sore with overmuch writing, I to supper and to bed.

16th. Up betimes and to my office, and there we sat all the morning and dispatched much business, the King, Duke of Yorke, and Sir W. Coventry being gone down to the fleete. At noon home to dinner and then down to Woolwich and Deptford to look after things, my head akeing from the multitude of businesses I had in my head yesterday in settling my accounts. All the way down and up, reading of "The Mayor of Quinborough," [1] a simple play. At Deptford, while I am there, comes Mr. Williamson, Sir Arthur Ingram and Jacke Fen, to see the new ships, which they had done, and then I with them home in their boat, and a very fine gentleman Mr. Williamson is. It seems the Dutch do mightily insult of their victory, and they have great reason.[2] Sir William Barkeley was killed before his ship taken; and

[1] A comedy, by Thomas Middleton, acted at the Blackfriars, and published in 1661.

[2] This treatment seems to have been that of the Dutch populace alone, and there does not appear to have been cause of complaint against the government. Respecting Sir W. Berkeley's body the following notice was published in the "London Gazette" of July 15th, 1666 (No. 69): "Whitehall, July 15. This day arrived a trumpet from the States

there he lies dead in a sugar-chest, for every body to see, with his flag standing up by him. And Sir George Ascue is carried up and down the Hague for people to see. Home to my office, where late, and then to bed.

17th (Lord's day). Being invited to Anthony Joyce's to dinner, my wife and sister and Mercer and I walked out in the morning, it being fine weather, to Christ Church, and there heard a silly sermon, but sat where we saw one of the prettiest little boys with the prettiest mouth that ever I saw in [my] life. Thence to Joyce's, where William Joyce and his wife were, and had a good dinner; but, Lord! how sicke was I of the company, only hope I shall have no more of it a good while; but am invited to Will's this week; and his wife, poor unhappy woman, cried to hear me say that I could not be there, she thinking that I slight her: so they got me to promise to come. Thence my father and I walked to Gray's Inne Fields, and there spent an houre or two walking and talking of several businesses; first, as to his estate, he told me it produced about £80 per ann., but then there goes £30 per ann. taxes and other things, certain charge, which I do promise to make good as far as this £30, at which the poor man was overjoyed and wept. As to Pall he tells me he is mightily satisfied with Ensum,[1] and so I promised to give her £500 presently, and to oblige myself to £100 more on the birth of her first child, he insuring her in £10 per ann. for every £100, and in the meantime till she do marry I promise to allow her £10 per ann. Then as to John I tell him I will promise him nothing, but will supply him as so much lent him, I declaring that I am not pleased with him yet, and that when his degree is over I will send for him up hither, and if he be good for any thing doubt not to get him preferment. This discourse ended to the joy of my father and no less to me to see that I am able to do this, we return to Joyce's and there wanting a coach to carry us home I walked out as far as the New Exchange to find one, but could not. So down to the Milke-house, and drank three glasses of whay, and then up into the Strand again, and there met with a coach, and so to Joyce's and took up my father, wife, sister, and Mercer, and to Islington, where we drank, and then our tour by Hackney home,

of Holland, who came over from Calais in the Dover packet-boat, with a letter to his Majesty, that the States have taken order for the embalming the body of Sir William Berkeley, which they have placed in the chapel of the great church at the Hague, a civility they profess to owe to his corpse, in respect to the quality of his person, the greatness of his command, and of the high courage and valour he showed in the late engagement; desiring his Majesty to signify his pleasure about the further disposal of it." "Frederick Ruysch, the celebrated Dutch anatomist, undertook, by order of the States-General, to inject the body of the English Admiral Berkeley, killed in the sea-fight of 1666; and the body, already somewhat decomposed, was sent over to England as well prepared as if it had been the fresh corpse of a child. This produced to Ruysch, on the part of the States-General, a recompense worthy of their liberality, and the merit of the anatomist" (James's "Medical Dictionary," quoted in the "Gentleman's Magazine," vol. lvii., p. 214). Sir William Berkeley was buried the following August in Westminster Abbey.

[1] Mr. Ensum died at the end of the year (see December 12th, 1666).

where, after a little business at my office and then talke with my Lady and Pegg Pen in the garden, I home and to bed, being very weary.

18th. Up betimes and in my chamber most of the morning setting things to rights there, my Journall and accounts with my father and brother, then to the office a little, and so to Lumbard Streete, to borrow a little money upon a tally, but cannot. Thence to the Exchequer, and there after much wrangling got consent that I should have a great tally broken into little ones. Thence to Hales's to see how my father's picture goes on, which pleases me mighty well, though I find again, as I did in Mrs. Pierce's, that a picture may have more of a likeness in the first or second working than it shall have when finished, though this is very well and to my full content, but so it is, and certainly mine was not so like at the first, second, or third sitting as it was afterward. Thence to my Lord Bellasses, by invitation, and there dined with him, and his lady and daughter; and at dinner there played to us a young boy, lately come from France, where he had been learning a yeare or two on the viallin, and plays finely. But impartially I do not find any goodnesse in their ayres (though very good) beyond ours when played by the same hand, I observed in several of Baptiste's[1] (the present great composer) and our Bannister's.[2] But it was pretty to see how passionately my Lord's daughter loves musique, the most that ever I saw creature in my life. Thence after dinner home and to the office and anon to Lumbard Streete again, where much talke at Colvill's, he censuring the times, and how matters are ordered, and with reason enough; but, above all, the thinking to borrow money of the City, which will not be done, but be denied, they being little pleased with the King's affairs, and that must breed differences between the King and the City. Thence down by water to Deptford, to order things away to the fleete and back again, and after some business at my office late home to supper and to bed. Sir W. Coventry is returned this night from the fleete, he being the activest man in the world, and we all (myself particularly) more afeard of him than of the King or his service, for aught I see; God

[1] Jean Baptiste Lulli, son of a Tuscan peasant, born 1633, died 1687. He invented the dramatic overture. "But during the first years of Charles II. all musick affected by the *beau mond* run in the french way; and the rather becaus at that time the master of the court musick in France, whose name was Baptista (an Italian frenchifyed) had influenced the french style by infusing a great portion of the Italian harmony into it, whereby the ayre was exceedingly improved" (North's "Memoires of Musick," ed. Rimbault, 1846, p. 102).

[2] John Bannister, composer of "Choice Ayres and Songs" and of the incidental music to several masques, tragedies, and plays, including Shakespeare's "Tempest." He was in 1663 appointed first violin to the king, which post he is said to have lost owing to his upholding within the hearing of his Majesty the superiority of English over French players. He started successful concerts in London "over against the George Tavern in Whitefriars" (Hueffer's "Italian and other Studies," p. 247). In the "London Gazette," January 21/5, 1674, is the following entry: "Mr. John Bannister that lived in White Fryers is removed to Shandois Street, Covent Garden, and there intends to have the like entertainment as formerly on Tuesday next, and every evening for the future, Sunday excepted." Bannister died in 1679 at the age of forty-nine.

forgive us! This day the great newes is come of the French, their taking the island of St. Christopher's[1] from us; and it is to be feared they have done the like of all those islands thereabouts: this makes the city mad.

19th. Up, and to my office, there to fit business against the rest meet, which they did by and by, and sat late. After the office rose (with Creed with me) to Wm. Joyce's to dinner, being invited, and there find my father and sister, my wife and Mercer, with them, almost dined. I made myself as complaisant as I could till I had dined, but yet much against my will, and so away after dinner with Creed to Penny's, my Tailor, where I bespoke a thin stuff suit, and did spend a little time evening some little accounts with Creed and so parted, and I to Sir G. Carteret's by appointment; where I perceive by him the King is going to borrow some money of the City; but I fear it will do no good, but hurt. He tells me how the Generall [2] is displeased, and there have been some high words between the Generall and Sir W. Coventry. And it may be so; for I do not find Sir W. Coventry so highly commending the Duke as he used to be, but letting fall now and then some little jerkes: as this day, speaking of newes from Holland, he says, "I find their victory begins to shrinke there, as well as ours here." Here I met with Captain Cocke, and he tells me that the first thing the Prince said to the King upon his coming, was complaining of the Commissioners of the Navy; that they could have been abroad in three or four days but for us; that we do not take care of them: which I am troubled at, and do fear may in violence break out upon this office some time or other; for we shall not be able to carry on the business. Thence home, and at my business till late at night, then with my wife into the garden and there sang with Mercer, whom I feel myself begin to love too much by handling of her breasts in a' morning when she dresses me, they being the finest that ever I saw in my life, that is the truth of it. So home and to supper with beans and bacon and to bed.

20th. Up, but in some pain of the collique. I have of late taken too much cold by washing my feet and going in a thin silke waistcoate, without any other coate over it, and open-breasted, but I hope it will go over. I did this morning (my father being to go away to-morrow) give my father some money to buy him a horse, and for other things to himself and my mother and sister, among them £20, besides undertaking to pay for other things for them to about £3, which the poor man takes with infinite kindnesse, and I do not thinke I can bestow it better. Thence by coach to St. James's as usual to wait on the Duke of York, after having discoursed with Collonell Fitzgerald, whom I met in my way and he returned with me to Westminster,

[1] The island of St. Christopher's or St. Kitt's, one of the Leeward Islands, was discovered in November, 1493, by Columbus, who was so pleased with it that he gave it his own Christian name. It was never colonized by the Spaniards, but in 1625 was taken possession of by a band of buccaneers consisting of English and French. Many contentions took place before it became definitely a British possession.

[2] The Duke of Albemarle.

about paying him a sum of 700 and odd pounds, and he bids me defalk[1] £25 for myself, which is a very good thing; having done with the Duke I to the Exchequer and there after much ado to get my business quite over of the difficulty of breaking a great tally into little ones and so shall have it done to-morrow. Thence to the Hall and with Mrs. Martin home and staid with her a while, and then away to the Swan and sent for a bit of meat and dined there, and thence to Faythorne,[2] the picture-seller's, and there chose two or three good Cutts to try to vernish, and so to Hales's to see my father's picture, which is now near finished and is very good, and here I staid and took a nap of an hour, thinking my father and wife would have come, but they did not; so I away home as fast as I could, fearing lest my father this day going abroad to see Mr. Honiwood at Major Russell's might meet with any trouble, and so in great pain home; but to spite me, in Cheapside I met Mrs. Williams in a coach, and she called me, so I must needs 'light and go along with her and poor Knipp (who is so big as she can tumble and looks every day to lie down) as far as Paternoster Row, which I did do and there staid in Bennett's shop with them, and was fearfull lest the people of the shop, knowing me, should aske after my father and give Mrs. Williams any knowledge of me to my disgrace. Having seen them done there and accompanied them to Ludgate I 'light and into my owne coach and home, where I find my father and wife had had no intent of coming at all to Hales's. So I at home all the evening doing business, and at night in the garden (it having been these three or four days mighty hot weather) singing in the evening, and then home to supper and to bed.

21st. Up, and at the office all the morning; where by several circumstances I find Sir W. Coventry and the Duke of Albemarle do not agree as they used to do; Sir W. Coventry commending Aylett[3] (in some reproach to the Duke), whom the Duke hath put out for want of courage; and found fault with Steward,[4] whom the Duke keeps in, though as much in fault as any commander in the fleete. At noon home to dinner, my father, sister, and wife dining at Sarah Giles's, poor woman, where I should have been, but my pride would not suffer me. After dinner to Mr. Debasty's to speake with Sir Robert Viner, a fine house and a great many fine ladies. He used me mighty civilly. My business was to set the matter right about the letter of credit he did give my Lord Belassis, that I may take up the tallys lodged with Viner for his security in the answering of my Lord's bills, which we did set right very well, and Sir Robert Viner went home with me and did give me the

[1] Abate from an amount.

> "And do not see how much they must defalke
> Of their accounts, to make them gree with ours."
>
> Daniel, *Philotas*, 1605.

[2] Faithorne's shop was on the north side of the Strand just outside Temple Bar, on the site of part of the Law Courts.

[3] Captain John Aylett of the "Portland."

[4] Captain Francis Steward.

£5,000 tallys presently. Here at Mr. Debasty's I saw, in a gold frame, a picture of a fluter playing on his flute which, for a good while, I took for paynting, but at last observed it a piece of tapestry, and is the finest that ever I saw in my life for figures, and good natural colours, and a very fine thing it is indeed. So home and met Sir George Smith by the way, who tells me that this day my Lord Chancellor and some of the Court have been with the City, and the City have voted to lend the King £100,000; which, if soon paid (as he says he believes it will), will be a greater service than I did ever expect at this time from the City. So home to my letters and then with my wife in the garden, and then upon our leades singing in the evening and so to supper (while at supper comes young Michell, whose wife I love, little Betty Howlet, to get my favour about a ticket, and I am glad of this occasion of obliging him and give occasion of his coming to me, for I must be better acquainted with him and her), and after supper to bed.

22nd. Up, and before I went out Mr. Peter Barr sent me a tierce of claret, which is very welcome. And so abroad down the river to Deptford and there did some business, and then to Westminster, and there did with much ado get my tallys (my small ones instead of one great one of £2,000), and so away home and there all day upon my Tangier accounts with Creed, and, he being gone, with myself, in settling other accounts till past twelve at night, and then every body being in bed, I to bed, my father, wife, and sister late abroad upon the water, and Mercer being gone to her mother's and staid so long she could not get into the office, which vexed me.

23rd. My father and sister very betimes took their leave; and my wife, with all possible kindnesse, went with them to the coach, I being mightily pleased with their company thus long, and my father with his being here, and it rejoices my heart that I am in condition to do any thing to comfort him, and could, were it not for my mother, have been contented he should have stayed always here with me, he is such innocent company. They being gone, I to my papers, but vexed at what I heard but a little of this morning, before my wife went out, that Mercer and she fell out last night, and that the girle is gone home to her mother's for alltogether. This troubles me, though perhaps it may be an ease to me of so much charge. But I love the girle, and another we must be forced to keepe I do foresee and then shall be sorry to part with her. At the office all the morning, much disquiett in my mind in the middle of my business about this girle. Home at noon to dinner, and what with the going away of my father to-day and the losse of Mercer, I after dinner went up to my chamber and there could have cried to myself, had not people come to me about business. In the evening down to Tower Wharfe thinking to go by water, but could not get watermen; they being now so scarce, by reason of the great presse; so to the Custome House, and there, with great threats, got a couple to carry me down to Deptford, all the way reading Pompey the Great (a play translated from the French[1] by

[1] Corneille's play ("Pompée"), one act of which was translated by Edmund Waller,

several noble persons; among others, my Lord Buckhurst), that to me is but a mean play, and the words and sense not very extraordinary. From Deptford I walked to Redriffe, and in my way was overtaken by Bagwell, lately come from sea in the Providence, who did give me an account of several particulars in the late fight, and how his ship was deserted basely by the York, Captain Swanly,[1] commander. So I home and there after writing my letters home to supper and to bed, fully resolved to rise betimes, and go down the river to-morrow morning, being vexed this night to find none of the officers in the yarde at 7 at night, nor any body concerned as if it were a Dutch warr. It seems Mercer's mother was here in the morning to speak with my wife, but my wife would not. In the afternoon I and my wife in writing did instruct W. Hewer in some discourse to her, and she in the evening did come and satisfy my wife, and by and by Mercer did come, which I was mighty glad of and eased of much pain about her.

24th. Sunday. Midsummer Day. Up, but, being weary the last night, not so soon as I intended. Then being dressed, down by water to Deptford, and there did a great deale of business, being in a mighty hurry, Sir W. Coventry writing to me that there was some thoughts that the Dutch fleete were out or coming out. Business being done in providing for the carrying down of some provisions to the fleete, I away back home and after dinner by water to White Hall, and there waited till the councill rose, in the boarded gallery, and there among other things I hear that Sir Francis Prujean[2] is dead, after being married to a widow about a yeare or thereabouts. He died very rich, and had, for the last yeare, lived very handsomely, his lady bringing him to it. He was no great painstaker in person, yet died very rich; and, as Dr. Clerke says, was of a very great judgment, but hath writ nothing to leave his name to posterity. In the gallery among others met with Major Halsey, a great creature of the Duke of Albemarle's; who tells me that the Duke, by name, hath said that he expected to have the worke here up in the River done, having left Sir W. Batten and Mr. Phipps there. He says that the Duke of Albemarle do say that this is a victory we have had, having, as he was sure, killed them 8,000 men, and sunk about fourteen of their ships; but nothing like this appears true. He lays much of the little success we had, however, upon the fleete's being divided by order from above, and the want of spirit in the commanders; and that he was commanded by order to go out of the Downes to the Gun-fleete, and in the way meeting the Dutch fleete, what should he do? should he not fight them? especially having beat them heretofore at as great disadvantage. He tells me further, that having been downe with the Duke of Albemarle, he finds that Holmes and Spragge do govern

and the rest by Lord Buckhurst, Sir Charles Sedley, and Sidney Godolphin. Published in 1664.

[1] Captain John Swanley, appointed to the "York" in 1664.

[2] See note, October 24th, 1663. Prujean married at Westminster, February 13th, 1664–65, Lady Margaret, daughter of Edward, Lord Gorges, and relict of Sir Thomas Fleming. She subsequently remarried Sir John Maynard, serjeant-at-law.

most business of the Navy; and by others I understand that Sir Thomas Allen is offended thereat; that he is not so much advised with as he ought to be. He tells me also, as he says, of his own knowledge, that several people before the Duke went out did offer to supply the King with £100,000 provided he would be treasurer of it, to see it laid out for the Navy; which he refused, and so it died. But I believe none of this. This day I saw my Lady Falmouth,[1] with whom I remember now I have dined at my Lord Barkeley's heretofore, a pretty woman: she was now in her second or third mourning, and pretty pleasant in her looks. By and by the Council rises, and Sir W. Coventry comes out; and he and I went aside, and discoursed of much business of the Navy; and afterwards took his coach, and to Hide-Parke, he and I alone: there we had much talke. First, he started a discourse of a talke he hears about the towne, which, says he, is a very bad one, and fit to be suppressed, if we knew how: which is, the comparing of the successe of the last year with that of this; saying that that was good, and that bad. I was as sparing in speaking as I could, being jealous of him and myself also, but wished it could be stopped; but said I doubted it could not otherwise than by the fleete's being abroad again, and so finding other worke for men's minds and discourse. Then to discourse of himself, saying, that he heard that he was under the lash of people's discourse about the Prince's not having notice of the Dutch being out, and for him to come back again, nor the Duke of Albemarle notice that the Prince was sent for back again: to which he told me very particularly how careful he was the very same night that it was resolved to send for the Prince back, to cause orders to be writ, and waked the Duke, who was then in bed, to sign them; and that they went by expresse that very night, being the Wednesday night before the fight, which begun on the Friday; and that for sending them by the post expresse, and not by gentlemen on purpose, he made a sport of it, and said, I knew of none to send it with, but would at least have lost more time in fitting themselves out, than any diligence of theirs beyond that of the ordinary post would have recovered. I told him that this was not so much the towne talke as the reason of dividing the fleete. To this he told me he ought not to say much; but did assure me in general that the proposition did first come from the fleete, and the resolution not being prosecuted with orders so soon as the Generall thought fit, the Generall did send Sir Edward Spragge up on purpose for them; and that there was nothing in the whole business which was not done with the full consent and advice of the Duke of Albemarle. But he did adde (as the Catholiques call *le secret de la Masse*), that Sir Edward Spragge—who had even in Sir Christopher Mings's time put in to be the

[1] Mary, daughter of Colonel Hervey Bagot, of Pipe Hall, co. Warwick, born 1645; maid of honour to the Duchess of York, 1660; married, December 18th, 1664, Charles Berkeley, Earl of Falmouth, who was killed June 3rd, 1665, in the battle of Southwold Bay. In June, 1674, she took for a second husband Charles Sackville, Earl of Dorset and Middlesex, K.G., and died in childbed September 12th, 1679. Her name is usually given as Elizabeth, but this is a mistake.

great favourite of the Prince, but much more now had a mind to be the great man with him, and to that end had a mind to have the Prince at a distance from the Duke of Albemarle, that they might be doing something alone—did, as he believed, put on this business of dividing the fleete, and that thence it came.[1] He tells me as to the business of intelligence, the want whereof the world did complain much of, that for that it was not his business, and as he was therefore to have no share in the blame, so he would not meddle to lay it any where else. That de Ruyter was ordered by the States not to make it his business to come into much danger, but to preserve himself as much as was fit out of harm's way, to be able to direct the fleete. He do, I perceive, with some violence, forbear saying any thing to the reproach of the Duke of Albemarle; but, contrarily, speaks much of his courage; but I do as plainly see that he do not like the Duke of Albemarle's proceedings, but, contrarily, is displeased therewith. And he do plainly diminish the commanders put in by the Duke, and do lessen the miscarriages of any that have been removed by him. He concurs with me, that the next bout will be a fatal one to one side or other, because, if we be beaten, we shall not be able to set out our fleete again. He do confess with me that the hearts of our seamen are much saddened; and for that reason, among others, wishes Sir Christopher Mings was alive, who might inspire courage and spirit into them. Speaking of Holmes, how great a man he is, and that he do for the present, and hath done all the voyage, kept himself in good order and within bounds; but, says he, a cat will be a cat still, and some time or other out his humour must break again. He do not disowne but that the dividing of the fleete upon the presumptions that were then had (which, I suppose, was the French fleete being come this way), was a good resolution. Having had all this discourse, he and I back to White Hall; and there I left him, being [in] a little doubt whether I had behaved myself in my discourse with the policy and circumspection which ought to be used to so great a courtier as he is, and so wise and factious a man, and by water home, and so, after supper, to bed.

25th. Up, and all the morning at my Tangier accounts, which the chopping and changing of my tallys make mighty troublesome; but, however, I did end them with great satisfaction to myself. At noon, without staying to eat my dinner, I down by water to Deptford, and there coming find Sir W. Batten and Sir Jeremy Smith (whom the dispatch of the Loyall London detained) at dinner at Greenwich at the Beare Taverne, and thither I to them and there dined with them. Very good company of strangers there was, but I took no great pleasure among them, being desirous to be back again. So got them to rise as soon as I could, having told them the newes Sir W. Coventry just now wrote me to tell them, which is, that the Dutch are cer-

[1] This division of the fleet was the original cause of the disaster, and at a later period the enemies of Clarendon charged him with having advised this action, but Coventry's communication to Pepys in the text completely exonerates Clarendon.

tainly come out. I did much business at Deptford, and so home, by an old poor man, a sculler, having no oares to be got, and all this day on the water entertained myself with the play of Commenius,[1] and being come home did go out to Aldgate, there to be overtaken by Mrs. Margot Pen in her father's coach, and my wife and Mercer with her, and Mrs. Pen carried us to two gardens at Hackny, (which I every day grow more and more in love with,) Mr. Drake's one, where the garden is good, and house and the prospect admirable; the other my Lord Brooke's,[2] where the gardens are much better, but the house not so good, nor the prospect good at all. But the gardens are excellent; and here I first saw oranges grow:[3] some green, some half, some a quarter, and some full ripe, on the same tree, and one fruit of the same tree do come a year or two after the other. I pulled off a little one by stealth (the man being mighty curious of them) and eat it, and it was just as other little green small oranges are; as big as half the end of my little finger. Here were also great variety of other exotique plants, and several labarinths, and a pretty aviary. Having done there with very great pleasure we away back again, and called at the Taverne in Hackny by the church, and there drank and eate, and so in the coole of the evening home. This being the first day of my putting on my black stuff bombazin suit, and I hope to feel no inconvenience by it, the weather being extremely hot. So home and to bed, and this night the first night of my lying without a waistcoat, which I hope I shall very well endure. So to bed. This morning I did with great pleasure hear Mr. Cæsar play some good things on his lute, while he come to teach my boy Tom, and I did give him 40*s.* for his encouragement.

26th. Up and to my office betimes, and there all the morning, very busy to get out the fleete, the Dutch being now for certain out, and we shall not, we thinke, be much behindhand with them. At noon to the 'Change about business, and so home to dinner, and after dinner to the setting my Journall to rights, and so to the office again, where all the afternoon full of business, and there till night, that my eyes were sore, that I could not write no longer. Then into the garden, then my wife and Mercer and my Lady Pen and her daughter with us, and here we sung in the darke very finely half an houre, and so home to supper and to bed. This afternoon, after a long drowth, we had a good shower of rain, but it will not signify much if no more come.

[1] John Amos Comenius, a learned grammarian, born in Moravia, in 1592. Amongst other works, he published the play here mentioned, entitled, "Schola Ludus seu Encyclopædia Viva (hoc est) Januæ Linguarum Praxis Scenica." This curious book contains the details of eight dramatic pieces, represented at the author's school, at Patak, in 1654. Comenius died at Amsterdam, in 1671.—B.

[2] Robert Greville, Lord Brooke, died 1676. Evelyn mentions this garden as Lady Brooke's, and describes it as "one of the neatest and most celebrated in England" (May 8th, 1654). Brooke House, at Clapton, was subsequently occupied as a private madhouse.

[3] There is some dispute as to the date of the introduction of the sweet orange into Europe. It appears that in 1492 it was cultivated in England, and in some parts of the country it has thrived in the open air even during the winter.

This day in the morning come Mr. Chichly[1] to Sir W. Coventry, to tell him the ill successe of the guns made for the Loyall London; which is, that in the trial every one of the great guns, the whole cannon of seven (as I take it), broke in pieces, which is a strange mishap, and that which will give more occasion to people's discourse of the King's business being done ill. This night Mary my cooke-mayde, that hath been with us about three months, but find herself not able to do my worke, so is gone with great kindnesse away, and another (Luce) come, very ugly and plaine, but may be a good servant for all that.

27th. Up, and to my office awhile, and then down the river a little way to see vessels ready for the carrying down of 400 land soldiers to the fleete. Then back to the office for my papers, and so to St. James's, where we did our usual attendance on the Duke. Having done with him, we all of us down to Sir W. Coventry's chamber (where I saw his father my Lord Coventry's picture hung up, done by Stone,[2] who then brought it home. It is a good picture, drawn in his judge's robes, and the great seale by him. And while it was hanging up, "This," says Sir W. Coventry, merrily, "is the use we make of our fathers,") to discourse about the proposition of serving us with hempe, delivered in by my Lord Brouncker as from an unknown person, though I know it to be Captain Cocke's. My Lord and Sir William Coventry had some earnest words about it, the one promoting it for his private ends, being, as Cocke tells me himself, to have £500 if the bargain goes on, and I am to have as much, and the other opposing it for the unseasonableness of it, not knowing at all whose the proposition is, which seems the more ingenious of the two. I sat by and said nothing, being no great friend to the proposition, though Cocke intends me a convenience by it. But what I observed most from the discourse was this of Sir W. Coventry, that he do look upon ourselves in a desperate condition. The issue of all standing upon this one point, that by the next fight, if we beat, the Dutch will certainly be content to take eggs for their money[3] (that was his expression); or if we be beaten, we must be contented to make peace, and glad if we can have it without paying too dear for it. And withall we do rely wholly upon the Parliament's giving us more money the next sitting, or else

[1] Mr., afterwards Sir Thomas Chicheley, a Privy Counsellor and Commissioner of the Ordnance.—B.

[2] Henry Stone, painter and statuary, son of Nicholas Stone, master mason, died August 24th, 1653. If the portrait of Lord Coventry (died January 14th, 1639–40) was painted by him, the painting mentioned in the text was probably copied by Stone's brother John.

[3] A proverbial expression when a person was either awed by threats, or overreached by subtlety, to give money upon a trifling or fictitious consideration.

"*Leon.* Mine honest friend,
Will you take eggs for money?
Mam. No, my Lord, I'll fight."
Shakespeare, *Winter's Tale*, act i., sc. 2.

(Nares's Glossary.)

we are undone. Being gone hence, I took coach to the Old Exchange, but did not go to it, but to Mr. Cade's, the stationer, stood till the shower was over, it being a great and welcome one after so much dry weather. Here I understand that Ogleby is putting out some new fables of his owne, which will be very fine and very satyricall. Thence home to dinner, and after dinner carried my wife to her sister's and I to Mr. Hales's, to pay for my father's picture, which cost me £10 the head and 25*s.* the frame. Thence to Lovett's, who has now done something towards the varnishing of single paper for the making of books, which will do, I think, very well. He did also carry me to a Knight's chamber in Graye's Inne, where there is a frame of his making, of counterfeite tortoise shell, which indeed is most excellently done. Then I took him with me to a picture shop to choose a print for him to vernish, but did not agree for one then. Thence to my wife to take her up and so carried her home, and I at the office till late, and so to supper with my wife and to bed. I did this afternoon visit my Lord Bellasses, who professes all imaginable satisfaction in me. He spoke dissatisfiedly with Creed, which I was pleased well enough with. My Lord is going down to his garrison to Hull, by the King's command, to put it in order for fear of an invasion: which course I perceive is taken upon the sea-coasts round; for we have a real apprehension of the King of France's invading us.

28th. Up, and at the office all the morning. At noon home to dinner, and after dinner abroad to Lumbard Streete, there to reckon with Sir Robert Viner for some money, and did sett all straight to my great content, and so home, and all the afternoon and evening at the office, my mind full at this time of getting my accounts over, and as much money in my hands as I can, for a great turne is to be feared in the times, the French having some great design (whatever it is) in hand, and our necessities on every side very great. The Dutch are now known to be out, and we may expect them every houre upon our coast. But our fleete is in pretty good readinesse for them.

29th. Up, and within doors most of the morning, sending a porter (Sanders) up and down to several people to pay them money to clear my month's debts every where, being mighty desirous to have all clear so soon as I can, and to that end did so much in settling my Tangier accounts clear. At noon dined, having first been down at Deptford and did a little business there and back again. After dinner to White Hall to a Committee of Tangier, but I come a little too late, they were up, so I to several places about business, among others to Westminster Hall, and there did meet with Betty Michell at her own mother's shop. I would fain have carried her home by water, but she was to sup at that end of the town. So I away to White Hall, and thence, the Council being up, walked to St. James's, and there had much discourse with Sir W. Coventry at his chamber, who I find quite weary of the warr, decries our having any warr at all, or himself to have been any occasion of it, that he hopes this will make us shy of any warr hereafter, or to prepare better for it, believes that one overthrow on the Dutch side would make them de-

sire peace, and that one on ours will make us willing to accept of one: tells me that Commissioner Pett is fallen infinitely under the displeasure of the Prince and Duke of Albemarle, not giving them satisfaction in the getting out of the fleete, and that the complaint he believes is come to the King, and by Sir W. Coventry's discourse I find he do concur in it, and speaks of his having of no authority in the place where he is, and I do believe at least it will end in his being removed to some other yarde, and I am not sorry for it, but do fear that though he deserves as bad, yet at this time the blame may not be so well deserved. Thence home and to the office; where I met with a letter from Dover, which tells me (and it did come by expresse) that newes is brought over by a gentleman from Callice that the Dutch fleete, 130 sail, are come upon the French coast; and that the country is bringing in picke-axes, and shovells, and wheel-barrows into Callice; that there are 6,000 men armed with head, back, and breast (Frenchmen) ready to go on board the Dutch fleete, and will be followed by 12,000 more. That they pretend they are to come to Dover; and that thereupon the Governor of Dover Castle is getting the victuallers' provision out of the towne into the Castle to secure it. But I do think this is a ridiculous conceit; but a little time will show. At night home to supper and to bed.

30th. Up, and to the office, and mightily troubled all this morning with going to my Lord Mayor (Sir Thomas Bludworth, a silly man,[1] I think), and other places, about getting shipped some men that they have these two last nights pressed in the City out of houses: the persons wholly unfit for sea, and many of them people of very good fashion, which is a shame to think of, and carried to Bridewell they are, yet without being impressed with money legally as they ought to be. But to see how the King's business is done; my Lord Mayor himself did scruple at this time of extremity to do this thing, because he had not money to pay the pressed-money to the men, he told me so himself; nor to take up boats to carry them down through bridge to the ships I had prepared to carry them down in; insomuch that I was forced to promise to be his paymaster, and he did send his City Remembrancer afterwards to the office, and at the table, in the face of the officers, I did there out of my owne purse disburse £15 to pay for their pressing and diet last night and this morning; which is a thing worth record of my Lord Mayor. Busy about this all the morning, at noon dined and then to the office again, and all the afternoon till twelve at night full of this business and others, and among these others about the getting off men pressed by our officers of the fleete into the service; even our owne men that are at the office, and the boats that carry us. So that it is now become impossible to have so much as a letter carried from place to place, or any message done for us: nay, out of Victualling ships full loaden to go down to the fleete,

[1] As his conduct during the Great Fire fully proved, when he is said to have boasted that he would extinguish the flames by the same means to which Swift tells us Gulliver had recourse at Lilliput.—B.

and out of the vessels of the officers of the Ordnance, they press men, so that for want of discipline in this respect I do fear all will be undone. Vexed with these things, but eased in mind by my ridding of a great deale of business from the office, I late home to supper and to bed. But before I was in bed, while I was undressing myself, our new ugly mayde, Luce, had like to have broke her necke in the darke, going down our upper stairs; but, which I was glad of, the poor girle did only bruise her head, but at first did lie on the ground groaning and drawing her breath, like one a-dying. This month I end in much hurry of business, but in much more trouble in mind to thinke what will become of publique businesses, having so many enemys abroad, and neither force nor money at all, and but little courage for ourselves, it being really true that the spirits of our seamen and commanders too are really broke by the last defeate with the Dutch, and this is not my conjecture only, but the real and serious thoughts of Sir G. Carteret and Sir W. Coventry, whom I have at distinct times heard the same thing come from with a great deale of grief and trouble. But, lastly, I am providing against a foule day to get as much money into my hands as I can, at least out of the publique hands, that so, if a turne, which I fear, do come, I may have a little to trust to. I pray God give me good successe in my choice how to dispose of what little I have, that I may not take it out of publique hands, and put it into worse.

July 1st (Sunday). Up betimes, and to the office receiving letters, two or three one after another from Sir W. Coventry, and sent as many to him, being full of variety of business and hurry, but among the chiefest is the getting of these pressed men out of the City down the river to the fleete. While I was hard at it comes Sir W. Pen to towne, which I little expected, having invited my Lady and her daughter Pegg to dine with me to-day; which at noon they did, and Sir W. Pen with them: and pretty merry we were. And though I do not love him, yet I find it necessary to keep in with him; his good service at Shearnesse in getting out the fleete being much taken notice of, and reported to the King and Duke [of York], even from the Prince and Duke of Albemarle themselves, and made the most of to me and them by Sir W. Coventry: therefore I think it discretion, great and necessary discretion, to keep in with him. After dinner to the office again, where busy, and then down to Deptford to the yard, thinking to have seen Bagwell's wife, whose husband is gone yesterday back to the fleete, but I did not see her, so missed what I went for, and so back to the Tower several times, about the business of the pressed men, and late at it till twelve at night, shipping of them. But, Lord! how some poor women did cry; and in my life I never did see such natural expression of passion as I did here in some women's bewailing themselves, and running to every parcel of men that were brought, one after another, to look for their husbands, and wept over every vessel that went off, thinking they might be there, and looking after the ship as far as ever they could by moone-light, that it grieved me to the

heart to hear them. Besides, to see poor patient labouring men and housekeepers, leaving poor wives and families, taking up on a sudden by strangers, was very hard, and that without press-money, but forced against all law to be gone. It is a great tyranny.[1] Having done this I to the Lieutenant of the Tower and bade him good night, and so away home and to bed.

2nd. Up betimes, and forced to go to my Lord Mayor's, about the business of the pressed men; and indeed I find him a mean man of understanding and dispatch of any publique business. Thence out of curiosity to Bridewell to see the pressed men, where there are about 300; but so unruly that I durst not go among them: and they have reason to be so, having been kept these three days prisoners, with little or no victuals, and pressed out, and, contrary to all course of law, without press-money, and men that are not liable to it. Here I met with prating Colonel Cox, one of the City collonells, heretofore a great presbyter: but to hear how the fellow did commend himself, and the service he do the King; and, like an asse, at Paul's did take me out of my way on purpose to show me the gate (the little north gate) where he had two men shot close by him on each hand, and his own hair burnt by a bullet-shot in the insurrection of Venner, and himself escaped. Thence home and to the Tower to see the men from Bridewell shipped. Being rid of him I home to dinner, and thence to the Excise office by appointment to meet my Lord Bellasses and the Commissioners, which we did and soon dispatched, and so I home, and there was called by Pegg Pen to her house, where her father and mother, and Mrs. Norton, the second Roxalana,[2] a fine woman, indifferent handsome, good body and hand, and good mien, and pretends to sing, but do it not excellently. However I took pleasure there, and my wife was sent for, and Creed come in to us, and so there we spent the most of the afternoon. Thence weary of losing so much time I to the office, and thence presently down to Deptford; but to see what a consternation there is upon the water by reason of this great press, that nothing is able to get a waterman to appear almost. Here I meant to have spoke with Bagwell's mother,[3] but her face was sore, and so I did not, but returned and upon the water found one of the vessels loaden with the Bridewell birds in a great mutiny, and they would not sail, not they; but with good words, and cajoling the ringleader into the Tower (where, when he was come, he was clapped up in the hole), they were got very quietly; but I think it is much if they do not run the vessel on ground. But away they went, and I to the Lieutenant of the Tower, and having talked with him a little, then home to supper very late and to bed weary.

3rd. Being very weary, lay long in bed, then to the office and there sat all

[1] The practice of impressment was sanctioned by custom, and several acts of parliament were passed from the reign of Philip and Mary to that of George III. to regulate it. These laws have not been repealed, although they have fallen into abeyance.

[2] The first Roxolana was Mrs. Davenport (see note, *ante*, February 18th, 1661–62). Mrs. Norton is not mentioned in Genest's "English Stage."

[3] Mother or mauther, a wench, see *ante*, June 11th.

the day. At noon dined at home, Balty's wife with us, and in very good humour I was and merry at dinner, and after dinner a song or two, and so I abroad to my Lord Treasurer's (sending my sister home by the coach), while I staid there by appointment to have met my Lord Bellasses and Commissioners of Excise, but they did not meet me, he being abroad. However Mr. Finch,[1] one of the Commissioners, I met there, and he and I walked two houres together in the garden, talking of many things; sometimes of Mr. Povy, whose vanity, prodigality, neglect of his business, and committing it to unfit hands hath undone him and outed him of all his publique employments, and the thing set on foot by an accidental revivall of a business, wherein he had three or four years ago, by surprize, got the Duke of Yorke to sign to the having a sum of money paid out of the Excise, before some that was due to him, and now the money is fallen short, and the Duke never likely to be paid. This being revived hath undone Povy. Then we fell to discourse of the Parliament, and the great men there: and among others, Mr. Vaughan,[2] whom he reports as a man of excellent judgement and learning, but most passionate and opiniastre. He had done himself the most wrong (though he values it not), that is, the displeasure of the King in his standing so long against the breaking of the Act for a trienniall parliament; but yet do believe him to be a most loyall gentleman. He told me Mr. Prin's character; that he is a man of mighty labour and reading and memory, but the worst judge of matters, or layer together of what he hath read, in the world; which I do not, however, believe him in; that he believes him very true to the King in his heart, but can never be reconciled to episcopacy; that the House do not lay much weight upon him, or any thing he says. He told me many fine things, and so we parted, and I home and hard to work a while at the office and then home and till midnight about settling my last month's accounts, wherein I have been interrupted by public business, that I did not state them two or three days ago, but I do now to my great joy find myself worth above £5,600, for which the Lord's name be praised! So with my heart full of content to bed. Newes come yesterday from Harwich, that the Dutch had appeared upon our coast with their fleete, and we believe did go to the Gun-fleete, and they are supposed to be there now; but I have heard nothing of them to-day. Yesterday Dr. Whistler, at Sir W. Pen's, told me that Alexander Broome,[3] the great song-maker, is lately dead.

4th. Up, and visited very betimes by Mr. Sheply, who is come to town upon business from Hinchingbrooke, where he left all well. I out and walked along with him as far as Fleet Streete, it being a fast day, the usual fast day for the plague, and few coaches to be had. Thanks be to God, the plague is.

[1] Francis Finch was one of the "Commissioners for discharging, settling and recovering the arrears of excise due to the King."

[2] John Vaughan (born 1603, died 1674) was appointed Chief Justice of the Common Pleas in 1668, when he was knighted. See March 28th, 1664.

[3] Brome died June 30th, 1666, and was buried, by his own desire, under Lincoln's Inn Chapel, by the side of Prynne.—B.

as I hear, encreased but two this week; but in the country in several places it rages mightily, and particularly in Colchester, where it hath long been, and is believed will quite depopulate the place. To St. James's, and there did our usual business with the Duke, all of us, among other things, discoursing about the places where to build ten great ships; the King and Council have resolved on none to be under third-rates; but it is impossible to do it, unless we have more money towards the doing it than yet we have in any view. But, however, the shew must be made to the world. Thence to my Lord Bellasses to take my leave of him, he being going down to the North to look after the Militia there, for fear of an invasion. Thence home and dined, and then to the office, where busy all day, and in the evening Sir W. Pen come to me, and we walked together, and talked of the late fight. I find him very plain, that the whole conduct of the late fight was ill, and that that of truth's all, and he tells me that it is not he, but two-thirds of the commanders of the whole fleete have told him so: they all saying, that they durst not oppose it at the Council of War, for fear of being called cowards, though it was wholly against their judgement to fight that day with the disproportion of force, and then we not being able to use one gun of our lower tier, which was a greater disproportion than the other. Besides, we might very well have staid in the Downs without fighting, or any where else, till the Prince could have come up to them; or at least till the weather was fair, that we might have the benefit of our whole force in the ships that we had. He says three things must [be] remedied, or else we shall be undone by this fleete. 1. That we must fight in a line, whereas we fight promiscuously, to our utter and demonstrable ruine; the Dutch fighting otherwise; and we, whenever we beat them. 2. We must not desert ships of our own in distress, as we did, for that makes a captain desperate, and he will fling away his ship, when there is no hopes left him of succour. 3. That ships, when they are a little shattered, must not take the liberty to come in of themselves, but refit themselves the best they can, and stay out—many of our ships coming in with very small disablenesses. He told me that our very commanders, nay, our very flag-officers, do stand in need of exercising among themselves, and discoursing the business of commanding a fleete; he telling me that even one of our flag-men in the fleete did not know which tacke lost the wind, or which kept it, in the last engagement. He says it was pure dismaying and fear that made them all run upon the Galloper, not having their wits about them; and that it was a miracle they were not all lost. He much inveighs upon my discoursing of Sir John Lawson's saying heretofore, that sixty sail would do as much as one hundred; and says that he was a man of no counsel at all, but had got the confidence to say as the gallants did, and did propose to himself to make himself great by them, and saying as they did; but was no man of judgement in his business, but hath been out in the greatest points that have come before them. And then in the business of fore-castles, which he did oppose, all the world sees now the use of them for

shelter of men. He did talk very rationally to me, insomuch that I took more pleasure this night in hearing him discourse, than I ever did in my life in any thing that he said. He gone I to the office again, and so after some business home to supper and to bed.

5th. Up and to the office, where we sat all the morning busy, then at noon dined and Mr. Sheply with me, who come to towne the other day. I lent him £30 in silver upon 30 pieces in gold. But to see how apt every body is to neglect old kindnesses! I must charge myself with the ingratitude of being unwilling to lend him so much money without some pawne, if he should have asked it, but he did not aske it, poor man, and so no harm done. After dinner, he gone, I to my office and Lumbard Streete about money, and then to my office again, very busy, and so till late, and then a song with my wife and Mercer in the garden, and so with great content to bed.

6th. Up, and after doing some business at my office abroad to Lumbard Street, about the getting of a good sum of money, thence home, in preparation for my having some good sum in my hands, for fear of a trouble in the State, that I may not have all I have in the world out of my hands and so be left a beggar. Having put that in a way, I home to the office, and so to the Tower, about shipping of some more pressed men, and that done, away to Broad Streete, to Sir G. Carteret, who is at a pay of tickets all alone, and I believe not less than one thousand people in the streets. But it is a pretty thing to observe that both there and every where else, a man shall see many women now-a-days of mean sort in the streets, but no men; men being so afeard of the press. I dined with Sir G. Carteret, and after dinner had much discourse about our publique business; and he do seem to fear every day more and more what I do; which is, a general confusion in the State; plainly answering me to the question, who is it that the weight of the warr depends [upon]? that it is only Sir W. Coventry. He tells me, too, the Duke of Albemarle is dissatisfied, and that the Duchesse do curse Coventry as the man that betrayed her husband to the sea: though I believe that it is not so. Thence to Lumbard Streete, and received £2,000, and carried it home: whereof £1,000 in gold. The greatest quantity not only that I ever had of gold, but that ever I saw together, and is not much above half a 100lb. bag full, but is much weightier. This I do for security sake, and convenience of carriage; though it costs me above £70 the change of it, at 18½*d.* per piece. Being at home, I there met with a letter from Bab Allen,[1] to invite me to be god-father to her boy, with Mrs. Williams, which I consented to, but know not the time when it is to be. Thence down to the Old Swan, calling at Michell's, he not being within, and there I did steal a kiss or two of her, and staying a little longer, he come in, and her father, whom I carried to Westminster, my business being thither, and so back again home, and very busy all the evening. At night a song in the garden and to bed.

7th. At the office all the morning, at noon dined at home and Creed with

[1] Mrs. Knipp. See January 5th, 1665–66.

me, and after dinner he and I two or three hours in my chamber discoursing of the fittest way for a man to do that hath money, and find all he offers of turning some into gold and leaving some in a friend's hand is nothing more than what I thought of myself, but is doubtful, as well as I, what is best to be done of all these or other ways to be thought on. He tells me he finds all things mighty dull at Court; and that they now begin to lie long in bed; it being, as we suppose, not seemly for them to be found playing and gaming as they used to be; nor that their minds are at ease enough to follow those sports, and yet not knowing how to employ themselves (though there be work enough for their thoughts and councils and pains), they keep long in bed. But he thinks with me, that there is nothing in the world can helpe us but the King's personal looking after his business and his officers, and that with that we may yet do well; but otherwise must be undone: nobody at this day taking care of any thing, nor hath any body to call him to account for it. Thence left him and to my office all the afternoon busy, and in some pain in my back by some bruise or other I have given myself in my right testicle this morning, and the pain lies there and hath done, and in my back thereupon all this day. At night into the garden to my wife and Lady Pen and Pegg, and Creed, who staid with them till 10 at night. My Lady Pen did give us a tarte and other things, and so broke up late and I to bed. It proved the hottest night that ever I was in in my life, and thundered and lightened all night long and rained hard. But, Lord! to see in what [fear] I lay a good while, hearing of a little noise of somebody walking in the house: so rung the bell, and it was my mayds going to bed about one o'clock in the morning. But the fear of being robbed, having so much money in the house, was very great, and is still so, and do much disquiet me.

8th (Lord's day). Up, and pretty well of my pain, so that it did not trouble me at all, and I do clearly find that my pain in my back was nothing but only accompanied my bruise in my stones. To church, wife and Mercer and I, in expectation of hearing some mighty preacher to-day, Mrs. Mary Batelier sending us word so; but it proved our ordinary silly lecturer, which made me merry, and she laughed upon us to see her mistake. At noon W. Hewer dined with us, and a good dinner, and I expected to have had newes sent me of Knipp's christening to-day; but, hearing nothing of it, I did not go, though I fear it is but their forgetfulness and so I may disappoint them. To church, after dinner, again, a thing I have not done a good while before, go twice in one day. After church with my wife and Mercer and Tom by water through bridge to the Spring Garden at Fox Hall, and thence down to Deptford and there did a little business, and so back home and to bed.

9th. Up betimes, and with Sir W. Pen in his coach to Westminster to Sir G. Downing's, but missed of him, and so we parted, I by water home, where busy all the morning, at noon dined at home, and after dinner to my office, where busy till come to by Lovett and his wife, who have brought me some sheets of paper varnished on one side, which lies very white and smooth and,

I think, will do our business most exactly, and will come up to the use that I intended them for, and I am apt to believe will be an invention that will take in the world. I have made up a little book of it to give Sir W. Coventry to-morrow, and am very well pleased with it. Home with them, and there find my aunt Wight with my wife come to take her leave of her, being going for the summer into the country; and there was also Mrs. Mary Batelier and her sister, newly come out of France, a black, very black woman, but mighty good-natured people both, as ever I saw. Here I made the black one sing a French song, which she did mighty innocently; and then Mrs. Lovett play on the lute, which she do very well; and then Mercer and I sang; and so, with great pleasure, I left them, having shewed them my chamber, and £1,000 in gold, which they wondered at, and given them sweetmeats, and shewn my aunt Wight my father's picture, which she admires. So I left them and to the office, where Mr. Moore come to me and talking of my Lord's family business tells me that Mr. Sheply is ignorantly, we all believe, mistaken in his accounts above £700 more than he can discharge himself of, which is a mighty misfortune, poor man, and may undo him, and yet every body believes that he do it most honestly. I am troubled for him very much. He gone, I hard at the office till night, then home to supper and to bed.

10th. Up, and to the office, where busy all the morning, sitting, and there presented Sir W. Coventry with my little book made up of Lovett's varnished paper, which he and the whole board liked very well. At noon home to dinner and then to the office; the yarde being very full of women (I believe above three hundred) coming to get money for their husbands and friends that are prisoners in Holland; and they lay clamouring and swearing and cursing us, that my wife and I were afeard to send a venison-pasty that we have for supper to-night to the cook's to be baked, for fear of their offering violence to it: but it went, and no hurt done. Then I took an opportunity, when they were all gone into the fore-yarde, and slipt into the office and there busy all the afternoon, but by and by the women got into the garden, and come all to my closett window, and there tormented me, and I confess their cries were so sad for money, and laying down the condition of their families and their husbands, and what they have done and suffered for the King, and how ill they are used by us, and how well the Dutch are used here by the allowance of their masters, and what their husbands are offered to serve the Dutch abroad, that I do most heartily pity them, and was ready to cry to hear them, but cannot helpe them. However, when the rest were gone, I did call one to me that I heard complaine only and pity her husband and did give her some money, and she blessed me and went away. Anon my business at the office being done I to the Tower to speak with Sir John Robinson about business, principally the bad condition of the pressed men for want of clothes, so it is represented from the fleete, and so to provide them shirts and stockings and drawers. Having done with him about that, I home and

there find my wife and the two Mrs. Bateliers walking in the garden. I with them till almost 9 at night, and then they and we and Mrs. Mercer, the mother, and her daughter Anne, and our Mercer, to supper to a good venison-pasty and other good things, and had a good supper, and very merry, Mistresses Bateliers being both very good-humoured. We sang and talked, and then led them home, and there they made us drink; and, among other things, did show us, in cages, some birds brought from about Bourdeaux, that are all fat, and, examining one of them, they are so, almost all fat. Their name is [Ortolans],[1] which are brought over to the King for him to eat, and indeed are excellent things. We parted from them and so home to bed, it being very late, and to bed.

11th. Up, and by water to Sir G. Downing's, there to discourse with him about the reliefe of the prisoners in Holland; which I did, and we do resolve of the manner of sending them some. So I away by coach to St. James's, and there hear that the Duchesse is lately brought to bed of a boy.[2] By and by called to wait on the Duke, the King being present; and there agreed, among other things, of the places to build the ten new great ships ordered to be built, and as to the relief of prisoners in Holland. And then about several stories of the basenesse of the King of Spayne's being served with officers: they in Flanders having as good common men as any Prince in the world, but the veriest cowards for the officers, nay for the generall officers, as the Generall and Lieutenant-generall, in the whole world. But, above all things, the King did speake most in contempt of the ceremoniousnesse of the King of Spayne, that he do nothing but under some ridiculous form or other, and will not piss but another must hold the chamber-pot. Thence to Westminster Hall and there staid a while, and then to the Swan and kissed Sarah, and so home to dinner, and after dinner out again to Sir Robert Viner, and there did agree with him to accommodate some business of tallys so as I shall get in near £2,000 into my own hands, which is in the King's, upon tallys; which will be a pleasure to me, and satisfaction to have a good sum in my own hands, whatever evil disturbances should be in the State; though it troubles me to lose so great a profit as the King's interest of ten per cent. for that money. Thence to Westminster, doing several things by the way, and there failed of meeting Mrs. Lane, and so by coach took up my wife at her sister's, and so away to Islington, she and I alone, and so through Hackney, and home late, our discourse being about laying up of some money safe in prevention to the troubles I am afeard we may have in the state, and so sleepy (for want of sleep the last night, going to bed late and rising betimes in the morning) home, but when I come to the office, I there met with a command from my Lord Arlington, to go down to a galliott at Greenwich, by the King's particular command, that is going to carry the Savoy Envoye over, and we fear there may be many Frenchmen there on board; and so I have a power and

[1] There is a blank space here in the MS.

[2] Charles Stuart, born on the 4th; created Duke of Kendal; died May 22nd, 1667.

command to search for and seize all that have not passes from one of the Secretarys of State, and to bring them and their papers and everything else in custody some whither. So I to the Tower, and got a couple of musquetiers with me, and Griffen and my boy Tom and so down; and, being come, found none on board but two or three servants, looking to horses and doggs, there on board, and, seeing no more, I staid not long there, but away and on shore at Greenwich, the night being late and the tide against us; so, having sent before, to Mrs. Clerke's and there I had a good bed, and well received, the whole people rising to see me, and among the rest young Mrs. Daniel, whom I kissed again and again alone, and so by and by to bed and slept pretty well.

12th. But was up again by five o'clock, and was forced to rise, having much business, and so up and dressed myself (enquiring, was told that Mrs. Tooker was gone hence to live at London) and away with Poundy to the Tower, and thence, having shifted myself, but being mighty drowsy for want of sleep, I by coach to St. James's, to Goring House,[1] there to wait on my Lord Arlington to give him an account of my night's worke, but he was not up, being not long since married:[2] so, after walking up and down the house below,—being the house I was once at Hartlib's[3] sister's wedding, and is a very fine house and finely furnished,—and then thinking it too much for me to lose time to wait my Lord's rising, I away to St. James's, and there to Sir W. Coventry, and wrote a letter to my Lord Arlington giving him an account of what I have done, and so with Sir W. Coventry into London, to the office. And all the way I observed him mightily to make mirth of the Duke of Albemarle and his people about him, saying, that he was the happiest man in the world for doing of great things by sorry instruments. And so particularized in Sir W. Clerke, and Riggs, and Halsey, and others. And then again said that the only quality eminent in him was, that he did persevere; and indeed he is a very drudge, and stands by the King's business. And this he said, that one thing he was good at, that he never would receive an excuse if the thing was not done; listening to no reasoning for it, be it good or bad. But then I told him, what he confessed, that he would however give the man, that he employs, orders for removing of any obstruction that he thinks he shall meet with in the world, and instanced in several warrants that he issued for breaking open of houses and other outrages about the business of prizes, which people bore with either for affection or fear, which he believes would not have been borne with from the King, nor Duke, nor any man else in England, and I thinke he is in the right, but it is not from their love of him, but from something else I cannot presently say. Sir W. Coventry

[1] Goring House was afterwards named Arlington House, and stood on the site of the present Buckingham Palace.

[2] To Isabella, daughter of Louis de Nassau, Lord of Beverwaert and Count of Nassau, natural son of Prince Maurice. She was sister of the Countess of Ossory; her daughter by Lord Arlington was afterwards first Duchess of Grafton.—B.

[3] Nan Hartlib. See July 10th, 1660.

did further say concerning Warcupp, his kinsman, that had the simplicity to tell Sir W. Coventry, that the Duke did intend to go to sea and to leave him his agent on shore for all things that related to the sea. But, says Sir W. Coventry, I did believe but the Duke of Yorke would expect to be his agent on shore for all sea matters. And then he begun to say what a great man Warcupp was, and something else, and what was that but a great lyer; and told me a story, how at table he did, they speaking about antipathys, say, that a rose touching his skin any where, would make it rise and pimple;[1] and, by and by, the dessert coming, with roses upon it, the Duchesse[2] bid him try, and they did; but they rubbed and rubbed, but nothing would do in the world, by which his lie was found at then. He spoke contemptibly of Holmes and his mermidons, that come to take down the ships from hence, and have carried them without any necessaries, or any thing almost, that they will certainly be longer getting ready than if they had staid here. In fine, I do observe, he hath no esteem nor kindnesse for the Duke's matters, but, contrarily, do slight him and them; and I pray God the Kingdom do not pay too dear by this jarring; though this blockheaded Duke I did never expect better from. At the office all the morning, at noon home and thought to have slept, my head all day being full of business and yet sleepy and out of order, and so I lay down on my bed in my gowne to sleep, but I could not, therefore about three o'clock up and to dinner and thence to the office, where Mrs. Burroughs, my pretty widow, was and so I did her business and sent her away by agreement, and presently I by coach after and took her up in Fenchurch Streete and away through the City, hiding my face as much as I could, but she being mighty pretty and well enough clad, I was not afeard, but only lest somebody should see me and think me idle. I quite through with her, and so into the fields Uxbridge way, a mile or two beyond Tyburne, and then back and then to Paddington, and then back to Lyssen green,[3] a place the coachman led me to (I never knew in my life) and there we eat and drank and so back to Charing Crosse, and there I set her down. All the way most excellent pretty company. I had her lips as much as I would, and a mighty pretty woman she is and very modest and yet kinde in all fair ways. All this time I passed with mighty pleasure, it being what I have for a long time wished for, and did pay this day 5*s*. forfeite for her company. She being gone, I to White Hall and there to Lord Arlington's, and met Mr. Williamson, and find there is no more need of my trouble about the Galliott,

[1] See Evelyn's "Diary," June 18th, 1670: "Lord Stafford rose from table, in some disorder, because there were roses stuck about the fruit when the discert was set on the table; such an antipathy, it seems, he had to them as once Lady Selenger also had, and to that degree that, as Sir Kenelm Digby tells us, laying but a rose upon her cheek, when she was asleep, it raised a blister; but Sir Kenelm was a teller of strange things."

[2] Of Albemarle.

[3] The manor of Lisson Green (originally Lilestone) was described at the end of the last century as "a pleasant village near Paddington." The name Lisson Grove still remains.

so with content departed, and went straight home, where at the office did the most at the office in that wearied and sleepy state I could, and so home to supper, and after supper falling to singing with Mercer did however sit up with her, she pleasing me with her singing of "Helpe, helpe," [1] till past midnight and I not a whit drowsy, and so to bed.

13th. Lay sleepy in bed till 8 in the morning, then up and to the office, where till about noon, then out to the 'Change and several places, and so home to dinner. Then out again to Sir R. Viner, and there to my content settled the business of two tallys, so as I shall have £2,000 almost more of my owne money in my hand, which pleases me mightily, and so home and there to the office, where mighty busy, and then home to supper and to even my Journall and to bed. Our fleete being now in all points ready to sayle, but for the carrying of the two or three new ships, which will keepe them a day or two or three more. It is said the Dutch is gone off our coast, but I have no good reason to believe it, Sir W. Coventry not thinking any such thing.

14th. Up betimes to the office, to write fair a laborious letter I wrote as from the Board to the Duke of Yorke, laying out our want of money again; and particularly the business of Captain Cocke's tender[2] of hemp, which my Lord Bruncker brought in under an unknown hand without name. Wherein his Lordship will have no great successe, I doubt. That being done, I down to Thames-streete, and there agreed for four or five tons of corke, to send this day to the fleete, being a new device to make barricados with, instead of junke. By this means I come to see and kiss Mr. Hill's young wife, and a blithe young woman she is. So to the office and at noon home to dinner, and then sent for young Michell and employed him all the afternoon about weighing and shipping off of the corke, having by this means an opportunity of getting him 30 or 40*s*. Having set him a doing, I home and to the office very late, very busy, and did indeed dispatch much business, and so to supper and to bed. After a song in the garden, which, and after dinner, is now the greatest pleasure I take, and indeed do please me mightily, to bed, after washing my legs and feet with warm water in my kitchen. This evening I had Davila[3] brought home to me, and find it a most excellent history as ever I read.

15th (Lord's day). Up, and to church, where our lecturer made a sorry silly sermon, upon the great point of proving the truth of the Christian religion. Home and had a good dinner, expecting Mr. Hunt, but there comes only young Michell and his wife, whom my wife concurs with me to be a pretty woman, and with her husband is a pretty innocent couple. Mightily pleasant we were, and I mightily pleased in her company and to find my

[1] "Help, help, O help, Divinity of Love," by Henry Lawes (see note, *ante*, May 31st, 1660).

[2] For which Pepys was to receive £500.—B.

[3] Enrico Caterino Davila (1576–1631) was one of the chief historical writers of Italy, and his "Storia delle guerre civili di Francia" covers a period of forty years, from the death of Henri II. to the Peace of Vervins in 1598.

wife so well pleased with them also. After dinner he and I walked to White Hall, not being able to get a coach. He to the Abbey, and I to White Hall, but met with nobody to discourse with, having no great mind to be found idling there, and be asked questions of the fleete, so walked only through to the Parke, and there, it being mighty hot and I weary, lay down by the canaille, upon the grasse, and slept awhile, and was thinking of a lampoone which hath run in my head this weeke, to make upon the late fight at sea, and the miscarriages there; but other businesses put it out of my head. Having lain there a while, I then to the Abbey and there called Michell, and so walked in great pain, having new shoes on, as far as Fleete Streete and there got a coach, and so in some little ease home and there drank a great deale of small beer; and so took up my wife and Betty Michell and her husband, and away into the fields, to take the ayre, as far as beyond Hackny, and so back again, in our way drinking a great deale of milke, which I drank to take away my heartburne, wherewith I have of late been mightily troubled, but all the way home I did break abundance of wind behind, which did presage no good but a great deal of cold gotten. So home and supped and away went Michell and his wife, of whom I stole two or three salutes, and so to bed in some pain and in fear of more, which accordingly I met with, for I was in mighty pain all night long of the winde griping of my belly and making of me shit often and vomit too, which is a thing not usual with me, but this I impute to the milke that I drank after so much beer, but the cold, to my washing my feet the night before.

16th. Lay in great pain in bed all the morning and most of the afternoon, being in much pain, making little or no water, and indeed having little within to make any with. And had great twinges with the wind all the day in my belly with wind. And a looseness with it, which however made it not so great as I have heretofore had it. A wonderful dark sky, and shower of rain this morning, which at Harwich proved so too with a shower of hail as big as walnuts. I had some broth made me to drink, which I love, only to fill up room. Up in the afternoon, and passed the day with Balty, who is come from sea for a day or two before the fight, and I perceive could be willing fairly to be out of the next fight, and I cannot much blame him, he having no reason by his place to be there; however, would not have him to be absent, manifestly to avoid being there. At night grew a little better and took a glyster of sacke, but taking it by halves it did me not much good, I taking but a little of it. However, to bed, and had a pretty good night of it.

17th. So as to be able to rise to go to the office and there sat, but now and then in pain, and without making much water, or freely. However, it grew better and better, so as after dinner believing the jogging in a coach would do me good, I did take my wife out to the New Exchange to buy things. She there while I with Balty went and bought a common riding-cloake for myself, to save my best. It cost me but 30*s*., and will do my turne mighty well. Thence home and walked in the garden with Sir W. Pen a while,

and saying how the riding in the coach do me good (though I do not yet much find it), he ordered his to be got ready while I did some little business at the office, and so abroad he and I after 8 o'clock at night, as far almost as Bow, and so back again, and so home to supper and to bed. This day I did bid Balty to agree with ——, the Dutch paynter, which he once led me to, to see landskipps, for a winter piece of snow, which indeed is a good piece, and costs me but 40*s*., which I would not take the money again for, it being, I think, very good. After a little supper to bed, being in less pain still, and had very good rest.

18th. Up in good case, and so by coach to St. James's after my fellows, and there did our business, which is mostly every day to complain of want of money, and that only will undo us in a little time. Here, among other things, before us all, the Duke of Yorke did say, that now at length he is come to a sure knowledge that the Dutch did lose in the late engagements twenty-nine captains and thirteen ships. Upon which Sir W. Coventry did publickly move, that if his Royal Highness had this of a certainty, it would be of use to send this down to the fleete, and to cause it to be spread about the fleete, for the recovering of the spirits of the officers and seamen; who are under great dejectedness for want of knowing that they did do any thing against the enemy, notwithstanding all that they did to us. Which, though it be true, yet methought was one of the most dishonourable motions to our countrymen that ever was made; and is worth remembering. Thence with Sir W. Pen home, calling at Lilly's,[1] to have a time appointed when to be drawn among the other Commanders of Flags the last year's fight. And so full of work Lilly is, that he was fain to take his table-book out to see how his time is appointed, and appointed six days hence for him to come between seven and eight in the morning. Thence with him home; and there by appointment I find Dr. Fuller, now Bishop of Limericke, in Ireland; whom I knew in his low condition at Twittenham.[2] I had also by his desire Sir W. Pen, and with him his lady and daughter, and had a good dinner, and find the Bishop the same good man as ever; and in a word, kind to us, and, methinks, one of the comeliest and most becoming prelates in all respects that ever I saw in my life. During dinner comes an acquaintance of his, Sir Thomas Littleton;[3] whom I knew not while he was in my house, but liked his discourse; and afterwards, by Sir W. Pen, do come to know that he is one of the greatest speakers in the House of Commons, and the usual second to the great

[1] This portrait is now at Greenwich Hospital.

[2] Twickenham, where Dr. William Fuller kept a school. He was translated to Lincoln in 1667 (see note, January 17th, 1659–60).

[3] Afterwards made Treasurer of the Navy, in conjunction with Sir Thomas Osborne. He was the eldest son of Sir Adam Littleton, of Stoke Milburgh, Salop, who had been created a baronet in 1642. He married Anne, daughter and heir of Edward, Lord Littleton, the Lord Keeper, and died in 1681, aged fifty-seven. Sir Thomas Littleton, the only son of this match, became Speaker of the House of Commons, and deceased, s. p., in 1709.—B.

Vaughan. So was sorry I did observe him no more, and gain more of his acquaintance. After dinner, they being gone, and I mightily pleased with my guests, I down the river to Greenwich, about business, and thence walked to Woolwich, reading "the Rivall Ladys" all the way, and find it a most pleasant and fine writ play. At Woolwich saw Mr. Shelden, it being late, and there eat and drank, being kindly used by him and Bab, and so by water to Deptford, it being 10 o'clock before I got to Deptford, and dark, and there to Bagwell's, and, having staid there a while, away home, and after supper to bed. The Duke of Yorke said this day that by the letters from the Generals they would sail with the Fleete this day or to-morrow.

19th. Up in very good health in every respect, only my late fever got by my pain do break out about my mouth. So to the office, where all the morning sitting. Full of wants of money, and much stores to buy, for to replenish the stores, and no money to do it with, nor anybody to trust us without it. So at noon home to dinner, Balty and his wife with us. By and by Balty takes his leave of us, he going away just now towards the fleete, where he will pass through one great engagement more before he be two days older, I believe. I to the office, where busy all the afternoon, late, and then home, and, after some pleasant discourse to my wife, to bed. After I was in bed I had a letter from Sir W. Coventry that tells me that the fleete is sailed this morning; God send us good newes of them!

20th. Up, and finding by a letter late last night that the fleete is gone, and that Sir W. Pen[1] is ordered to go down to Sheernesse, and finding him ready to go to St. James's this morning, I was willing to go with him to see how things go, and so with him thither (but no discourse with the Duke), but to White Hall, and there the Duke of York did bid Sir W. Pen to stay to discourse with him and the King about business of the fleete, which troubled me a little, but it was only out of envy, for which I blame myself, having no reason to expect to be called to advise in a matter I understand not. So I away to Lovett's, there to see how my picture goes on to be varnished (a fine Crucifix),[2] which will be very fine; and here I saw some fine prints, brought from France by Sir Thomas Crew, who is lately returned. So home, calling at the stationer's for some paper fit to varnish, and in my way home met with Lovett, to whom I gave it, and he did present me with a varnished staffe, very fine and light to walk with. So home and to dinner, there coming young Mrs. Daniel and her sister Sarah, and dined with us; and old Mr. Hawly, whose condition pities me, he being forced to turne under parish-clerke at St. Gyles's, I think at the other end of the towne. Thence I to the office, where busy all the afternoon, and in the evening with Sir W. Pen,

[1] Sir William Penn's instructions from the Duke of York directing him to embark on his Majesty's yacht "Henrietta," and to see to the manning of such ships as had been left behind by the fleet, dated on this day, 20th July, is printed in Penn's "Memorials of Sir W. Penn," vol. ii., p. 406.

[2] This picture occasioned Pepys trouble long afterwards, having been brought as evidence that he was a Papist (see "Life," vol. i., p. xxii).

walking with whom in the garden I am of late mighty great, and it is wisdom to continue myself so, for he is of all the men of the office at present most manifestly usefull and best thought of. He and I supped together upon the seat in the garden, and thence, he gone, my wife and Mercer come and walked and sang late, and then home to bed.

21st. Up and to the office, where all the morning sitting. At noon walked in the garden with Commissioner Pett (newly come to towne), who tells me how infinite the disorders are among the commanders and all officers of the fleete. No discipline: nothing but swearing and cursing, and every body doing what they please; and the Generalls, understanding no better, suffer it, to the reproaching of this Board, or whoever it will be. He himself hath been challenged twice to the field, or something as good, by Sir Edward Spragge and Captain Seymour. He tells me that captains carry, for all the late orders, what men they please; demand and consume what provisions they please. So that he fears, and I do no less, that God Almighty cannot bless us while we keep in this disorder that we are in: he observing to me too, that there is no man of counsel or advice in the fleete; and the truth is, the gentlemen captains will undo us, for they are not to be kept in order, their friends about the King and Duke, and their own house, is so free, that it is not for any person but the Duke himself to have any command over them. He gone I to dinner, and then to the office, where busy all the afternoon. At night walked in the garden with my wife, and so home to supper and to bed. Sir W. Pen is gone down to Sheernesse to-day to see things made ready against the fleete shall come in again, which makes Pett mad, and calls him dissembling knave, and that himself takes all the pains and is blamed, while he do nothing but hinder business and takes all the honour of it to himself, and tells me plainly he will fling up his commission rather than bear it.

22nd (Lord's day). Up, and to my chamber, and there till noon mighty busy, setting money matters and other things of mighty moment to rights to the great content of my mind, I finding that accounts but a little let go can never be put in order by strangers, for I cannot without much difficulty do it myself. After dinner to them again till about four o'clock and then walked to White Hall, where saw nobody almost, but walked up and down with Hugh May, who is a very ingenious man. Among other things, discoursing of the present fashion of gardens to make them plain, that we have the best walks of gravell in the world, France having none, nor Italy; and our green of our bowling allies is better than any they have. So our business here being ayre, this is the best way, only with a little mixture of statues, or pots, which may be handsome, and so filled with another pot of such or such a flower or greene as the season of the year will bear. And then for flowers, they are best seen in a little plat by themselves; besides, their borders spoil the walks of another garden: and then for fruit, the best way is to have walls built circularly one within another, to the South, on purpose for fruit, and leave the walking garden only for that use. Thence walked through the

House, where most people mighty hush and, methinks, melancholy. I see not a smiling face through the whole Court; and, in my conscience, they are doubtfull of the conduct again of the Generalls, and I pray God they may not make their fears reasonable. Sir Richard Fanshaw is lately dead [1] at Madrid. Guyland is lately overthrowne wholly in Barbary by the King of Tafiletta. The fleete cannot yet get clear of the River, but expect the first wind to be out, and then to be sure they fight. The Queene and Maids of Honour are at Tunbridge.

23rd. Up, and to my chamber doing several things there of moment, and then comes Sympson, the Joyner; and he and I with great pains contriving presses to put my books up in: they now growing numerous, and lying one upon another on my chairs, I lose the use to avoyde the trouble of removing them, when I would open a book. Thence out to the Excise office about business, and then homewards met Colvill, who tells me he hath £1,000 ready for me upon a tally; which pleases me, and yet I know not now what to do with it, having already as much money as is fit for me to have in the house, but I will have it. I did also meet Alderman Backewell, who tells me of the hard usage he now finds from Mr. Fen, in not getting him a bill or two paid, now that he can be no more usefull to him; telling me that what by his being abroad and Shaw's death he hath lost the ball, but that he doubts not to come to give a kicke at it still, and then he shall be wiser and keepe it while he hath it. But he says he hath a good master, the King, who will not suffer him to be undone,[2] as otherwise he must have been, and I believe him. So home and to dinner, where I confess, reflecting upon the ease and plenty that I live in, of money, goods, servants, honour, every thing, I could not but with hearty thanks to Almighty God ejaculate my thanks to Him while I was at dinner, to myself. After dinner to the office and there till five or six o'clock, and then by coach to St. James's and there with Sir W. Coventry and Sir G. Downing to take the ayre in the Parke. All full of expectation of the fleete's engagement, but it is not yet. Sir W. Coventry says they are eighty-nine men-of-warr, but one fifth-rate, and that, the Sweepstakes, which carries forty guns. They are most infinitely manned. He tells me the Loyall London, Sir J. Smith (which, by the way, he commends to be the best ship in the world, large and small), hath above eight hundred men; and moreover takes notice, which is worth notice, that the fleete hath laine now neat fourteen days without any demand for a farthing-worth of any thing of any kind, but only to get men. He also observes, that with this excesse of men, nevertheless, they have thought fit to leave behind them sixteen ships, which they have robbed of their men, which certainly might have been manned, and they been serviceable in the fight, and yet the fleete well-manned, according to the excesse of supernumeraries, which we hear they have. At least two

[1] He died June 16th, 1666 (see note, *ante*, June 29th, 1660).

[2] He had reason afterwards to alter his opinion of his "good master, the King," by whom he was ruined (see note, *ante*, June 23rd, 1660).—M. B.

or three of them might have been left manned, and sent away with the Gottenburgh ships. They conclude this to be much the best fleete, for force of guns, greatnesse and number of ships and men, that ever England did see; being, as Sir W. Coventry reckons, besides those left behind, eighty-nine men of warr, and twenty fire-ships, though we cannot hear that they have with them above eighteen. The French are not yet joined with the Dutch, which do dissatisfy the Hollanders, and if they should have a defeat, will undo De Witt;[1] the people generally of Holland do hate this league with France. We cannot think of any business, but lie big with expectation of the issue of this fight, but do conclude that, this fight being over, we shall be able to see the whole issue of the warr, good or bad. So homeward, and walked over the Parke (St. James's) with Sir G. Downing, and at White Hall took a coach; and there to supper with much pleasure and to bed.

24th. Up, and to the office, where little business done, our heads being full of expectation of the fleete's being engaged, but no certain notice of it, only Sheppeard in the Duke's yacht left them yesterday morning within a league of the Dutch fleete, and making after them, they standing into the sea. At noon to dinner, and after dinner with Mercer (as of late my practice is) a song and so to the office, there to set up again my frames about my Platts, which I have got to be all gilded, and look very fine, and then to my business, and busy very late, till midnight, drawing up a representation of the state of my victualling business to the Duke, I having never appeared to him doing anything yet and therefore I now do it in writing, I now having the advantage of having had two fleetes dispatched in better condition than ever any fleetes were yet, I believe; at least, with least complaint, and by this means I shall with the better confidence get my bills out for my salary. So home to bed.

25th. Up betimes to write fair my last night's paper for the Duke, and so along with Sir W. Batten by hackney coach to St. James's, where the Duke is gone abroad with the King to the Parke, but anon come back to White Hall, and we, after an houre's waiting, walked thither (I having desired Sir W. Coventry in his chamber to read over my paper about the victualling, which he approves of, and I am glad I showed it him first, it makes it the less necessary to show it the Duke at all, if I find it best to let it alone). At White Hall we find [the Court] gone to Chappell, it being St. James's-day. And by and by, while they are at chappell, and we waiting chappell being done, come people out of the Parke, telling us that the guns are heard plain. And so every body to the Parke, and by and by the chappell done, and the King and Duke into the bowling-green, and upon the leads, whither I went, and there the guns were plain to be heard; though it was pretty to hear how confident some would be in the loudnesse of the guns, which it was as much as ever I could do to hear them. By and by the King to dinner, and I waited there his dining; but, Lord! how little I should be pleased, I think, to have

[1] Pepys seems to have foreseen the fate of De Witt.—B.

so many people crowding about me; and among other things it astonished me to see my Lord Barkeshire[1] waiting at table, and serving the King drink, in that dirty pickle as I never saw man in my life. Here I met Mr. Williams, who in serious discourse told me he did hope well of this fight because of the equality of force or rather our having the advantage in number, and also because we did not go about it with the presumption that we did heretofore, when, he told me, he did before the last fight look upon us by our pride fated to be overcome. He would have me to dine where he was invited to dine, at the Backe-stayres. So after the King's meat was taken away, we thither; but he could not stay, but left me there among two or three of the King's servants, where we dined with the meat that come from his table; which was most excellent, with most brave drink cooled in ice (which at this hot time was welcome), and I drinking no wine, had metheglin for the King's owne drinking, which did please me mightily. Thence, having dined mighty nobly, I away to Mrs. Martin's new lodgings, where I find her, and was with her close, but, Lord! how big she is already. She is, at least seems, in mighty trouble for her husband at sea, when I am sure she cares not for him, and I would not undeceive her, though I know his ship is one of those that is not gone, but left behind without men. Thence to White Hall again to hear news, but found none; so back toward Westminster, and there met Mrs. Burroughs, whom I had a mind to meet, but being undressed did appear a mighty ordinary woman. Thence by water home, and out again by coach to Lovett's to see my Crucifix, which is not done. So to White Hall again to have met Sir G. Carteret, but he is gone abroad, so back homewards, and seeing Mr. Spong took him up, and he and I to Reeves, the glass maker's, and did see several glasses and had pretty discourse with him, and so away and set down Mr. Spong in London, and so home and with my wife, late, twatling at my Lady Pen's, and so home to supper and to bed. I did this afternoon call at my woman that ruled my paper to bespeak a musique card, and there did kiss Nan. No news to-night from the fleete how matters go yet.

26th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning. At noon dined at home: Mr. Hunt and his wife, who is very gallant, and newly come from Cambridge, because of the sicknesse, with us. Very merry at table, and the people I do love mightily, but being in haste to go to White Hall I rose, and Mr. Hunt with me, and by coach thither, where I left him in the boarded gallery, and I by appointment to attend the Duke of Yorke at his closett, but being not come, Sir G. Carteret and I did talke together, and [he] advises me, that, if I could, I would get the papers of examination touching the business of the last year's prizes, which concern my Lord Sandwich, out of Warcupp's hands, who being now under disgrace and poor, he believes may be brought easily to part with them. My Lord Crew, it seems, is fearfull yet that matters may

[1] Thomas Howard, second son of Thomas, first Earl of Suffolk, created Knight of the Garter in 1625, and Earl of Berkshire in February, 1625–26. Died July 16th, 1669, aged nearly ninety.

be enquired into. This I will endeavour to do, though I do not thinke it signifies much. By and by the Duke of Yorke comes and we had a meeting and, among other things, I did read my declaration of the proceedings of the Victualling hired this yeare, and desired his Royall Highnesse to give me the satisfaction of knowing whether his Royall Highnesse were pleased therewith. He told me he was, and that it was a good account, and that the business of the Victualling was much in a better condition than it was the last yeare; which did much joy me, being said in the company of my fellows, by which I shall be able with confidence to demand my salary and the rest of the subsurveyors. Thence away mightily satisfied to Mrs. Pierce's, there to find my wife. Mrs. Pierce hath lain in of a boy about a month. The boy is dead this day. She lies in good state, and very pretty she is, but methinks do every day grow more and more great, and a little too much, unless they get more money than I fear they do. Thence with my wife and Mercer to my Lord Chancellor's new house, and there carried them up to the leads, where I find my Lord Chamberlain, Lauderdale, Sir Robert Murray,[1] and others, and do find it the most delightfull place for prospect that ever was in the world, and even ravishing me, and that is all, in short, I can say of it. Thence to Islington to our old house and eat and drank, and so round by Kingsland home, and there to the office a little and Sir W. Batten's, but no newes at all from the fleete, and so home to bed.

27th. Up and to the office, where all the morning busy. At noon dined at home and then to the office again, and there walking in the garden with Captain Cocke till 5 o'clock. No newes yet of the fleete. His great bargaine of Hempe with us by his unknown proposition is disliked by the King, and so is quite off; of which he is glad, by this means being rid of his obligation to my Lord Bruncker, which he was tired with, and especially his mistresse, Mrs. Williams, and so will fall into another way about it, wherein he will advise only with myself, which do not displease me, and will be better for him and the King too. Much common talke of publique business, the want of money, the uneasinesse that Parliament will find in raising any, and the ill condition we shall be in if they do not, and his confidence that the Swede is true to us, but poor, but would be glad to do us all manner of service in the world. He gone, I away by water from the Old Swan to White Hall. The waterman tells me that newes is come that our ship Resolution is burnt, and that we had sunke four or five of the enemy's ships. When I come to White Hall I met with Creed, and he tells me the same news, and walking with him to the Park I to Sir W. Coventry's lodging, and there he showed me Captain Talbot's letter, wherein he says that the fight begun on the 25th; that our White squadron begun with one of the Dutch squadrons, and then the Red with another so hot that we put them both to giving way, and so they continued in pursuit all the day, and as long as he

[1] Sir Robert Moray, one of the founders of the Royal Society, who acted frequently as president before the charter of 1662, and as vice-president afterwards.

stayed with them: that the Blue fell to the Zealand squadron; and after a long dispute, he against two or three great ships, he received eight or nine dangerous shots, and so come away; and says, he saw the Resolution burned by one of their fire-ships, and four or five of the enemy's. But says that two or three of our great ships were in danger of being fired by our owne fire-ships, which Sir W. Coventry, nor I, cannot understand. But upon the whole, he and I walked two or three turns in the Parke under the great trees, and do doubt that this gallant is come away a little too soon, having lost never a mast nor sayle. And then we did begin to discourse of the young gentlemen captains, which he was very free with me in speaking his mind of the unruliness of them; and what a losse the King hath of his old men, and now of this Hannam,[1] of the Resolution, if he be dead, and that there is but few old sober men in the fleete, and if these few of the Flags that are so should die, he fears some other gentlemen captains will get in, and then what a council we shall have, God knows. He told me how he is disturbed to hear the commanders at sea called cowards here on shore, and that he was yesterday concerned publiquely at a dinner to defend them, against somebody that said that not above twenty of them fought as they should do, and indeed it is derived from the Duke of Albemarle himself, who wrote so to the King and Duke, and that he told them how they fought four days, two of them with great disadvantage. The Count de Guiche,[2] who was on board De Ruyter, writing his narrative home in French of the fight, do lay all the honour that may be upon the English courage above the Dutch, and that he himself [Sir W. Coventry] was sent down from the King and Duke of Yorke after the fight, to pray them to spare none that they thought had not done their parts, and that they had removed but four, whereof Du Tell is one, of whom he would say nothing; but, it seems, the Duke of Yorke hath been much displeased at his removal, and hath now taken him into his service,[3] which is a plain affront to the Duke of Albemarle; and two of the others, Sir W. Coventry did speake very slenderly of their faults. Only the last, which was old Teddiman, he says, is in fault, and hath little to excuse himself with; and that, therefore, we should not be forward in condemning men of want of courage, when the Generalls, who are both men of metal, and hate cowards, and had the sense of our ill successe upon them (and by the way must either let the world thinke it was the miscarriage of the Captains or their owne conduct), have thought fit to remove no more of them, when desired by the King and Duke of Yorke to do it, without respect to any favour any of them can pretend to in either of them. At last we concluded that we never can hope to beat the Dutch with such advantage as now in number

[1] Captain Willoughby Hannam, or Hanham, greatly distinguished himself in this action. He, his officers, and crew were saved, and he lived on till 1672, when he was killed in the action off Solebay.

[2] Eldest son of the Duc de Grammont.

[3] Captain Du Tell, see *ante*, June 13th.

and force and a fleete in want of nothing, and he hath often repeated now and at other times industriously that many of the Captains have declared that they want nothing, and again, that they did lie ten days together at the Nore without demanding of any thing in the world but men, and of them they afterward, when they went away, the generalls themselves acknowledge that they have permitted several ships to carry supernumeraries, but that if we do not speede well, we must then play small games and spoile their trade in small parties. And so we parted, and I, meeting Creed in the Parke again, did take him by coach and to Islington, thinking to have met my Lady Pen and wife, but they were gone, so we eat and drank and away back, setting him down in Cheapside and I home, and there after a little while making of my tune to "It is decreed," to bed.

28th. Up, and to the office, where no more newes of the fleete than was yesterday. Here we sat and at noon to dinner to the Pope's Head, where my Lord Bruncker and his mistresse dined and Commissioner Pett, Dr. Charleton,[1] and myself, entertained with a venison pasty by Sir W. Warren. Here very pretty discourse of Dr. Charleton's, concerning Nature's fashioning every creature's teeth according to the food she intends them; and that men's, it is plain, was not for flesh, but for fruit, and that he can at any time tell the food of a beast unknown by the teeth. My Lord Bruncker made one or two objections to it that creatures find their food proper for their teeth rather than that the teeth were fitted for the food, but the Doctor, I think, did well observe that creatures do naturally and from the first, before they have had experience to try, do love such a food rather than another, and that all children love fruit, and none brought to flesh, but against their wills at first. Thence with my Lord Bruncker to White Hall, where no news. So to St. James's to Sir W. Coventry, and there hear only of the Bredah's[2] being come in and gives the same small account that the other did yesterday, so that we know not what is done by the body of the fleete at all, but conceive great reason to hope well. Thence with my Lord to his coach-house, and there put in his six horses into his coach, and he and I alone to Highgate. All the way going and coming I learning of him the principles of Optickes, and what it is that makes an object seem less or bigger and how much distance do lessen an object, and that it is not the eye at all, or any rule in optiques, that can tell distance, but it is only an

[1] Walter Charleton, M.D., son of the Rev. Walter Charleton, rector of Shepton Mallet, in Somersetshire, was born in the rectory house, February 2nd, 1619, and soon after the breaking out of the Civil War he was appointed physician to the king. He was afterwards one of the travelling physicians to Charles II., and physician in ordinary to the king during his exile and after the Restoration. He was president of the College of Physicians in 1689, 1690, and 1691. He was a learned and voluminous author, and died on April 24th, 1707 (Munk's "Roll of the College of Physicians," vol. i., p. 390).

[2] In a letter from Richard Browne to Williamson, dated Aldborough, July 31st, we read, "It was the 'Breda,' not the 'Rainbow,' that was disabled, and her commander, Captain Saunders, sadly wounded" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1665–66, p. 594).

act of reason comparing of one mark with another, which did both please and inform me mightily. Being come thither we went to my Lord Lauderdale's house[1] to speake with him, about getting a man at Leith to joyne with one we employ to buy some prize goods for the King; we find [him] and his lady and some Scotch people at supper. Pretty odd company; though my Lord Bruncker tells me, my Lord Lauderdale is a man of mighty good reason and judgement. But at supper there played one of their servants upon the viallin some Scotch tunes only; several, and the best of their country, as they seemed to esteem them, by their praising and admiring them: but, Lord! the strangest ayre that ever I heard in my life, and all of one cast. But strange to hear my Lord Lauderdale say himself that he had rather hear a cat mew, than the best musique in the world; and the better the musique, the more sicke it makes him; and that of all instruments, he hates the lute most, and next to that, the baggpipe. Thence back with my Lord to his house, all the way good discourse, informing of myself about optiques still, and there left him and by a hackney home, and after writing three or four letters, home to supper and to bed.

29th (Lord's Day). Up and all the morning in my chamber making up my accounts in my book with my father and brother and stating them. Towards noon before sermon was done at church comes newes by a letter to Sir W. Batten, to my hand, of the late fight, which I sent to his house, he at church. But, Lord! with what impatience I staid till sermon was done, to know the issue of the fight, with a thousand hopes and fears and thoughts about the consequences of either. At last sermon is done and he come home, and the bells immediately rung soon as the church was done. But coming to Sir W. Batten to know the newes, his letter said nothing of it; but all the towne is full of a victory. By and by a letter from Sir W. Coventry tells me that we have the victory. Beat them into the Weelings;[2] had taken two of their great ships; but by the orders of the Generalls they are burned. This being, methought, but a poor result after the fighting of two so great fleetes, and four days having no tidings of them, I was still impatient; but could know no more. So away home to dinner, where Mr. Spong and Reeves dined with me by invitation. And after dinner to our business of my microscope to be shown some of the observables of that, and then down to my office to looke in a darke room with my glasses and tube, and most excellently things appeared indeed beyond imagination. This was our worke all the afternoon trying the several glasses, and several objects, among others, one of my plates, where the lines appeared so very plain that it is not possible to thinke how plain it was done. Thence satisfied exceedingly with all this we home

[1] Lauderdale House and grounds, on Highgate Hill, are now open to the public and known as Waterlow Park. The house is used for refreshment rooms.

[2] In a letter from Richard Browne to Williamson, dated Yarmouth, July 30th, we read, "The Zealanders were engaged with the Blue squadron Wednesday and most of Thursday, but at length the Zealanders ran; the Dutch fleet escaped to the Weelings and Goree" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1665–66, p. 591).

and to discourse many pretty things, and so staid out the afternoon till it began to be dark, and then they away and I to Sir W. Batten, where the Lieutenant of the Tower[1] was, and Sir John Minnes, and the newes I find is no more or less than what I had heard before; only that our Blue squadron, it seems, was pursued the most of the time, having more ships, a great many, than its number allotted to her share. Young Seamour[2] is killed, the only captain slain. The Resolution burned; but, as they say, most of her [crew] and commander saved. This is all, only we keep the sea, which denotes a victory, or at least that we are not beaten; but no great matters to brag of, God knows. So home to supper and to bed.

30th. Up, and did some business in my chamber, then by and by comes my boy's Lute-Master, and I did direct him hereafter to begin to teach him to play his part on the Theorbo, which he will do, and that in a little time I believe. So to the office, and there with Sir W. Warren, with whom I have spent no time a good while. We set right our business of the Lighters, wherein I thinke I shall get £100. At noon home to dinner and there did practise with Mercer one of my new tunes that I have got Dr. Childe to set me a base to and it goes prettily. Thence abroad to pay several debts at the end of the month, and so to Sir W. Coventry, at St. James's, where I find him in his new closett, which is very fine, and well supplied with handsome books. I find him speak very slightly of the late victory: dislikes their staying with the fleete up their coast, believing that the Dutch will come out in fourteen days, and then we with our unready fleete, by reason of some of the ships being maymed, shall be in bad condition to fight them upon their owne coast: is much dissatisfied with the great number of men, and their fresh demands of twenty-four victualling ships, they going out but the other day as full as they could stow. I asked him whether he did never desire an account of the number of supernumeraries, as I have done several ways, without which we shall be in great errour about the victuals; he says he has done it again and again, and if any mistake should happen they must thanke themselves. He spoke slightly of the Duke of Albemarle, saying, when De Ruyter come to give him a broadside—"Now," says he, chewing of tobacco the while, "will this fellow come and give me two broadsides, and then he will run;" but it seems he held him to it two hours, till the Duke himself was forced to retreat to refit, and was towed off, and De Ruyter staied for him till he come back again to fight. One in the ship saying to the Duke, "Sir, methinks De Ruyter hath given us more than two broadsides;" —"Well," says the Duke, "but you shall find him run by and by," and so he did, says Sir W. Coventry; but after the Duke himself had been first made to fall off. The Resolution had all brass guns, being the same that Sir J. Lawson had in her in the Straights. It is observed, that the two fleetes were even in number to one ship. Thence home; and to sing with my wife and

[1] Sir John Robinson.
[2] Captain Hugh Seymour, of the "Foresight."

Mercer in the garden; and coming in I find my wife plainly dissatisfied with me, that I can spend so much time with Mercer, teaching her to sing, and could never take the pains with her. Which I acknowledge; but it is because that the girl do take musique mighty readily, and she do not, and musique is the thing of the world that I love most, and all the pleasure almost that I can now take. So to bed in some little discontent, but no words from me.

31st. Good friends in the morning and up to the office, where sitting all the morning, and while at table we were mightily joyed with newes brought by Sir J. Minnes and Sir W. Batten of the death of De Ruyter, but when Sir W. Coventry come, he told us there was no such thing, which quite dashed me again, though, God forgive me! I was a little sorry in my heart before lest it might give occasion of too much glory to the Duke of Albemarle. Great bandying this day between Sir W. Coventry and my Lord Bruncker about Captain Cocke, which I am well pleased with, while I keepe from any open relyance on either side, but rather on Sir W. Coventry's. At noon had a haunch of venison boiled and a very good dinner besides, there dining with me on a sudden invitation the two mayden sisters, Bateliers, and their elder brother, a pretty man, understanding and well discoursed, much pleased with his company. Having dined myself I rose to go to a Committee of Tangier, and did come thither time enough to meet Povy and Creed and none else. The Court being empty, the King being gone to Tunbridge, and the Duke of Yorke a-hunting. I had some discourse with Povy, who is mightily discontented, I find, about his disappointments at Court; and says, of all places, if there be hell, it is here. No faith, no truth, no love, nor any agreement between man and wife, nor friends. He would have spoke broader, but I put it off to another time; and so parted. Then with Creed and read over with him the narrative of the late [fight], which he makes a very poor thing of, as it is indeed, and speaks most slightingly of the whole matter. Povy discoursed with me about my Lord Peterborough's £50 which his man did give me from him, the last year's salary I paid him, which he would have Povy pay him again; but I have not taken it to myself yet, and therefore will most heartily return him, and mark him out for a coxcomb. Povy went down to Mr. Williamson's, and brought me up this extract out of the Flanders' letters to-day come:—That Admiral Everson, and the Admiral and Vice-Admiral of Freezeland,[1] with many captains and men, are slain; that De Ruyter is safe, but lost 250 men out of his own ship; but that he is in great disgrace, and Trump in better favour; that Bankert's ship is burned, himself hardly escaping with a few men on board De Haes; that fifteen captains are to be tried the seventh of August; and that the hangman was sent from Flushing to assist the Council of Warr. How much of this is true, time will shew. Thence to Westminster Hall and walked an hour with Creed talking of the late fight, and observing the ridicu-

[1] Admiral John Evertsen; Michael Adrian de Ruyter, Admiral of Friezland; Adrian Banckaert, Vice-Admiral of Holland.

lous management thereof and success of the Duke of Albemarle. Thence parted and to Mrs. Martin's lodgings, and sat with her a while, and then by water home, all the way reading the Narrative of the late fight in order, it may be, to the making some marginal notes upon it. At the Old Swan found my Betty Michell at the doore, where I staid talking with her a pretty while, it being dusky, and kissed her and so away home and writ my letters, and then home to supper, where the brother and Mary Batelier are still and Mercer's two sisters. They have spent the time dancing this afternoon, and we were very merry, and then after supper into the garden and there walked, and then home with them and then back again, my wife and I and the girle, and sang in the garden and then to bed. Colville was with me this morning, and to my great joy I could now have all my money in, that I have in the world. But the times being open again, I thinke it is best to keepe some of it abroad. Mighty well, and end this month in content of mind and body. The publique matters looking more safe for the present than they did, and we having a victory over the Dutch just such as I could have wished, and as the kingdom was fit to bear, enough to give us the name of conquerors and leave us masters of the sea, but without any such great matters done as should give the Duke of Albemarle any honour at all, or give him cause to rise to his former insolence.

August 1st. Up betimes to the settling of my last month's accounts, and I bless God I find them very clear, and that I am worth £5,700, the most that ever my book did yet make out. So prepared to attend the Duke of Yorke as usual, but Sir W. Pen, just as I was going out, comes home from Sheernesse, and held me in discourse about publique business, till I come by coach too late to St. James's, and there find that every thing stood still, and nothing done for want of me. Thence walked over the Parke with Sir W. Coventry, who I clearly see is not thoroughly pleased with the late management of the fight, nor with any thing that the Generalls do; only is glad to hear that De Ruyter is out of favour, and that this fight hath cost them 5,000 men, as they themselves do report. And it is a strange thing, as he observes, how now and then the slaughter runs on one hand; there being 5,000 killed on theirs, and not above 400 or 500 killed and wounded on ours, and as many flag-officers on theirs as ordinary captains in ours; there being Everson, and the Admiral and Vice-Admiral of Freezeland on theirs, and Seamour, Martin,[1] and ———, on ours. I left him going to Chappell, it being the common fast day, and the Duke of York at Chappell. And I to Mrs. Martin's, but she abroad, so I sauntered to or again to the Abbey, and then to the parish church, fearfull of being seen to do so, and so after the parish church was ended, I to the Swan and there dined upon a rabbit, and after dinner to Mrs. Martin's, and there find Mrs. Burroughs, and by and by comes a pretty widow, one Mrs. Eastwood, and one Mrs. Fenton, a maid; and here merry kissing and looking on their breasts, and all the inno-

[1] Captain William Martin. He was buried in Aldeburgh Church.

cent pleasure in the world. But, Lord! to see the dissembling of this widow, how upon the singing of a certain jigg by Doll, Mrs. Martin's sister, she seemed to be sick and fainted and God knows what, because the jigg which her husband (who died this last sickness) loved. But by and by I made her as merry as is possible, and towzled and tumbled her as I pleased, and then carried her and her sober pretty kinswoman Mrs. Fenton home to their lodgings in the new market [1] of my Lord Treasurer's, and there left them. Mightily pleased with this afternoon's mirth, but in great pain to ride in a coach with them, for fear of being seen. So home, and there much pleased with my wife's drawing to-day in her pictures, and so to supper and to bed very pleasant.

2nd. [Up] and to the office, where we sat, and in discourse at the table with Sir W. Batten, I was obliged to tell him it was an untruth, which did displease him mightily, and parted at noon very angry with me. At home find Lovett, who brought me some papers varnished, and showed me my crucifix, which will be very fine when done. He dined with me and Balty's wife, who is in great pain for her husband, not hearing of him since the fight; but I understand he was not in it, going hence too late, and I am glad of it. Thence to the office, and thither comes to me Creed, and he and I walked a good while, and then to the victualling office together, and there with Mr. Gawden I did much business, and so away with Creed again, and by coach to see my Lord Bruncker, who it seems was not well yesterday, but being come thither, I find his coach ready to carry him abroad, but Tom, his footman, whatever the matter was, was lothe to desire me to come in, but I walked a great while in the Piatza till I was going away, but by and by my Lord himself comes down and coldly received me. So I soon parted, having enough for my over officious folly in troubling myself to visit him, and I am apt to think that he was fearfull that my coming was out of design to see how he spent his time [rather] than to enquire after his health. So parted, and I with Creed down to the New Exchange Stairs, and there I took water, and he parted, so home, and then down to Woolwich, reading and making an end of the "Rival Ladys," and find it a very pretty play. At Woolwich, it being now night, I find my wife and Mercer, and Mr. Batelier and Mary there, and a supper getting ready. So I staid, in some pain, it being late, and post night. So supped and merrily home, but it was twelve at night first. However, sent away some letters, and home to bed.

3rd. Up and to the office, where Sir W. Batten and I sat to contract for some fire-ships. I there close all the morning. At noon home to dinner, and then abroad to Sir Philip Warwicke's at White Hall about Tangier one quarter tallys, and there had some serious discourse touching money, and the case of the Navy, wherein all I could get of him was that we had the

[1] Southampton Market, established in 1662, and afterwards called Bloomsbury Market. It was never very successful, and was swept away about 1847, when New Oxford Street was formed. Market Street still remains.

full understanding of the treasure as much as my Lord Treasurer himself, and knew what he can do, and that whatever our case is, more money cannot be got till the Parliament. So talked of getting an account ready as soon as we could to give the Parliament, and so very melancholy parted. So I back again, calling my wife at her sister's, from whose husband we do now hear that he was safe this week, and going in a ship to the fleete from the buoy of the Nore, where he has been all this while, the fleete being gone before he got down. So home, and busy till night, and then to Sir W. Pen, with my wife, to sit and chat, and a small supper, and home to bed. The death of Everson, and the report of our success, beyond expectation, in the killing of so great a number of men, hath raised the estimation of the late victory considerably; but it is only among fools: for all that was but accidental. But this morning, getting Sir W. Pen to read over the Narrative with me, he did sparingly, yet plainly, say that we might have intercepted their Zealand squadron coming home, if we had done our parts; and more, that we might have spooned [1] before the wind as well as they, and have overtaken their ships in the pursuite, in all the while.

4th. Up and to the office, where all the morning, and at noon to dinner, and Mr. Cooke dined with us, who is lately come from Hinchingbroke, [Lord Hinchingbrooke] who is also come to town. The family all well. Then I to the office, where very busy to state to Mr. Coventry the account of the victuals of the fleete, and late at it, and then home to supper and to bed. This evening, Sir W. Pen come into the garden, and walked with me, and told me that he had certain notice that at Flushing they are in great distraction. De Ruyter dares not come on shore for fear of the people; nor any body open their houses or shops for fear of the tumult: which is a very good hearing.

5th (Lord's day). Up, and down to the Old Swan, and there called Betty Michell and her husband, and had two or three long salutes from her out of sight of su mari, which pleased me mightily, and so carried them by water to Westminster, and I to St. James's, and there had a meeting before the Duke of Yorke, complaining of want of money, but nothing done to any purpose, for want we shall, so that now our advices to him signify nothing. Here Sir W. Coventry did acquaint the Duke of Yorke how the world do discourse of the ill method of our books, and that we would consider how to answer any enquiry which shall be made after our practice therein, which will I think concern the Controller most, but I shall make it a memento to myself. Thence walked to the Parish Church to have one look upon Betty Michell, and so away homeward by water, and landed to go to the church,

[1] To spoom, or spoon, is to go right before the wind, without any sail.—*Sea Dictionary*, 1708. Dryden uses the word:

> "When virtue spooms before a prosperous gale,
> My heaving wishes help to fill the sail."
>
> *Hind and Panther*, iii. 96.

where, I believe, Mrs. Horsely goes, by Merchant-tailors' Hall, and there I find in the pulpit Elborough,[1] my old schoolfellow and a simple rogue, and yet I find him preaching a very good sermon, and in as right a parson-like manner, and in good manner too, as I have heard any body; and the church very full, which is a surprising consideration; but I did not see her. So home, and had a good dinner, and after dinner with my wife, and Mercer, and Jane by water, all the afternoon up as high as Morclacke[2] with great pleasure, and a fine day, reading over the second part of the "Siege of Rhodes," with great delight. We landed and walked at Barne-elmes, and then at the Neat Houses I landed and bought a millon, and we did also land and eat and drink at Wandsworth, and so to the Old Swan, and thence walked home. It being a mighty fine cool evening, and there being come, my wife and I spent an houre in the garden talking of our living in the country, when I shall be turned out of the office, as I fear the Parliament may find faults enough with the office to remove us all, and I am joyed to think in how good a condition I am to retire thither, and have wherewith very well to subsist. Nan, at Sir W. Pen's, lately married to one Markeham, a kinsman of Sir W. Pen's, a pretty wench she is.

6th. Up, and to the office a while, and then by water to my Lady Montagu's, at Westminster, and there visited my Lord Hinchingbroke, newly come from Hinchingbroke, and find him a mighty sober gentleman, to my great content. Thence to Sir Ph. Warwicke and my Lord Treasurer's, but failed in my business; so home and in Fenchurch-streete met with Mr. Battersby; says he, "Do you see Dan Rawlinson's[3] door shut up?" (which I did, and wondered). "Why," says he, "after all the sickness, and himself spending all the last year in the country, one of his men is now dead of the plague, and his wife and one of his mayds sicke, and himself shut up;" which troubles me mightily. So home; and there do hear also from Mrs. Sarah Daniel, that Greenwich is at this time much worse than ever it was, and Deptford too: and she told us that they believed all the towne would leave the towne and come to London; which is now the receptacle of all the people from all infected places. God preserve us! So by and by to dinner, and after dinner in comes Mrs. Knipp, and I being at the office went home to her, and there I

[1] St. Lawrence Poultney, of which parish Thomas Elborough was curate. See September 2nd, 1666.

[2] Mortlake.

[3] In the church of St. Dionis Backchurch, amongst other memorials of different members of his family, is a monument on a pillar for Daniel Rawlinson, the person mentioned in the text. He was a London wine merchant, descended from the Graisdales of Lancashire, born in this parish, and died in 1679, aged sixty-five. He was the father of Sir Thomas Rawlinson, President of Bridewell Hospital, and Lord Mayor in 1706; two of whose sons, Thomas and Richard, LL.D., were well known in the literary world as eminent antiquaries and book collectors, though their extensive libraries were ultimately consigned to the hammer. Richard, who had been educated at St. John's College, Oxford, will long be remembered as a munificent benefactor to that university (see Malcolm's "London," vol. iii., p. 438, edit. 1803).—B.

sat and talked with her, it being the first time of her being here since her being brought to bed. I very pleasant with her; but perceive my wife hath no great pleasure in her being here, she not being pleased with my kindnesse to her. However, we talked and sang, and were very pleasant. By and by comes Mr. Pierce and his wife, the first time she also hath been here since her lying-in, both having been brought to bed of boys, and both of them dead. And here we talked, and were plesant, only my wife in a chagrin humour, she not being pleased with my kindnesse to either of them, and by and by she fell into some silly discourse wherein I checked her, which made her mighty pettish, and discoursed mighty offensively to Mrs. Pierce, which did displease me, but I would make no words, but put the discourse by as much as I could (it being about a report that my wife said was made of herself and meant by Mrs. Pierce, that she was grown a gallant, when she had but so few suits of clothes these two or three years, and a great deale of that silly discourse), and by and by Mrs. Pierce did tell her that such discourses should not trouble her, for there went as bad on other people, and particularly of herself at this end of the towne, meaning my wife, that she was crooked, which was quite false, which my wife had the wit not to acknowledge herself to be the speaker of, though she has said it twenty times. But by this means we had little pleasure in their visit; however, Knipp and I sang, and then I offered them to carry them home, and to take my wife with me, but she would not go: so I with them, leaving my wife in a very ill humour, and very slighting to them, which vexed me. However, I would not be removed from my civility to them, but sent for a coach, and went with them; and, in our way, Knipp saying that she come out of doors without a dinner to us, I took them to Old Fish Streete, to the very house and woman where I kept my wedding dinner,[1] where I never was since, and there I did give them a jole of salmon, and what else was to be had. And here we talked of the ill-humour of my wife, which I did excuse as much as I could, and they seemed to admit of it, but did both confess they wondered at it; but from thence to other discourse, and among others to that of my Lord Bruncker and Mrs. Williams, who it seems do speake mighty hardly of me for my not treating them, and not giving her something to her closett, and do speake worse of my wife, and dishonourably, but it is what she do of all the world, though she be a whore herself; so I value it not. But they told me how poorly my Lord carried himself the other day to his kinswoman, Mrs. Howard, and was displeased because she called him uncle to a little gentlewoman that is there with him, which he will not admit of; for no relation is to be challenged from others to a lord, and did treat her thereupon very rudely and ungenteely. Knipp tells me also that my Lord keeps another woman besides Mrs. Williams; and that, when I was there the other day, there was a great hubbub in the house, Mrs. Williams being fallen sicke, because my Lord was gone to his other mistresse,

[1] The tavern was evidently selected to mark Pepys's disgust at his wife's ill-humour; but he probably did not venture to mention the circumstance on his return home.—B.

making her wait for him till his return from the other mistresse; and a great deale of do there was about it; and Mrs. Williams swounded at it, at the very time when I was there and wondered at the reason of my being received so negligently. I set them both at home, Knipp at her house, her husband being at the doore; and glad she was to be found to have staid out so long with me and Mrs. Pierce, and none else; and Mrs. Pierce at her house, and am mightily pleased with the discretion of her during the simplicity and offensiveness of my wife's discourse this afternoon. I perceive by the new face at Mrs. Pierce's door that our Mary is gone from her. So I home, calling on W. Joyce in my coach, and staid and talked a little with him, who is the same silly prating fellow that ever he was, and so home, and there find my wife mightily out of order, and reproaching of Mrs. Pierce and Knipp as wenches, and I know not what. But I did give her no words to offend her, and quietly let all pass, and so to bed without any good looke or words to or from my wife.

7th. Up, and to the office, where we sat all the morning, and home to dinner, and then to the office again, being pretty good friends with my wife again, no angry words passed; but she finding fault with Mercer, suspecting that it was she that must have told Mary, that must have told her mistresse of my wife's saying that she was crooked. But the truth is, she is jealous of my kindnesse to her. After dinner, to the office, and did a great deale of business. In the evening comes Mr. Reeves, with a twelve-foot glasse, so I left the office and home, where I met Mr. Batelier with my wife, in order to our going to-morrow, by agreement, to Bow to see a dancing meeting. But, Lord! to see how soon I could conceive evil fears and thoughts concerning them; so Reeves and I and they up to the top of the house, and there we endeavoured to see the moon, and Saturne and Jupiter; but the heavens proved cloudy, and so we lost our labour, having taken pains to get things together, in order to the managing of our long glasse. So down to supper and then to bed, Reeves lying at my house, but good discourse I had from him in his own trade, concerning glasses, and so all of us late to bed. I receive fresh intelligence that Deptford and Greenwich are now afresh exceedingly afflicted with the sickness more than ever.

8th. Up, and with Reeves walk as far as the Temple, doing some business in my way at my bookseller's and elsewhere, and there parted, and I took coach, having first discoursed with Mr. Hooke a little, whom we met in the streete, about the nature of sounds, and he did make me understand the nature of musicall sounds made by strings, mighty prettily; and told me that having come to a certain number of vibrations proper to make any tone, he is able to tell how many strokes a fly makes with her wings (those flies that hum in their flying) by the note that it answers to in musique during their flying. That, I suppose, is a little too much refined; but his discourse in general of sound was mighty fine. There I left them, and myself by coach to St. James's, where we attended with the rest of my fellows on the Duke, whom

I found with two or three patches upon his nose and about his right eye, which come from his being struck with the bough of a tree the other day in his hunting; and it is a wonder it did not strike out his eye. After we had done our business with him, which is now but little, the want of money being such as leaves us little to do but to answer complaints of the want thereof, and nothing to offer to the Duke, the representing of our want of money being now become uselesse, I into the Park, and there I met with Mrs. Burroughs by appointment, and did agree (after discoursing of some business of her's) for her to meet me at New Exchange, while I by coach to my Lord Treasurer's, and then called at the New Exchange, and thence carried her by water to Parliament stayres, and I to the Exchequer about my Tangier quarter tallys, and that done I took coach and to the west door of the Abby, where she come to me, and I with her by coach to Lissen-greene where we were last, and staid an hour or two before dinner could be got for us, I in the meantime having much pleasure with her, but all honest. And by and by dinner come up, and then to my sport again, but still honest; and then took coach and up and down in the country toward Acton, and then toward Chelsy, and so to Westminster, and there set her down where I took her up, with mighty pleasure in her company, and so I by coach home, and thence to Bow, with all the haste I could, to my Lady Pooly's,[1] where my wife was with Mr. Batelier and his sisters, and there I found a noble supper, and every thing exceeding pleasant, and their mother, Mrs. Batelier, a fine woman, but mighty passionate upon sudden news brought her of the loss of a dog borrowed of the Duke of Albemarle's son to line a bitch of hers that is very pretty, but the dog was by and by found, and so all well again, their company mighty innocent and pleasant, we having never been here before. About ten o'clock we rose from table, and sang a song, and so home in two coaches (Mr. Batelier and his sister Mary and my wife and I in one, and Mercer alone in the other); and after being examined at Allgate, whether we were husbands and wives, home, and being there come, and sent away Mr. Batelier and his sister, I find Reeves there, it being a mighty fine bright night, and so upon my leads, though very sleepy, till one in the morning, looking on the moon and Jupiter, with his twelve-foote glasse and another of six foote, that he hath brought with him to-night, and the sights mighty pleasant, and one of the glasses I will buy, it being very usefull. So to bed mighty sleepy, but with much pleasure. Reeves lying at my house again; and mighty proud I am (and ought to be thankfull to God Almighty) that I am able to have a spare bed for my friends.

9th. Up and to the office to prepare business for the Board, Reeves being gone and I having lent him £5 upon one of the glasses. Here we sat, but to little purpose, nobody coming at us but to ask for money, not to offer us any goods. At noon home to dinner, and then to the office again, being mightily pleased with a Virgin's head that my wife is now doing of. In the evening

[1] Wife of Sir Edmund Pooly, mentioned before (November 1st, 1665).

to Lumbard-streete, about money, to enable me to pay Sir G. Carteret's £3,000, which he hath lodged in my hands, in behalf of his son and my Lady Jemimah, toward their portion, which, I thank God, I am able to do at a minute's warning. In my [way] I inquired, and find Mrs. Rawlinson is dead of the sickness, and her mayde continues mighty ill. He[1] himself is got out of the house. I met also with Mr. Evelyn in the streete, who tells me the sad condition at this very day at Deptford for the plague, and more at Deale (within his precinct as one of the Commissioners for sick and wounded seamen), that the towne is almost quite depopulated. Thence back home again, and after some business at my office, late, home to supper and to bed, I being sleepy by my late want of rest, notwithstanding my endeavouring to get a nap of an hour this afternoon after dinner. So home and to bed.

10th. Up and to my chamber; there did some business and then to my office, and towards noon by water to the Exchequer about my Tangier order, and thence back again and to the Exchange, where little newes but what is in the book, and, among other things, of a man sent up for by the King and Council for saying that Sir W. Coventry did give intelligence to the Dutch of all our matters here. I met with Colvill, and he and I did agree about his lending me £1,000 upon a tally of £1,000 for Tangier. Thence to Sympson, the joyner, and I am mightily pleased with what I see of my presses for my books, which he is making for me. So homeward, and hear in Fanchurch-streete, that now the mayde also is dead at Mr. Rawlinson's; so that there are three dead in all, the wife, a man-servant, and mayde-servant. Home to dinner, where sister Balty dined with us, and met a letter come to me from him. He is well at Harwich, going to the fleete. After dinner to the office, and anon with my wife and sister abroad, left them in Paternoster Row, while Creed, who was with me at the office, and I to Westminster; and leaving him in the Strand, I to my Lord Chancellor's, and did very little business, and so away home by water, with more and more pleasure, I every time reading over my Lord Bacon's "Faber Fortunæ." So home, and there did little business, and then walked an hour talking of sundry things in the garden, and find him a cunning knave, as I always observed him to be, and so home to supper, and to bed. Pleased that this day I find, if I please, I can have all my money in that I have out of my hands, but I am at a loss whether to take it in or no, and pleased also to hear of Mrs. Barbara Sheldon's good fortune, who is like to have Mr. Wood's son, the mast-maker, a very rich man, and to be married speedily, she being already mighty fine upon it.

11th. Up and to the office, where we sat all the morning. At noon home to dinner, where mighty pleased at my wife's beginnings of a little Virgin's head. To the office and did much business, and then to Mr. Colvill's, and with him did come to an agreement about my £2,600 assignment on the Exchequer, which I had of Sir W. Warren; and, to my great joy, I think I shall

[1] Her husband, Daniel Rawlinson.—B.

get above £100 by it, but I must leave it to be finished on Monday. Thence to the office, and there did the remainder of my business, and so home to supper and to bed. This afternoon I hear as if we had landed some men upon the Dutch coasts, but I believe it is but a foolery either in the report or the attempt.

12th (Lord's day). Up and to my chamber, where busy all the morning, and my thoughts very much upon the manner of my removal of my closett things the next weeke into my present musique room, if I find I can spare or get money to furnish it. By and by comes Reeves, by appointment, but did not bring the glasses and things I expected for our discourse and my information to-day, but we have agreed on it for next Sunday. By and by, in comes Betty Michell and her husband, and so to dinner, I mightily pleased with their company. We passed the whole day talking with them, but without any pleasure, but only her being there. In the evening, all parted, and I and my wife up to her closett to consider how to order that the next summer, if we live to it; and then down to my chamber at night to examine her kitchen accounts, and there I took occasion to fall out with her for her buying a laced handkercher and pinner without my leave. Though the thing is not much, yet I would not permit her begin to do so, lest worse should follow. From this we began both to be angry, and so continued till bed, and did not sleep friends.

13th. Up, without being friends with my wife, nor great enemies, being both quiet and silent. So out to Colvill's, but he not being come to town yet, I to Paul's Church-yarde, to treat with a bookbinder, to come and gild the backs of all my books, to make them handsome, to stand in my new presses, when they come. So back again to Colvill's, and there did end our treaty, to my full content, about my Exchequer assignment of £2,600 of Sir W. Warren's, for which I give him £170 to stand to the hazard of receiving it. So I shall get clear by it £230, which is a very good jobb. God be praised for it! Having done with him, then he and I took coach, and I carried him to Westminster, and there set him down, in our way speaking of several things. I find him a bold man to say any thing of any body, and finds fault with our great ministers of state that nobody looks after any thing; and I thought it dangerous to be free with him, for I do not think he can keep counsel, because he blabs to me what hath passed between other people and him. Thence I to St. James's, and there missed Sir W. Coventry; but taking up Mr. Robinson in my coach, I towards London, and there in the way met Sir W. Coventry, and followed him to White Hall, where a little discourse very kind, and so I away with Robinson, and set him down at the 'Change, and thence I to Stokes[1] the goldsmith, and sent him to and again to get me £1,000 in gold; and so home to dinner, my wife and I friends, without any words almost of last night. After dinner, I abroad to Stokes, and there did

[1] According to the "Little London Directory" of 1677, Humphrey Stocks was a goldsmith at the Black Horse in Lombard Street; his successor was Robert Stokes.

receive £1,000 worth in gold, paying 18¾*d.* and 19*d.* for others exchange. Home with them, and there to my office to business, and anon home in the evening, there to settle some of my accounts, and then to supper and to bed.

14th (Thanksgiving day[1]). Up, and comes Mr. Foley and his man, with a box of a great variety of carpenter's and joyner's tooles, which I had bespoke, to me, which please me mightily; but I will have more. Then I abroad down to the Old Swan, and there I called and kissed Betty Michell, and would have got her to go with me to Westminster, but I find her a little colder than she used to be, methought, which did a little molest me. So I away not pleased, and to White Hall, where I find them at Chappell, and met with Povy, and he and I together, who tells me how mad my letter makes my Lord Peterborough, and what a furious letter he hath writ to me in answer, though it is not come yet. This did trouble me; for though there be no reason, yet to have a nobleman's mouth open against a man may do a man hurt; so I endeavoured to have found him out and spoke with him, but could not. So to the chappell, and heard a piece of the Dean of Westminster's[2] sermon, and a special good anthemne before the king, after a sermon, and then home by coach with Captain Cocke, who is in pain about his hempe, of which he says he hath bought great quantities, and would gladly be upon good terms with us for it, wherein I promise to assist him. So we 'light at the 'Change, where, after a small turn or two, taking no pleasure now-a-days to be there, because of answering questions that would be asked there which I cannot answer; so home and dined, and after dinner, with my wife and Mercer to the Beare-garden,[3] where I have not been, I think, of many years, and saw some good sport of the bull's tossing of the dogs: one into the very boxes. But it is a very rude and nasty pleasure. We had a great many hectors in the same box with us (and one very fine went into the pit, and played his dog for a wager, which was a strange sport for a gentleman), where they drank wine, and drank Mercer's health first, which I pledged with my hat off; and who should be in the house but Mr. Pierce the surgeon, who saw us and spoke to us. Thence home, well enough satisfied, however, with the variety of this afternoon's exercise; and so I to my chamber, till in the evening our company come to supper. We had invited to a

[1] A proclamation ordering August 14th to be observed in London and Westminster, and August 23rd in other places, as a day of thanksgiving for the late victory at sea over the Dutch, was published on August 6th.

[2] John Dolben, born March 20th, 1625; educated at Westminster and Christ Church, Oxford. He was under arms for the king until the forces were disbanded. He took orders in 1656, and was made Canon of Christ Church at the Restoration; Dean of Westminster, 1662; Bishop of Rochester, 1666; Lord High Almoner, 1675; and Archbishop of York, 1683. He died of small pox at his palace, April 11th, 1686. The sermon (on Psalm xviii. 1–3) was printed, London, 1666, 4to.

[3] The Bear Garden was situated on Bankside, close to the precinct of the Clinke Liberty, and very near to the old palace of the bishops of Winchester. Stow, in his "Survey," says: "There be two Bear Gardens, the old and new Places." The name still exists in a street or lane at the foot of Southwark Bridge, and in Bear Garden Wharf.

venison pasty Mr. Batelier and his sister Mary, Mrs. Mercer, her daughter Anne, Mr. Le Brun, and W. Hewer; and so we supped, and very merry. And then about nine o'clock to Mrs. Mercer's gate, where the fire and boys expected us, and her son had provided abundance of serpents and rockets; and there mighty merry (my Lady Pen and Pegg going thither with us, and Nan Wright), till about twelve at night, flinging our fireworks, and burning one another and the people over the way. And at last our businesses being most spent, we into Mrs. Mercer's, and there mighty merry, smutting one another with candle grease and soot, till most of us were like devils. And that being done, then we broke up, and to my house; and there I made them drink, and upstairs we went, and then fell into dancing (W. Batelier dancing well), and dressing, him and I and one Mr. Banister (who with his wife come over also with us) like women; and Mercer put on a suit of Tom's, like a boy, and mighty mirth we had, and Mercer danced a jigg; and Nan Wright and my wife and Pegg Pen put on perriwigs. Thus we spent till three or four in the morning, mighty merry; and then parted, and to bed.

15th. Mighty sleepy; slept till past eight of the clock, and was called up by a letter from Sir W. Coventry, which, among other things, tells me how we have burned one hundred and sixty ships of the enemy within the Fly.[1] I up, and with all possible haste, and in pain for fear of coming late, it being our day of attending the Duke of Yorke, to St. James's, where they are full of the particulars; how they are generally good merchant ships, some of them laden and supposed rich ships. We spent five fire-ships upon them. We landed on the Schelling (Sir Philip Howard with some men, and Holmes, I think, with others, about 1,000 in all), and burned a town; and so come away. By and by the Duke of Yorke with his books showed us the very place and manner, and that it was not our design or expectation to have done this, but only to have landed on the Fly, and burned some of their store; but being come in, we spied those ships, and with our long boats, one by one, fired them, our ships running all aground, it being so shoal water. We were led to this by, it seems, a renegado captain of the Hollanders, who found himself ill used by De Ruyter for his good service, and so come over to us, and hath done us good service; so that now we trust him, and he himself did go on this expedition. The service is very great, and our joys as great for it. All this will make the Duke of Albemarle in repute again, I doubt, though

[1] On the 8th August the Duke of Albemarle reported to Lord Arlington that he had "sent 1,000 good men under Sir R. Holmes and Sir William Jennings to destroy the islands of Vlie and Schelling." On the 10th James Hayes wrote to Williamson: "On the 9th at noon smoke was seen rising from several places in the island of Vlie, and the 10th brought news that Sir Robert had burned in the enemy's harbour 160 outward bound valuable merchant men and three men-of-war, and taken a little pleasure boat and eight guns in four hours. The loss is computed at a million sterling, and will make great confusion when the people see themselves in the power of the English at their very doors. Sir Robert then landed his forces, and is burning the houses in Vlie and Schelling as bonfires for his good success at sea" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1666–67, pp. 21, 27).

there is nothing of his in this. But, Lord! to see what successe do, whether with or without reason, and making a man seem wise, notwithstanding never so late demonstration of the profoundest folly in the world. Thence walked over the Parke with Sir W. Coventry, in our way talking of the unhappy state of our office; and I took an opportunity to let him know, that though the backwardnesses of all our matters of the office may be well imputed to the known want of money, yet, perhaps, there might be personal and particular failings; and that I did, therefore, depend still upon his promise of telling me whenever he finds any ground to believe any defect or neglect on my part, which he promised me still to do; and that there was none he saw, nor, indeed, says he, is there room now-a-days to find fault with any particular man, while we are in this condition for money. This, methought, did not so well please me; but, however, I am glad I have said this, thereby giving myself good grounds to believe that at this time he did not want an occasion to have said what he pleased to me, if he had had anything in his mind, which by his late distance and silence I have feared. But then again I am to consider he is grown a very great man, much greater than he was, and so must keep more distance; and, next, that the condition of our office will not afford me occasion of shewing myself so active and deserving as heretofore; and, lastly, the muchness of his business cannot suffer him to mind it, or give him leisure to reflect on anything, or shew the freedom and kindnesse that he used to do. But I think I have done something considerable to my satisfaction in doing this; and that if I do but my duty remarkably from this time forward, and not neglect it, as I have of late done, and minded my pleasures, I may be as well as ever I was. Thence to the Exchequer, but did nothing, they being all gone from their offices; and so to the Old Exchange, where the towne full of the good newes, but I did not stay to tell or hear any, but home, my head akeing and drowsy, and to dinner, and then lay down upon the couch, thinking to get a little rest, but could not. So down the river, reading "The Adventures of Five Houres," which the more I read the more I admire. So down below Greenwich, but the wind and tide being against us, I back again to Deptford, and did a little business there, and thence walked to Redriffe; and so home, and to the office a while. In the evening comes W. Batelier and his sister, and my wife, and fair Mrs. Turner into the garden, and there we walked, and then with my Lady Pen and Pegg in a-doors, and eat and were merry, and so pretty late broke up, and to bed. The guns of the Tower going off, and there being bonefires also in the street for this late good successe.

16th. Up, having slept well, and after entering my Journal, to the office, where all the morning, but of late Sir W. Coventry hath not come to us, he being discouraged from the little we have to do but to answer the clamours of people for money. At noon home, and there dined with me my Lady Pen only and W. Hewer at a haunch of venison boiled, where pretty merry, only my wife vexed me a little about demanding money to go with my Lady Pen to the

Exchange to lay out. I to the office, where all the afternoon and very busy and doing much business; but here I had a most eminent experience of the evil of being behindhand in business. I was the most backward to begin any thing, and would fain have framed to myself an occasion of going abroad, and should, I doubt, have done it, but some business coming in, one after another, kept me there, and I fell to the ridding away of a great deale of business, and when my hand was in it was so pleasing a sight to [see] my papers disposed of, and letters answered, which troubled my book and table, that I could have continued there with delight all night long, and did till called away by my Lady Pen and Pegg and my wife to their house to eat with them; and there I went, and exceeding merry, there being Nan Wright, now Mrs. Markham, and sits at table with my Lady. So mighty merry, home and to bed. This day Sir W. Batten did show us at the table a letter from Sir T. Allen, which says that we have taken ten or twelve ships (since the late great expedition of burning their ships and towne), laden with hempe, flax, tarr, deales, &c. This was good newes; but by and by comes in Sir G. Carteret, and he asked us with full mouth what we would give for good newes. Says Sir W. Batten, "I have better than you, for a wager." They laid sixpence, and we that were by were to give sixpence to him that told the best newes. So Sir W. Batten told his of ten or twelve ships. Sir G. Carteret did then tell us that upon the newes of the burning of the ships and towne the common people of Amsterdam did besiege De Witt's house, and he was forced to flee to the Prince of Orange, who is gone to Cleve to the marriage of his sister. This we concluded all the best newes, and my Lord Bruncker and myself did give Sir G. Carteret our sixpence a-piece, which he did give Mr. Smith to give the poor. Thus we made ourselves mighty merry.

17th. Up and betimes with Captain Erwin[1] down by water to Woolwich, I walking alone from Greenwich thither, making an end of the "Adventures of Five Hours," which when all is done is the best play that ever I read in my life. Being come thither I did some business there and at the Rope Yarde, and had a piece of bride-cake sent me by Mrs. Barbary[2] into the boate after me, she being here at her uncle's, with her husband, Mr. Wood's son, the mast-maker, and mighty nobly married, they say, she was, very fine, and he very rich, a strange fortune for so odd a looked mayde, though her hands and body be good, and nature very good, I think. Back with Captain Erwin, discoursing about the East Indys, where he hath often been. And among other things he tells me how the King of Syam seldom goes out without thirty or forty thousand people with him, and not a word spoke, nor a hum or cough in the whole company to be heard. He tells me the punishment frequently there for malefactors is cutting off the crowne of their head, which they do very dexterously, leaving their brains bare, which kills them presently. He told me what I remember he hath once done heretofore: that every

[1] Captain George Erwin, of the "William."
[2] Mrs. Barbara Sheldon.

body is to lie flat down at the coming by of the King, and nobody to look upon him upon pain of death. And that he and his fellows, being strangers, were invited to see the sport of taking of a wild elephant, and they did only kneel, and look toward the King. Their druggerman[1] did desire them to fall down, for otherwise he should suffer for their contempt of the King. The sport being ended, a messenger comes from the King, which the druggerman thought had been to have taken away his life; but it was to enquire how the strangers liked the sport. The druggerman answered that they did cry it up to be the best that ever they saw, and that they never heard of any Prince so great in every thing as this King. The messenger being gone back, Erwin and his company asked their druggerman what he had said, which he told them. "But why," say they, "would you say that without our leave, it being not true?" "It is no matter for that," says he, "I must have said it, or have been hanged, for our King do not live by meat, nor drink, but by having great lyes told him." In our way back we come by a little vessel that come into the river this morning, and says he left the fleete in Sole Bay, and that he hath not heard (he belonging to Sir W. Jenings, in the fleete) of any such prizes taken as the ten or twelve I inquired about, and said by Sir W. Batten yesterday to be taken, so I fear it is not true. So to Westminster, and there, to my great content, did receive my £2,000 of Mr. Spicer's telling, which I was to receive of Colvill, and brought it home with me [to] my house by water, and there I find one of my new presses for my books brought home, which pleases me mightily. As, also, do my wife's progresse upon her head that she is making. So to dinner, and thence abroad with my wife, leaving her at Unthanke's; I to White Hall, waiting at the Council door till it rose, and there spoke with Sir W. Coventry, who and I do much fear our Victuallers, they having missed the fleete in their going. But Sir W. Coventry says it is not our fault, but theirs, if they have not left ships to secure them. This he spoke in a chagrin sort of way, methought. After a little more discourse of several businesses, I away homeward, having in the gallery the good fortune to see Mrs. Stewart, who is grown a little too tall, but is a woman of most excellent features. The narrative of the late expedition[2] in burning the ships is in print, and makes it a great thing, and I hope it is so. So took up my wife and home, there I to the office, and thence with Sympson the joyner home to put together the press he hath brought me for my books this day, which pleases me exceedingly. Then to Sir W. Batten's, where Sir Richard Ford did, very understandingly, methought, give us an account of the originall of the Hollands Bank,[3] and the nature of it,

[1] Dragoman.

[2] See August 15th, *ante*.

[3] This bank at Amsterdam is referred to in a tract entitled "An Appeal to Cæsar," 1660, p. 22. In 1640 Charles I. seized the money in the mint in the Tower entrusted to the safe keeping of the Crown. It was the practice of the London goldsmiths at this time to allow interest at the rate of six or eight per cent. on money deposited with them (J. Biddulph Martin, "The Grasshopper in Lombard Street," 1892, p. 152).

and how they do never give any interest at all to any person that brings in their money, though what is brought in upon the public faith interest is given by the State for. The unsafe condition of a Bank under a Monarch, and the little safety to a Monarch to have any; or Corporation alone (as London in answer to Amsterdam) to have so great a wealth or credit, it is, that makes it hard to have a Bank here. And as to the former, he did tell us how it sticks in the memory of most merchants how the late King (when by the war between Holland and France and Spayne all the bullion of Spayne was brought hither, one-third of it to be coyned; and indeed it was found advantageous to the merchant to coyne most of it), was persuaded in a strait by my Lord Cottington[1] to seize upon the money in the Tower, which, though in a few days the merchants concerned did prevail to get it released, yet the thing will never be forgot. So home to supper and to bed, understanding this evening, since I come home, that our Victuallers are all come in to the fleete, which is good newes. Sir John Minnes come home to-night not well, from Chatham, where he hath been at a pay, holding it at Upnor Castle, because of the plague so much in the towne of Chatham. He hath, they say, got an ague, being so much on the water.

18th. All the morning at my office; then to the Exchange (with my Lord Bruncker in his coach) at noon, but it was only to avoid Mr. Chr. Pett's being invited by me to dinner. So home, calling at my little mercer's in Lumbard Streete, who hath the pretty wench, like the old Queene, and there cheapened some stuffs to hang my roome, that I intend to turn into a closett. So home to dinner, and after dinner comes Creed to discourse with me about several things of Tangier concernments and accounts, among others starts the doubt, which I was formerly aware of, but did wink at it, whether or no Lanyon and his partners be not paid for more than they should be, which he presses, so that it did a little discompose me; but, however, I do think no harm will arise thereby. He gone, I to the office, and there very late, very busy, and so home to supper and to bed.

19th (Lord's day). Up and to my chamber, and there began to draw out fair and methodically my accounts of Tangier, in order to shew them to the Lords. But by and by comes by agreement Mr. Reeves, and after him Mr. Spong, and all day with them, both before and after dinner, till ten o'clock at night, upon opticke enquiries, he bringing me a frame he closes on, to see how the rays of light do cut one another, and in a darke room with smoake, which is very pretty. He did also bring a lanthorne with pictures

[1] Sir Francis Cottington, a younger son of Philip Cottington, of Godmanston, Somerset, was created by Charles I. Lord Cottington of Hanworth. He became successively one of the clerks of the council, Chancellor of the Exchequer, ambassador into Spain, and Lord Treasurer of England under the two elder Stuarts. He died at Valladolid in 1653, s. p., and his body was brought to England and interred under a stately monument in Westminster Abbey, erected by Charles Cottington, his nephew and heir. See December 6th, 1667, for an account of his disinheriting a nephew for a foolish speech. —B.

in glasse, to make strange things appear on a wall, very pretty. We did also at night see Jupiter and his girdle and satellites, very fine, with my twelve-foote glasse, but could not Saturne, he being very dark. Spong and I had also several fine discourses upon the globes this afternoon, particularly why the fixed stars do not rise and set at the same houre all the yeare long, which he could not demonstrate, nor I neither, the reason of. So, it being late, after supper they away home. But it vexed me to understand no more from Reeves and his glasses touching the nature and reason of the several refractions of the several figured glasses, he understanding the acting part, but not one bit the theory, nor can make any body understand it, which is a strange dullness, methinks. I did not hear anything yesterday or at all to confirm either Sir Thos. Allen's news of the 10 or 12 ships taken, nor of the disorder at Amsterdam upon the news of the burning of the ships, that he [De Witt] should be fled to the Prince of Orange, it being generally believed that he was gone to France before.

20th. Waked this morning about six o'clock, with a violent knocking at Sir J. Minnes's doore, to call up Mrs. Hammon, crying out that Sir J. Minnes is a-dying. He come home ill of an ague on Friday night. I saw him on Saturday, after his fit of the ague, and then was pretty lusty. Which troubles me mightily, for he is a very good, harmless, honest gentleman, though not fit for the business. But I much fear a worse may come, that may be more uneasy to me. Up, and to Deptford by water, reading "Othello, Moore of Venice," which I ever heretofore esteemed a mighty good play, but having so lately read "The Adventures of Five Houres," it seems a mean thing. Walked back, and so home, and then down to the old Swan and drank at Betty Michell's, and so to Westminster to the Exchequer about my quarter tallies, and so to Lumbard Streete to choose stuff to hang my new intended closet, and have chosen purple. So home to dinner, and all the afternoon till almost midnight upon my Tangier accounts, getting Tom Wilson to help me in writing as I read, and at night W. Hewer, and find myself most happy in the keeping of all my accounts, for that after all the changings and turnings necessary in such an account, I find myself right to a farthing in an account of £127,000. This afternoon I visited Sir J. Minnes, who, poor man, is much impatient by these few days' sickness, and I fear indeed it will kill him.

21st. Up, and to the office, where much business and Sir W. Coventry there, who of late hath wholly left us, most of our business being about money, to which we can give no answer, which makes him weary of coming to us. He made an experiment to-day, by taking up a heape of petitions that lay upon the table. They proved seventeen in number, and found them thus: one for money for reparation for clothes, four desired to have tickets made out to them, and the other twelve were for money. Dined at home, and sister Balty with us. My wife snappish because I denied her money to lay out this afternoon; however, good friends again, and by coach set them

down at the New Exchange, and I to the Exchequer, and there find my business of my tallys in good forwardness. I passed down into the Hall, and there hear that Mr. Bowles, the grocer, after 4 or 5 days' sickness, is dead, and this day buried. So away, and taking up my wife, went homewards. I 'light and with Harman to my mercer's in Lumbard Streete, and there agreed for our purple serge for my closett, and so I away home. So home and late at the office, and then home, and there found Mr. Batelier and his sister Mary, and we sat chatting a great while, talking of witches and spirits, and he told me of his own knowledge, being with some others at Bourdeaux, making a bargain with another man at a taverne for some clarets, they did hire a fellow to thunder (which he had the art of doing upon a deale board) and to rain and hail, that is, make the noise of, so as did give them a pretence of undervaluing their merchants' wines, by saying this thunder would spoil and turne them. Which was so reasonable to the merchant, that he did abate two pistolls per ton for the wine in belief of that, whereas, going out, there was no such thing. This Batelier did see and was the cause of to his profit, as is above said. By and by broke up and to bed.

22nd. Up and by coach with £100 to the Exchequer to pay fees there. There left it, and I to St. James's, and there with the Duke of Yorke. I had opportunity of much talk with Sir W. Pen to-day (he being newly come from the fleete); and he do much undervalue the honour that is given to the conduct of the late business of Holmes in burning the ships and town,[1] saying it was a great thing indeed, and of great profit to us in being of great losse to the enemy, but that it was wholly a business of chance, and no conduct employed in it. I find Sir W. Pen do hold up his head at this time higher than ever he did in his life. I perceive he do look after Sir J. Minnes's place if he dies, and though I love him not nor do desire to have him in, yet I do think [he] is the first man in England for it. To the Exchequer, and there received my tallys, and paid my fees in good order, and so home, and there find Mrs. Knipp and my wife going to dinner. She tells me my song of "Beauty Retire" is mightily cried up, which I am not a little proud of; and do think I have done "It is Decreed" better, but I have not finished it. My closett is doing by upholsters, which I am pleased with, but fear my purple will be too sad for that melancholy roome. After dinner and doing something at the office, I with my wife, Knipp, and Mercer, by coach to Moorefields, and there saw "Polichinello," which pleases me mightily, and here I saw our Mary, our last chambermaid, who is gone from Mrs. Pierce's it seems. Thence carried Knipp home, calling at the Cocke alehouse at the doore and drank, and so home, and there find Reeves, and so up to look upon the stars, and do like my glasse very well, and did even with him for it and a little perspective and

[1] The town burned (see August 15th, *ante*) was Brandaris, a place of 1,000 houses, on the isle of Schelling; the ships lay between that island and the Fly (*i.e.* Vlieland), the adjoining island. This attack probably provoked that by the Dutch on Chatham. See note, August 15th, and Pepys's remarks, June 30th, 1667, *post*.—B.

the Lanthorne that shows tricks, altogether costing me £9 5*s.* 0*d.* So to bed, he lying at our house.

23rd. At the office all the morning, whither Sir W. Coventry sent me word that the Dutch fleete is certainly abroad; and so we are to hasten all we have to send to our fleete with all speed. But, Lord! to see how my Lord Bruncker undertakes the despatch of the fire-ships, when he is no more fit for it than a porter; and all the while Sir W. Pen, who is the most fit, is unwilling to displease him, and do not look after it; and so the King's work is like to be well done. At noon dined at home, Lovett with us; but he do not please me in his business, for he keeps things long in hand, and his paper do not hold so good as I expected—the varnish wiping off in a little time—a very sponge; and I doubt by his discourse he is an odde kind of fellow, and, in plain terms, a very rogue. He gone, I to the office (having seen and liked the upholsters' work in my roome—which they have almost done), and there late, and in the evening find Mr. Batelier and his sister there, and then we talked and eat and were merry, and so parted late, and to bed.

24th. Up, and dispatched several businesses at home in the morning, and then comes Sympson to set up my other new presses[1] for my books, and so he and I fell in to the furnishing of my new closett, and taking out the things out of my old, and I kept him with me all day, and he dined with me, and so all the afternoon till it was quite darke hanging things, that is my maps and pictures and draughts, and setting up my books, and as much as we could do, to my most extraordinary satisfaction; so that I think it will be as noble a closett as any man hath, and light enough—though, indeed, it would be better to have had a little more light. He gone, my wife and I to talk, and sup, and then to setting right my Tangier accounts and enter my Journall, and then to bed with great content in my day's worke. This afternoon comes Mrs. Barbary Sheldon, now Mrs. Wood, to see my wife: I was so busy I would not see her. But she came, it seems, mighty rich in rings and fine clothes, and like a lady, and says she is matched mighty well, at which I am very glad, but wonder at her good fortune and the folly of her husband, and vexed at myself for not paying her the respect of seeing her, but I will come out of her debt another time.

25th. All the morning at the office. At noon dined at home, and after dinner up to my new closett, which pleases me mightily, and there I proceeded to put many things in order as far as I had time, and then set it in washing, and stood by myself a great while to see it washed; and then to the office, and then wrote my letters and other things, and then in mighty good humour home to supper and to bed.

26th (Lord's day). Up betimes, and to the finishing the setting things in order in my new closett out of my old, which I did thoroughly by the time

[1] These presses still exist, and, according to Pepys's wish, they are placed in the second court of Magdalene College in a room which they exactly fit, and the books are arranged in the presses just as they were when presented to the college.—M. B.

sermon was done at church, to my exceeding joy, only I was a little disturbed with newes my Lord Bruncker brought me, that we are to attend the King at White Hall this afternoon, and that it is about a complaint from the Generalls against us. Sir W. Pen dined by invitation with me, his Lady and daughter being gone into the country. We very merry. After dinner we parted, and I to my office, whither I sent for Mr. Lewes and instructed myself fully in the business of the Victualling, to enable me to answer in the matter; and then Sir W. Pen and I by coach to White Hall, and there staid till the King and Cabinet were met in the Green Chamber, and then we were called in; and there the King begun with me, to hear how the victualls of the fleete stood. I did in a long discourse tell him and the rest (the Duke of Yorke, Lord Chancellor, Lord Treasurer, both the Secretarys, Sir G. Carteret, and Sir W. Coventry,) how it stood, wherein they seemed satisfied, but press mightily for more supplies; and the letter of the Generalls, which was read, did lay their not going or too soon returning from the Dutch coast, this next bout, to the want of victuals. They then proceeded to the enquiry after the fire-ships; and did all very superficially, and without any severity at all. But, however, I was in pain, after we come out, to know how I had done; and hear well enough. But, however, it shall be a caution to me to prepare myself against a day of inquisition. Being come out, I met with Mr. Moore, and he and I an houre together in the Gallery, telling me how far they are gone in getting my Lord [Sandwich's] pardon, so as the Chancellor is prepared in it; and Sir H. Bennet do promote it, and the warrant for the King's signing is drawn. The business between my Lord Hinchingbroke and Mrs. Mallett is quite broke off; he attending her at Tunbridge, and she declaring her affections to be settled; and he not being fully pleased with the vanity and liberty of her carriage. He told me how my Lord has drawn a bill of exchange from Spayne of £1,200, and would have me supply him with £500 of it, but I avoyded it, being not willing to embarke myself in money there, where I see things going to ruine. Thence to discourse of the times; and he tells me he believes both my Lord Arlington and Sir W. Coventry, as well as my Lord Sandwich and Sir G. Carteret, have reason to fear, and are afeard of this Parliament now coming on. He tells me that Bristoll's faction is getting ground apace against my Lord Chancellor. He told me that my old Lord Coventry[1] was a cunning, crafty man, and did make as many bad decrees in Chancery as any man; and that in one case, that occasioned many years' dispute, at last when the King come in, it was hoped by the party grieved, to get my Lord Chancellor to reverse a decree of his. Sir W. Coventry took the opportunity of the business between the Duke of Yorke and the Duchesse, and said to my Lord Chancellor, that he had rather be drawn up Holborne to be hanged, than live to see his father pissed upon (in these very terms) and any decree of his reversed. And so the Chancellor did not think fit to do it, but it still stands, to the undoing of one Norton, a printer,

[1] The Lord Keeper. Died January 14th, 1639–40.

about his right to the printing of the Bible, and Grammar, &c.[1] Thence Sir W. Pen and I to Islington and there drank at the Katherine Wheele, and so down the nearest way home, where there was no kind of pleasure at all. Being come home, hear that Sir J. Minnes has had a very bad fit all this day, and a hickup do take him, which is a very bad sign, which troubles me truly. So home to supper a little and then to bed.

27th. Up, and to my new closett, which pleases me mightily, and there did a little business. Then to break open a window to the leads' side in my old closett, which will enlighten the room mightily, and make it mighty pleasant. So to the office, and then home about one thing or other, about my new closet, for my mind is full of nothing but that. So at noon to dinner, mightily pleased with my wife's picture that she is upon. Then to the office, and thither come and walked an hour with me Sir G. Carteret, who tells me what is done about my Lord's pardon, and is not for letting the Duke of Yorke know any thing of it beforehand, but to carry it as speedily and quietly as we can. He seems to be very apprehensive that the Parliament will be troublesome and inquisitive into faults, but seems not to value them as to himself. He gone, I to the Victualling Office, there with Lewes[2] and Willson setting the business of the state of the fleete's victualling even and plain, and that being done, and other good discourse about it over, Mr. Willson and I by water down the River for discourse only, about business of the office, and then back, and I home, and after a little at my office home to my new closet, and there did much business on my Tangier account and my Journall for three days. So to supper and to bed. We are not sure that the Dutch fleete is out. I have another memento from Sir W. Coventry of the want of provisions in the fleete, which troubles me, though there is no reason for it; but will have the good effect of making me more wary. So, full of thoughts, to bed.

28th. Up, and in my new closet a good while doing business. Then called on Mrs. Martin and Burroughs of Westminster about business of the former's husband. Which done, I to the office, where we sat all the morning. At noon I, with my wife and Mercer, to Philpott Lane,[3] a great cook's shop, to the wedding of Mr. Longracke, our purveyor, a good, sober, civil man, and hath married a sober, serious mayde. Here I met much ordinary com-

[1] The patent for printing Bibles, &c., in London was held by Bonham Norton in the early part of the seventeenth century. The printer referred to by Pepys appears to have been Roger Norton, who was Master of the Stationers' Company in 1678, 1682, 1683, 1684, and 1687. Amongst the State Papers is a "Petition of Roger Norton, printer, to the King, to be resettled in the place of King's Printer, on his claim to which a suit is depending in Chancery. The place is now held by gentlemen who do not understand printing, and the work is done by those who were printers under Cromwell, and who, as permitted by him, still print Bibles and service books" ("Calendar," 1661-62, p. 76).

[2] Thomas Lewis, clerk in the Victualling Office.

[3] Philpot Lane, between Fenchurch Street and Eastcheap, where the Commissioners of the Navy had an office in 1623.

pany, I going thither at his great request; but there was Mr. Madden and his lady, a fine, noble, pretty lady, and he, and a fine gentleman seems to be. We four were most together; but the whole company was very simple and innocent. A good dinner, and, what was best, good musique. After dinner the young women went to dance; among others Mr. Christopher Pett his daughter, who is a very pretty, modest girle, I am mightily taken with her; and that being done about five o'clock, home, very well pleased with the afternoon's work. And so we broke up mightily civilly, the bride and bridegroom going to Greenwich (they keeping their dinner here only for my sake) to lie, and we home, where I to the office, and anon am on a sudden called to meet Sir W. Pen and Sir W. Coventry at the Victualling Office, which did put me out of order to be so surprised. But I went, and there Sir William Coventry did read me a letter from the Generalls to the King,[1] a most scurvy letter, reflecting most upon Sir W. Coventry, and then upon me for my accounts (not that they are not true, but that we do not consider the expense of the fleete), and then of the whole office, in neglecting them and the King's service, and this in very plain and sharp and menacing terms. I did give a good account of matters according to our computation of the expence of the fleete. I find Sir W. Coventry willing enough to accept of any thing to confront the Generalls. But a great supply must be made, and shall be in grace of God! But, however, our accounts here will be found the true ones. Having done here, and much work set me, I with greater content home than I thought I should have done, and so to the office a while, and then home, and a while in my new closet, which delights me every day more and more, and so late to bed.

29th. Up betimes, and there to fit some Tangier accounts, and then, by appointment, to my Lord Bellasses, but about Paul's thought of the chant paper I should carry with me, and so fain to come back again, and did, and then met with Sir W. Pen, and with him to my Lord Bellasses, he sitting in the coach the while, while I up to my Lord and there offered him my account of the bills of exchange I had received and paid for him, wherein we agree all but one £200 bill of Vernatty's drawing, wherein I doubt he hath endeavoured to cheate my Lord; but that will soon appear. Thence took leave, and found Sir W. Pen talking to Orange Moll, of the King's house, who, to our great comfort, told us that they begun to act on the 18th of this month. So on to St. James's, in the way Sir W. Pen telling me that Mr. Nor-

[1] The letter from Prince Rupert and the Duke of Albemarle to the king (dated August 27th, from the "Royal Charles," Sole Bay) is among the State Papers. The generals "complain of the want of supplies, in spite of repeated importunities. The demands are answered by accounts from Mr. Pepys of what has been sent to the fleet, which will not satisfy the ships, unless the provisions could be found. . . . Have not a month's provision of beer, yet Sir Wm. Coventry assures the ministers that they are supplied till Oct. 3; unless this is quickened they will have to return home too soon. . . . Want provisions according to their own computation, not Sir Wm. Coventry's, to last to the end of October" ("Calendar," 1666–67, p. 71).

ton,[1] that married Sir J. Lawson's daughter, is dead. She left £800 a year jointure, a son to inherit the whole estate. She freed from her father-in-law's tyranny, and is in condition to helpe her mother, who needs it; of which I am glad, the young lady being very pretty. To St. James's, and there Sir W. Coventry took Sir W. Pen and me apart, and read to us his answer to the Generalls' letter to the King that he read last night; wherein he is very plain, and states the matter in full defence of himself and of me with him, which he could not avoid; which is a good comfort to me, that I happen to be involved with him in the same cause. And then, speaking of the supplies which have been made to this fleete, more than ever in all kinds to any, even that wherein the Duke of Yorke himself was, "Well," says he, "if this will not do, I will say, as Sir J. Falstaffe did to the Prince, 'Tell your father, that if he do not like this let him kill the next Piercy himself,'"[2] and so we broke up, and to the Duke, and there did our usual business. So I to the Parke and there met Creed, and he and I walked to Westminster to the Exchequer, and thence to White Hall talking of Tangier matters and Vernatty's knavery, and so parted, and then I homeward and met Mr. Povy in Cheapside, and stopped and talked a good while upon the profits of the place which my Lord Bellasses hath made this last year, and what share we are to have of it, but of this all imperfect, and so parted, and I home, and there find Mrs. Mary Batelier, and she dined with us; and thence I took them to Islington, and there eat a custard; and so back to Moorfields, and shewed Batelier, with my wife, "Polichinello," which I like the more I see it; and so home with great content, she being a mighty good-natured, pretty woman, and thence I to the Victualling office, and there with Mr. Lewes and Willson upon our Victualling matters till ten at night, and so I home and there late writing a letter to Sir W. Coventry, and so home to supper and to bed. No newes where the Dutch are. We begin to think they will steale through the Channel to meet Beaufort.[3] We think our fleete sayled yesterday, but we have no newes of it.

30th. Up and all the morning at the office, dined at home, and in the afternoon, and at night till two in the morning, framing my great letter to Mr. Hayes[4] about the victualling of the fleete, about which there has been so much ado and exceptions taken by the Generalls.

31st. To bed at 2 or 3 in the morning and up again at 6 to go by appointment to my Lord Bellasses, but he out of town, which vexed me. So back and got Mr. Poynter to enter into my book while I read from my last night's notes

[1] See July 6th, 1665.

[2] "King Henry IV.," Part I., act v., sc. 4.

[3] François de Vendôme, Duc de Beaufort, well known in the annals of France, was born in 1616, and in 1664 and 1665 commanded a naval expedition against the African corsairs (see October 11th, 1664). The following year he had the charge of a fleet intended to act in concert with the Dutch against England, but which was merely sent out as a political demonstration. He was killed at the siege of Candia in 1669.—B.

[4] James Hayes, secretary to Prince Rupert.

the letter, and that being done to writing it fair. At noon home to dinner, and then the boy and I to the office, and there he read while I writ it fair, which done I sent it to Sir W. Coventry to peruse and send to the fleete by the first opportunity; and so pretty betimes to bed. Much pleased to-day with thoughts of gilding the backs of all my books alike in my new presses.

September 1st. Up and at the office all the morning, and then dined at home. Got my new closet made mighty clean against to-morrow. Sir W. Pen and my wife and Mercer and I to "Polichinelly," but were there horribly frighted to see Young Killigrew come in with a great many more young sparks; but we hid ourselves, so as we think they did not see us. By and by they went away, and then we were at rest again; and so, the play being done, we to Islington, and there eat and drank and mighty merry; and so home singing, and, after a letter or two at the office, to bed.

2nd (Lord's day). Some of our mayds sitting up late last night to get things ready against our feast to-day, Jane called us up about three in the morning, to tell us of a great fire they saw in the City. So I rose and slipped on my night-gowne, and went to her window, and thought it to be on the back-side of Marke-lane at the farthest; but, being unused to such fires as followed, I thought it far enough off; and so went to bed again and to sleep. About seven rose again to dress myself, and there looked out at the window, and saw the fire not so much as it was and further off. So to my closett to set things to rights after yesterday's cleaning. By and by Jane comes and tells me that she hears that above 300 houses have been burned down to-night by the fire we saw, and that it is now burning down all Fish-street, by London Bridge. So I made myself ready presently, and walked to the Tower, and there got up upon one of the high places, Sir J. Robinson's little son going up with me; and there I did see the houses at that end of the bridge all on fire, and an infinite great fire on this and the other side the end of the bridge; which, among other people, did trouble me for poor little Michell and our Sarah on the bridge. So down, with my heart full of trouble, to the Lieutenant of the Tower, who tells me that it begun this morning in the King's baker's[1] house in Pudding-lane, and that it hath burned St. Magnus's Church and most part of Fish-street already. So I down to the water-side, and there got a boat and through bridge, and there saw a lamentable fire. Poor Michell's house, as far as the Old Swan, already burned that way, and the fire running further, that in a very little time it got as far as the Steele-yard, while I was there. Everybody endeavouring to remove their goods, and flinging into the river or bringing them into lighters that lay off; poor people staying in their houses as long as till the very fire touched them, and then running into boats, or clambering from one pair of stairs by the water-side to another. And among other things, the poor pigeons, I perceive, were loth to leave their houses, but hovered about the windows and balconys till they were, some

[1] Pudding Lane, leading from Eastcheap to Lower Thames Street. The name of the baker was Farryner.

of them burned, their wings, and fell down. Having staid, and in an hour's time seen the fire rage every way, and nobody, to my sight, endeavouring to quench it, but to remove their goods, and leave all to the fire, and having seen it get as far as the Steele-yard, and the wind mighty high and driving it into the City; and every thing, after so long a drought, proving combustible, even the very stones of churches, and among other things the poor steeple[1] by which pretty Mrs. —— lives, and whereof my old schoolfellow Elborough is parson, taken fire in the very top, and there burned till it fell down: I to White Hall (with a gentleman with me who desired to go off from the Tower, to see the fire, in my boat); to White Hall, and there up to the King's closett in the Chappell, where people come about me, and I did give them an account dismayed them all, and word was carried in to the King. So I was called for, and did tell the King and Duke of Yorke what I saw, and that unless his Majesty did command houses to be pulled down nothing could stop the fire. They seemed much troubled, and the King commanded me to go to my Lord Mayor[2] from him, and command him to spare no houses, but to pull down before the fire every way. The Duke of York bid me tell him that if he would have any more soldiers he shall; and so did my Lord Arlington afterwards, as a great secret.[3] Here meeting with Captain Cocke, I in his coach, which he lent me, and Creed with me to Paul's, and there walked along Watling-street, as well as I could, every creature coming away loaden with goods to save, and here and there sicke people carried away in beds. Extraordinary good goods carried in carts and on backs. At last met my Lord Mayor in Canning-street, like a man spent, with a handkercher about his neck. To the King's message he cried, like a fainting woman, "Lord! what can I do? I am spent: people will not obey me. I have been pulling down houses; but the fire overtakes us faster than we can do it." That he needed no more soldiers; and that, for himself, he must go and refresh himself, having been up all night. So he left me, and I him, and walked home, seeing people all almost distracted, and no manner of means used to quench the fire. The houses, too, so very thick thereabouts, and full of matter for burning, as pitch and tarr, in Thames-street; and warehouses of oyle, and wines, and brandy, and other things. Here I saw Mr. Isaake Houblon, the handsome man, prettily dressed and dirty, at his door at Dowgate, receiving some of his brothers' things, whose houses were on fire; and, as he says, have been removed twice already; and he doubts (as it soon proved) that they must be in a little time removed from his house

[1] St. Lawrence Poultney. See note, *ante*, August 5th.

[2] Sir Thomas Bludworth. See June 30th, 1666.

[3] Sir William Coventry wrote to Lord Arlington on the evening of this day, "The Duke of York fears the want of workmen and tools to-morrow morning, and wishes the deputy lieutenants and justices of peace to summon the workmen with tools to be there by break of day. In some churches and chapels are great hooks for pulling down houses, which should be brought ready upon the place to-night against the morning" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1666–67, p. 95).

also, which was a sad consideration. And to see the churches all filling with goods by people who themselves should have been quietly there at this time. By this time it was about twelve o'clock; and so home, and there find my guests, which was Mr. Wood and his wife Barbary Sheldon, and also Mr. Moone: she mighty fine, and her husband, for aught I see, a likely man. But Mr. Moone's design and mine, which was to look over my closett and please him with the sight thereof, which he hath long desired, was wholly disappointed; for we were in great trouble and disturbance at this fire, not knowing what to think of it. However, we had an extraordinary good dinner, and as merry as at this time we could be. While at dinner Mrs. Batelier come to enquire after Mr. Woolfe and Stanes (who, it seems, are related to them), whose houses in Fish-street are all burned, and they in a sad condition. She would not stay in the fright. Soon as dined, I and Moone away, and walked through the City, the streets full of nothing but people and horses and carts loaden with goods, ready to run over one another, and removing goods from one burned house to another. They now removing out of Canning-streete (which received goods in the morning) into Lumbard-streete, and further; and among others I now saw my little goldsmith, Stokes, receiving some friend's goods, whose house itself was burned the day after. We parted at Paul's; he home, and I to Paul's Wharf, where I had appointed a boat to attend me, and took in Mr. Carcasse[1] and his brother, whom I met in the streete, and carried them below and above bridge to and again to see the fire, which was now got further, both below and above, and no likelihood of stopping it. Met with the King and Duke of York in their barge, and with them to Queenhithe, and there called Sir Richard Browne to them. Their order was only to pull down houses apace, and so below bridge at the water-side; but little was or could be done, the fire coming upon them so fast. Good hopes there was of stopping it at the Three Cranes above, and at Buttolph's Wharf below bridge, if care be used; but the wind carries it into the City, so as we know not by the water-side what it do there. River full of lighters and boats taking in goods, and good goods swimming in the water, and only I observed that hardly one lighter or boat in three that had the goods of a house in, but there was a pair of Virginalls[2] in it. Having seen as much as I could now, I away to White Hall by appointment, and there walked to St. James's Parke, and there met my wife and Creed and Wood and his wife, and walked to my boat; and there upon the water again, and to the fire up and down, it still encreasing, and the wind great. So near the fire as we could for smoke; and all over the Thames, with one's face in the wind, you were almost burned with a shower of fire-drops. This is very true; so as houses were

[1] James Carcasse. See note, *ante*, August 17th, 1665.

[2] The virginal differed from the spinet in being square instead of triangular in form. The word pair was used in the obsolete sense of a set, as we read also of a pair of organs. The instrument is supposed to have obtained its name from young women playing upon it.

burned by these drops and flakes of fire, three or four, nay, five or six houses, one from another. When we could endure no more upon the water, we to a little ale-house on the Bankside, over against the Three Cranes, and there staid till it was dark almost, and saw the fire grow; and, as it grew darker, churches and houses, as far as we could see up the hill of the City, in a most horrid malicious bloody flame, not like the fine flame of an ordinary fire. Barbary and her husband away before us. We staid till, it being darkish, we saw the fire as only one entire arch of fire from this to the other side the bridge, and in a bow up the hill for an arch of above a mile long: it made me weep to see it. The churches, houses, and all on fire and flaming at once; and a horrid noise the flames made, and the cracking of houses at their ruine. So home with a sad heart, and there find every body discoursing and lamenting the fire; and poor Tom Hater come with some few of his goods saved out of his house, which is burned upon Fish-streete Hill. I invited him to lie at my house, and did receive his goods, but was deceived in his lying there, the newes coming every moment of the growth of the fire; so as we were forced to begin to pack up our owne goods, and prepare for their removal; and did by moonshine (it being brave dry, and moonshine, and warm weather) carry much of my goods into the garden, and Mr. Hater and I did remove my money and iron chests into my cellar, as thinking that the safest place. And got my bags of gold into my office, ready to carry away, and my chief papers of accounts also there, and my tallys into a box by themselves. So great was our fear, as Sir W. Batten hath carts come out of the country to fetch away his goods this night. We did put Mr. Hater, poor man, to bed a little; but he got but very little rest, so much noise being in my house, taking down of goods.

3rd. About four o'clock in the morning, my Lady Batten sent me a cart to carry away all my money, and plate, and best things, to Sir W. Rider's at Bednall-greene. Which I did, riding myself in my night-gowne in the cart; and, Lord! to see how the streets and the highways are crowded with people running and riding, and getting of carts at any rate to fetch away things. I find Sir W. Rider tired with being called up all night, and receiving things from several friends. His house full of goods, and much of Sir W. Batten's and Sir W. Pen's. I am eased at my heart to have my treasure so well secured. Then home, with much ado to find a way, nor any sleep all this night to me nor my poor wife. But then and all this day she and I, and all my people labouring to get away the rest of our things, and did get Mr. Tooker to get me a lighter to take them in, and we did carry them (myself some) over Tower Hill, which was by this time full of people's goods, bringing their goods thither; and down to the lighter, which lay at the next quay, above the Tower Docke. And here was my neighbour's wife, Mrs. ——, with her pretty child, and some few of her things, which I did willingly give way to be saved with mine; but there was no passing with any thing through the postern, the crowd was so great. The Duke of Yorke come this day by the

office, and spoke to us, and did ride with his guard up and down the City to keep all quiet (he being now Generall, and having the care of all). This day, Mercer being not at home, but against her mistress's order gone to her mother's, and my wife going thither to speak with W. Hewer, met her there, and was angry; and her mother saying that she was not a 'prentice girl, to ask leave every time she goes abroad, my wife with good reason was angry, and, when she came home, bid her be gone again. And so she went away, which troubled me, but yet less than it would, because of the condition we are in, fear of coming into in a little time of being less able to keepe one in her quality. At night lay down a little upon a quilt of W. Hewer's in the office, all my owne things being packed up or gone; and after me my poor wife did the like, we having fed upon the remains of yesterday's dinner, having no fire nor dishes, nor any opportunity of dressing any thing.

4th. Up by break of day to get away the remainder of my things; which I did by a lighter at the Iron gate:[1] and my hands so few, that it was the afternoon before we could get them all away. Sir W. Pen and I to Tower-streete, and there met the fire burning three or four doors beyond Mr. Howell's, whose goods, poor man, his trayes, and dishes, shovells, &c., were flung all along Tower-street in the kennels, and people working therewith from one end to the other; the fire coming on in that narrow streete, on both sides, with infinite fury. Sir W. Batten not knowing how to remove his wine, did dig a pit in the garden, and laid it in there; and I took the opportunity of laying all the papers of my office that I could not otherwise dispose of. And in the evening Sir W. Pen and I did dig another, and put our wine in it; and I my Parmazan cheese, as well as my wine and some other things. The Duke of Yorke was at the office this day, at Sir W. Pen's; but I happened not to be within. This afternoon, sitting melancholy with Sir W. Pen in our garden, and thinking of the certain burning of this office, without extraordinary means, I did propose for the sending up of all our workmen from Woolwich and Deptford yards (none whereof yet appeared), and to write to Sir W. Coventry to have the Duke of Yorke's permission to pull down houses, rather than lose this office, which would much hinder the King's business. So Sir W. Pen he went down this night, in order to the sending them up to-morrow morning; and I wrote to Sir W. Coventry about the business,[2] but

[1] Irongate Stairs, at the bottom of Little Tower Hill.

[2] A copy of this letter, preserved among the Pepys MSS. in the author's own handwriting, is subjoined:

"SIR,—The fire is now very neere us as well on Tower Streete as Fanchurch Street side, and we little hope of our escape but by that remedy, to y^e^ want whereof we doe certainly owe y^e^ loss of y^e^ City, namely, y^e^ pulling down of houses, in y^e^ way of y^e^ fire. This way Sir W. Pen and myself have so far concluded upon y^e^ practising, that he is gone to Woolwich and Deptford to supply himself with men and necessarys in order to the doeing thereof, in case at his returne our condition be not bettered and that he meets with his R. H^s^ approbation, which I have thus undertaken to learn of you. Pray please to let me have this night (at whatever hour it is) what his R. H^s^ directions are in this

received no answer. This night Mrs. Turner (who, poor woman, was removing her goods all this day, good goods into the garden, and knows not how to dispose of them), and her husband supped with my wife and I at night, in the office, upon a shoulder of mutton from the cook's, without any napkin or any thing, in a sad manner, but were merry. Only now and then walking into the garden, and saw how horribly the sky looks, all on a fire in the night, was enough to put us out of our wits; and, indeed, it was extremely dreadful, for it looks just as if it was at us, and the whole heaven on fire. I after supper walked in the darke down to Tower-streete, and there saw it all on fire, at the Trinity House on that side, and the Dolphin Taverne on this side, which was very near us; and the fire with extraordinary vehemence. Now begins the practice of blowing up of houses in Tower-streete, those next the Tower, which at first did frighten people more than any thing; but it stopped the fire where it was done, it bringing down the houses to the ground in the same places they stood, and then it was easy to quench what little fire was in it, though it kindled nothing almost. W. Hewer this day went to see how his mother did, and comes late home, telling us how he hath been forced to remove her to Islington, her house in Pye-corner being burned; so that the fire is got so far that way, and all the Old Bayly, and was running down to Fleete-streete; and Paul's is burned, and all Cheapside. I wrote to my father this night, but the post-house being burned, the letter could not go.[1]

5th. I lay down in the office again upon W. Hewer's quilt, being mighty weary, and sore in my feet with going till I was hardly able to stand. About two in the morning my wife calls me up and tells me of new cryes of fire, it being come to Barkeing Church, which is the bottom of our lane.[2] I up, and finding it so, resolved presently to take her away, and did, and took my gold, which was about £2,350, W. Hewer, and Jane, down by Proundy's boat to Woolwich; but, Lord! what a sad sight it was by moone-light to see the whole City almost on fire, that you might see it plain at Woolwich, as if you were by it. There, when I come, I find the gates shut, but no guard kept at all, which troubled me, because of discourse now begun, that there is plot in it, and that the French had done it. I got the gates open, and to Mr. Shelden's,

particular. Sir J. Minnes and Sir W. Batten having left us, we cannot add, though we are well assured of their, as well as all y^e^ neighbourhood's concurrence.

"Y^r^ obedient Serv^nt^,

"Sir W. Coventry, "S. P.

"Sept^r^. 4, 1666."

[1] J. Hickes wrote to Williamson on September 3rd from the "Golden Lyon, Red Cross Street Posthouse. Sir Philip [Frowde] and his lady fled from the [letter] office at midnight for safety; stayed himself till 1 a.m. till his wife and childrens' patience could stay no longer, fearing lest they should be quite stopped up; the passage was so tedious they had much ado to get where they are. The Chester and Irish mails have come in; sends him his letters, knows not how to dispose of the business" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1666–67, p. 95).

[2] Allhallows Barking, in Great Tower Street, nearly opposite the end of Seething Lane. The church had a narrow escape.

where I locked up my gold, and charged my wife and W. Hewer never to leave the room without one of them in it, night or day. So back again, by the way seeing my goods well in the lighters at Deptford, and watched well by people. Home, and whereas I expected to have seen our house on fire, it being now about seven o'clock, it was not. But to the fyre, and there find greater hopes than I expected; for my confidence of finding our Office on fire was such, that I durst not ask any body how it was with us, till I come and saw it not burned. But going to the fire, I find by the blowing up of houses, and the great helpe given by the workmen out of the King's yards, sent up by Sir W. Pen, there is a good stop given to it, as well as at Markelane end as ours; it having only burned the dyall of Barking Church, and part of the porch, and was there quenched. I up to the top of Barking steeple, and there saw the saddest sight of desolation that I ever saw; every where great fires, oyle-cellars, and brimstone, and other things burning. I became afeard to stay there long, and therefore down again as fast as I could, the fire being spread as far as I could see it; and to Sir W. Pen's, and there eat a piece of cold meat, having eaten[1] nothing since Sunday, but the remains of Sunday's dinner. Here I met with Mr. Young and Whistler; and having removed all my things, and received good hopes that the fire at our end is stopped, they and I walked into the town, and find Fanchurch-streete, Gracious-streete, and Lumbard-streete all in dust. The Exchange a sad sight, nothing standing there, of all the statues or pillars, but Sir Thomas Gresham's picture[2] in the corner. Walked into Moorefields (our feet ready to burn, walking through the towne among the hot coles), and find that full of people, and poor wretches carrying their goods there, and every body keeping his goods together by themselves (and a great blessing it is to them that it is fair weather for them to keep abroad night and day); drank there, and paid twopence for a plain penny loaf. Thence homeward, having passed through Cheapside and Newgate Market, all burned, and seen Anthony Joyce's house in fire. And took up (which I keep by me) a piece of glasse of Mercers' Chappell in the streete, where much more was, so melted and buckled with the heat of the fire like parchment. I also did see a poor cat taken out of a hole in the chimney, joyning to the wall of the Exchange, with the hair all burned off the body, and yet alive. So home at night, and find there good hopes of saving our office; but great endeavours of watching all night, and having men ready; and so we lodged them in the office, and had drink and bread and cheese for them. And I lay down and slept a good night about midnight, though when I rose I heard that there had been a great alarme of French and Dutch being risen, which proved nothing. But it is a strange thing to see how long this time did look since Sunday, having

[1] He forgot the shoulder of mutton from the cook's the day before.—B.

[2] Evelyn writes in his "Diary," under date September 7th: "Sir Tho. Gresham's statue, tho' fallen from its nich in the Royal Exchange, remained intire, when all those of y^e^ Kings since y^e^ Conquest were broken to pieces."

been always full of variety of actions, and little sleep, that it looked like a week or more, and I had forgot almost the day of the week.

6th. Up about five o'clock, and there met Mr. Gawden at the gate of the office (I intending to go out, as I used, every now and then to-day, to see how the fire is) to call our men to Bishop's-gate, where no fire had yet been near, and there is now one broke out: which did give great grounds to people, and to me too, to think that there is some kind of plot [1] in this (on which many by this time have been taken, and it hath been dangerous for any stranger to walk in the streets), but I went with the men, and we did put it out in a little time; so that that was well again. It was pretty to see how hard the women did work in the cannells, sweeping of water; but then they would scold for drink, and be as drunk as devils. I saw good butts of sugar broke open in the street, and people go and take handsfull out, and put into beer, and drink it. And now all being pretty well, I took boat, and over to Southwarke, and took boat on the other side the bridge, and so to Westminster, thinking to shift myself, being all in dirt from top to bottom; but could not there find any place to buy a shirt or pair of gloves, Westminster Hall being full of people's goods, those in Westminster having removed all their goods, and the Exchequer money put into vessels to carry to Nonsuch; but to the Swan, and there was trimmed; and then to White Hall, but saw nobody; and so home. A sad sight to see how the River looks: no houses nor church near it, to the Temple, where it stopped. At home, did go with Sir W. Batten, and our neighbour, Knightly (who, with one more, was the only man of any fashion left in all the neighbourhood thereabouts, they all removing their goods and leaving their houses to the mercy of the fire), to Sir R. Ford's, and there dined in an earthen platter—a fried breast of mutton; a great many of us, but very merry, and indeed as good a meal, though as ugly a one, as ever I had in my life. Thence down to Deptford, and there with great satisfaction landed all my goods at Sir G. Carteret's safe, and nothing missed I could see, or hurt. This being done to my great content, I home, and to Sir W. Batten's, and there with Sir R. Ford, Mr. Knightly, and one Withers, a professed lying rogue, supped well, and mighty merry, and our fears over. From them to the office, and there slept with the office full of labourers, who talked, and slept, and walked all night long there. But strange it was to see Cloathworkers' Hall on fire these three days and nights in one body of flame, it being the cellar full of oyle.

7th. Up by five o'clock; and, blessed be God! find all well; and by water to Paul's Wharfe. Walked thence, and saw all the towne burned, and a miser-

[1] The terrible disaster which overtook London was borne by the inhabitants of the city with great fortitude, but foreigners and Roman Catholics had a bad time. As no cause for the outbreak of the fire could be traced, a general cry was raised that it owed its origin to a plot. In a letter from Thomas Waade to Williamson (dated "Whitby, Sept. 14") we read, "The destruction of London by fire is reported to be a hellish contrivance of the French, Hollanders, and fanatic party" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1666–67, p. 124).

able sight of Paul's church, with all the roofs fallen, and the body of the quire fallen into St. Fayth's;[1] Paul's school also, Ludgate, and Fleet-street, my father's house, and the church, and a good part of the Temple the like. So to Creed's lodging, near the New Exchange, and there find him laid down upon a bed; the house all unfurnished, there being fears of the fire's coming to them. There borrowed a shirt of him, and washed. To Sir W. Coventry, at St. James's, who lay without curtains, having removed all his goods; as the King at White Hall, and every body had done, and was doing. He hopes we shall have no publique distractions upon this fire, which is what every body fears, because of the talke of the French having a hand in it. And it is a proper time for discontents; but all men's minds are full of care to protect themselves, and save their goods: the militia is in armes every where. Our fleetes, he tells me, have been in sight one of another, and most unhappily by fowle weather were parted, to our great losse, as in reason they do conclude; the Dutch being come out only to make a shew, and please their people; but in very bad condition as to stores, victuals, and men. They are at Bullen,[2] and our fleete come to St. Ellen's.[3] We have got nothing, but have lost one ship, but he knows not what. Thence to the Swan, and there drank: and so home, and find all well. My Lord Bruncker, at Sir W. Batten's, and tells us the Generall [4] is sent for up, to come to advise with the King about business at this juncture, and to keep all quiet; which is great

[1] "St. Faith's under St. Paul's" was situated immediately beneath the choir of old St. Paul's. When the cathedral was lengthened eastward, about 1255, the old parish church of St. Faith was cleared away to make room for this extension. The "famous vault," as Dugdale calls it, was then appropriated as a parish church. At the Reformation the church of the parish was removed to Jesus Chapel in the cathedral, but the crypt retained its old name. Evelyn writes of the burning of St. Paul's: "It was astonishing to see what immense stones the heate had in a manner calcined, so that all y^e^ ornaments, columns, freezes, capitals and projectures of massie Portland stone flew off, even to y^e^ very roofe, where a sheet of lead covering a great space (no less than six akers by measure) was totally mealted; the ruines of the vaulted roof falling broke into St. Faith's, which being fill'd with the magazines of bookes belonging to y^e^ stationers, and carried thither for safety, they were all consumed, burning for a weeke following" ("Diary," September 7th).

[2] Boulogne.

[3] St. Helen's, or Watch-house Point, is in the parish of St. Helen's, Isle of Wight, near Brading Harbour. St. Helen's road lies off the coast. It is a roadstead with anchorage in from three to five fathoms, but dangerous on account of the shoals and rocks.

[4] The Duke of Albemarle had been sent for, and this desire of the king and his Council to have him in London shows the unique position which he held in the popular esteem. Lord Arlington, writing to Sir Thomas Clifford on September 4th, says: "The king, with the unanimous concurrence of the Council, wishes the Lord General were there, and Sec. Morice is sounding him to know whether he would be willing to be ordered home. Is confident, could he see the condition they are in, he would think it more honour to be called home than to stay in the fleet, where he may not have an opportunity of fighting; he would have it in his hands to give the king his kingdom a second time, and the world would see the value the king sets on him. Wishes this to be urged upon him, only with the reserve that his Majesty leaves him to make the choice himself" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1666–67, p. 99).

honour to him, but I am sure is but a piece of dissimulation. So home, and did give orders for my house to be made clean; and then down to Woolwich, and there find all well. Dined, and Mrs. Markham come to see my wife. So I up again, and calling at Deptford for some things of W. Hewer's, he being with me, and then home and spent the evening with Sir R. Ford, Mr. Knightly, and Sir W. Pen at Sir W. Batten's. This day our Merchants first met at Gresham College, which, by proclamation,[1] is to be their Exchange. Strange to hear what is bid for houses all up and down here; a friend of Sir W. Rider's having £150 for what he used to let for £40 per annum. Much dispute where the Custome-house shall be; thereby the growth of the City again to be foreseen. My Lord Treasurer, they say, and others, would have it at the other end of the towne. I home late to Sir W. Pen's, who did give me a bed; but without curtains or hangings, all being down. So here I went the first time into a naked bed, only my drawers on; and did sleep pretty well: but still both sleeping and waking had a fear of fire in my heart, that I took little rest. People do all the world over cry out of the simplicity of my Lord Mayor in generall; and more particularly in this business of the fire, laying it all upon him. A proclamation[2] is come out for markets to be kept at Leadenhall and Mile-end-greene, and several other places about the towne; and Tower-hill, and all churches to be set open to receive poor people.

8th. Up and with Sir W. Batten and Sir W. Pen by water to White Hall and they to St. James's. I stopped with Sir G. Carteret to desire him to go with us, and to enquire after money. But the first he cannot do, and the other as little, or says, "when we can get any, or what shall we do for it?" He, it seems, is employed in the correspondence between the City and the King every day, in settling of things. I find him full of trouble, to think how things will go. I left him, and to St. James's, where we met first at Sir W. Coventry's chamber, and there did what business we can, without any books. Our discourse, as every thing else, was confused. The fleete is at Portsmouth, there staying a wind to carry them to the Downes, or towards Bullen,

[1] The proclamation (dated September 6th) ordered "Gresham College, Bishopsgate Street, to be used instead of the Royal Exchange, which is burnt" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1666–67, p. 104). At the meeting of the Royal Society on September 12th, "It was resolved that the society should meet the next time in Dr. Pope's lodgings in Gresham College; and by reason that the former place of meeting for the society, and other rooms also convenient for the same, were taken up for the use of the Lord Mayor of London and the City, it was ordered that . . . a committee consider of another place for the future meetings" (Birch's "Hist. of the Royal Society," vol. ii., p. 113).

[2] On September 5th proclamation was made "ordering that for supply of the distressed people left destitute by the late dreadful and dismal fire . . . . great proportions of bread be brought daily, not only to the former markets, but to those lately ordained; that all churches, chapels, schools, and public buildings are to be open to receive the goods of those who know not how to dispose of them." On September 6th, proclamation ordered "that as the markets are burned down, markets be held in Bishopsgate Street, Tower Hill, Smithfield, and Leadenhall Street" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1666–67, pp. 100, 104).

where they say the Dutch fleete is gone, and stays. We concluded upon private meetings for a while, not having any money to satisfy any people that may come to us. I bought two eeles upon the Thames, cost me six shillings. Thence with Sir W. Batten to the Cock-pit, whither the Duke of Albemarle is come. It seems the King holds him so necessary at this time, that he hath sent for him, and will keep him here.[1] Indeed, his interest in the City, being acquainted, and his care in keeping things quiet, is reckoned that wherein he will be very serviceable. We to him; he is courted in appearance by every body. He very kind to us; I perceive he lays by all business of the fleete at present, and minds the City, and is now hastening to Gresham College, to discourse with the Aldermen. Sir W. Batten and I home (where met by my brother John, come to town to see how things are with us), and then presently he with me to Gresham College; where infinity of people, partly through novelty to see the new place, and partly to find out and hear what is become one man of another. I met with many people undone, and more that have extraordinary great losses. People speaking their thoughts variously about the beginning of the fire, and the rebuilding of the City. Then to Sir W. Batten's, and took my brother with me, and there dined with a great company of neighbours, and much good discourse; among others, of the low spirits of some rich men in the City, in sparing any encouragement to the poor people that wrought for the saving their houses. Among others, Alderman Starling, a very rich man, without children, the fire at next door to him in our lane, after our men had saved his house, did give 2*s*. 6*d*. among thirty of them, and did quarrel with some that would remove the rubbish out of the way of the fire, saying that they come to steal. Sir W. Coventry told me of another this morning in Holborne, which he shewed the King: that when it was offered to stop the fire near his house for such a reward that came but to 2*s*. 6*d*. a man among the neighbours he would give but 18*d*. Thence to Bednall Green by coach, my brother with me, and saw all well there, and fetched away my journall-book to enter for five days past, and then back to the office, where I find Bagwell's wife, and her husband come home. Agreed to come to their house to-morrow, I sending him away to his ship to-day. To the office and late writing letters, and then to Sir W. Pen's, my brother lying with me, and Sir W. Pen gone down to rest himself at Woolwich. But I was much frighted and kept awake in my bed, by some noise I heard a great while below stairs; and the boys not coming up to me when I knocked. It was by their discovery of people stealing of some neighbours' wine that lay in vessels in the streets. So to sleep; and all well all night.

9th (Sunday). Up; and was trimmed, and sent my brother to Woolwich to my wife, to dine with her. I to church, where our parson made a melancholy but good sermon; and many and most in the church cried, specially the women. The church mighty full; but few of fashion, and most strangers.

[1] See *ante*, September 7th.

I walked to Bednall Green, and there dined well, but a bad venison pasty at Sir W. Rider's. Good people they are, and good discourse; and his daughter, Middleton, a fine woman, discreet. Thence home, and to church again, and there preached Dean Harding;[1] but, methinks, a bad, poor sermon, though proper for the time; nor eloquent, in saying at this time that the City is reduced from a large folio to a decimo-tertio. So to my office, there to write down my journall, and take leave of my brother, whom I sent back this afternoon, though rainy; which it hath not done a good while before. But I had no room or convenience for him here till my house is fitted; but I was very kind to him, and do take very well of him his journey. I did give him 40*s*. for his pocket, and so, he being gone, and, it presently rayning, I was troubled for him, though it is good for the fyre. Anon to Sir W. Pen's to bed, and made my boy Tom to read me asleep.

10th. All the morning clearing our cellars, and breaking in pieces all my old lumber, to make room, and to prevent fire. And then to Sir W. Batten's, and dined; and there hear that Sir W. Rider says that the towne is full of the report of the wealth that is in his house, and would be glad that his friends would provide for the safety of their goods there. This made me get a cart; and thither, and there brought my money all away. Took a hackney-coach myself (the hackney-coaches now standing at Allgate). Much wealth indeed there is at his house. Blessed be God, I got all mine well thence, and lodged it in my office; but vexed to have all the world see it. And with Sir W. Batten, who would have taken away my hands before they were stowed. But by and by comes brother Balty from sea, which I was glad of; and so got him, and Mr. Tooker, and the boy, to watch with them all in the office all night, while I upon Jane's coming went down to my wife, calling at Deptford, intending to see Bagwell, but did not ouvrir la porte comme je did expect. So down late to Woolwich, and there find my wife out of humour and indifferent, as she uses upon her having much liberty abroad.

11th. Lay there, and up betimes, and by water with my gold, and laid it with the rest in my office, where I find all well and safe. So with Sir W. Batten to the New Exchange by water and to my Lord Bruncker's house, where Sir W. Coventry and Sir G. Carteret met. Little business before us but want of money. Broke up, and I home by coach round the town. Dined at home, Balty and myself putting up my papers in my closet in the office. He away, I down to Deptford and there spoke with Bagwell and agreed upon to-morrow, and come home in the rain by water. In the evening at Sir W. Pen's, with my wife, at supper: he in a mad, ridiculous, drunken humour; and it seems there have been some late distances between his lady and him, as my [wife] tells me. After supper, I home, and with Mr. Hater, Gibson,[2] and Tom alone, got all my chests and money into the further cellar

[1] Nathaniel Hardy, installed Dean of Rochester December 10th, 1660. He died at Croydon, June 1st, 1670.

[2] Richard Gibson, victualling agent in the navy, &c.

with much pains, but great content to me when done. So very late and weary to bed.

12th. Up, and with Sir W. Batten and Sir W. Pen to St. James's by water, and there did our usual business with the Duke of Yorke. Thence I to Westminster, and there spoke with Michell and Howlett, who tell me how their poor young ones are going to Shadwell's. The latter told me of the unkindness of the young man to his wife, which is now over, and I have promised to appear a counsellor to him. I am glad she is like to be so near us again. Thence to Martin, and there did tout ce que je voudrais avec her, and drank, and away by water home and to dinner, Balty and his wife there. After dinner I took him down with me to Deptford, and there by the Bezan loaded above half my goods and sent them away. So we back home, and then I found occasion to return in the dark and to Bagwell, and there . . . did do all that I desired, but though I did intend pour avoir demeurais con elle to-day last night, yet when I had done ce que je voudrais I did hate both elle and la cose, and taking occasion from the occasion of su marido's return . . . did me lever, and so away home late to Sir W. Pen's (Balty and his wife lying at my house), and there in the same simple humour I found Sir W. Pen, and so late to bed.

13th. Up, and down to Tower Wharfe; and there, with Balty and labourers from Deptford, did get my goods housed well at home. So down to Deptford again to fetch the rest, and there eat a bit of dinner at the Globe, with the master of the Bezan with me, while the labourers went to dinner. Here I hear that this poor towne do bury still of the plague seven or eight in a day. So to Sir G. Carteret's to work, and there did to my content ship off into the Bezan all the rest of my goods, saving my pictures and fine things, that I will bring home in wherrys when the house is fit to receive them: and so home, and unload them by carts and hands before night, to my exceeding satisfaction: and so after supper to bed in my house, the first time I have lain there; and lay with my wife in my old closett upon the ground, and Balty and his wife in the best chamber, upon the ground also.

14th. Up, and to work, having carpenters come to helpe in setting up bedsteads and hangings; and at that trade my people and I all the morning, till pressed by publique business to leave them against my will in the afternoon: and yet I was troubled in being at home, to see all my goods lie up and down the house in a bad condition, and strange workmen going to and fro might take what they would almost. All the afternoon busy; and Sir W. Coventry come to me, and found me, as God would have it, in my office, and people about me setting my papers to rights; and there discoursed about getting an account ready against the Parliament, and thereby did create me infinite of business, and to be done on a sudden; which troubled me: but, however, he being gone, I about it late, and to good purpose. And so home, having this day also got my wine out of the ground again, and set in my cellar; but with great pain to keep the porters that carried it in from observing

the money-chests there. So to bed as last night, only my wife and I upon a bedstead with curtains in that which was Mercer's chamber, and Balty and his wife (who are here and do us good service), where we lay last night. This day, poor Tom Pepys, the turner, was with me, and Kate Joyce, to bespeake places; one for himself, the other for her husband. She tells me he hath lost £140 per annum, but have seven houses left.

15th. All the morning at the office, Harman being come to my great satisfaction to put up my beds and hangings, so I am at rest, and followed my business all day. Dined with Sir W. Batten, mighty busy about this account, and while my people were busy, wrote near thirty letters and orders with my owne hand. At it till eleven at night; and it is strange to see how clear my head was, being eased of all the matter of all these letters; whereas one would think that I should have been dazed. I never did observe so much of myself in my life. In the evening there comes to me Captain Cocke, and walked a good while in the garden. He says he hath computed that the rents of houses lost by this fire in the City comes to £600,000 per annum; that this will make the Parliament more quiet than otherwise they would have been, and give the King a more ready supply; that the supply must be by excise, as it is in Holland; that the Parliament will see it necessary to carry on the warr; that the late storm hindered our beating the Dutch fleete, who were gone out only to satisfy the people, having no business to do but to avoid us; that the French, as late in the yeare as it is, are coming; that the Dutch are really in bad condition, but that this unhappinesse of ours do give them heart; that there was a late difference between my Lord Arlington and Sir W. Coventry about neglect in the last to send away an express of the other's in time; that it come before the King, and the Duke of Yorke concerned himself in it; but this fire hath stopped it. The Dutch fleete is not gone home, but rather to the North, and so dangerous to our Gottenburgh fleete. That the Parliament is likely to fall foul upon some persons; and, among others, on the Vice-chamberlaine,[1] though we both believe with little ground. That certainly never so great a loss as this was borne so well by citizens in the world; he believing that not one merchant upon the 'Change will break upon it. That he do not apprehend there will be any disturbances in State upon it; for that all men are busy in looking after their owne business to save themselves. He gone, I to finish my letters, and home to bed; and find to my infinite joy many rooms clean; and myself and wife lie in our own chamber again. But much terrified in the nights now-a-days with dreams of fire, and falling down of houses.

16th (Lord's day). Lay with much pleasure in bed talking with my wife about Mr. Hater's lying here and W. Hewer also, if Mrs. Mercer leaves her house. To the office, whither also all my people about this account, and there busy all the morning. At noon, with my wife, against her will, all undressed and dirty, dined at Sir W. Pen's, where was all the company of our families

[1] Sir G. Carteret.

in towne; but, Lord! so sorry a dinner: venison baked in pans, that the dinner I have had for his lady alone hath been worth four of it. Thence, after dinner, displeased with our entertainment, to my office again, and there till almost midnight and my people with me, and then home, my head mightily akeing about our accounts.

17th. Up betimes, and shaved myself after a week's growth: but, Lord! how ugly I was yesterday and how fine to-day! By water, seeing the City all the way, a sad sight indeed, much fire being still in. To Sir W. Coventry, and there read over my yesterday's work: being a collection of the particulars of the excess of charge created by a war, with good content. Sir W. Coventry was in great pain lest the French fleete should be passed by our fleete, who had notice of them on Saturday, and were preparing to go meet them; but their minds altered, and judged them merchantmen, when the same day the Success, Captain Ball,[1] made their whole fleete, and come to Brighthelmstone, and thence at five o'clock afternoon, Saturday, wrote Sir W. Coventry newes thereof; so that we do much fear our missing them. Here come in and talked with him Sir Thomas Clifford,[2] who appears a very fine gentleman, and much set by at Court for his activity in going to sea, and stoutness every where, and stirring up and down. Thence by coach over the ruines, down Fleete Streete and Cheapside to Broad Streete to Sir G. Carteret, where Sir W. Batten (and Sir J. Minnes, whom I had not seen a long time before, being his first coming abroad) and Lord Bruncker passing his accounts. Thence home a little to look after my people at work and back to Sir G. Carteret's to dinner; and thence, after some discourse with him upon our publique accounts, I back home, and all the day with Harman and his people finishing the hangings and beds in my house, and the hangings will be as good as ever, and particularly in my new closet. They gone and I weary, my wife and I, and Balty and his wife, who come hither to-day to helpe us, to a barrel of oysters I sent from the river to-day, and so to bed.

18th. Strange with what freedom and quantity I pissed this night, which I know not what to impute to but my oysters, unless the coldness of the night should cause it, for it was a sad rainy and tempestuous night. Soon as up I begun to have some pain in my bladder and belly, as usual, which made me go to dinner betimes, to fill my belly, and that did ease me, so as I did my business in the afternoon, in forwarding the settling of my house, very well. Betimes to bed, my wife also being all this day ill in the same manner. Troubled at my wife's haire coming off so much. This day the Parliament met, and adjourned till Friday, when the King will be with them.

[1] Captain Napthali Ball was made commander of the "Bramble" fireship in 1665, and removed to the "Success" at the end of the same year.

[2] Eldest son of Hugh Clifford, Esq., of Ugbrooke, M.P. for Totnes, 1661, and knighted for his conduct in the sea-fight, 1665. After filling several high offices, he was, in 1672, created Baron Clifford of Chudleigh, and constituted High Treasurer, which place he resigned the following year, a few months before his death.—B.

19th. Up, and with Sir W. Pen by coach to St. James's, and there did our usual business before the Duke of Yorke; which signified little, our business being only complaints of lack of money. Here I saw a bastard of the late King of Sweden's come to kiss his hands; a mighty modish Frenchlike gentleman. Thence to White Hall, with Sir W. Batten and Sir W. Pen, to Wilkes's; and there did hear the many profane stories of Sir Henry Wood [1] damning the parsons for so much spending the wine at the sacrament, cursing that ever they took the cup to themselves, and then another story that he valued not all the world's curses, for for two pence he shall get at any time the prayers of some poor body that is worth a 1,000 of all their curses; Lord Norwich drawing a tooth at a health. Another time, he and Pinchbacke and Dr. Goffe,[2] now a religious man, Pinchbacke did begin a frolick to drink out of a glass with a toad in it that he had taken up going out to shit, he did it without harm. Goffe, who knew sacke would kill the toad, called for sacke; and when he saw it dead, says he, "I will have a quick toad, and will not drink from a dead toad." [3] By that means, no other being to be found, he escaped the health. Thence home, and dined, and to Deptford and got all my pictures put into wherries, and my other fine things, and landed them all very well, and brought them home, and got Sympson to set them all up to-night; and he gone, I and the boy to finish and set up my books, and everything else in my house, till two o'clock in the morning, and then to bed; but mightily troubled, and even in my sleep, at my missing four or five of my biggest books. Speed's Chronicle and Maps, and the two parts of Waggoner,[4] and a book of cards, which I suppose I have put up with too much care, that I have forgot where they are, for sure they are not stole. Two little pictures of sea and ships, and a little gilt frame belonging to my plate of the River, I want; but my books do heartily trouble me. Most of my gilt frames are hurt, which also troubles me, but most my books. This day I put on two shirts, the first time this year, and do grow well upon it; so that my disease is nothing but wind.

20th. Up, much troubled about my books, but cannot imagine where they should be. Up, to the setting my closett to rights, and Sir W. Coventry takes me at it, which did not displease me. He and I to discourse about our accounts, and the bringing them to the Parliament, and with much content to see him rely so well on my part. He and I together to Broad Streete to the

[1] He had been Clerk of the Spicery to Charles I., and after the Restoration was Clerk to the Board of Green Cloth. Evelyn mentions his marriage ("Diary," November 17th, 1651), "I went to congratulate y^e^ marriage of Mrs. Gardner, maid of honor lately married to that odd person Sir Hen. Wood, but riches do many things."

[2] Dr. Stephen Goffe, Clerk of the Queen's Closet, and her assistant confessor. He had been chaplain to Colonel Goring, but became, in 1641, a Roman Catholic.—B.

[3] "They swallow their own contradictions as easily as a hector can drink a frog in a glass of wine."—*Bentivoglio and Urania*, book v., p. 92, 3rd edit.—B.

[4] Apparently Wagenaer's "Speculum Nauticum," published at Leyden in 1585, and translated into English by Anthony Ashley about the year 1588.—B.

Vice-Chamberlain, and there discoursed a while and parted. My Lady Carteret come to town, but I did not see her. He tells me how the fleete is come into the Downes. Nothing done, nor French fleete seen: we drove all from our anchors. But he says newes is come that De Ruyter[1] is dead, or very near it, of a hurt in his mouth, upon the discharge of one of his own guns; which put him into a fever, and he likely to die, if not already dead. We parted, and I home to dinner, and after dinner to the setting things in order, and all my people busy about the same work. In the afternoon, out by coach, my wife with me, which we have not done several weeks now, through all the ruines, to shew her them, which frets her much, and is a sad sight indeed. Set her down at her brother's, and thence I to Westminster Hall, and there staid a little while, and called her home. She did give me an account of great differences between her mother and Balty's wife. The old woman charges her with going abroad and staying out late, and painting in the absence of her husband, and I know not what; and they grow proud, both he and she, and do not help their father and mother out of what I help them to, which I do not like, nor my wife. So home, and to the office, to even my journall, and then home, and very late up with Jane setting my books in perfect order in my closet, but am mightily troubled for my great books that I miss, and I am troubled the more for fear there should be more missing than what I find, though by the room they take on the shelves I do not find any reason to think it. So to bed.

21st. Up, and mightily pleased with the setting of my books the last night in order, and that which did please me most of all is that W. Hewer tells me that upon enquiry he do find that Sir W. Pen hath a hamper more than his own, which he took for a hamper of bottles of wine, and are books in it. I was impatient to see it, but they were carried into a wine-cellar, and the boy is abroad with him at the House, where the Parliament met to-day, and the King[2] to be with them. At noon after dinner I sent for Harry, and he tells me it is so, and brought me by and by my hamper of books to my great joy, with the same books I missed, and three more great ones, and no more. I did give him 5*s*. for his pains. And so home with great joy, and to the setting of some of them right, but could not finish it, but away by coach to the other end of the town, leaving my wife at the 'Change, but neither come time enough to the Council to speak with the Duke of Yorke, nor with Sir G. Carteret, and so called my wife, and paid for some things she bought, and so home, and there after a little doing at the office about our accounts, which now draw near the time they should be ready, the House having ordered Sir G. Carteret, upon his offering them, to bring them in on Saturday next, I home, and there, with great pleasure, very late new setting all my books; and now I am in as good condition as I desire to be in all worldly

[1] Admiral Michael Adrian de Ruyter did not die until April 11th, 1676.

[2] The king made a speech in which he alluded to the Great Fire, and pointed out the immense expense of the war, asking for fresh supplies.

respects. The Lord of Heaven make me thankfull, and continue me therein! So to bed. This day I had new stairs of main timber put to my cellar going into the yard.

22nd. To my closet, and had it new washed, and now my house is so clean as I never saw it, or any other house in my life, and every thing in as good condition as ever before the fire; but with, I believe, about £20 cost one way or other, besides about £20 charge in removing my goods, and do not find that I have lost any thing but two little pictures of ships and sea, and a little gold frame for one of my sea-cards. My glazier, indeed, is so full of worke that I cannot get him to come to perfect my house. To the office, and there busy now for good and all about my accounts. My Lord Bruncker come thither, thinking to find an office, but we have not yet met. He do now give me a watch, a plain one, in the roome of my former watch with many motions which I did give him. If it goes well, I care not for the difference in worth, though I believe there is above £5. He and I to Sir G. Carteret to discourse about his account, but Mr. Waith not being there nothing could be done, and therefore I home again, and busy all day. In the afternoon comes Anthony Joyce to see me, and with tears told me his losse, but yet that he had something left that he can live well upon, and I doubt it not. But he would buy some place that he could have, and yet keepe his trade where he is settled in St. Jones's.[1] He gone, I to the office again, and then to Sir G. Carteret, and there found Mr. Wayth, but, Lord! how fretfully Sir G. Carteret do discourse with Mr. Wayth about his accounts, like a man that understands them not one word. I held my tongue and let him go on like a passionate foole. In the afternoon I paid for the two lighters that carried my goods to Deptford, and they cost me £8. Till past midnight at our accounts, and have brought them to a good issue, so as to be ready to meet Sir G. Carteret and Sir W. Coventry to-morrow, but must work to-morrow, which Mr. T. Hater had no mind to, it being the Lord's day, but, being told the necessity, submitted, poor man! This night writ for brother John to come to towne. Among other reasons, my estate lying in money, I am afeard of any sudden miscarriage. So to bed mightily contented in dispatching so much business, and find my house in the best condition that ever I knew it. Home to bed.

23rd (Lord's day). Up, and after being trimmed, all the morning at the office with my people about me till about one o'clock, and then home, and my people with me, and Mr. Wayth and I eat a bit of victuals in my old closet, now my little dining-room, which makes a pretty room, and my house being so clean makes me mightily pleased, but only I do lacke Mercer or somebody in the house to sing with. Soon as eat a bit Mr. Wayth and I by water to White Hall, and there at Sir G. Carteret's lodgings Sir W. Coventry met, and we did debate the whole business of our accounts to the Parlia-

[1] St. John's, Clerkenwell, which is not far from Holborn Conduit, where Anthony Joyce kept the Three Stags. St. John's is written S. Jones in Norden's map of London.

ment; where it appears to us that the charge of the war from September 1st, 1664, to this Michaelmas, will have been but £3,200,000, and we have paid in that time somewhat about £2,200,000; so that we owe above £900,000: but our method of accounting, though it cannot, I believe, be far wide from the mark, yet will not abide a strict examination if the Parliament should be troublesome. Here happened a pretty question of Sir W. Coventry, whether this account of ours will not put my Lord Treasurer to a difficulty to tell what is become of all the money the Parliament have given in this time for the war, which hath amounted to about £4,000,000, which nobody there could answer; but I perceive they did doubt what his answer could be. Having done, and taken from Sir W. Coventry the minutes of a letter to my Lord Treasurer, Wayth and I back again to the office, and thence back down to the water with my wife and landed him in Southwarke, and my wife and I for pleasure to Fox-hall, and there eat and drank, and so back home, and I to the office till midnight drawing the letter we are to send with our accounts to my Lord Treasurer, and that being done to my mind, I home to bed.

24th. Up, and with Sir W. Batten and Sir W. Pen to St. James's, and there with Sir W. Coventry read and all approved of my letter, and then home, and after dinner, Mr. Hater and Gibson dining with me, to the office, and there very late new moulding my accounts and writing fair my letter, which I did against the evening, and then by coach, left my wife at her brother's, and I to St. James's, and up and down to look [for] Sir W. Coventry; and at last found him and Sir G. Carteret with the Lord Treasurer at White Hall, consulting how to make up my Lord Treasurer's general account, as well as that of the Navy particularly. Here I brought the letter, but found that Sir G. Carteret had altered his account since he did give me the abstract of it: so all my letter must be writ over again, to put in his last abstract. So to Sir G. Carteret's lodgings, to speak a little about the alteration; and there looking over the book that Sir G. Carteret intends to deliver to the Parliament of his payments since September 1st, 1664, and there I find my name the very second for flags, which I had bought for the Navy, of calico, once, about 500 and odd pounds, which vexed me mightily. At last, I concluded of scraping out my name and putting in Mr. Tooker's, which eased me; though the price was such as I should have had glory by. Here I saw my Lady Carteret lately come to towne, who, good lady! is mighty kind, and I must make much of her, for she is a most excellent woman. So took up my wife and away home, and there to bed, and

25th. Up betimes, with all my people to get the letter writ over, and other things done, which I did, and by coach to Lord Bruncker's, and got his hand to it; and then to the Parliament House and got it signed by the rest, and then delivered it at the House-door to Sir Philip Warwicke; Sir G. Carteret being gone into the House with his book of accounts under his arme, to present to the House. I had brought my wife to White Hall, and leaving her

with Mrs. Michell, where she sat in her shop and had burnt wine sent for her, I walked in the Hall, and among others with Ned Pickering, who continues still a lying, bragging coxcombe, telling me that my Lord Sandwich may thank himself for all his misfortune; for not suffering him and two or three good honest fellows more to take them by the throats that spoke ill of him, and told me how basely Lionell Walden[1] hath carried himself towards my Lord, by speaking slightly of him, which I shall remember. Thence took my wife home to dinner, and then to the office, where Mr. Hater all the day putting in order and entering in a book all the measures that this account of the Navy hath been made up by, and late at night to Mrs. Turner's, where she had got my wife and Lady Pen and Pegg, and supped, and after supper and the rest of the company by design gone, Mrs. Turner and her husband did lay their case to me about their lodgings, Sir J. Minnes being now gone wholly to his owne, and now, they being empty, they doubt Sir T. Harvy or Lord Bruncker may look after the lodgings. I did give them the best advice, poor people, that I could, and would do them any kindnesse, though it is strange that now they should have ne'er a friend of Sir W. Batten or Sir W. Pen to trust to but me, that they have disobliged. So home to bed, and all night still mightily troubled in my sleepe with fire and houses pulling down.

26th. Up, and with Sir J. Minnes to St. James's, where every body going to the House, I away by coach to White Hall, and after a few turns, and hearing that our accounts come into the House but to-day, being hindered yesterday by other business, I away by coach home, taking up my wife and calling at Bennet's, our late mercer, who is come into Covent Garden to a fine house looking down upon the Exchange; and I perceive many Londoners every day come; and Mr. Pierce hath let his wife's closett, and the little blind bed-chamber, and a garret to a silke man for £50 fine, and £30 per annum, and £40 per annum more for dieting the master and two prentices. So home, not agreeing for silk for a petticoat for her which she desired, but home to dinner and then back to White Hall, leaving my wife by the way to buy her petticoat of Bennet, and I to White Hall waiting all the day on the Duke of Yorke to move the King for getting Lanyon some money at Plymouth out of some oyle prizes brought in thither, but could get nothing done, but here by Mr. Dugdale[2] I hear the great loss of books in St. Paul's Church-yarde, and at their Hall also, which they value at about £150,000; some booksellers being wholly undone, and among others, they say, my poor Kirton. And Mr. Crumlum,[3] all his books and household stuff burned; they trusting to St. Fayth's, and the roof of the church falling, broke the arch

[1] M.P. for the borough of Huntingdon. Elected April 12th, 1661.

[2] John Dugdale, born June 16th, 1628, chief gentleman of the chamber to Lord Chancellor Clarendon; Windsor Herald, 1684; Norroy King, 1686, when he was knighted. He died at Coventry, August 31st, 1700.

[3] Samuel Cromleholme, or Crumlum, head-master of St. Paul's School (see note, January 24th, 1659–60).

down into the lower church, and so all the goods burned. A very great loss. His father[1] hath lost above £1,000 in books; one book newly printed, a Discourse, it seems, of Courts. Here I had the hap to see my Lady Denham: and at night went into the dining-room and saw several fine ladies; among others, Castlemayne, but chiefly Denham again; and the Duke of Yorke taking her aside and talking to her in the sight of all the world, all alone; which was strange, and what also I did not like. Here I met with good Mr. Evelyn, who cries out against it, and calls it bitchering,[2] for the Duke of Yorke talks a little to her, and then she goes away, and then he follows her again like a dog. He observes that none of the nobility come out of the country at all to help the King, or comfort him, or prevent commotions at this fire; but do as if the King were nobody; nor ne'er a priest comes to give the King and Court good council, or to comfort the poor people that suffer; but all is dead, nothing of good in any of their minds: he bemoans it, and says he fears more ruin hangs over our heads. Thence away by coach, and called away my wife at Unthanke's, where she tells me she hath bought a gowne of 15*s.* per yard; the same, before her face, my Lady Castlemayne this day bought also, which I seemed vexed for, though I do not grudge it her, but to incline her to have Mercer again, which I believe I shall do, but the girle, I hear, has no mind to come to us again, which vexes me. Being come home, I to Sir W. Batten, and there hear our business was tendered to the House to-day, and a Committee of the whole House chosen to examine our accounts, and a great many Hotspurs enquiring into it, and likely to give us much trouble and blame, and perhaps (which I am afeard of) will find faults enow to demand better officers. This I truly fear. Away with Sir W. Pen, who was there, and he and I walked in the garden by moonlight, and he proposes his and my looking out into Scotland about timber, and to use Pett there; for timber will be a good commodity this time of building the City; and I like the motion, and doubt not that we may do good in it. We did also discourse about our Privateer, and hope well of that also, without much hazard, as, if God blesses us, I hope we shall do pretty well toward getting a penny. I was mightily pleased with our discourse, and so parted, and to the office to finish my journall for three or four days, and so home to supper, and to bed. Our fleete abroad, and the Dutch too, for all we know; the weather very bad; and under the command of an unlucky man, I fear. God bless him, and the fleete under him!

[1] William Dugdale, born September 12th, 1605. He early devoted himself to antiquarian and topographical pursuits, and was appointed Pursuivant Extraordinary, with the title of Blanch Lyon, in 1638. In the following year he became Rouge Croix Pursuivant, and in 1644 Chester Herald. At the Restoration he was appointed Norroy King-at-Arms, and Garter in 1677, when he was knighted. He died February 10th, 1686. His "Origines Juridiciales, or Historical Memorials of the English Laws, Courts of Justice," &c., was published in 1666, but with the exception of a few presentation copies the whole impression was destroyed in the Fire. A second edition was published in 1671, and a third in 1680.

[2] This word was apparently of Evelyn's own making.

27th. A very furious blowing night all the night; and my mind still mightily perplexed with dreams, and burning the rest of the town, and waking in much pain for the fleete. Up, and with my wife by coach as far as the Temple, and there she to the mercer's again, and I to look out Penny, my tailor, to speak for a cloak and cassock for my brother, who is coming to town; and I will have him in a canonical dress, that he may be the fitter to go abroad with me. I then to the Exchequer, and there, among other things, spoke to Mr. Falconbridge about his girle I heard sing at Nonsuch, and took him and some other 'Chequer men to the Sun Taverne, and there spent *2s. 6d.* upon them, and he sent for the girle, and she hath a pretty way of singing, but hath almost forgot for want of practice. She is poor in clothes, and not bred to any carriage, but will be soon taught all, and if Mercer do not come again, I think we may have her upon better terms, and breed her to what we please. Thence to Sir W. Coventry's, and there dined with him and Sir W. Batten, the Lieutenant of the Tower, and Mr. Thin,[1] a pretty gentleman, going to Gottenburgh. Having dined, Sir W. Coventry, Sir W. Batten, and I walked into his closet to consider of some things more to be done in a list to be given to the Parliament of all our ships, and time of entry and discharge. Sir W. Coventry seems to think they will soon be weary of the business, and fall quietly into the giving the King what is fit. This he hopes. Thence I by coach home to the office, and there intending a meeting, but nobody being there but myself and Sir J. Minnes, who is worse than nothing, I did not answer any body, but kept to my business in the office till night, and then Sir W. Batten and Sir W. Pen to me, and thence to Sir W. Batten's, and eat a barrel of oysters I did give them, and so home, and to bed. I have this evening discoursed with W. Hewer about Mercer, I having a mind to have her again, and I am vexed to hear him say that she hath no mind to come again, though her mother hath. No newes of the fleete yet, but that they went by Dover on the 25th towards the Gun-fleete, but whether the Dutch be yet abroad, or no, we hear not. De Ruyter is not dead, but like to do well. Most think that the gross of the French fleete are gone home again.

28th. Lay long in bed, and am come to agreement with my wife to have Mercer again, on condition she may learn this winter two months to dance, and she promises me she will endeavour to learn to sing, and all this I am willing enough to. So up, and by and by the glazier comes to finish the windows of my house, which pleases me, and the bookbinder to gild the backs of my books. I got the glass of my book-presses to be done presently, which did mightily content me, and to setting my study in a little better

[1] Thomas Thynne, born 1640, Envoy Extraordinary to Sweden. He was the eldest son of Sir Thomas Thynne, Bart., of Kempsford, by Mary, daughter of Thomas, first Lord Coventry, and on the murder of his cousin, Thomas Thynne, of Longleate, succeeded to all his possessions. He succeeded his father as second baronet in 1680, and in 1682 was created Baron Thynne of Warminster and Viscount Weymouth. He died July 18th, 1714.—B.

order; and so to my office to my people, busy about our Parliament accounts; and so to dinner, and then at them again close. At night comes Sir W. Pen, and he and I a turn in the garden, and he broke to me a proposition of his and my joining in a design of fetching timber and deals from Scotland, by the help of Mr. Pett upon the place; which, while London is building, will yield good money. I approve it. We judged a third man, that is knowing, is necessary, and concluded on Sir W. Warren, and sent for him to come to us to-morrow morning. I full of this all night, and the project of our man of war; but he and I both dissatisfied with Sir W. Batten's proposing his son to be Lieutenant, which we, neither of us, like. He gone, I discoursed with W. Hewer about Mercer, having a great mind she should come to us again, and instructed him what to say to her mother about it. And so home, to supper, and to bed.

29th. A little meeting at the office by Sir W. Batten, Sir W. Pen, and myself, being the first since the fire. We rose soon, and comes Sir W. Warren, by our desire, and with Sir W. Pen and I talked of our Scotch motion, which Sir W. Warren did seem to be stumbled at, and did give no ready answer, but proposed some thing previous to it, which he knows would find us work, or writing to Mr. Pett to be informed how matters go there as to cost and ways of providing sawyers or saw-mills. We were parted without coming to any good resolution in it, I discerning plainly that Sir W. Warren had no mind to it, but that he was surprised at our motion. He gone, I to some office business, and then home to dinner, and then to office again, and then got done by night the lists that are to be presented to the Parliament Committee of the ships, number of men, and time employed since the war, and then I with it (leaving my wife at Unthanke's) to St. James's, where Sir W. Coventry staid for me, and he and I perused our lists, and find to our great joy that the wages, victuals, wear and tear, cast by the medium of the men, will come to above 3,000,000; and that the extraordinaries, which all the world will allow us, will arise to more than will justify the expence we have declared to have been at since the war, viz., £320,000, he and I being both mightily satisfied, he saying to me, that if God send us over this rubb, we must take another course for a better Comptroller. So we parted, and I to my wife [at Unthanke's], who staid for the finishing her new best gowne (the best that ever I made her), coloured tabby, flowered, and so took it and her home; and then I to my people, and having cut them out a little more work than they expected, viz., the writing over the lists in a new method, I home to bed, being in good humour, and glad of the end we have brought this matter to.

30th (Lord's day). Up, and to church, where I have not been a good while: and there the church infinitely thronged with strangers since the fire come into our parish: but not one handsome face in all of them, as if, indeed, there was a curse, as Bishop Fuller heretofore said, upon our parish. Here I saw Mercer come into the church, which I had a mind to, but she avoided

looking up, which vexed me. A pretty good sermon, and then home, and comes Balty and dined with us. A good dinner; and then to have my haire cut against winter close to my head, and then to church again. A sorry sermon, and away home. [Sir] W. Pen and I to walk to talk about several businesses, and then home; and my wife and I to read in Fuller's Church History, and so to supper and to bed. This month ends with my mind full of business and concernment how this office will speed with the Parliament, which begins to be mighty severe in the examining our accounts, and the expence of the Navy this war

October 1st, 1666.

Up, and all the morning at the office, getting the list of all the ships and vessels employed since the war, for the Committee of Parliament. At noon with it to Sir W. Coventry's chamber, and there dined with him and [Sir] W. Batten, and [Sir] W. Pen, and after dinner examined it and find it will do us much right in the number of men rising to near the expense we delivered to the Parliament. [Sir] W. Coventry and I (the others going before the Committee) to Lord Bruncker's for his hand, and find him simply mighty busy in a council of the Queen's. He come out and took in the papers to sign, and sent them mighty wisely out again. Sir W. Coventry away to the Committee, and I to the Mercer's, and there took a bill of what I owe of late, which comes to about £17. Thence to White Hall, and there did hear Betty Michell was at this end of the towne, and so without breach of vowe did stay to endeavour to meet with her and carry her home; but she did not come, so I lost my whole afternoon. But pretty! how I took another pretty woman for her, taking her a clap on the breech, thinking verily it had been her. Staid till [Sir] W. Batten and [Sir] W. Pen come out and so away home by water with them, and to the office to do some business, and then home, and my wife do tell me that W. Hewer tells her that Mercer hath no mind to come. So I was angry at it, and resolved with her to have Falconbridge's girle, and I think it will be better for us, and will please me better with singing. With this resolution, to supper and to bed.

2nd. Up, and am sent for to Sir G. Carteret, and to him, and there he tells me how our lists are referred to a Sub-committee to consider and examine, and that I am ordered to be there this afternoon. So I away thence to my new bookbinder to see my books gilding in the backs, and then to White Hall to the House, and spoke to Sir W. Coventry, where he told me I must attend the Committee in the afternoon, and received some hints of more work to do. So I away to the 'Chequer, and thence to an alehouse, and found Mr. Falconbridge, and agreed for his kinswoman to come to me. He says she can dress my wife, and will do anything we would have her to do, and is of a good spirit and mighty cheerful. He is much pleased therewith, and so we shall be. So agreed for her coming the next week. So away home, and eat a short dinner, and then with Sir W. Pen to White Hall, and do

give his boy my book of papers to hold while he went into the Committee Chamber in the Inner Court of Wards,[1] and I walked without with Mr. Slingsby, of the Tower, who was there, and who did in walking inform me mightily in several things; among others, that the heightening or lowering of money is only a cheat, and do good to some particular men, which, I can but remember how, I am now by him fully convinced of. Anon Sir W. Pen went away, telling me that Sir W. Coventry that was within had told him that the fleete is all come into the buoy of the Nore, and that he must hasten down to them, and so went away, and I into the Committee Chamber before the Committee sat, and there heard Birch discourse highly and understandingly about the Navy business and a proposal made heretofore to farm the Navy; but Sir W. Coventry did abundantly answer him, and is a most excellent person. By and by the Committee met, and I walked out, and anon they rose and called me in, and appointed me to attend a Committee of them to-morrow at the office to examine our lists. This put me into a mighty fear and trouble, they doing it in a very ill humour, methought. So I away and called on my Lord Bruncker to desire him to be there to-morrow, and so home, having taken up my wife at Unthanke's, full of trouble in mind to think what I shall be obliged to answer, that am neither fully fit, nor in any measure concerned to take the shame and trouble of this office upon me, but only from the inability and folly of the Comptroller that occasions it. When come home I to Sir W. Pen's, to his boy, for my book, and there find he hath it not, but delivered it to the doore-keeper of the Committee for me. This, added to my former disquiet, made me stark mad, considering all the nakedness of the office lay open in papers within those covers. I could not tell in the world what to do, but was mad on all sides, and that which made me worse Captain Cocke was there, and he did so swear and curse at the boy that told me. So Cocke, Griffin, and the boy with me, they to find the housekeeper of the Parliament, Hughes, while I to Sir W. Coventry, but could hear nothing of it there. But coming to our rendezvous at the Swan Taverne, in King Streete, I find they have found the housekeeper, and the book simply locked up in the Court. So I staid and drank, and rewarded the doore-keeper, and away home, my heart lighter by all this, but to bed very sad notwithstanding, in fear of what will happen to-morrow upon their coming.

3rd. Waked betimes, mightily troubled in mind, and in the most true trouble that I ever was in my life, saving in the business last year of the East India prizes. So up, and with Mr. Hater and W. Hewer and Griffin to consider of our business, and books and papers necessary for this examination; and by and by, by eight o'clock, comes Birch, the first, with the lists and books of accounts delivered in. He calls me to work, and there he and I

[1] The Court of Wards and Liveries was held at the end of Westminster Hall, opposite St. Stephen's Chapel. The court was abolished 12 Car. II (see note, February 10th, 1659–60).

begun, when, by and by, comes Garraway,[1] the first time I ever saw him, and Sir W. Thompson and Mr. Boscawen. They to it, and I did make shift to answer them better than I expected. Sir W. Batten, Lord Bruncker, [Sir] W. Pen, come in, but presently went out; and [Sir] J. Minnes come in, and said two or three words from the purpose, but to do hurt; and so away he went also, and left me all the morning with them alone to stand or fall. At noon Sir W. Batten comes to them to invite them (though fast day) to dinner, which they did, and good company they were, but especially Garraway. Here I have news brought me of my father's coming to town, and I presently to him, glad to see him, poor man, he being come to town unexpectedly to see us and the city. I could not stay with him, but after dinner to work again, only the Committee and I, till dark night, and by that time they cast up all the lists, and found out what the medium of men was borne all the war, of all sorts, and ended with good peace, and much seeming satisfaction; but I find them wise and reserved, and instructed to hit all our blots, as among others, that we reckon the ships full manned from the beginning. They gone, and my heart eased of a great deale of fear and pain, and reckoning myself to come off with victory, because not overcome in anything or much foiled, I away to Sir W. Coventry's chamber, but he not within, then to White Hall, and there among the ladies, and saw my Lady Castlemaine never looked so ill, nor Mrs. Stewart neither, as in this plain, natural dress. I was not pleased with either of them. Away, not finding [Sir] W. Coventry, and so home, and there find my father and my brother come to towne—my father without my expectation; but glad I am to see him. And so to supper with him, and to work again at the office; then home, to set up all my folio books, which are come home gilt on the backs, very handsome to the eye, and then at midnight to bed. This night [Sir] W. Pen told me [Sir] W. Batten swears he will have nothing to do with the Privateer if his son do not go Lieutenant, which angers me and him; but we will be even with him, one way or other.

4th. Up, and mighty betimes, to [Sir] W. Coventry, to give him an account of yesterday's work, which do give him good content. He did then tell me his speech lately to the House in his owne vindication about the report of his selling of places, he having a small occasion offered him by chance, which he did desire, and took, and did it to his content, and, he says, to the House's seeming to approve of it by their hum. He confessed how long he had done it, and how he desired to have something else; and, since then, he had taken nothing, and challenged all the world. I was glad of this also. Thence up to the Duke of York, by appointment, with fellow officers, to complaine, but to no purpose, of want of money, and so away. I to Sir G. Carteret, to his

[1] William Garway, elected M.P. for Chichester, March 26th, 1661, and in 1674 he was appointed by the House to confer with Lord Shaftesbury respecting the charge against Pepys being popishly affected. See note to the Life, vol. i., p. xxii, and for his character, October 6th, 1666.

lodging, and here discoursed much of the want of money and our being designed for destruction. How the King hath lost his power, by submitting himself to this way of examining his accounts, and is become but as a private man. He says the King is troubled at it, but they talk an entry[1] shall be made, that it is not to be brought into example; that the King must, if they do not agree presently, make them a courageous speech, which he says he may do, the City of London being now burned, and himself master of an army, better than any prince before him, and so I believe. Thence home, about noon, to dinner. After dinner the bookbinder come, and I sent by him some more books to gild. I to the office all day, and spent most of it with Sir W. Warren, whom I have had no discourse with a great while, and when all is done I do find him a mighty wise man as any I know, and his counsel as much to be followed. Late with Mr. Hater upon comparing the charge and husbandry of the last Dutch war with ours now, and do find good roome to think we have done little worse than they, whereof good use may and will be made. So home to supper, and to bed.

5th. Up, and with my father talking awhile, then to the office, and there troubled with a message from Lord Peterborough about money; but I did give as kind answer as I could, though I hate him. Then to Sir G. Carteret to discourse about paying of part of the great ships come in, and so home again to compare the comparison of the two Dutch wars' charges for [Sir] W. Coventry, and then by water (and saw old Mr. Michell digging like a painfull father for his son) to him, and find him at dinner. After dinner to look over my papers, and comparing them with some notes of his and brought me the sight of some good Navy notes of his which I shall get. Then examined and liked well my notes, and away together to White Hall, in the way discoursing the inconvenience of the King's being thus subject to an account, but it will be remedied for the time to come, he thinks, if we can get this over, and I find he will have the Comptroller's business better done, swearing he will never be for a whit to be employed on business again. Thence I home, and back again to White Hall, and meeting Sir H. Cholmly to White Hall; there walked till night that the Committee come down, and there [Sir] W. Coventry tells me that the Sub-committee have made their report to the Grand Committee, and in pretty kind terms, and have agreed upon allowing us £4 per head, which I am sure will do the business, but he had endeavoured to have got more, but this do well, and he and I are both mighty glad it is come to this, and the heat of the present business seems almost over. But I have more worke cut out for me, to prepare a list of the extraordinaries, not to be included within the £4, against Monday. So I away from him, and met with the Vice-Chamberlain, and I told him when I had this evening in coming hither met with Captain Cocke, and he told me of a wild motion made in the House of Lords by the Duke of Buckingham for all men that had cheated the King to be declared traitors and felons,

[1] In the Journals of the House of Commons.—B.

and that my Lord Sandwich was named. This put me into a great pain; so the Vice-Chamberlain, who had heard nothing of it, having been all day in the City, away with me to White Hall; and there come to me and told me that, upon Lord Ashly's asking their direction whether, being a peere, he should bring in his accounts to the Commons, which they did give way to, the Duke of Buckingham did move that, for the time to come, what I have written above might be declared by some fuller law than heretofore. Lord Ashly answered, that it was not the fault of the present laws, but want of proof; and so said the Lord Chancellor. He answered, that a better law, he thought, might be made: so the House laughing, did refer it to him to bring in a Bill to that purpose, and this was all. So I away with joyful heart home, calling on Cocke and telling him the same. So I away home to the office to clear my Journall for five days, and so home to supper and to bed, my father who had staid out late and troubled me thereat being come home well and gone to bed, which pleases me also. This day, coming home, Mr. Kirton's kinsman, my bookseller, come in my way; and so I am told by him that Mr. Kirton is utterly undone, and made 2 or £3,000 worse than nothing, from being worth 7 or £8,000. That the goods laid in the Churchyarde fired through the windows those in St. Fayth's church; and those coming to the warehouses' doors fired them, and burned all the books and the pillars of the church, so as the roof falling down, broke quite down, which it did not do in the other places of the church, which is alike pillared (which I knew not before); but being not burned, they stand still. He do believe there is above £150,000 of books burned; all the great booksellers almost undone: not only these, but their warehouses at their Hall, and under Christchurch, and elsewhere being all burned. A great want thereof there will be of books, specially Latin books and foreign books; and, among others, the Polyglottes[1] and new Bible, which he believes will be presently worth £40 a-piece.

6th. Up, and having seen my brother in his cassocke, which I am not the most satisfied in, being doubtfull at this time what course to have him profess too soon. To the office and there busy about a list of the extraordinaries of the charge of the fleete this war; and was led to go to the office of the ordnance to be satisfied in something, and find their accounts and books kept in mighty good order, but that they can give no light, nor will the nature of their affairs permit it to tell what the charge of the ordnance comes to a man a month. So home again and to dinner, there coming Creed to me; but what with business and my hatred to the man, I did not spend any time with him, but after dinner [my] wife and he and I took coach and

[1] Bishop Walton's great work, published in 1657, entitled, "Biblia Sacra Polyglotta," in six large folio volumes. Nine languages are used in it, though no one book of the Bible is printed in so many. It was printed by subscription, under the patronage of Oliver Cromwell; but the Protector dying before it was finished, the bishop canceiled two leaves of the preface commendatory of his patron, and others were printed complimentary to Charles II. Hence the distinction of *republican* and *loyal* copies. The former are the most valued.—B.

to Westminster, but he 'light about Paul's, and set her at her tailor's, and myself to St. James's, but there missing [Sir] W. Coventry, returned and took up my wife, and calling at the Exchange home, whither Sir H. Cholmly come to visit me, but my business suffered me not to stay with him. So he gone I by water to Westminster Hall and thence to St. James's, and there found [Sir] W. Coventry waiting for me, and I did give him a good account to his mind of the business he expected about extraordinaries and then fell to other talke, among others, our sad condition contracted by want of a Comptroller;[1] and it was his words, that he believes, besides all the shame and trouble he hath brought on the office, the King had better have given £100,000 than ever have had him there. He did discourse about some of these discontented Parliament-men, and says that Birch is a false rogue, but that Garraway is a man that hath not been well used by the Court, though very stout to death, and hath suffered all that is possible for the King from the beginning. But discontented as he is, yet he never knew a Session of Parliament but he hath done some good deed for the King before it rose. I told him the passage Cocke told me of—his having begged a brace of bucks of the Lord Arlington for him, and when it come to him, he sent it back again. Sir W. Coventry told me, it is much to be pitied that the King should lose the service of a man so able and faithfull; and that he ought to be brought over, but that it is always observed, that by bringing over one discontented man, you raise up three in his room; which is a State lesson I never knew before. But when others discover your fear, and that discontent procures favour, they will be discontented too, and impose on you. Thence to White Hall and got a coach and home, and there did business late, and so home and set up my little books of one of my presses come home gilt, which pleases me mightily, and then to bed. This morning my wife told me of a fine gentlewoman my Lady Pen tells her of, for £20 per annum, that sings, dances, plays on four or five instruments and many other fine things, which pleases me mightily: and she sent to have her see her, which she did this afternoon; but sings basely, and is a tawdry wench that would take £8, but [neither] my wife nor I think her fit to come.

7th (Lord's day). Up, and after visiting my father in his chamber, to church, and then home to dinner. Little Michell and his wife come to dine with us, which they did, and then presently after dinner I with Sir J. Minnes to White Hall, where met by [Sir] W. Batten and Lord Bruncker, to attend the King and Duke of York at the Cabinet; but nobody had determined what to speak of, but only in general to ask for money. So I was forced immediately to prepare in my mind a method of discoursing. And anon we were called in to the Green Room, where the King, Duke of York, Prince Rupert, Lord Chancellor, Lord Treasurer, Duke of Albemarle, [Sirs] G. Carteret, W. Coventry, Morrice. Nobody beginning, I did, and made a

[1] As Sir John Minnes performed the duties inefficiently, it was considered necessary to take the office from him. See January 21st.

current, and I thought a good speech, laying open the ill state of the Navy: by the greatness of the debt; greatness of work to do against next yeare; the time and materials it would take; and our incapacity, through a total want of money. I had no sooner done, but Prince Rupert rose up and told the King in a heat, that whatever the gentleman had said, he had brought home his fleete in as good a condition as ever any fleete was brought home; that twenty boats would be as many as the fleete would want: and all the anchors and cables left in the storm might be taken up again. This arose from my saying, among other things we had to do, that the fleete was come in—the greatest fleete that ever his Majesty had yet together, and that in as bad condition as the enemy or weather could put it; and to use Sir W. Pen's words, who is upon the place taking a survey, he dreads the reports he is to receive from the Surveyors of its defects.[1] I therefore did only answer, that I was sorry for his Highness's offence, but that what I said was but the report we received from those entrusted in the fleete to inform us. He muttered and repeated what he had said; and so, after a long silence on all hands, nobody, not so much as the Duke of Albemarle, seconding the Prince, nor taking notice of what he said, we withdrew. I was not a little troubled at this passage, and the more when speaking with Jacke Fenn about it, he told me that the Prince will be asking now who this Pepys is, and find him to be a creature of my Lord Sandwich's, and therefore this was done only to disparage him. Anon they broke up, and Sir W. Coventry come out; so I asked his advice. He told me he had said something to salve it, which was, that his Highnesse had, he believed, rightly informed the King that the fleete is come in good condition to have staid out yet longer, and have fought the enemy, but yet that Mr. Pepys his meaning might be, that, though in so good condition, if they should come in and lie all the winter, we shall be very loth to send them to sea for another year's service with[out] great repairs. He said it would be no hurt if I went to him, and showed him the report himself brought up from the fleete, where every ship, by the Commander's report, do need more or less, and not to mention more of Sir W. Pen for doing him a mischief. So I said I would, but do not think that all this will redound to my hurt, because the truth of what I said will soon appear. Thence, having been informed that, after all this pains, the King hath found out how to supply us with 5 or £6,000, when £100,000 were at this time but absolutely necessary, and we mentioned £50,000. This is every day a greater and greater omen of ruine. God fit us for it! Sir J. Minnes and I home (it raining) by coach, calling only on Sir G. Carteret at his lodging (who is I find troubled at my Lord Treasurer and Sir Ph. Warwicke bungling in his accounts), and come home to supper with my father, and then all to bed. I made my brother in his cassocke to say grace this day, but

[1] Sir William Coventry's letter of instructions to Sir William Penn, directing him to visit the fleet at the Nore, dated October 2nd, is printed in Penn's "Memorials of Sir W. Penn," vol. ii., p. 422.

I like his voice so ill that I begin to be sorry he hath taken this order upon him.

8th. Up and to my office, called up by Commissioner Middleton,[1] newly come to town, but staid not with me; so I to my office busy all the morning. Towards noon, by water to Westminster Hall, and there by several hear that the Parliament do resolve to do something to retrench Sir G. Carteret's great salary; but cannot hear of any thing bad they can lay to his charge. The House did this day order to be engrossed the Bill against importing Irish cattle; a thing, it seems, carried on by the Western Parliament-men, wholly against the sense of most of the rest of the House; who think if you do this, you give the Irish again cause to rebel. Thus plenty on both sides makes us mad. The Committee of the Canary Company of both factions come to me for my Cozen Roger that is of the Committee.[2] Thence with [Sir] W. Coventry when the House rose and [Sir] W. Batten to St. James's, and there agreed of and signed our paper of extraordinaries, and there left them, and I to Unthanke's, where Mr. Falconbridge's girle is, and by and by comes my wife, who likes her well, though I confess I cannot (though she be of my finding out and sings pretty well), because she will be raised from so mean a condition to so high all of a sudden; but she will be much to our profit, more than Mercer, less expense. Here we bespoke a new gowne for her, and to come to us on Friday. She being gone, my wife and I home by coach, and then I presently by water with Mr. Pierce to Westminster Hall, he in the way telling me how the Duke of York and Duke of Albemarle do not agree. The Duke of York is wholly given up to this bitch of Denham. The Duke of Albemarle and Prince Rupert do less agree. So that we are all in pieces, and nobody knows what will be done the next year. The King hath yesterday in Council declared his resolution of setting a fashion for clothes, which he will never alter.[3] It will be a vest, I know not well how; but it is to teach the nobility thrift, and will do good. By and by comes down from the Committee [Sir] W. Coventry, and I find him troubled at several things happened this afternoon, which vexes me also; our business looking worse and worse, and our worke growing on our hands. Time spending, and no money to set anything in hand with; the end thereof must be speedy ruine.

[1] For note on Colonel Middleton, see November 4th, 1664.

[2] The Canary Company of Merchants was incorporated by charter, bearing date March 17th, 1664, to trade with the seven islands formerly called the Fortunate Islands, and afterwards the Canary Islands. The House of Commons considered the company's patent to be illegal and a monopoly; and in December, 1666, the Houses of Lords and Commons held a conference on the subject. In the end the Commons obtained their will, and an address of both houses was presented to the king thanking his Majesty "for causing the Canary Patent to be surrendered and vacated" ("Journals of the House of Lords," vol. xii., p. 119). The trade was in consequence freed from all control.

[3] There are several references to this new fashion of dress introduced by the king. Pepys saw the Duke of York put on the vest on the 13th, and he says Charles II. himself put it on on the 15th. On November 4th Pepys dressed himself in the new vest and coat. See notes, October 15th (*post*) and Nov. 22nd.

The Dutch insult and have taken off Bruant's head,[1] which they have not dared to do (though found guilty of the fault he did die for, of something of the Prince of Orange's faction) till just now, which speaks more confidence in our being worse than before. Alderman Maynell, I hear, is dead. Thence returned in the darke by coach all alone, full of thoughts of the consequences of this ill complexion of affairs, and how to save myself and the little I have, which if I can do, I have cause to bless God that I am so well, and shall be well contented to retreat to Brampton, and spend the rest of my days there. So to my office, and did some business, and finished my Journall with resolutions, if God bless me, to apply myself soberly to settle all matters for myself, and expect the event of all with comfort. So home to supper and to bed.

9th. Up and to the office, where we sat the first day since the fire, I think. At noon home, and my uncle Thomas was there, and dined with my brother and I (my father and I were gone abroad), and then to the office again in the afternoon, and there close all day long, and did much business. At night to Sir W. Batten, where Sir R. Ford did occasion some discourse of sending a convoy to the Maderas; and this did put us upon some new thoughts of sending our privateer thither on merchants' accounts, which I have more mind to, the profit being certain and occasion honest withall. So home and to supper with my father, and then to set my remainder of my books gilt in order with much pleasure, and so late to bed.

10th (Fast-day for the fire).[2] Up with Sir W. Batten by water to White Hall, and anon had a meeting before the Duke of York, where pretty to see how Sir W. Batten, that carried the surveys of all the fleete with him, to shew their ill condition to the Duke of York, when he found the Prince there, did not speak one word, though the meeting was of his asking—for nothing else. And when I asked him, he told me he knew the Prince too well to anger him, so that he was afeard to do it. Thence with him to Westminster, to the parish church,[3] where the Parliament-men and Stillingfleete in the pulpit. So full, no standing there; so he and I to eat herrings at the Dog

[1] Captain Du Buat, a Frenchman in the Dutch service, plotted with two magistrates of Rotterdam to obtain a peace with England as the readiest means of pressing the elevation of the Prince of Orange to the office of Captain-General. He was brought before the Supreme Court of Holland, condemned, and executed. He had been one of the household of the Prince of Orange who were dismissed by De Witt.

[2] "Proclamation (Whitehall, Sept. 13, 1666) ordering Oct. 10 to be observed as a day of humiliation and fasting on account of the late fire, whereby the greatest part of London within the walls, part of the suburbs, 80 parishes, with churches, chapels, hospitals, &c., are become one ruinous heap; also ordering the distressed state of the people to be earnestly recommended to general charity in collections to be distributed by the Lord Mayor of London as he sees fit" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1666–67, p. 122).

[3] St. Margaret's. Dr. Sancroft, Dean of St. Paul's, preached before his Majesty at the Cathedral; Seth Ward, Bishop of Exeter, before the House of Lords, in Westminster Abbey; and Dr. Stillingfleet and Dr. Frampton before the House of Commons at St. Margaret's, Westminster.—*The London Gazette*, No. 94.—B.

Taverne. And then to church again, and there was Mr. Frampton[1] in the pulpit, they cry up so much, a young man, and of a mighty ready tongue. I heard a little of his sermon, and liked it; but the crowd so great, I could not stay. So to the Swan, and baise a fille, and drank, and then home by coach, and took father, wife, brother, and W. Hewer to Islington, where I find mine host dead. Here eat and drank, and merry; and so home, and to the office a while, and then to Sir W. Batten to talk a while, and with Captain Cocke into the office to hear his newes, who is mighty conversant with Garraway and those people, who tells me what they object as to the mal-administration of things as to money. But that they mean well, and will do well; but their reckonings are very good, and show great faults, as I will insert here. They say the king hath had towards this war expressly thus much:

Royal Ayde	£2,450,000
More	1,250,000
Three months' tax given the King by a power of raising a month's tax of £70,000 every year for three years	0,210,000
Customes, out of which the King did promise to pay £240,000, which for two years comes to	0,480,000
Prizes, which they moderately reckon at	0,300,000
A debt declared by the Navy, by us	0,900,000
	5,590,000
The whole charge of the Navy, as we state it for two years and a month, hath been but	3,200,000
So what is become of all this sum?	2,390,000

He and I did bemoan our public condition. He tells me the Duke of Albemarle is under a cloud, and they have a mind at Court to lay him aside. This I know not; but all things are not right with him, and I am glad of it, but sorry for the time. So home to supper, and to bed, it being my wedding night,[2] but how many years I cannot tell; but my wife says ten.

11th. Up, and discoursed with my father of my sending some money for safety into the country, for I am in pain what to do with what I have. I did give him money, poor man, and he overjoyed. So left him, and to the office, where nothing but sad evidences of ruine coming on us for want of money.

[1] Robert Frampton, a native of Pimpern, in Dorsetshire, educated at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and afterwards a student of Christ Church, and chaplain to a man-of-war. In 1673 he became Dean of Gloucester, and in 1681 bishop of that see; but refusing to take the oaths of allegiance to William and Mary, he was deprived, Feb. 1, 1690–1, and retired into private life. He died at Standish, near Gloucester, on May 25th, 1708, aged eighty-six years.

[2] See Life, vol. i., p. xv., where the register of St. Margaret's parish, Westminster, is quoted to the effect that Pepys was married December 1st, 1655. It seems incomprehensible that both husband and wife should have been wrong as to the date of their wedding day, but Mrs. Pepys was unquestionably wrong as to the number of years, for they had been married nearly eleven.

So home to dinner, which was a very good dinner, my father, brother, wife and I, and then to the office again, where I was all the afternoon till very late, busy, and then home to supper and to bed.

Memorandum. I had taken my Journall during the fire and the disorders following in loose papers until this very day, and could not get time to enter them in my book till January 18, in the morning, having made my eyes sore by frequent attempts this winter to do it. But now it is done, for which I thank God, and pray never the like occasion may happen.

12th. Up, and after taking leave of my poor father, who is setting out this day for Brampton by the Cambridge coach, he having taken a journey to see the city burned, and to bring my brother to towne, I out by water; and so coach to St. James's, the weather being foul; and there, from Sir W. Coventry, do hear how the House have cut us off £150,000 of our wear and tear, for that which was saved by the King while the fleete lay in harbour in winter. However, he seems pleased, and so am I, that they have abated no more and do intend to allow of 28,000 men for the next year; and this day have appointed to declare the sum they will give the King,[1] and to propose the way of raising it; so that this is likely to be the great day. This done in his chamber, I with him to Westminster Hall, and there took a few turns, the Hall mighty full of people, and the House likely to be very full to-day about the money business. Here I met with several people, and do find that people have a mighty mind to have a fling at the Vice-Chamberlain, if they could lay hold of anything, his place being, indeed, too much for such, they think, or any single subject of no greater parts and quality than he, to enjoy. But I hope he may weather all, though it will not be by any dexterity of his, I dare say, if he do stand, but by his fate only, and people's being taken off by other things. Thence home by coach, mighty dirty weather, and then to the Treasurer's office and got a ticket paid for my little Michell, and so again by coach to Westminster, and come presently after the House rose. So to the Swan, and there sent for a piece of meat and dined alone and played with Sarah, and so to the Hall a while, and thence to Mrs. Martin's lodging and did what I would with her. She is very big, and resolves I must be godfather. Thence away by water with Cropp to Deptford. It was almost night before I got thither. So I did only give directions concerning a press that I have making there to hold my turning and joyner's tooles that were lately given me, which will be very handsome, and so away back again, it being now dark, and so home, and there find my wife come home, and hath brought her new girle I have helped her to, of Mr. Falconbridge's. She is wretched poor, and but ordinary favoured; and we fain to lay out seven or eight pounds worth of clothes upon her back, which, methinks, do go against my heart; and I do not think I can ever esteem her as I could have done another that had come fine and handsome; and which is more, her voice, for want of use, is so furred, that it do not at present please me; but

[1] The parliament voted this day a supply of £1,800,000 sterling. See below.

her manner of singing is such, that I shall, I think, take great pleasure in it. Well, she is come, and I wish us good fortune in her. Here I met with notice of a meeting of the Commissioners for Tangier to-morrow, and so I must have my accounts ready for them, which caused me to confine myself to my chamber presently and set to the making up my accounts, which I find very clear, but with much difficulty by reason of my not doing them sooner, things being out of my mind.

13th. It cost me till four o'clock in the morning, and, which was pretty to think, I was above an hour, after I had made all right, in casting up of about twenty sums, being dozed with much work, and had for forty times together forgot to carry the 60 which I had in my mind, in one denomination which exceeded 60; and this did confound me for above an hour together. At last all even and done, and so to bed. Up at seven, and so to the office, after looking over my last night's work. We sat all the morning. At noon by coach with my Lord Bruncker and 'light at the Temple, and so alone I to dinner at a cooke's, and thence to my Lord Bellasses', whom I find kind; but he had drawn some new proposal to deliver to the Lords Commissioners to-day, wherein one was, that the garrison would not be well paid without some goldsmith's undertaking the paying of the bills of exchange for Tallys. He professing so much kindness to me, and saying that he would not be concerned in the garrison without me; and that if he continued in the employment, no man should have to do with the money but myself. I did ask his Lordship's meaning of the proposition in his paper. He told me he had not much considered it, but that he meant no harm to me. I told him I thought it would render me useless; whereupon he did very frankly, after my seeming denials for a good while, cause it to be writ over again, and that clause left out, which did satisfy me abundantly. It being done, he and I together to White Hall, and there the Duke of York (who is gone over to all his pleasures again, and leaves off care of business, what with his woman, my Lady Denham, and his hunting three times a week) was just come in from hunting. So I stood and saw him dress himself, and try on his vest, which is the King's new fashion, and will be in it for good and all on Monday next, and the whole Court: it is a fashion, the King says, he will never change. He being ready, he and my Lord Chancellor, and Duke of Albemarle, and Prince Rupert, Lord Bellasses, Sir H. Cholmly, Povy, and myself, met at a Committee for Tangier. My Lord Bellasses's propositions were read and discoursed of, about reducing the garrison to less charge; and indeed I am mad in love with my Lord Chancellor, for he do comprehend and speak out well, and with the greatest easinesse and authority that ever I saw man in my life. I did never observe how much easier a man do speak when he knows all the company to be below him, than in him; for though he spoke, indeed, excellent well, yet his manner and freedom of doing it, as if he played with it, and was informing only all the rest of the company, was mighty pretty. He did call again and again upon Mr. Povy for his accounts.

I did think fit to make the solemn tender of my accounts that I intended. I said something that was liked, touching the want of money, and the bad credit of our tallys. My Lord Chancellor moved, that without any trouble to any of the rest of the Lords, I might alone attend the King, when he was with his private Council, and open the state of the garrison's want of credit; and all that could be done, should. Most things moved were referred to Committees, and so we broke up. And at the end Sir W. Coventry come; so I away with him, and he discoursed with me something of the Parliament's business. They have voted giving the [King] for next year £1,800,000; which, were it not for his debts, were a great sum. He says, he thinks the House may say no more to us for the present, but that we must mend our manners against the next tryall, and mend them we will. But he thinks it not a fit time to be found making of trouble among ourselves, meaning about Sir J. Minnes, who most certainly must be removed, or made a Commissioner, and somebody else Comptroller. But he tells me that the House has a great envy at Sir G. Carteret, and that had he ever thought fit in all his discourse to have touched upon the point of our want of money and badness of payment, it would have been laid hold on to Sir G. Carteret's hurt; but he hath avoided it, though without much reason for it, most studiously, and in short did end thus, that he has never shewn so much of the pigeon[1] in all his life as in his innocence to Sir G. Carteret at this time; which I believe, and will desire Sir G. Carteret to thank him for it. So we broke up and I by coach home, calling for a new pair of shoes, and so, little being to do at the office, did go home, and after spending a little in righting some of my books, which stood out of order, I to bed.

14th (Lord's day). Lay long in bed, among other things, talking of my wife's renewing her acquaintance with Mrs. Pierce, which, by my wife's ill using her when she was here last, hath been interrupted. Herein we were a little angry together, but presently friends again; and so up, and I to church, which was mighty full, and my beauties, Mrs. Lethulier,[2] and fair Batelier both there. A very foul morning, and rained; and sent for my cloake to go out of the church with. So dined, and after dinner (a good discourse thereat to my brother) he and I by water to White Hall, and he to Westminster Abbey. Here I met with Sir Stephen Fox, who told me how much right I had done myself, and how well it is represented by the Committee to the House, my readinesse to give them satisfaction in everything when they were at the office. I was glad of this. He did further discourse of Sir W. Coventry's great abilities, and how necessary it were that I were of the House to assist him. I did not owne it, but do myself think it were not unnecessary if either he should die, or be removed to the Lords, or any thing to hinder his doing

[1] The timidity of the pigeon has caused the addition of a series of words to the English language, as, pigeon, a gull; to pigeon; pigeon-hearted, and pigeon-livered, the latter expression used in "Hamlet."

[2] See December 13th, 1665.

the like service the next trial, which makes me think that it were not a thing very unfit; but I will not move in it. He and I parted, I to Mrs. Martin's, thinking to have met Mrs. Burrows, but she was not there, so away and took my brother out of the Abbey and home, and there to set some accounts right, and to the office to even my Journall, and so home to supper and to bed.

15th. Called up, though a very rainy morning, by Sir H. Cholmley, and he and I most of the morning together evening of accounts, which I was very glad of. Then he and I out to Sir Robt. Viner's, at the African house[1] (where I had not been since he come thither); but he was not there; but I did some business with his people, and then to Colvill's, who, I find, lives now in Lyme Streete, and with the same credit as ever, this fire having not done them any wrong that I hear of at all. Thence he and I together to Westminster Hall, in our way talking of matters and passages of state, the viciousness of the Court; the contempt the King brings himself into thereby; his minding nothing, but doing all things just as his people about him will have it; the Duke of York becoming a slave to this whore Denham, and wholly minds her; that there really was amours between the Duchesse and Sidney;[2] that there is reason to fear that, as soon as the Parliament have raised this money, the King will see that he hath got all that he can get, and then make up a peace. He tells me, what I wonder at, but that I find it confirmed by Mr. Pierce, whom I met by-and-by in the Hall, that Sir W. Coventry is of the caball with the Duke of York, and Bruncker, with this Denham; which is a shame, and I am sorry for it, and that Sir W. Coventry do make her visits; but yet I hope it is not so. Pierce tells me, that as little agreement as there is between the Prince[3] and Duke of Albemarle, yet they are likely to go to sea again; for the first will not be trusted alone, and nobody will go with him but this Duke of Albemarle. He tells me much how all the commanders of the fleete and officers that are sober men do cry out upon their bad discipline, and the ruine that must follow it if it continue. But that which I wonder most at, it seems their secretaries have been the most exorbitant in their fees to all sorts of the people, that it is not to be believed that they durst do it, so as it is believed they have got £800 apiece by the very vacancies in the fleete. He tells me that Lady Castlemayne is concluded to be with child again; and that all the people about the King do make no scruple of saying that the King do lie with Mrs. Stewart, who, he says, is a most excellent-natured lady. This day the King begins to put on his vest, and I did see several persons of the House of Lords and Commons too, great courtiers, who are in it; being a long cassocke close to the body, of black cloth, and pinked with white silke under it, and a coat over it, and the legs ruffled with black riband like a pigeon's leg; and, upon the whole, I wish the

[1] The African House of the Royal African or Guinea Company of Merchants was situated in Leadenhall Street.

[2] See note, January 9th, 1665–66.

[3] Prince Rupert.

King may keep it, for it is a very fine and handsome garment.[1] Walking with Pierce in the Court of Wards out comes Sir W. Coventry, and he and I talked of business. Among others I proposed the making Sir J. Minnes a Commissioner, and make somebody else Comptroller. He tells me it is the thing he hath been thinking of, and hath spoke to the Duke of York of it. He believes it will be done; but that which I fear is that Pen will be Comptroller, which I shall grudge a little. The Duke of Buckingham called him aside and spoke a good while with him. I did presently fear it might be to discourse something of his design to blemish my Lord of Sandwich, in pursuance of the wild motion he made the other day in the House. Sir W. Coventry, when he come to me again, told me that he had wrought a miracle, which was, the convincing the Duke of Buckingham that something—he did not name what—that he had intended to do was not fit to be done, and that the Duke is gone away of that opinion. This makes me verily believe it was something like what I feared. By and by the House rose, and then we parted, and I with Sir G. Carteret, and walked in the Exchequer Court, discoursing of businesses. Among others, I observing to him how friendly Sir W. Coventry had carried himself to him in these late inquiries, when, if he had borne him any spleen, he could have had what occasion he pleased offered him, he did confess he found the same thing, and would thanke him for it. I did give him some other advices, and so away with him to his lodgings at White Hall to dinner, where my Lady Carteret is, and mighty kind, both of them, to me. Their son and my Lady Jemimah will be here very speedily. She tells me the ladies are to go into a new fashion shortly, and that is, to wear short coats, above their ancles; which she and I do not like, but conclude this long trayne to be mighty graceful. But she cries out of the vices of the Court, and how they are going to set up plays already; and how, the next day after the late great fast, the Duchesse of York did give the King and Queene a play. Nay, she told me that they have heretofore had plays at Court the very nights before the fast for the death of the late King. She do much cry out upon these things, and that which she believes will undo the whole

[1] Evelyn describes the new fashion as "a comely dress after y^e^ Persian mode" (see "Diary," October 18th, 1666). He adds that he had described the "comelinesse and usefulnesse" of the Persian clothing in his pamphlet entitled "Tyrannus, or the Mode." "I do not impute to this discourse the change which soone happen'd, but it was an identity I could not but take notice of."

Rugge, in his "Diurnal," thus describes the new Court costume: "1666, Oct. 11. In this month His Majestie and whole Court changed the fashion of their clothes—viz. a close coat of cloth, pinkt with a white taffety under the cutts. This in length reached the calf of the leg, and upon that a sercoat cutt at the breast, which hung loose and shorter than the vest six inches. The breeches the Spanish cut, and buskins some of cloth, some of leather, but of the same colour as the vest or garment; of never the like fashion since William the Conqueror." It is represented in a portrait of Lord Arlington, by Sir P. Lely formerly belonging to Lord de Clifford, and engraved in Lodge's "Portraits." Louis XIV. ordered his servants to wear the dress. See October 8th and November 22nd.

nation; and I fear so too. After dinner away home, Mr. Brisband along with me as far as the Temple, and there looked upon a new booke, set out by one Rycault,[1] secretary to my Lord Wincheslea, of the policy and customs of the Turks, which is, it seems, much cried up. But I could not stay, but home, where I find Balty come back, and with him some muster-books, which I am glad of, and hope he will do me credit in his employment. By and by took coach again and carried him home, and my wife to her tailor's, while I to White Hall to have found out Povy, but miss him and so call in my wife and home again, where at Sir W. Batten's I met Sir W. Pen, lately come from the fleete at the Nore; and here were many good fellows, among others Sir R. Holmes, who is exceeding kind to me, more than usual, which makes me afeard of him, though I do much wish his friendship. Thereupon, after a little stay, I withdrew, and to the office and awhile, and then home to supper and to my chamber to settle a few papers, and then to bed. This day the great debate was in Parliament, the manner of raising the £1,800,000 they voted [the King] on Friday; and at last, after many proposals, one moved that the Chimney-money might be taken from the King, and an equal revenue of something else might be found for the King, and people be enjoyned to buy off this tax of Chimney-money for ever at eight years' purchase, which will raise present money, as they think, £1,600,000 and the State be eased of an ill burthen and the King be supplied of something as good or better for his use. The House seems to like this, and put off the debate to to-morrow.

16th. Up, and to the office, where sat to do little business but hear clamours for money. At noon home to dinner, and to the office again, after hearing my brother play a little upon the Lyra viall, which he do so as to show that he hath a love to musique and a spirit for it, which I am well pleased with. All the afternoon at the office, and at night with Sir W. Batten, Sir W. Pen, [and Sir] J. Minnes, at [Sir] W. Pen's lodgings, advising about business and orders fit presently to make about discharging of ships come into the river, and which to pay first, and many things in order thereto. But it vexed me that, it being now past seven o'clock, and the business of great weight, and I had done them by eight o'clock, and sending them to be signed, they were all gone to bed, and Sir W. Pen, though awake, would not, being in bed, have them brought to him to sign; this made me quite angry. Late at work at the office, and then home to supper and to bed. Not come to any resolution at the Parliament to-day about the manner of raising this £1,800,000.

17th. Up, and busy about public and private business all the morning at

[1] Paul Rycaut (B.A. Camb., 1650) was appointed secretary to the Earl of Winchelsea when that nobleman went to Constantinople in 1661 as Ambassador Extraordinary to the Sultan Mahomet Han. He was afterwards consul at Smyrna, secretary to Henry Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, 1685–87, when he was knighted, and Resident at Hamburg. He died December 16th, 1700. The book referred to appears to be "The Present State of the Ottoman Empire" (see March 20th and April 8th, 1667).

the office. At noon home to dinner, alone with my brother, with whom I had now the first private talke I have had, and find he hath preached but twice in his life. I did give him some advice to study pronunciation; but I do fear he will never make a good speaker, nor, I fear, any general good scholar, for I do not see that he minds optickes or mathematiques of any sort, nor anything else that I can find. I know not what he may be at divinity and ordinary school-learning. However, he seems sober, and that pleases me. After dinner took him and my wife and Barker (for so is our new woman called, and is yet but a sorry girle), and set them down at Unthanke's, and so to White Hall, and there find some of my brethren with the Duke of York, but so few I put off the meeting. So staid and heard the Duke discourse, which he did mighty scurrilously, of the French, and with reason, that they should give Beaufort orders when he was to bring, and did bring, his fleete hither, that his rendezvous for his fleete, and for all sluggs to come to, should be between Calais and Dover; which did prove the taking of La Roche[lle], who, among other sluggs behind, did, by their instructions, make for that place, to rendezvous with the fleete; and Beaufort, seeing them as he was returning, took them for the English fleete, and wrote word to the King of France that he had passed by the English fleete, and the English fleete durst not meddle with him. The Court is all full of vests, only my Lord St. Albans not pinked but plain black; and they say the King says the pinking upon white makes them look too much like magpyes, and therefore hath bespoke one of plain velvet. Thence to St. James's by coach, and spoke, at four o'clock or five, with Sir W. Coventry, newly come from the House, where they have sat all this day and not come to an end of the debate how the money shall be raised. He tells me that what I proposed to him the other day was what he had himself thought on and determined, and that he believes it will speedily be done—the making Sir J. Minnes a Commissioner, and bringing somebody else to be Comptroller, and that (which do not please me, I confess, for my own particulars, so well as Sir J. Minnes) will, I fear, be Sir W. Pen, for he is the only fit man for it. Away from him and took up my wife, and left her at Temple Bar to buy some lace for a petticoat, and I took coach and away to Sir R. Viner's about a little business, and then home, and by and by to my chamber, and there late upon making up an account for the Board to pass to-morrow, if I can get them, for the clearing all my imprest [1] bills, which if I can do, will be to my very good satisfaction. Having done this, then to supper and to bed.

18th. Up, and to the office, where we sat all the morning. The waters so high in the roads, by the late rains, that our letters come not in till to-day, and now I understand that my father is got well home, but had a painful journey of it. At noon with Lord Bruncker to St. Ellen's,[2] where the master of the late Pope's Head Taverne is now set up again, and there dined at

[1] See note, November 28th, 1660.

[2] Apparently the parish of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, which escaped the Fire.

Sir W. Warren's cost, a very good dinner. Here my Lord Bruncker proffered to carry me and my wife into a play at Court to-night, and to lend me his coach home, which tempted me much; but I shall not do it. Thence rose from table before dinner ended, and homewards met my wife, and so away by coach towards Lovett's (in the way wondering at what a good pretty wench our Barker makes, being now put into good clothes, and fashionable, at my charge; but it becomes her, so that I do not now think much of it, and is an example of the power of good clothes and dress), where I stood godfather. But it was pretty, that, being a Protestant, a man stood by and was my Proxy to answer for me. A priest christened it, and the boy's name is Samuel. The ceremonies many, and some foolish. The priest in a gentleman's dress, more than my owne; but is a Capuchin, one of the Queene-mother's priests. He did give my proxy and the woman proxy (my Lady Bills,[1] absent, had a proxy also) good advice to bring up the child, and, at the end, that he ought never to marry the child nor the godmother, nor the godmother the child or the godfather: but, which is strange, they say that the mother of the child and the godfather may marry. By and by the Lady Bills come in, a well-bred but crooked woman. The poor people of the house had good wine, and a good cake; and she a pretty woman in her lying-in dress. It cost me near 40*s*. the whole christening: to midwife 20*s*., nurse 10*s*., mayde 2*s*. 6*d*., and the coach 5*s*. I was very well satisfied with what I have done, and so home and to the office, and thence to Sir W. Batten's, and there hear how the business of buying off the Chimney-money is passed in the House; and so the King to be satisfied some other way, and the King supplied with the money raised by this purchasing off of the chimnies. So home, mightily pleased in mind that I have got my bills of imprest cleared by bills signed this day, to my good satisfaction. To supper, and to bed.

19th. Up, and by coach to my Lord Ashly's, and thence (he being gone out), to the Exchequer chamber, and there find him and my Lord Bellasses about my Lord Bellasses' accounts, which was the business I went upon. This was soon ended, and then I with Creed back home to my house, and there he and I did even accounts for salary, and by that time dinner was ready, and merry at dinner, and then abroad to Povy's, who continues as much confounded in all his business as ever he was; and would have had me paid money, as like a fool as himself, which I troubled him in refusing; but I did persist in it. After a little more discourse, I left them, and to White Hall, where I met with Sir Robert Viner, who told me a little of what, in going home, I had seen; also a little of the disorder and mutiny among the seamen at the Treasurer's office, which did trouble me then and all day since,

[1] Lady Diana Fane, daughter of Mildmay Fane, second Earl of Westmoreland, widow of Edward Pellam, Esq., of Brocklesby, in Lincolnshire, remarried John Bills, Esq., of Caen Wood, Highgate. Her only child, Diana, by her second husband, died the widow of Captain Francis D'Arcy Savage, May 23rd, 1726, and is buried at Barnes. Lady Diana Bills was at this time in her thirty-sixth year.—B.

considering how many more seamen will come to towne every day, and no money for them. A Parliament sitting, and the Exchange close by, and an enemy to hear of, and laugh at it.[1] Viner too, and Backewell, were sent for this afternoon; and was before the King and his Cabinet about money; they declaring they would advance no more, it being discoursed of in the House of Parliament for the King to issue out his privy-seals to them to command them to trust him, which gives them reason to decline trusting. But more money they are persuaded to lend, but so little that (with horrour I speake it), coming after the Council was up, with Sir G. Carteret, Sir W. Coventry, Lord Bruncker, and myself, I did lay the state of our condition before the Duke of York, that the fleete could not go out without several things it wanted, and we could not have without money, particularly rum and bread, which we have promised the man Swan to helpe him to £200 of his debt, and a few other small sums of £200 a piece to some others, and that I do foresee the Duke of York would call us to an account why the fleete is not abroad, and we cannot answer otherwise than our want of money; and that indeed we do not do the King any service now, but do rather abuse and betray his service by being there, and seeming to do something, while we do not. Sir G. Carteret asked me (just in these words, for in this and all the rest I set down the very words for memory sake, if there should be occasion) whether £50 or £60 would do us any good; and when I told him the very rum man[2] must have £200, he held up his eyes as if we had asked a million. Sir W. Coventry told the Duke of York plainly he did rather desire to have his commission called in than serve in so ill a place, where he cannot do the King service, and I did concur in saying the same. This was all very plain, and the Duke of York did confess that he did not see how he could do anything without a present supply of £20,000, and that he would speak to the King next Council day, and I promised to wait on him to put him in mind of it. This I set down for my future justification, if need be, and so we broke up, and all parted, Sir W. Coventry being not very well, but I believe made much worse by this night's sad discourse. So I home by coach, considering what the consequence of all this must be in a little time. Nothing but distraction and confusion; which makes me wish with all my heart that I were well and quietly settled with what little I have got at Brampton, where I might live peaceably, and study, and pray for the good of the King and my country. Home, and to Sir W. Batten's, where I saw my Lady, who is now come down stairs after a great sickness. Sir W. Batten was

[1] The King of Denmark was induced to conclude a treaty with the United Provinces, a secret article of which bound him to declare war against England. The order in council for the printing and publishing a declaration of war against Denmark is dated "Whitehall, Sept. 19, 1666;" annexed is "A True Declaration of all transactions between his Majesty of Great Britain and the King of Denmark, with a declaration of war against the said king, and the motives that obliged his Majesty thereunto" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1666–67, p. 140).

[2] The contractor Swan referred to above.

at the pay to-day, and tells me how rude the men were, but did go away quietly, being promised pay on Wednesday next. God sends us money for it! So to the office, and then to supper and to bed. Among other things proposed in the House to-day, to give the King in lieu of chimneys, there was the bringing up of sealed paper, such as Sir J. Minnes shewed me to-night, at Sir W. Batten's, is used in Spayne, and brings the King a great revenue; but it shows what shifts we are put to too much.

20th. Up, and all the morning at the office, where none met but myself. So I walked a good while with Mr. Gawden in the garden, who is lately come from the fleete at the buoy of the Nore, and he do tell me how all the sober commanders, and even Sir Thomas Allen himself, do complain of the ill government of the fleete. How Holmes and Jennings have commanded all the fleete this yeare, that nothing is done upon deliberation, but if a sober man give his opinion otherwise than the Prince would have it the Prince would cry, "Damn him, do you follow your orders, and that is enough for you." He tells me he hears of nothing but of swearing and drinking and whoring, and all manner of profaneness, quite through the whole fleete. He being gone, there comes to me Commissioner Middleton, whom I took on purpose to walk in the garden with me, and to learn what he observed when the fleete was at Portsmouth. He says that the fleete was in such a condition, as to discipline, as if the Devil had commanded it; so much wickedness of all sorts. Enquiring how it come to pass that so many ships miscarried this year, he tells me that he enquired; and the pilots do say, that they dare not do nor go but as the Captains will have them; and if they offer to do otherwise, the Captains swear they will run them through. He says that he heard Captain Digby[1] (my Lord of Bristoll's son, a young fellow that never was but one year, if that, in the fleete) say that he did hope he should not see a tarpaulin[2] have the command of a ship within this twelve months. He observed while he was on board the Admirall, when the fleete was at Portsmouth, that there was a faction there. Holmes commanded all on the Prince's side, and Sir Jeremy Smith on the Duke's, and every body that come did apply themselves to one side or other; and when the Duke of Albemarle was gone away to come hither, then Sir Jeremy Smith did hang his head, and walked in the Generall's ship but like a private commander. He says he was on board The Prince, when the newes come of the burning of London; and all the Prince said was, that now Shipton's prophecy was

[1] Francis Digby, second son of George, second Earl of Bristol. He was appointed lieutenant of the "Royal Charles" in 1666, and promoted to the command of the "Jersey" in the same year. He was killed in the sea-fight at Solebay, and Charnock ("Biographia Navalis," vol. i., pp. 222, 223) speaks highly of his intrepidity.

[2] This word (now used only in the curtailed form of tar) was once common. "The Archbishop of Bordeaux is at present general of the French Naval Forces, who though a priest is yet permitted to turn tarpaulin and soldier."—*The Turkish Spy,* Letter I. (1691).

out;[1] and he heard a young commander presently swear, that now a citizen's wife that would not take under half a piece before, would be occupied for half-a-crowne: and made mighty sport of it. He says that Hubberd[2] that commanded this year the Admiral's ship is a proud conceited fellow (though I thought otherwise of him), and fit to command a single ship but not a fleete, and he do wonder that there hath not been more mischief this year than there hath. He says the fleete come to anchor between the Horse and the Island, so that when they came to weigh many of the ships could not turn, but ran foul of the Horse, and there stuck, but that the weather was good. He says that nothing can do the King more disservice, nor please the standing officers of the ship better than these silly commanders that now we have, for they sign to anything that their officers desire of them, nor have judgment to contradict them if they would. He told me other good things, which made me bless God that we have received no greater disasters this year than we have, though they have been the greatest that ever was known in England before, put all their losses of the King's ships by want of skill and seamanship together from the beginning. He being gone, comes Sir G. Carteret, and he and I walked together awhile, discoursing upon the sad condition of the times, what need we have, and how impossible it is to get money. He told me my Lord Chancellor the other day did ask him how it come to pass that his friend Pepys do so much magnify all things to worst, as I did on Sunday last, in the bad condition of the fleete. Sir G. Carteret tells me that he answered him, that I was but the mouth of the rest, and spoke what they have dictated to me; which did, as he says, presently take off his displeasure. So that I am well at present with him, but I must have a care not to be over busy in the office again, and burn my fingers. He tells me he wishes he had sold his place at some good rate to somebody or other at the beginning of the warr, and that he would do it now, but no body will deale with him for it. He tells me the Duke of Albemarle is very much discontented, and the Duke of York do not, it seems, please him. He tells me

[1] Evidently the concluding passage of "Mother Shipton's Prophecies," viz., "A ship come sayling up the Thames to London, and the master of the ship shall weepe, and the mariners shall aske him why he weepeth, being he hath made so good a voyage, and he shall say, 'Ah, what a goodlie citie this was! none in the world comparable to it; and now there is scarcely left any house that can let us have drinke for our money.'" Quoted from the edition of 1641, which Prince Rupert might have seen.—B.

[2] "John Hubbard commanded the Return, the Helversome and Lyon in succession during the year 1665; in 1666 he was made captain of the Royal Charles, the ship on board which the joint commanders in chief, Prince Rupert and the Duke of Albemarle, hoisted the standard. The very conspicuous share borne by this ship in the victory obtained over the Dutch may naturally be inferred from the known active intrepidity of those two great men. And while their extensive minds were engaged in arranging and manœuvring the fleet under their command, surely no small degree of merit ought to be attributed to the captain of the ship in which they fought, who by his conduct and gallantry enabled them to transfer their attention from an individual object to the weightier part of their charge."—Charnock's *Biographia Navalis*, vol. i., p. 168.

that our case as to money is not to be made good at present, and therefore wishes a good and speedy peace before it be too late, and from his discourse methinks I find that there is something moving towards it. Many people at the office, but having no more of the office I did put it off till the next meeting. Thence, with Sir G. Carteret, home to dinner, with him, my Lady and Mr. Ashburnham, the Cofferer. Here they talk that the Queene hath a great mind to alter her fashion, and to have the feet seen, which she loves mightily; and they do believe that it [will] come into it in a little time. Here I met with the King's declaration[1] about his proceedings with the King of Denmarke, and particularly the business of Bergen; but it is so well writ, that, if it be true, the King of Denmarke is one of the most absolute wickednesse in the world for a person of his quality. After dinner home, and there met Mr. Povy by appointment, and there he and I all the afternoon, till late at night, evening of all accounts between us, which we did to both our satisfaction; but that which troubles me most is, that I am to refund to the ignoble Lord Peterborough what he had given us six months ago, because we did not supply him with money; but it is no great matter. He gone I to the office, and there did some business; and so home, my mind in good ease by having done with Povy in order to the adjusting of all my accounts in a few days. So home to supper and to bed.

21st (Lord's day). Up, and with my wife to church, and her new woman Barker with her the first time. The girle will, I think, do very well. Here a lazy sermon, and so home to dinner, and took in my Lady Pen and Peg (Sir William being below with the fleete), and mighty merry we were, and then after dinner presently (it being a mighty cool day) I by coach to White Hall, and there attended the Cabinet, and was called in before the King and them to give an account of our want of money for Tangier, which troubles me that it should be my place so often and so soon after one another to come to speak there of their wants—the thing of the world that they love least to hear of, and that which is no welcome thing to be the solicitor for—and to see how like an image the King sat and could not speak one word when I had delivered myself was very strange; only my Lord Chancellor did ask me, whether I thought it was in nature at this time to help us to anything. So I was referred to another meeting of the Lords Commissioners for Tangier and my Lord Treasurer, and so went away, and by coach home, where I spent the evening in reading Stillingfleet's defence of the Archbishopp,[2] the part about Purgatory, a point I had never considered before, what was said for it or against it, and though I do believe we are in the right, yet I do not see any great matter in this book. So to supper;

[1] For note on declaration of war with Denmark see *ante*, Oct. 19th.

[2] The archbishop defended by Stillingfleet was Laud, and the work referred to is entitled, "A Rational Account of the Grounds of the Protestant Religion . . . . being a Vindication of the Archbishop's Relation of a Conference from the pretended Answer of T. C[arwell]. London, 1665."

and my people being gone, most of them, to bed, my boy and Jane and I did get two of my iron chests out of the cellar into my closett, and the money to my great satisfaction to see it there again, and the rather because the damp cellar spoils all my chests. This being done, and I weary, to bed. This afternoon walking with Sir H. Cholmly long in the gallery, he told me, among many other things, how Harry Killigrew[1] is banished the Court lately, for saying that my Lady Castlemayne was a little lecherous girle when she was young. . . . This she complained to the King of, and he sent to the Duke of York, whose servant he is, to turn him away. The Duke of York hath done it, but takes it ill of my Lady that he was not complained to first. She attended him to excuse it, but ill blood is made by it. He told me how Mr. Williamson stood in a little place to have come into the House of Commons, and they would not choose him; they said, "No courtier." [2] And which is worse, Bab May went down in great state to Winchelsea with the Duke of York's letters, not doubting to be chosen; and there the people chose a private gentleman in spite of him, and cried out they would have no Court pimp to be their burgesse; which are things that bode very ill.[3] This afternoon I went to see and sat a good while with Mrs. Martin, and there was her sister Doll, with whom, contrary to all expectation, I did what I would, and might have done anything else.

22nd. Up, and by coach to Westminster Hall, there thinking to have met Betty Michell, who I heard yesterday staid all night at her father's, but she was gone. So I staid a little and then down to the bridge by water, and there overtook her and her father. So saluted her and walked over London Bridge with them and there parted, the weather being very foul, and so to the Tower by water, and so home, where I find Mr. Cæsar playing the treble to my boy upon the Theorbo, the first time I heard him, which pleases me mightily. After dinner I carried him and my wife towards Westminster, by coach, myself 'lighting at the Temple, and there, being a little too soon, walked in the Temple Church, looking with pleasure on the monuments and epitaphs, and then to my Lord Belasses, where Creed and Povy by appointment met to discourse of some of their Tangier accounts between my Lord and Vernatty, who will prove a very knave. That being done I away with Povy to White Hall, and thence I to Unthanke's, and there take up my wife, and so home, it being very foule and darke. Being there come, I to the set-

[1] Son of Thomas Killigrew by his first wife, Cecilia, daughter of Sir John Crofts, and maid of honour to Henrietta Maria. Born April 9th, 1637, and baptized in St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, April 16th. He is called "young," to distinguish him from his uncle of the same name, who was Master of the Savoy. He was Groom of the Bedchamber to the Duke of York (1656), then to the king (1662), again to the duke (1666), and again to the king (1669). He was living in 1694, when he held his father's place of Master of the Revels.

[2] Williamson stood for Morpeth, but was unsuccessful; Edward, Lord Morpeth, was elected on September 27th, 1666.

[3] Robert Austin of Tenterden was elected M.P. for Winchelsea, October 4th, 1666.

tling of some of my money matters in my chests, and evening some accounts, which I was at late, to my extraordinary content, and especially to see all things hit so even and right and with an apparent profit and advantage since my last accounting, but how much I cannot particularly yet come to adjudge. Late to supper and to bed.

23rd. Up, and to the office all the morning. At noon Sir W. Batten told me Sir Richard Ford would accept of one-third of my profit of our private man-of-war, and bear one-third of the charge, and be bound in the Admiralty, so I shall be excused being bound, which I like mightily of, and did draw up a writing, as well as I could, to that purpose and signed and sealed it, and so he and Sir R. Ford are to go to enter into bond this afternoon. Home to dinner, and after dinner, it being late, I down by water to Shadwell, to see Betty Michell, the first time I was ever at their new dwelling since the fire, and there find her in the house all alone. I find her mighty modest. But had her lips as much as I would, and indeed she is mighty pretty, that I love her exceedingly. I paid her £10 1*s*. that I received upon a ticket for her husband, which is a great kindness I have done them, and having kissed her as much as I would, I away, poor wretch, and down to Deptford to see Sir J. Minnes ordering of the pay of some ships there, which he do most miserably, and so home. Bagwell's wife, seeing me come the fields way, did get over her pales to come after and talk with me, which she did for a good way, and so parted, and I home, and to the office, very busy, and so to supper and to bed.

24th. Up, and down to the Old Swan, and there find little Michell come to his new shop that he hath built there in the room of his house that was burned. I hope he will do good here. I drank and bade him joy, for I love him and his wife well, him for his care, and her for her person, and so to White Hall, where we attended the Duke; and to all our complaints for want of money, which now we are tired out with making, the Duke only tells us that he is sorry for it, and hath spoke to the King of it, and money we shall have as soon as it can be found; and though all the issue of the war lies upon it, yet that is all the answer we can get, and that is as bad or worse than nothing. Thence to Westminster Hall, where the term is begun, and I did take a turn or two, and so away by coach to Sir R. Viner's, and there received some money, and then home and to dinner. After dinner to little business, and then abroad with my wife, she to see her brother, who is sick, and she believes is from some discontent his wife hath given him by her loose carriage, which he is told, and he hath found has been very suspicious in his absence, which I am sorry for. I to the Hall and there walked long, among others talking with Mr. Hayes, Prince Rupert's Secretary, a very ingenious man, and one, I think, fit to contract some friendship with. Here I staid late, walking to and again, hearing how the Parliament proceeds, which is mighty slowly in the settling of the money business, and great factions growing every day among them. I am told also how Holmes did last Sunday de-

liver in his articles to the King and Cabinet against [Sir Jeremy] Smith, and that Smith hath given in his answer, and lays his not accompanying the fleete to his pilot, who would not undertake to carry the ship further; which the pilot acknowledges. The thing is not accommodated, but only taken up, and both sides commanded to be quiet; but no peace like to be. The Duke of Albemarle is Smith's friend, and hath publiquely swore that he would never go to sea again unless Holmes's commission were taken from him.[1] I find by Hayes that they did expect great glory in coming home in so good condition as they did with the fleete, and therefore I the less wonder that the Prince was distasted with my discourse the other day about the bad state of the fleete. But it pleases me to hear that he did expect great thanks, and lays the fault of the want of it upon the fire, which deadened everything, and the glory of his services. About seven at night home, and called my wife, and, it being moonshine, took her into the garden, and there layed open our condition as to our estate, and the danger of my having it [his money] all in the house at once, in case of any disorder or troubles in the State, and therefore resolved to remove part of it to Brampton, and part some whither else, and part in my owne house, which is very necessary, and will tend to our safety, though I shall not think it safe out of my owne sight. So to the office, and then to supper and to bed.

25th. Up betimes and by water to White Hall, and there with Sir G. Carteret to Sir W. Coventry, who is come to his winter lodgings at White Hall, and there agreed upon a method of paying of tickets; and so I back again home and to the office, where we sate all the morning, but to little purpose but to receive clamours for money. At noon home to dinner, where the two Mrs. Daniels come to see us, and dined with us. After dinner I out with my wife to Mrs. Pierce's, where she hath not been a great while, from

[1] In the instructions given to Sir Thomas Clifford (August 5th, 1666) to be communicated to Prince Rupert and the Duke of Albemarle, we read: "to tell them that the complaint of Sir Jeremy Smith's misbehaviour in the late engagement being so universal, unless he have fully satisfied the generals he should be brought to trial by court-martial, and there purged or condemned." The Duke of Albemarle answered the king (August 14th?): "Wishes to clear a gallant man falsely accused, Sir Jeremiah Smith, who had more men killed and hurt, and his ship received more shot than any in the fleet. There is not a more spirited man serves in the fleet." On October 27th H. Muddiman wrote to Sir Edward Stradling: "Sir Jeremy Smith has got as much credit by his late examination as his enemies wished him disgrace, the King and Duke of York being fully satisfied of his valour in the engagement. It appears that he had 147 men killed and wounded, while the most eminent of his accusers had but two or three." With regard to Sir Jeremy's counter-charges, we read: "Nov. 3. The King having maturely considered the charges brought against Sir Rob. Holmes by Sir Jeremy Smith, finds no cause to suspect Sir Robert of cowardice in the fight with the Dutch of June 25 and 26, but thinks that on the night of the 26th he yielded too easily to the opinion of his pilot, without consulting those of the other ships, muzzled his ship, and thus obliged the squadron to do the same, and so the enemy, which might have been driven into the body of the king's fleet, then returning from the pursuit, was allowed to escape" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1666–67, pp. 14, 40, 222, 236).

some little unkindness[1] of my wife's to her when she was last here, but she received us with mighty respect and discretion, and was making herself mighty fine to go to a great ball to-night at Court, being the Queene's birthday; so the ladies for this one day do wear laces, but to put them off again to-morrow. Thence I to my Lord Bruncker's, and with him to Mrs. Williams's, where we met Knipp. I was glad to see the jade. Made her sing; and she told us they begin at both houses to act on Monday next. But I fear, after all this sorrow, their gains will be but little. Mrs. Williams says, the Duke's house will now be much the better of the two, because of their women; which I am glad to hear. Thence with Lord Bruncker to White Hall and there spoke with Sir W. Coventry about some office business, and then I away to Mrs. Pierce's, and there saw her new closet, which is mighty rich and fine. Her daughter Betty grows mighty pretty. Thence with my wife home and to do business at the office. Then to Sir W. Batten's, who tells me that the House of Parliament makes mighty little haste in settling the money, and that he knows not when it will be done; but they fall into faction, and libells have been found in the House. Among others, one yesterday, wherein they reckon up divers great sums to be given away by the King, among others, £10,000 to Sir W. Coventry, for weare and teare (the point he stood upon to advance that sum by, for them to give the King); Sir G. Carteret £50,000 for something else, I think supernumerarys; and so to Matt. Wren £5,000 for passing the Canary Company's patent; and so a great many other sums to other persons. So home to supper and to bed.

26th. Up, and all the morning and most of the afternoon within doors, beginning to set my accounts in order from before this fire, I being behindhand with them ever since; and this day I got most of my tradesmen to bring in their bills and paid them. Dined at home, and busy again after dinner, and then abroad by water to Westminster Hall, where I walked till the evening, and then out, the first time I ever was abroad with Doll Lane, to the Dog tavern, and there drank with her, a bad face, but good bodied girle. Did nothing but salute and play with her and talk, and thence away by coach, home, and so to do a little more in my accounts, and then to supper and to bed. Nothing done in the House yet as to the finishing of the bill for money, which is a mighty sad thing, all lying at stake for it.

27th. Up, and there comes to see me my Lord Belasses, which was a great honour. He tells me great newes, yet but what I suspected, that Vernatty is fled, and so hath cheated him and twenty more, but most of all, I doubt, Mr. Povy. Thence to talk about publique business; he tells me how the two Houses begin to be troublesome; the Lords to have quarrels one with another. My Lord Duke of Buckingham having said to the Lord Chancellor (who is against the passing of the Bill for prohibiting the bringing over of Irish cattle), that whoever was against the Bill, was there led to it by an Irish interest, or an Irish understanding, which is as much as to say he is a

[1] See August 6th, 1666.

foole; this bred heat from my Lord Chancellor, and something he [Buckingham] said did offend my Lord of Ossory[1] (my Lord Duke of Ormond's son), and they two had hard words, upon which the latter sends a challenge to the former; of which the former complains to the House, and so the business is to be heard on Monday next.[2] Then as to the Commons; some ugly knives, like poignards, to stab people with, about two or three hundred of them were brought in yesterday to the House, found in one of the house's rubbish that was burned, and said to be the house of a Catholique. This and several letters out of the country, saying how high the Catholiques are everywhere and bold in the owning their religion, have made the Commons mad, and they presently voted that the King be desired to put all Catholiques out of employment, and other high things; while the business of money hangs in the hedge. So that upon the whole, God knows we are in a sad condition like to be, there being the very beginnings of the late troubles. He gone, I at the office all the morning. At noon home to dinner, where Mrs. Pierce and her boy and Knipp, who sings as well, and is the best company in the world, dined with us, and infinite merry. The playhouses begin to play next week. Towards evening I took them out to the New Exchange, and there my wife bought things, and I did give each of them a pair of Jesimy[3] plain gloves, and another of white. Here Knipp and I walked up and down to see handsome faces, and did see several. Then carried each of them home, and with great pleasure and content, home myself, where, having writ several letters, I home, and there, upon some serious discourse between my wife and I upon the business, I called to us my brother, and there broke to him our design to send him into the country with some part of our money, and so did seriously discourse the whole thing, and then away to sup-

[1] Thomas, Earl of Ossory, sat in the House of Lords as Baron Butler, but his creation in 1665 is not mentioned in Courthope's "Historic Peerage" or in Solly's "Titles of Honour." In these books his creation in 1679 as Baron Butler of More Park, co. Hertford, only is mentioned. He died in 1680, and was succeeded by his son James, who himself succeeded his grandfather as second Duke of Ormonde in 1688.

[2] The proceedings on the 27th are not clearly stated. According to Clarendon, this bill was urgently pressed forward in the House of Lords by the Duke of Buckingham. The debate became most disorderly, especially on the part of its promoters. On the duke making the remark above quoted, Lord Ossory, not trusting himself with a reply in the house, challenged Buckingham privately. This the duke endeavoured to avoid, and was found in a place not fixed for the meeting. On the following morning he informed the house of the affair. Clarendon regards the whole as a "gross shift" on the part of the duke. Both parties were sent to the Tower. The bill was subsequently passed. See Lord Arlington's account of the quarrel in Brown's "Miscellanea Aulica," p. 423, &c.—B.

[3] Jessemin (Jasminum), the flowers of which are of a delicate sweet smell, and often used to perfume gloves. Edmund Howes, Stow's continuator, informs us that sweet or perfumed gloves were first brought into England by the Earl of Oxford on his return from Italy, in the fifteenth year of Queen Elizabeth, during whose reign, and long afterwards, they were very fashionable. They are frequently mentioned by Shakespeare. Autolycus, in the "Winter's Tale," has among his wares—"Gloves as sweet as damask roses."—B.

per and to bed. I pray God give a blessing to our resolution, for I do much fear we shall meet with speedy distractions for want of money.

28th (Lord's day). Up, and to church with my wife, and then home, and there is come little Michell and his wife, I sent for them, and also comes Captain Guy to dine with me, and he and I much talk together. He cries out of the discipline of the fleete, and confesses really that the true English valour we talk of is almost spent and worn out; few of the commanders doing what they should do, and he much fears we shall therefore be beaten the next year. He assures me we were beaten home the last June fight, and that the whole fleete was ashamed to hear of our bonefires. He commends Smith, and cries out of Holmes for an idle, proud, conceited, though stout fellow. He tells me we are to owe the losse of so many ships on the sands, not to any fault of the pilots, but to the weather; but in this I have good authority to fear there was something more. He says the Dutch do fight in very good order, and we in none at all. He says that in the July fight, both the Prince and Holmes had their belly-fulls, and were fain to go aside; though, if the wind had continued, we had utterly beaten them. He do confess the whole to be governed by a company of fools, and fears our ruine. After dinner he gone, I with my brother to White Hall, and he to Westminster Abbey. I presently to Mrs. Martin's, and there met widow Burroughes and Doll, and did tumble them all the afternoon as I pleased, and having given them a bottle of wine I parted and home by boat (my brother going by land), and thence with my wife to sit and sup with my uncle and aunt Wight, and see Woolly's wife, who is a pretty woman, and after supper, being very merry, in abusing my aunt with Dr. Venner, we home, and I to do something in my accounts, and so to bed. The Revenge having her forecastle blown up with powder to the killing of some men in the River, and the Dyamond's being overset in the careening at Sheernesse,[1] are further marks of the method all the King's work is now done in. The Foresight also and another come to disasters in the same place this week in the cleaning; which is strange.

29th. Up, and to the office to do business, and thither comes to me Sir Thomas Teddiman, and he and I walked a good while in the garden together, discoursing of the disorder and discipline of the fleete, wherein he told me how bad every thing is; but was very wary in speaking any thing to the dishonour of the Prince or Duke of Albemarle, but do magnify my Lord Sandwich much before them both, for ability to serve the King, and do heartily wish for him here. For he fears that we shall be undone the next year, but that he will, however, see an end of it. To prevent the necessity of his dining with me I was forced to pretend occasion of going to Westminster, so

[1] On October 24th Sir William Penn wrote to the Navy Commissioners from Sheerness, with "particulars of the accident befallen the Diamond, Greenwich, and Foresight"—"they are now afloat and their damages repaired" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1666–67, p. 216).

away I went, and Mr. Barber, the clerk, having a request to make to me to get him into employment, did walk along with me, and by water to Westminster with me, he professing great love to me, and an able clerk he is. When I come thither I find the new Lord Mayor Bolton[1] a-swearing at the Exchequer, with some of the Aldermen and Livery; but, Lord! to see how meanely they now look, who upon this day used to be all little lords, is a sad sight and worthy consideration. And every body did reflect with pity upon the poor City, to which they are now coming to choose and swear their Lord Mayor, compared with what it heretofore was. Thence by coach (having in the Hall bought me a velvet riding cap, cost me 20*s.*) to my taylor's and there bespoke a plain vest, and so to my goldsmith to bid him look out for some gold for me; and he tells me that ginnys, which I bought 2,000 of not long ago, and cost me but 18½*d.* change, will now cost me 22*d.*; and but very few to be had at any price. However, some more I will have, for they are very convenient, and of easy disposal. So home to dinner and to discourse with my brother upon his translation of my Lord Bacon's "Faber Fortunæ," which I gave him to do and he has done it, but meanely; I am not pleased with it at all, having done it only literally, but without any life at all. About five o'clock I took my wife (who is mighty fine, and with a new fair pair of locks, which vex me, though like a foole I helped her the other night to buy them), and to Mrs. Pierce's, and there staying a little I away before to White Hall and into the new play-house[2] there, the first time I ever was there, and the first play I have seen since before the great plague. By and by Mr. Pierce comes, bringing my wife and his, and Knipp. By and by the King and Queene, Duke and Duchesse, and all the great ladies of the Court; which, indeed, was a fine sight. But the play being "Love in a Tub,"[3] a silly play, and though done by the Duke's people, yet having neither Betterton nor his wife,[4] and the whole thing done ill, and being ill also, I had no manner of pleasure in the play. Besides, the House, though very fine, yet bad for the voice, for hearing. The sight of the ladies, indeed, was exceeding noble; and above all, my Lady Castlemayne. The play done by ten o'clock. I carried them all home, and then home myself, and well satisfied with the sight, but not the play, we with great content to bed.

30th. Up, and to the office, where sat all the morning, and at noon home to dinner, and then to the office again, where late, very busy, and dispatching much business. Mr. Hater staying most of the afternoon abroad, he come to me, poor man, to make excuse, and it was that he had been looking out for a little house for his family. His wife being much frightened in the country

[1] Sir William Bolton, Merchant Tailor; Sheriff, 1660.

[2] The "Warrant appointing Henry Glover keeper of the Royal Theatre at Whitehall, with the scenes, engines, &c., fee £30 a year from the money allowed for plays, &c.," is dated November 21st, 1666 ("Calendar of State Papers," 1666–67, p. 278).

[3] "The Comical Revenge, or Love in a Tub," a comedy by Sir George Etherege, licensed for printing in 1664, and published in 1669.

[4] See note, *ante*, April 2nd, 1662.

with the discourses of troubles and disorders like to be, and therefore durst not be from him, and therefore he is forced to bring her to towne that they may be together. This is now the general apprehension of all people; particulars I do not know, but my owne fears are also great, and I do think it time to look out to save something, if a storm should come. At night home to supper, and singing with my wife, who hath lately begun to learn, and I think will come to do something, though her eare is not good, nor I, I confess, have patience enough to teach her, or hear her sing now and then a note out of tune, and am to blame that I cannot bear with that in her which is fit I should do with her as a learner, and one that I desire much could sing, and so should encourage her. This I was troubled at, for I do find that I do put her out of heart, and make her fearfull to sing before me. So after supper to bed.

31st. Out with Sir W. Batten toward White Hall, being in pain in my cods by being squeezed the other night in a little coach when I carried Pierce and his wife and my people. But I hope I shall be soon well again. This day is a great day at the House, so little to do with the Duke of York, but soon parted. Coming out of the Court I met Colonell Atkins, who tells me the whole city rings to-day of Sir Jeremy Smith's killing of Holmes in a duell, at which I was not much displeased, for I fear every day more and more mischief from the man, if he lives; but the thing is not true, for in my coach I did by and by meet Sir Jer. Smith going to Court. So I by coach to my goldsmith, there to see what gold I can get, which is but little, and not under 22*d*. So away home to dinner, and after dinner to my closett, where I spent the whole afternoon till late at evening of all my accounts publique and private, and to my great satisfaction I do find that I do bring my accounts to a very near balance, notwithstanding all the hurries and troubles I have been put to by the late fire, that I have not been able to even my accounts since July last before; and I bless God I do find that I am worth more than ever I yet was, which is £6,200, for which the Holy Name of God be praised! and my other accounts of Tangier in a very plain and clear condition, that I am not liable to any trouble from them; but in fear great I am, and I perceive the whole city is, of some distractions and disorders among us, which God of his goodness prevent! Late to supper with my wife and brother, and then to bed. And thus ends the month with an ill aspect, the business of the Navy standing wholly still. No credit, no goods sold us, nobody will trust. All we have to do at the office is to hear complaints for want of money. The Duke of York himself for now three weeks seems to rest satisfied that we can do nothing without money, and that all must stand still till the King gets money, which the Parliament have been a great while about; but are so dissatisfied with the King's management, and his giving himself up to pleasures, and not minding the calling to account any of his officers, and they observe so much the expense of the war, and yet that after we have made it the most we can, it do not amount to what they have given the King for the warr, that they

are backward of giving any more. However, £1,800,000 they have voted, but the way of gathering it has taken up more time than is fit to be now lost. The seamen grow very rude, and every thing out of order; commanders having no power over their seamen, but the seamen do what they please. Few stay on board, but all coming running up hither to towne and nobody can with justice blame them, we owing them so much money; and their familys must starve if we do not give them money, or they procure upon their tickets from some people that will trust them. A great folly is observed by all people in the King's giving leave to so many merchantmen to go abroad this winter, and some upon voyages where it is impossible they should be back again by the spring and the rest will be doubtfull, but yet we let them go; what the reason of State is nobody can tell, but all condemn it. The Prince and Duke of Albemarle have got no great credit by this year's service. Our losses both of reputation and ships having been greater than is thought have ever been suffered in all ages put together before; being beat home, and fleeing home the first fight, and then losing so many ships then and since upon the sands, and some falling into the enemy's hands, and not one taken this yeare, but the Ruby, French prize, now at the end of the yeare, by the Frenchmen's mistake in running upon us. Great folly in both Houses of Parliament, several persons falling together by the eares, among others in the House of Lords, the Duke of Buckingham and my Lord Ossory.[1] Such is our case that every body fears an invasion the next yeare; and for my part, I do methinks foresee great unhappiness coming upon us, and do provide for it by laying by something against a rainy day, dividing what I have, and laying it in several places, but with all faithfulness to the King in all respects; my grief only being that the King do not look after his business himself, and thereby will be undone both himself and his nation, it being not yet, I believe, too late if he would apply himself to it, to save all, and conquer the Dutch; but while he and the Duke of York mind their pleasure, as they do and nothing else, we must be beaten. So late with my mind in good condition of quiet after the settling all my accounts, and to bed.

November 1st. Up, and was presented by Burton, one of our smith's wives, with a very noble cake, which I presently resolved to have my wife go with to-day, and some wine, and house-warme my Betty Michell, which she readily resolved to do. So I to the office and sat all the morning, where little to do but answer people about want of money; so that there is little service

[1] October 31st, 1666. "Humble petition of George, Duke of Bucks, shewing, 'That the displeasure of this Honourable House has been a greater trouble to him than anything could have befallen him in this business which has been the occasion of it.' Likewise the petition of Thomas, Lord Butler, was read, shewing, 'That he being heartily sorry for the occasion he hath given their Lordships to be displeased at him, in the late quarrel he had with the Duke of Buckingham . . . . humbly beseecheth their Lordships to restore him to his Liberty and their favour.' Hereupon it is ordered, That the Duke of Bucks and the Lord Butler be released and discharged from their present and respective restraints" ("Journals of the House of Lords," vol. xii., p. 22).

done the King by us, and great disquiet to ourselves; I am sure there is to me very much, for I do not enjoy myself as I would and should do in my employment if my pains could do the King better service, and with the peace that we used to do it. At noon to dinner, and from dinner my wife and my brother, and W. Hewer and Barker away to Betty Michell's, to Shadwell, and I to my office, where I took in Mrs. Bagwell and did what I would with her, and so she went away, and I all the afternoon till almost night there, and then, my wife being come back, I took her and set her at her brother's, who is very sicke, and I to White Hall, and there all alone a pretty while with Sir W. Coventry at his chamber. I find him very melancholy under the same considerations of the King's service that I am. He confesses with me he expects all will be undone, and all ruined; he complains and sees perfectly what I with grief do, and said it first himself to me that all discipline is lost in the fleete, no order nor no command, and concurs with me that it is necessary we do again and again represent all things more and more plainly to the Duke of York, for a guard to ourselves hereafter when things shall come to be worse. He says the House goes on slowly in finding of money, and that the discontented party do say they have not done with us, for they will have a further bout with us as to our accounts, and they are exceedingly well instructed where to hit us. I left him with a thousand sad reflections upon the times, and the state of the King's matters, and so away, and took up my wife and home, where a little at the office, and then home to supper, and talk with my wife (with whom I have much comfort) and my brother, and so to bed.

2nd. Up betimes, and with Sir W. Batten to Woolwich, where first we went on board the Ruby,[1] French prize, the only ship of war we have taken from any of our enemies this year. It seems a very good ship, but with galleries quite round the sterne to walk in as a balcone, which will be taken down. She had also about forty good brass guns, but will make little amends to our loss in The Prince. Thence to the Ropeyarde and the other yards to do several businesses, he and I also did buy some apples and pork; by the same token the butcher commended it as the best in England for cloath and colour. And for his beef, says he, "Look how fat it is; the lean appears only here and there a speck, like beauty-spots." Having done at Woolwich, we to Deptford (it being very cold upon the water), and there did also a little more business, and so home, I reading all the way to make end of the "Bondman" (which the oftener I read the more I like), and begun "The Duchesse of Malfy,"[2] which seems a good play. At home to dinner, and there come Mr. Pierce, surgeon, to see me, and after I had eat something, he and I and

[1] "M. de la Roche has been taken in the Ruby, a ship of 54 guns and 500 men, which was separated from Beaufort, and fell into the midst of the White Squadron, the colour of the flag deceiving him that it was French" (Letter from Jo. Hayes to Williamson, dated September 19th, "Calendar of State Papers," 1666–67, p. 139).

[2] Massinger's "Bondman," acted before the court in 1623, and published in the following year. Webster's "Duchess of Malfy" was first published in 1623.

my wife by coach to Westminster, she set us down at White Hall, and she to her brother's. I up into the House, and among other things walked a good while with the Serjeant Trumpet,[1] who tells me, as I wished, that the King's Italian here is about setting three parts for trumpets, and shall teach some to sound them, and believes they will be admirable musique. I also walked with Sir Stephen Fox an houre, and good discourse of publique business with him, who seems very much satisfied with my discourse, and desired more of my acquaintance. Then comes out the King and Duke of York from the Council, and so I spoke awhile to Sir W. Coventry about some office business, and so called my wife (her brother being now a little better than he was), and so home, and I to my chamber to do some business, and then to supper and to bed.

3rd. This morning comes Mr. Lovett, and brings me my print of the Passion, varnished by him, and the frame black, which indeed is very fine, though not so fine as I expected, however, pleases me exceedingly. This, and the sheets of paper he prepared for me, come to £3, which I did give him, and though it be more than is fit to lay out on pleasure, yet, it being ingenious, I did not think much of it. He gone, I to the office, where all the morning to little purpose, nothing being before us but clamours for money. So at noon home to dinner, and after dinner to hang up my new varnished picture and set my chamber in order to be made clean, and then to the office again, and there all the afternoon till late at night, and so to supper and to bed.

4th (Lord's day). Comes my taylor's man in the morning, and brings my vest home, and coate to wear with it, and belt, and silver-hilted sword. So I rose and dressed myself, and I like myself mightily in it, and so do my wife.[2] Then, being dressed, to church; and after church pulled my Lady Pen and Mrs. Markham into my house to dinner, and Sir J. Minnes he got Mrs. Pegg along with him. I had a good dinner for them, and very merry; and after dinner to the waterside, and so, it being very cold, to White Hall, and was mighty fearfull of an ague, my vest being new and thin, and the coat cut not to meet before upon my breast. Here I waited in the gallery till the Council was up, and among others did speak with Mr. Cooling, my Lord Chamberlain's secretary, who tells me my Lord Generall is become mighty low in all people's opinion, and that he hath received several slurs from the King and Duke of York. The people at Court do see the difference between his and the Prince's management, and my Lord Sandwich's. That this business which he is put upon of crying out against the Catholiques and turning them out of all employment, will undo him, when he comes to turn out the officers out of the Army, and this is a thing of his own seeking. That he is grown a

[1] The serjeant trumpeter was Gervase Price. The year's salary (which was not very regularly paid) for the serjeant trumpeter, sixteen trumpeters, and kettle-drummer, was £1,120 ("Calendar of State Papers," 1666–67, p. 446).

[2] See notes on the new costume introduced by the king, *ante*, October 8th, 15th; *post*, November 22nd.

drunken sot, and drinks with nobody but Troutbecke, whom nobody else will keep company with. Of whom he told me this story: That once the Duke of Albemarle in his drink taking notice as of a wonder that Nan Hide should ever come to be Duchesse of York, "Nay," says Troutbecke, "ne'er wonder at that; for if you will give me another bottle of wine, I will tell you as great, if not greater, a miracle." And what was that, but that our dirty Besse (meaning his Duchesse) should come to be Duchesse of Albemarle? Here we parted, and so by and by the Council rose, and out comes Sir G. Carteret and Sir W. Coventry, and they and my Lord Bruncker and I went to Sir G. Carteret's lodgings, there to discourse about some money demanded by Sir W. Warren, and having done that broke up. And Sir G. Carteret and I alone together a while, where he shows a long letter, all in cipher, from my Lord Sandwich to him. The contents he hath not yet found out, but he tells me that my Lord is not sent for home, as several people have enquired after of me. He spoke something reflecting upon me in the business of pursers, that their present bad behaviour is what he did foresee, and had convinced me of, and yet when it come last year to be argued before the Duke of York I turned and said as the rest did. I answered nothing to it, but let it go, and so to other discourse of the ill state of things, of which all people are full of sorrow and observation, and so parted, and then by water, landing in Southwarke, home to the Tower, and so home, and there began to read "Potters' Discourse upon 666," [1] which pleases me mightily, and then broke off and to supper and to bed.

5th (A holyday). Lay long; then up, and to the office, where vexed to meet with people come from the fleete at the Nore, where so many ships are laid up and few going abroad, and yet Sir Thomas Allen hath sent up some Lieutenants with warrants to presse men for a few ships to go out this winter, while every day thousands appear here, to our great trouble and affright, before our office and the ticket office, and no Captains able to command one man aboard. Thence by water to Westminster, and there at the Swan find Sarah is married to a shoemaker yesterday, so I could not see her, but I believe I shall hereafter at good leisure. Thence by coach to my Lady Peterborough,[2] and there spoke with my Lady, who had sent to speak with me. She makes mighty moan of the badness of the times, and her family as to money. My Lord's passionateness for want thereof, and his want of coming in of rents, and no wages from the Duke of York. No money to be had there for wages nor disbursements, and therefore prays my assistance about his pension. I was moved with her story, which she largely and handsomely told me, and promised I would try what I could do in a few days, and so took

[1] "An Interpretation of the number 666." Oxford, 1642, 4to. The work was afterwards translated into French, Dutch, and Latin. It was written by Francis Potter, an English divine, born in Wiltshire, 1594, who died about 1678, at Kilmington, in Somersetshire, of which he was rector (Wood's "Athenæ"). See February 18th, 1665–66.—B.

[2] See August 10th, 1663.

leave, being willing to keep her Lord fair with me, both for his respect to my Lord Sandwich and for my owne sake hereafter, when I come to pass my accounts. Thence to my Lord Crew's, and there dined, and mightily made of, having not, to my shame, been there in 8 months before. Here my Lord and Sir Thomas Crew, Mr. John, and Dr. Crew,[1] and two strangers. The best family in the world for goodness and sobriety. Here beyond my expectation I met my Lord Hinchingbroke, who is come to towne two days since from Hinchingbroke, and brought his sister and brother Carteret with him, who are at Sir G. Carteret's. After dinner I and Sir Thomas Crew went aside to discourse of public matters, and do find by him that all the country gentlemen are publickly jealous of the courtiers in the Parliament, and that they do doubt every thing that they propose; and that the true reason why the country gentlemen are for a land-tax and against a general excise, is, because they are fearful that if the latter be granted they shall never get it down again; whereas the land-tax will be but for so much, and when the war ceases, there will be no ground got by the Court to keep it up. He do much cry out upon our accounts, and that all that they have had from the King hath been but estimates both from my Lord Treasurer and us, and from all people else, so that the Parliament is weary of it. He says the House would be very glad to get something against Sir G. Carteret, and will not let their inquiries die till they have got something. He do, from what he hath heard at the Committee for examining the burning of the City, conclude it as a thing certain that it was done by plots;[2] it being proved by many witnesses that endeavours were made in several places to encrease the fire, and that both in City and country it was bragged by several Papists that upon such a day or in such a time we should find the hottest weather that ever was in England, and words of plainer sense. But my Lord Crew was discoursing at table how the Judges have determined in the case whether the landlords or the tenants (who are, in their leases, all of them generally tied to maintain and uphold their houses) shall bear the losse of the fire; and they say that tenants should against all casualties of fire beginning either in their owne or in their neighbour's; but, where it is done by an enemy, they are not to do it. And this was by an enemy, there having been one convicted and hanged upon this very score. This is an excellent salvo for the tenants, and for which I am glad, because of my father's house. After dinner and this discourse I took coach, and at the same time find my Lord Hinchingbroke and Mr. John Crew and the Doctor going out to see the ruins of the City; so I took the Doctor into my hackney coach (and he is a very fine sober gentleman), and so through the City. But, Lord! what pretty and sober observations he made

[1] John, Lord Crew (see note, January 2nd, 1659–60); Sir Thomas Crew, his eldest son, second Lord Crew, 1679 (see note, January 25th, 1659–60); John Crew, younger son of first Lord Crew; Nathaniel Crew, fifth son of the first Lord Crew, Bishop of Durham, 1674, succeeded as third Lord Crew in 1697 (see note, May 17th, 1662).

[2] See note, December 13th, *post*.

of the City and its desolation; till anon we come to my house, and there I took them upon Tower Hill to shew them what houses were pulled down there since the fire; and then to my house, where I treated them with good wine of several sorts, and they took it mighty respectfully, and a fine company of gentlemen they are; but above all I was glad to see my Lord Hinchingbroke drink no wine at all. Here I got them to appoint Wednesday come se'nnight to dine here at my house, and so we broke up and all took coach again, and I carried the Doctor to Chancery Lane, and thence I to White Hall, where I staid walking up and down till night, and then got almost into the playhouse, having much mind to go and see the play at Court this night; but fearing how I should get home, because of the bonefires and the lateness of the night to get a coach, I did not stay; but having this evening seen my Lady Jemimah, who is come to towne, and looks very well and fat, and heard how Mr. John Pickering is to be married this week, and to a fortune with £5,000, and seen a rich necklace of pearle and two pendants of dyamonds, which Sir G. Carteret hath presented her with since her coming to towne, I home by coach, but met not one bonefire through the whole town in going round by the wall, which is strange, and speaks the melancholy disposition of the City at present, while never more was said of, and feared of, and done against the Papists than just at this time. Home, and there find my wife and her people at cards, and I to my chamber, and there late, and so to supper and to bed.

6th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning sitting. At noon home to dinner, and after dinner down alone by water to Deptford, reading "Duchesse of Malfy," the play, which is pretty good, and there did some business, and so up again, and all the evening at the office. At night home, and there find Mr. Batelier, who supped with us, and good company he is, and so after supper to bed.

7th. Up, and with Sir W. Batten to White Hall, where we attended as usual the Duke of York, and there was by the folly of Sir W. Batten prevented in obtaining a bargain for Captain Cocke, which would, I think have [been] at this time (during our great want of hempe), both profitable to the King and of good convenience to me; but I matter it not, it being done only by the folly, not any design, of Sir W. Batten's. Thence to Westminster Hall, and, it being fast day, there was no shops open, but meeting with Doll Lane, did go with her to the Rose taverne, and there drank and played with her a good while. She went away, and I staid a good while after, and was seen going out by one of our neighbours near the office and two of the Hall people that I had no mind to have been seen by, but there was no hurt in it nor can be alleged from it. Therefore I am not solicitous in it, but took coach and called at Faythorne's, to buy some prints for my wife to draw by this winter, and here did see my Lady Castlemayne's picture, done by him from Lilly's, in red chalke and other colours, by which he hath cut it in copper to be printed. The picture in chalke is the finest thing I ever saw in my life,

I think; and did desire to buy it; but he says he must keep it awhile to correct his copper-plate[1] by, and when that is done he will sell it me. Thence home and find my wife gone out with my brother to see her brother. I to dinner and thence to my chamber to read, and so to the office (it being a fast day and so a holiday), and then to Mrs. Turner's, at her request to speake and advise about Sir Thomas Harvy's coming to lodge there, which I think must be submitted to, and better now than hereafter, when he gets more ground, for I perceive he intends to stay by it, and begins to crow mightily upon his late being at the payment of tickets; but a coxcombe he is and will never be better in the business of the Navy. Thence home, and there find Mr. Batelier come to bring my wife a very fine puppy of his mother's spaniel, a very fine one indeed, which my wife is mighty proud of. He staid and supped with us, and they to cards. I to my chamber to do some business, and then out to them to play and were a little merry, and then to bed. By the Duke of York his discourse to-day in his chamber, they have it at Court, as well as we here, that a fatal day is to be expected shortly, of some great mischiefe to the remainder of this day; whether by the Papists, or what, they are not certain. But the day is disputed; some say next Friday, others a day sooner, others later, and I hope all will prove a foolery. But it is observable how every body's fears are busy at this time.

8th. Up, and before I went to the office I spoke with Mr. Martin for his advice about my proceeding in the business of the private man-of-war, he having heretofore served in one of them, and now I have it in my thoughts to send him purser in ours. After this discourse I to the office, where I sat all the morning, Sir W. Coventry with us, where he hath not been a great while, Sir W. Pen also, newly come from the Nore, where he hath been some time fitting of the ships out. At noon home to dinner and then to the office awhile, and so home for my sword, and there find Mercer come to see her mistresse. I was glad to see her there, and my wife mighty kind also, and for my part, much vexed that the jade is not with us still. Left them together, designing to go abroad to-morrow night to Mrs. Pierce's to dance; and so I to Westminster Hall, and there met Mr. Grey, who tells me the House is sitting still (and now it was six o'clock), and likely to sit till midnight; and have proceeded fair to give the King his supply presently; and herein have done more to-day than was hoped for. So to White Hall to Sir W. Coventry, and there would fain have carried Captain Cocke's business for his bargain of hemp, but am defeated and disappointed, and know hardly how to carry myself in it between my interest and desire not to offend Sir W. Coventry. Sir W. Coventry did this night tell me how the business is about Sir J. Minnes; that he is to be a Commissioner, and my Lord Bruncker and Sir W. Pen are to be Controller joyntly, which I am very glad of, and better than if they were either of them alone; and do hope truly that the King's business will be better done thereby, and infinitely better than now it is.

[1] See December 1st, 1666, on which day Pepys bought three copies of the engraving.

Thence by coach home, full of thoughts of the consequence of this alteration in our office, and I think no evil to me. So at my office late, and then home to supper and to bed. Mr. Grey did assure me this night, that he was told this day, by one of the greater Ministers of State in England, and one of the King's Cabinet, that we had little left to agree on between the Dutch and us towards a peace, but only the place of treaty; which do astonish me to hear, but I am glad of it, for I fear the consequence of the war. But he says that the King, having all the money he is like to have, we shall be sure of a peace in a little time.

9th. Up and to the office, where did a good deale of business, and then at noon to the Exchange and to my little goldsmith's, whose wife[1] is very pretty and modest, that ever I saw any. Upon the 'Change, where I seldom have of late been, I find all people mightily at a losse what to expect, but confusion and fears in every man's head and heart. Whether war or peace, all fear the event will be bad. Thence home and with my brother to dinner, my wife being dressing herself against night; after dinner I to my closett all the afternoon, till the porter brought my vest back from the taylor's, and then to dress myself very fine, about 4 or 5 o'clock, and by that time comes Mr. Batelier and Mercer, and away by coach to Mrs. Pierce's, by appointment, where we find good company: a fair lady, my Lady Prettyman,[2] Mrs. Corbet,[3] Knipp; and for men, Captain Downing, Mr. Lloyd, Sir W. Coventry's clerk, and one Mr. Tripp, who dances well. After some trifling discourse, we to dancing, and very good sport, and mightily pleased I was with the company. After our first bout of dancing, Knipp and I to sing, and Mercer and Captain Downing (who loves and understands musique) would by all means have my song of "Beauty, retire:" which Knipp had spread abroad, and he extols it above any thing he ever heard, and, without flattery, I know it is good in its kind. This being done and going to dance again, comes news that White Hall was on fire; and presently more particulars, that the Horse-guard was on fire;[4] and so we run up to the garret, and find it so; a horrid great fire; and by and by we saw and heard part of it blown up with powder. The ladies begun presently to be afeard: one fell into fits. The whole

[1] Mrs. Stokes, of Paternoster Row (see January 10th, 1665–66), wife of Humphry Stokes.

[2] Margaret, daughter and heir of Sir Matthew Mennes, K.B., and wife of Sir John Prettyman, Bart., M.P. for Leicester.—B.

[3] There was an actress of this name. She played Clevly, at the King's House, in the Hon. Edward Howard's "Man of Newmarket," 1678.—B.

[4] "Nov. 9th. Between seven and eight at night, there happened a fire in the Horse Guard House, in the Tilt Yard, over against Whitehall, which at first arising, it is supposed, from some snuff of a candle falling amongst the straw, broke out with so sudden a flame, that at once it seized the north-west part of that building; but being so close under His Majesty's own eye, it was, by the timely help His Majesty and His Royal Highness caused to be applied, immediately stopped, and by ten o'clock wholly mastered, with the loss only of that part of the building it had at first seized."—*The London Gazette*, No. 103.—B.

town in an alarme. Drums beat and trumpets, and the guards every where spread, running up and down in the street. And I begun to have mighty apprehensions how things might be at home, and so was in mighty pain to get home, and that that encreased all is that we are in expectation, from common fame, this night, or to-morrow, to have a massacre, by the having so many fires one after another, as that in the City, and at the same time begun in Westminster, by the Palace, but put out; and since in Southwarke, to the burning down some houses; and now this do make all people conclude there is something extraordinary in it; but nobody knows what. By and by comes news that the fire has slackened; so then we were a little cheered up again, and to supper, and pretty merry. But, above all, there comes in the dumb boy that I knew in Oliver's time, who is mightily acquainted here, and with Downing; and he made strange signs of the fire, and how the King was abroad, and many things they understood, but I could not, which I wondering at, and discoursing with Downing about it, "Why," says he, "it is only a little use, and you will understand him, and make him understand you with as much ease as may be." So I prayed him to tell him that I was afeard that my coach would be gone, and that he should go down and steal one of the seats out of the coach and keep it, and that would make the coachman to stay. He did this, so that the dumb boy did go down, and, like a cunning rogue, went into the coach, pretending to sleep; and, by and by, fell to his work, but finds the seats nailed to the coach. So he did all he could, but could not do it; however, stayed there, and stayed the coach till the coachman's patience was quite spent, and beat the dumb boy by force, and so went away. So the dumb boy come up and told him all the story, which they below did see all that passed, and knew it to be true. After supper, another dance or two, and then newes that the fire is as great as ever, which put us all to our wit's-end; and I mightily [anxious] to go home, but the coach being gone, and it being about ten at night, and rainy dirty weather, I knew not what to do; but to walk out with Mr. Batelier, myself resolving to go home on foot, and leave the women there. And so did; but at the Savoy got a coach, and come back and took up the women; and so, having, by people come from the fire, understood that the fire was overcome, and all well, we merrily parted, and home. Stopped by several guards and constables quite through the town, round the wall, as we went, all being in armes. We got well home. . . . Being come home, we to cards, till two in the morning, and drinking lamb's-wool.[1] So to bed.

10th. Up and to the office, where Sir W. Coventry come to tell us that the Parliament did fall foul of our accounts again yesterday; and we must arme to have them examined, which I am sorry for: it will bring great trouble to me, and shame upon the office. My head full this morning how to carry on

[1] A beverage consisting of ale mixed with sugar, nutmeg, and the pulp of roasted apples. "A cupp of lamb's-wool they dranke unto him then."—*The King and the Miller of Mansfield* (Percy's "Reliques," Series III., book ii., No. 20).

Captain Cocke's bargain of hemp, which I think I shall by my dexterity do, and to the King's advantage as well as my own. At noon with my Lord Bruncker and Sir Thomas Harvy, to Cocke's house, and there Mrs. Williams and other company, and an excellent dinner. Mr. Temple's wife,[1] after dinner, fell to play on the harpsicon, till she tired everybody, that I left the house without taking leave, and no creature left standing by her to hear her. Thence I home and to the office, where late doing of business, and then home. Read an hour, to make an end of Potter's Discourse of the Number 666, which I like all along, but his close is most excellent; and, whether it be right or wrong, is mighty ingenious. Then to supper and to bed. This is the fatal day that every body hath discoursed for a long time to be the day that the Papists, or I know not who, had designed to commit a massacre upon;[2] but, however, I trust in God we shall rise to-morrow morning as well as ever. This afternoon Creed comes to me, and by him, as also my Lady Pen, I hear that my Lady Denham is exceeding sick, even to death, and that she says, and every body else discourses, that she is poysoned; and Creed tells me, that it is said that there hath been a design to poison the King. What the meaning of all these sad signs is, the Lord knows; but every day things look worse and worse. God fit us for the worst!

11th (Lord's day). Up, and to church, myself and wife, where the old dunce Meriton,[3] brother to the known Meriton, of St. Martin's, Westminster, did make a very good sermon, beyond my expectation. Home to dinner, and we carried in Pegg Pen, and there also come to us little Michell and his wife, and dined very pleasantly. Anon to church, my wife and I and Betty Michell, her husband being gone to Westminster. . . . After church home, and I to my chamber, and there did finish the putting time to my song of "It is decreed," and do please myself at last and think it will be thought a good song. By and by little Michell comes and takes away his wife home, and my wife and brother and I to my uncle Wight's, where my aunt is grown so ugly and their entertainment so bad that I am in pain to be there; nor will go thither again a good while, if sent for, for we were sent for to-night, we had not gone else. Wooly's wife, a silly woman, and not very handsome, but no spirit in her at all; and their discourse mean, and the fear of the troubles of the times hath made them not to bring their plate to town, since it was carried out upon the business of the fire, so that they drink in earth and a wooden can, which I do not like. So home, and my people to bed. I late to finish my song, and then to bed also, and the business of the

[1] The wife of John Temple, Sir Robert Viner's chief clerk.

[2] See December 13th, 1666.

[3] The Rev. John Meriton (1636–1704), rector of St. Michael's, Cornhill, from 1663 till his death, who is referred to on July 9th, 1665, was appointed Sunday lecturer of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields shortly before the Restoration. Miss Porter, the writer of the life of Meriton in the "Dictionary of National Biography," considers him to be the same person as he whom Pepys styles "an old dunce;" but the statement in the text that the latter was brother to the known Meriton seems to throw a doubt on this statement.

firing of the city, and the fears we have of new troubles and violences, and the fear of fire among ourselves, did keep me awake a good while, considering the sad condition I and my family should be in. So at last to sleep.

12th. Lay long in bed, and then up, and Mr. Carcasse brought me near 500 tickets to sign, which I did, and by discourse find him a cunning, confident, shrewd man, but one that I do doubt hath by his discourse of the ill will he hath got with my Lord Marquess of Dorchester (with whom he lived), he hath had cunning practices in his time, and would not now spare to use the same to his profit. That done I to the office, whither by and by comes Creed to me, and he and I walked in the garden a little, talking of the present ill condition of things, which is the common subject of all men's discourse and fears now-a-days, and particularly of my Lady Denham,[1] whom everybody says is poisoned, and he tells me she hath said it to the Duke of York; but is upon the mending hand, though the town says she is dead this morning. He and I to the 'Change. There I had several little errands, and going to Sir R. Viner's, I did get such a splash and spots of dirt upon my new vest, that I was out of countenance to be seen in the street. This day I received 450 pieces of gold more of Mr. Stokes, but cost me 22½*d.* change; but I am well contented with it, I having now near £2,800 in gold, and will not rest till I get full £3,000, and then will venture my fortune for the saving that and the rest. Home to dinner, though Sir R. Viner would have staid us to dine with him, he being sheriffe; but, poor man, was so out of countenance that he had no wine ready to drink to us, his butler being out of the way, though we know him to be a very liberal man. And after dinner I took my wife out, intending to have gone and have seen my Lady Jemimah, at White Hall, but so great a stop there was at the New Exchange, that we could not pass in half an houre, and therefore 'light and bought a little matter at the Exchange, and then home, and then at the office awhile, and then home to my chamber, and after my wife and all the mayds abed but Jane, whom I put confidence in—she and I, and my brother, and Tom, and W. Hewer, did bring up all the remainder of my money, and my plate-chest, out of the cellar, and placed the money in my study, with the rest, and the plate in my dressing-room; but indeed I am in great pain to think how to dispose of my money, it being wholly unsafe to keep it all in coin in one place. But now I have it all at my hand, I shall remember it better to think of disposing of it. This done, by one in the morning to bed. This afternoon going towards Westminster, Creed and I did stop, the Duke of York being just going away from seeing of it, at Paul's, and in the Convocation House Yard[2] did there see the body of Robert Braybrooke, Bishop of London, that died 1404. He fell down in his tomb out of the great church into St. Fayth's this late fire, and is here seen his skeleton with the flesh on; but all tough and dry like a

[1] See January 7th and 8th, 1666–67.

[2] The old Chapter House of St. Paul's was also styled the Convocation House. See Sparrow Simpson's "Chapters in the History of Old St. Paul's," 1881, p. 274.

spongy dry leather, or touchwood all upon his bones. His head turned aside. A great man in his time, and Lord Chancellor; and [his skeleton] now exposed to be handled and derided by some, though admired for its duration by others. Many flocking to see it.

13th. At the office all the morning, at noon home to dinner, and out to Bishopsgate Street, and there bought some drinking-glasses, a case of knives, and other things, against to-morrow, in expectation of my Lord Hinchingbroke's coming to dine with me. So home, and having set some things in the way of doing, also against to-morrow, I to my office, there to dispatch business, and do here receive notice from my Lord Hinchingbroke that he is not well, and so not in condition to come to dine with me to-morrow, which I am not in much trouble for, because of the disorder my house is in, by the bricklayers coming to mend the chimney in my dining-room for smoking, which they were upon almost till midnight, and have now made it very pretty, and do carry smoke exceeding well. This evening come all the Houblons to me, to invite me to sup with them to-morrow night. I did take them home, and there we sat and talked a good while, and a glass of wine, and then parted till to-morrow night. So at night, well satisfied in the alteration of my chimney, to bed.

14th. Up, and by water to White Hall, and thence to Westminster, where I bought several things, as a hone, ribbon, gloves, books, and then took coach and to Knipp's lodging, whom I find not ready to go home with me. So I away to do a little business, among others to call upon Mr. Osborne for my Tangier warrant for the last quarter, and so to the Exchange for some things for my wife, and then to Knipp's again, and there staid reading of Waller's verses, while she finished dressing, her husband being by. I had no other pastime. Her lodging very mean, and the condition she lives in; yet makes a shew without doors, God bless us! I carried him along with us into the City, and set him down in Bishopsgate Street, and then home with her. She tells me how Smith,[1] of the Duke's house, hath killed a man upon a quarrel in play; which makes every body sorry, he being a good actor, and, they say, a good man, however this happens. The ladies of the Court do much bemoan him, she says. Here she and we alone at dinner to some good victuals, that we could not put off, that was intended for the great dinner of my Lord Hinchingbroke's, if he had come. After dinner I to teach her my new recitative of "It is decreed," of which she learnt a good part, and I do well like it and believe shall be well pleased when she hath it all, and that it will be found an agreeable thing. Then carried her home, and my wife and I intended to have seen my Lady Jemimah at White Hall, but the Exchange Streete was so full of coaches, every body, as they say, going thither to make themselves fine against to-morrow night, that, after half an hour's stay, we could not do any [thing], only my wife to see her brother, and I to go speak

[1] William Smith, originally a barrister-at-law of the Society of Gray's Inn. He was a good actor, and highly esteemed by his fellows. He died 1696.

one word with Sir G. Carteret about office business, and talk of the general complexion of matters, which he looks upon, as I do, with horrour, and gives us all for an undone people. That there is no such thing as a peace in hand, nor possibility of any without our begging it, they being as high, or higher, in their terms than ever, and tells me that, just now, my Lord Hollis had been with him, and wept to think in what a condition we are fallen. He shewed me my Lord Sandwich's letter to him, complaining of the lack of money, which Sir G. Carteret is at a loss how in the world to get the King to supply him with, and wishes him, for that reason, here; for that he fears he will be brought to disgrace there, for want of supplies. He says the House is yet in a bad humour; and desiring to know whence it is that the King stirs not, he says he minds it not, nor will be brought to it, and that his servants of the House do, instead of making the Parliament better, rather play the rogue one with another, and will put all in fire. So that, upon the whole, we are in a wretched condition, and I went from him in full apprehensions of it. So took up my wife, her brother being yet very bad, and doubtful whether he will recover or no, and so to St. Ellen's [St. Helen's], and there sent my wife home, and myself to the Pope's Head, where all the Houblons were, and Dr. Croone,[1] and by and by to an exceeding pretty supper, excellent discourse of all sorts, and indeed [they] are a set of the finest gentlemen that ever I met withal in my life. Here Dr. Croone told me, that, at the meeting at Gresham College to-night, which, it seems, they now have every Wednesday again, there was a pretty experiment of the blood of one dogg let out, till he died, into the body of another on one side, while all his own run out on the other side.[2] The first died upon the place, and the other very well, and likely to do well. This did give occasion to many pretty wishes, as of the blood of a Quaker to be let into an Archbishop, and such like; but, as Dr. Croone says, may, if it takes, be of mighty use to man's health, for the amending of bad blood by borrowing from a better body. After supper, James Houblon and another brother took me aside and to talk of, some businesses of their owne, where I am to serve them and will,

[1] William Croune, or Croone, of Emanuel College, Cambridge, chosen Rhetoric Professor at Gresham College, 1659, F.R.S. and M.D. Died October 12th, 1684, and was interred at St. Mildred's in the Poultry. He was a prominent Fellow of the Royal Society and first Registrar. In accordance with his wishes his widow (who married Sir Edwin Sadleir, Bart.) left by will one-fifth of the clear rent of the King's Head tavern in or near Old Fish Street, at the corner of Lambeth Hill, to the Royal Society for the support of a lecture and illustrative experiments for the advancement of natural knowledge on local motion. The Croonian lecture is still delivered before the Royal Society.

[2] At the meeting on November 14th, "the experiment of transfusing the blood of one dog into another was made before the Society by Mr. King and Mr. Thomas Coxe upon a little mastiff and a spaniel with very good success, the former bleeding to death, and the latter receiving the blood of the other, and emitting so much of his own, as to make him capable of receiving that of the other." On November 21st the spaniel "was produced and found very well" (Birch's "History of the Royal Society," vol. ii., pp. 123, 125). The experiment of transfusion of blood, which occupied much of the attention of the Royal Society in its early days, was revived within the last few years.

and then to talk of publique matters, and I do find that they and all merchants else do give over trade and the nation for lost, nothing being done with care or foresight, no convoys granted, nor any thing done to satisfaction; but do think that the Dutch and French will master us the next yeare, do what we can: and so do I, unless necessity makes the King to mind his business, which might yet save all. Here we sat talking till past one in the morning, and then home, where my people sat up for me, my wife and all, and so to bed.

15th. This [morning] come Mr. Shepley (newly out of the country) to see me; after a little discourse with him, I to the office, where we sat all the morning, and at noon home, and there dined, Shepley with me, and after dinner I did pay him £70, which he had paid my father for my use in the country. He being gone, I took coach and to Mrs. Pierce's, where I find her as fine as possible, and himself going to the ball at night at Court, it being the Queen's birth-day, and so I carried them in my coach, and having set them into the house, and gotten Mr. Pierce to undertake the carrying in my wife, I to Unthanke's, where she appointed to be, and there told her, and back again about business to White Hall, while Pierce went and fetched her and carried her in. I, after I had met with Sir W. Coventry and given him some account of matters, I also to the ball, and with much ado got up to the loft, where with much trouble I could see very well. Anon the house grew full, and the candles light, and the King and Queen and all the ladies set: and it was, indeed, a glorious sight to see Mrs. Stewart in black and white lace, and her head and shoulders dressed with dyamonds, and the like a great many great ladies more, only the Queen none; and the King in his rich vest of some rich silke and silver trimming, as the Duke of York and all the dancers were, some of cloth of silver, and others of other sorts, exceeding rich. Presently after the King was come in, he took the Queene, and about fourteen more couple there was, and begun the Bransles.[1] As many of the men as I can remember presently, were, the King, Duke of York, Prince Rupert, Duke of Monmouth, Duke of Buckingham, Lord Douglas,[2] Mr. [George] Hamilton, Colonell Russell,[3] Mr. Griffith, Lord Ossory, Lord Rochester;[4] and of the ladies, the Queene, Duchess of York, Mrs. Stewart, Duchess of Monmouth, Lady Essex Howard,[5] Mrs. Temple,[6] Swedes Em-

[1] For notes on the dances: the brawls and coranto, see December 31st. 1662.

[2] James, second Marquis of Douglas, nephew to the Duke of Hamilton.

[3] Colonel Russell, brother of William, fifth Earl of Bedford (created Duke of Bedford in 1694), and uncle of the celebrated Lord William Russell.

[4] John Wilmot, second Earl of Rochester, born April 10th, 1648, succeeded his father in 1659. He was at this time a Gentleman of the Bedchamber to the king. He died July 26th, 1680.

[5] Only daughter of James Howard, third Earl of Suffolk, by his first wife, Susannah, daughter of Henry Rich, Earl of Holland; afterwards married, March 4th, 1666–67, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, to Edward Griffin, Lord Griffin of Braybrooke. There is a very fine portrait of her at Audley End, by Lely.—B.

[6] Anne, daughter and co-heir of Thomas Temple, of Frankton, in Warwickshire, by

bassadress,[1] Lady Arlington,[2] Lord George Barkeley's daughter,[3] and many others I remember not; but all most excellently dressed in rich petticoats and gowns, and dyamonds, and pearls. After the Bransles, then to a Corant, and now and then a French dance; but that so rare that the Corants grew tiresome, that I wished it done. Only Mrs. Stewart danced mighty finely, and many French dances, specially one the King called the New Dance, which was very pretty; but upon the whole matter, the business of the dancing of itself was not extraordinary pleasing. But the clothes and sight of the persons was indeed very pleasing, and worth my coming, being never likely to see more gallantry while I live, if I should come twenty times. About twelve at night it broke up, and I to hire a coach with much difficulty, but Pierce had hired a chair for my wife, and so she being gone to his house, he and I, taking up Barker at Unthanke's, to his house, whither his wife was come home a good while ago and gone to bed. So away home with my wife, between displeased with the dull dancing, and satisfied at the clothes and persons. My Lady Castlemayne, without whom all is nothing, being there, very rich, though not dancing. And so after supper, it being very cold, to bed.

16th. Up again betimes to attend the examination of Mr. Gawden's accounts, where we all met, but I did little but fit myself for the drawing my great letter to the Duke of York of the state of the Navy for want of money. At noon to the 'Change, and thence back to the new taverne come by us, the Three Tuns, where D. Gawden did feast us all with a chine of beef and other good things, and an infinite dish of fowl, but all spoiled in the dressing. This noon I met with Mr. Hooke, and he tells me the dog which was filled with another dog's blood, at the College the other day, is very well, and like to be so as ever, and doubts not its being found of great use to men; and so do Dr. Whistler, who dined with us at the taverne. Thence home in the evening, and I to my preparing my letter, and did go a pretty way in it, staying late upon it, and then home to supper and to bed, the weather being on a sudden set in to be very cold.

17th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning. At noon home to dinner, and in the afternoon shut myself in my chamber, and there till twelve at night finishing my great letter to the Duke of York, which do lay the ill condition of the Navy so open to him, that it is impossible if the King and he minds any thing of their business, but it will operate upon them to set all

Rebecca, daughter of Sir Nicholas Carew, of Beddington, in Surrey, became the second wife of Sir Charles Lyttelton, who had been Governor of Jamaica, and lived to be eighty-seven. His widow survived him four years, dying in 1718, and had issue by him eight daughters and five sons. From this alliance the Lords Lyttelton descend.—B.

[1] "The Lord George Flemming, the Lord Peter Julius Coyet, ambassadors-extraordinary from the crown of Sweden, made their public entry through the City of London, on the 27th June, 1666."—Pointer's *Chronological History of England*, vol. i., p. 213. The lady was the wife of one of these.—B.

[2] See July 12th, *ante*.

[3] George, Lord Berkeley, had six daughters. The one mentioned here was probably the eldest, Lady Elizabeth.—B.

matters right, and get money to carry on the war, before it be too late, or else lay out for a peace upon any termes. It was a great convenience to-night that what I had writ foule in short hand, I could read to W. Hewer, and he take it fair in short hand, so as I can read it to-morrow to Sir W. Coventry, and then come home, and Hewer read it to me while I take it in long-hand to present, which saves me much time. So to bed.

18th (Lord's day). Up by candle-light and on foote to White Hall, where by appointment I met Lord Bruncker at Sir W. Coventry's chamber, and there I read over my great letter, and they approved it: and as I do do our business in defence of the Board, so I think it is as good a letter in the manner, and believe it is the worst in the matter of it, as ever come from any office to a Prince. Back home in my Lord Bruncker's coach, and there W. Hewer and I to write it over fair; dined at noon, and Mercer with us, and mighty merry, and then to finish my letter; and it being three o'clock ere we had done, when I come to Sir W. Batten, he was in a huffe, which I made light of, but he signed the letter, though he would not go, and liked the letter well. Sir W. Pen, it seems, he would not stay for it: so, making slight of Sir W. Pen's putting so much weight upon his hand to Sir W. Batten, I down to the Tower Wharf, and there got a sculler, and to White Hall, and there met Lord Bruncker, and he signed it, and so I delivered it to Mr. Cheving,[1] and he to Sir W. Coventry, in the cabinet, the King and councill being sitting, where I leave it to its fortune, and I by water home again, and to my chamber, to even my Journall; and then comes Captain Cocke to me, and he and I a great deal of melancholy discourse of the times, giving all over for gone, though now the Parliament will soon finish the Bill for money. But we fear, if we had it, as matters are now managed, we shall never make the best of it, but consume it all to no purpose or a bad one. He being gone, I again to my Journall and finished it, and so to supper and to bed.

19th. Lay pretty long in bed talking with pleasure with my wife, and then up and all the morning at my own chamber fitting some Tangier matters against the afternoon for a meeting. This morning also came Mr. Cæsar, and I heard him on the lute very finely, and my boy begins to play well. After dinner I carried and set my wife down at her brother's, and then to Barkeshire-house,[2] where my Lord Chancellor hath been ever since the fire, but he is not come home yet, so I to Westminster Hall, where the Lords newly up and the Commons still sitting. Here I met with Mr. Robinson, who did give me a printed paper wherein he states his pretence to the post office, and intends to petition the Parliament in it. Thence I to the Bull-head tavern,

[1] William Chiffinch, pimp to Charles II. and receiver of the secret pensions paid by the French Court. He succeeded his brother, Thomas Chiffinch (who died in April, 1666), as Keeper of the King's Private Closet (see note, April 8th, 1666). He is introduced by Scott into his "Peveril of the Peak."

[2] Belonging to the Earl of Berkshire; afterwards purchased by Charles II., and presented to the Duchess of Cleveland, whose name is preserved in "Cleveland Row." It was then of great extent, and stood on or near the site of Bridgewater House.—B.

where I have not been since Mr. Chetwind [1] and the time of our club, and here had six bottles of claret filled, and I sent them to Mrs. Martin, whom I had promised some of my owne, and, having none of my owne, sent her this. Thence to my Lord Chancellor's, and there Mr. Creed and Gawden, Cholmley, and Sir G. Carteret walking in the Park over against the house. I walked with Sir G. Carteret, who I find displeased with the letter I have drawn and sent in yesterday, finding fault with the accounts we give of the ill state of the Navy, but I said little, only will justify the truth of it. Here we walked to and again till one dropped away after another, and so I took coach to White Hall, and there visited my Lady Jemimah, at Sir G. Carteret's lodgings. Here was Sir Thomas Crew, and he told me how hot words grew again to-day in the House of Lords between my Lord Ossory and Ashly, the former saying that something said by the other was said like one of Oliver's Council. Ashly said that he must give him reparation, or he would take it his owne way. The House therefore did bring my Lord Ossory to confess his fault, and ask pardon for it, as he was also to my Lord Buckingham, for saying that something was not truth that my Lord Buckingham had said. This will render my Lord Ossory very little in a little time. By and by away, and calling my wife went home, and then a little at Sir W. Batten's to hear news, but nothing, and then home to supper, whither Captain Cocke, half foxed, come and sat with us, and so away, and then we to bed.

20th. Called up by Mr. Sheply, who is going into the country to-day to Hinchingbroke, I sent my service to my Lady, and in general for newes: that the world do think well of my Lord, and do wish he were here again, but that the publique matters of the State as to the war are in the worst condition that is possible. By and by Sir W. Warren, and with him half an hour discoursing of several businesses, and some I hope will bring me a little profit. He gone, and Sheply, I to the office a little, and then to church, it being thanksgiving-day for the cessation of the plague; but, Lord! how the towne do say that it is hastened before the plague is quite over, there dying some people still,[2] but only to get ground for plays to be publickly acted, which the Bishops would not suffer till the plague was over; and one would thinke so, by the suddenness of the notice given of the day, which was last Sunday, and the little ceremony. The sermon being dull of Mr. Minnes, and people with great indifferency come to hear him. After church home, where I met Mr. Gregory, who I did then agree with to come to teach my wife to play on the Viall, and he being an able and sober man, I am mightily glad of it. He had dined, therefore went away, and I to dinner, and after dinner by coach to Barkeshire-house, and there did get a very great meeting; the

[1] Pepys's "old and most ingenious acquaintance," Mr. Chetwind, died at the end of 1662 (see December 5th, 1662).

[2] According to the Bills of Mortality seven persons died in London of the plague during the week November 20th to 27th; and for some weeks after deaths continued from this cause.

Duke of York being there, and much business done, though not in proportion to the greatness of the business, and my Lord Chancellor sleeping and snoring the greatest part of the time. Among other things I declared the state of our credit as to tallys to raise money by, and there was an order for payment of £5,000 to Mr. Gawden, out of which I hope to get something against Christmas. Here we sat late, and here I did hear that there are some troubles like to be in Scotland, there being a discontented party already risen, that have seized on the Governor of Dumfreeze and imprisoned him,[1] but the story is yet very uncertain, and therefore I set no great weight on it. I home by Mr. Gawden in his coach, and so with great pleasure to spend the evening at home upon my Lyra Viall, and then to supper and to bed. With mighty peace of mind and a hearty desire that I had but what I have quietly in the country, but, I fear, I do at this day see the best that either I or the rest of our nation will ever see.

21st. Up, with Sir W. Batten to Charing Cross, and thence I to wait on Sir Philip Howard, whom I find dressing himself in his night-gown and turban like a Turke, but one of the finest persons that ever I saw in my life. He had several gentlemen of his owne waiting on him, and one playing finely on the gittar: he discourses as well as ever I heard man, in few words and handsome. He expressed all kindness to Balty, when I told him how sick he is: he says that, before he comes to be mustered again, he must bring a certificate of his swearing the oaths of Allegiance and Supremacy, and having taken the Sacrament according to the rites of the Church of England. This, I perceive, is imposed on all, and he will be ready to do. I pray God he may have his health again to be able to do it. Being mightily satisfied with his civility, I away to Westminster Hall, and there walked with several people, and all the discourse is about some trouble in Scotland I heard of yesterday, but nobody can tell the truth of it. Here was Betty Michell with her mother. I would have carried her home, but her father intends to go with her, so I lost my hopes. And thence I to the Excise Office about some tallies,

[1] William Fielding, writing to Sir Phil. Musgrave from Carlisle on November 15th, says: "Major Baxter, who has arrived from Dumfries, reports that this morning a great number of horse and foot came into that town, with drawn swords and pistols, gallopped up to Sir Jas. Turner's lodgings, seized him in his bed, carried him without clothes to the market-place, threatened to cut him to pieces, and seized and put into the Tolbooth all the foot soldiers that were with him; they also secured the minister of Dumfries. Many of the party were lairds and county people from Galloway—200 horse well mounted, one minister was with them who had swords and pistols, and 200 or 300 foot, some with clubs, others with scythes." On November 17th Rob. Meine wrote to Williamson: "On the 15th 120 fanatics from the Glenkins, Deray, and neighbouring parishes in Dumfriesshire, none worth £10 except two mad fellows, the lairds of Barscob and Corsuck, came to Dumfries early in the morning, seized Sir Jas. Turner, commander of a company of men in Dumfriesshire, and carried him, without violence to others, to a strong house in Maxwell town, Galloway, declaring they sought only revenge against the tyrant who had been severe with them for not keeping to church, and had laid their families waste" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1666-67, pp. 262, 268).

and then to the Exchange, where I did much business, and so home to dinner, and then to the office, where busy all the afternoon till night, and then home to supper, and after supper an hour reading to my wife and brother something in Chaucer with great pleasure, and so to bed.

22nd. Up, and to the office, where we sat all the morning, and my Lord Bruncker did show me Hollar's new print of the City,[1] with a pretty representation of that part which is burnt, very fine indeed; and tells me that he was yesterday sworn the King's servant, and that the King hath commanded him to go on with his great map of the City,[2] which he was upon before the City was burned, like Gombout of Paris,[3] which I am glad of. At noon home to dinner, where my wife and I fell out, I being displeased with her cutting away a lace handkercher sewed about her neck down to her breasts almost, out of a belief, but without reason, that it is the fashion. Here we did give one another the lie too much, but were presently friends, and then I to my office, where very late and did much business, and then home, and there find Mr. Batelier, and did sup and play at cards awhile. But he tells me the newes how the King of France hath, in defiance to the King of England, caused all his footmen to be put into vests,[4] and that the noblemen of France will do the like; which, if true, is the greatest indignity ever done by one Prince to another, and would incite a stone to be revenged; and I hope our King will, if it be so, as he tells me it is:[5] being told by one that

[1] "A Map or Ground Plott of the Citty of London, with the Suburbes thereof, so far as the Lord Mayor's jurisdiction doeth extend; by which is exactly demonstrated the present condition since the last sad accident by fire; the blanke space signifying the burnt part, and where the houses be, those places yet standing.—W. Hollar, f. 1666. Cum Privilegio Regis."—B.

[2] Hollar engraved, in 1675, "A new Map of the Citties of London, Westminster, and y^e^ Borough of Southwarke, with their Suburbs; shewing the streets, lanes, alleys, courts, &c., with other remarks, as they are now truely and carefully delineated; and the prospect of London, as it was flourishing before the destruction by fire. Sold by Robert Greene at y^e^ Rose and Crown in Budg Row and Robert Morden at y^e^ Atlas in Cornhill." A large sheet, 23¼ in. by 17½ in. In the Pepysian Library is a "Prospect of London and Westminster, taken at several stations to the southward thereof, by Robert Morden and Phil. Lea," in eight sheets, 1677. This map was the result of a survey by William Morgan.

[3] Gombout's Plan of Paris, on a very large scale, was engraved in 1642. It is of great rarity. A copy, which was in the possession of the Baron Walckenaer, was purchased for a royal personage, at his sale at Paris, in April, 1853, Lot 3028, for more than 1000 francs.—B.

[4] It is possible that some tradition of this proceeding of Louis XIV. may have given to Steele the hint for his story of the rival ladies, Brunetta and Phillis, in the "Spectator," No. 80; a subject which has been well treated by Stothard: as also in a clever picture by Mr. A. Solomon, exhibited at the Royal Academy in the year 1853.—B.

[5] Planché throws some doubt on this story in his "Cyclopædia of Costume" (vol. ii., p. 240), and asks the question, "Was Mr. Batelier hoaxing the inquisitive secretary, or was it the idle gossip of the day, as untrustworthy as such gossip is in general?" But the same statement was made by the author of the "Character of a Trimmer," who wrote from actual knowledge of the Court: "About this time a general humour, in opposition to France, had made us throw off their fashion, and put on vests, that we might

come over from Paris with my Lady Fanshaw, who is come over with the dead body of her husband,[1] and that saw it before he come away. This makes me mighty merry, it being an ingenious kind of affront; but yet it makes me angry, to see that the King of England is become so little as to have the affront offered him. So I left my people at cards, and so to my chamber to read, and then to bed. Batelier did bring us some oysters to-night, and some bottles of new French wine of this year, mighty good, but I drank but little. This noon Bagwell's wife was with me at the office, and I did what I would, and at night comes Mrs. Burroughs, and appointed to meet upon the next holyday and go abroad together.

23rd. Up, and with Sir J. Minnes to White Hall, where we and the rest attended the Duke of York, where, among other things, we had a complaint of Sir William Jennings[2] against his lieutenant, le Neve,[3] one that had been long the Duke's page, and for whom the Duke of York hath great kindness. It was a drunken quarrel, where one was as blameable as the other. It was referred to further examination, but the Duke of York declared, that as he would not favour disobedience, so neither drunkenness, and therein he said very well. Thence with Sir W. Coventry to Westminster Hall, and there parted, he having told me how Sir J. Minnes do disagree from the proposition of resigning his place, and that so the whole matter is again at a stand, at which I am sorry for the King's sake, but glad that Sir W. Pen is again defeated, for I would not have him come to be Comptroller if I could help it, he will be so cruel proud. Here I spoke with Sir G. Downing about our prisoners in Holland, and their being released; which he is concerned in,

look more like a distinct people, and not be under the servility of imitation, which ever pays a greater deference to the original than is consistent with the equality all independent nations should pretend to. France did not like this small beginning of ill humours, at least of emulation; and wisely considering, that it is a natural introduction, first to make the world their apes, that they may be afterwards their slaves. It was thought, that one of the instructions Madame [Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans] brought along with her, was to laugh us out of these vests; which she performed so effectually, that in a moment, like so many footmen who had quitted their master's livery, we all took it again, and returned to our old service; so that the very time of doing it gave a very critical advantage to France, since it looked like an evidence of our returning to her interest, as well as to their fashion."—*The Character of a Trimmer* ("Miscellanies by the Marquis of Halifax," 1704, p. 164). Evelyn reports that when the king expressed his intention never to alter this fashion, "divers courtiers and gentlemen gave his Majesty gold by way of wager that he would not persist in this resolution" ("Diary," October 18th, 1666).

[1] Sir Richard Fanshawe. See note, June 29th, 1660.

[2] Captain of the "Lyon." He was a distinguished sea-officer, and brother of Sir Robert Jennings, of Ripon. He attended James II. after his abdication, and served as a captain in the French navy (see Charnock's "Biographia Navalis," vol. i., p. 106).

[3] Richard Le Neve, lieutenant of the "Lyon." He was made captain of the "Phœnix" in 1671, of the "Plymouth" in 1672, and of the "Edgar" in 1673. He was killed in the engagement with the Dutch on August 11th, 1673, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, where there is a monument to his memory. He was only twenty-seven years of age at the date of his death.

and most of them are. Then, discoursing of matters of the House of Parliament, he tells me that it is not the fault of the House, but the King's own party, that have hindered the passing of the Bill for money, by their popping in of new projects for raising it: which is a strange thing; and mighty confident he is, that what money is raised, will be raised and put into the same form that the last was, to come into the Exchequer; and, for aught I see, I must confess I think it is the best way. Thence down to the Hall, and there walked awhile, and all the talk is about Scotland, what news thence; but there is nothing come since the first report, and so all is given over for nothing. Thence home, and after dinner to my chamber with Creed, who come and dined with me, and he and I to reckon for his salary, and by and by comes in Colonel Atkins, and I did the like with him, and it was Creed's design to bring him only for his own ends, to seem to do him a courtesy, and it is no great matter. The fellow I hate, and so I think all the world else do. Then to talk of my report I am to make of the state of our wants of money to the Lord Treasurer, but our discourse come to little. However, in the evening, to be rid of him, I took coach and saw him to the Temple and there 'light, and he being gone, with all the haste back again and to my chamber late to enter all this day's matters of account, and to draw up my report to my Lord Treasurer, and so to bed. At the Temple I called at Playford's, and there find that his new impression of his ketches[1] are not yet out, the fire having hindered it, but his man tells me that it will be a very fine piece, many things new being added to it.

24th. Up, and to the office, where we sat all the morning. At noon rose and to my closet, and finished my report to my Lord Treasurer of our Tangier wants, and then with Sir J. Minnes by coach to Stepney to the Trinity House,[2] where it is kept again now since the burning of their other house in London. And here a great many met at Sir Thomas Allen's feast, of his being made an Elder Brother; but he is sick, and so could not be there. Here was much good company, and very merry; but the discourse of Scotland, it seems, is confirmed, and that they are 4,000 of them in armes, and do declare for King and Covenant, which is very ill news.[3] I pray God deliver us from

[1] John Hilton's "Catch that catch can, or a Choice Collection of Catches, Rounds and Canons for 3 or 4 voyces," was first published by Playford in 1651 or 1652. The book was republished "with large additions by John Playford" in 1658. The edition referred to in the text was published in 1667 with a second title of "The Musical Companion." The book was republished in 1672–73.

[2] Sir Thomas Spert, Comptroller of the Navy in the reign of Henry VIII., and founder of the Trinity House, was buried in the parish church of Stepney.

[3] See November 20th for note respecting the commencement of the troubles at Dumfries. On November 22nd Ro. Meine wrote from Edinburgh to Williamson: "A proclamation is issued ordering all to submit within twenty-four hours, on promise of pardon, or then to be declared rebels, with all their abettors. An oath is to be tendered to all the county pledging them to aid in quelling this or any other insurrection; 800 are said to be near Glasgow, but they call every 20, 120. . . . They profess to fight for King and Covenant; their leader is James Wallace of Athens, whom they call the good man. Most of their captains are deposed ministers" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1666–67, p. 280).

the ill consequences we may justly fear from it. Here was a good venison pasty or two and other good victuals; but towards the latter end of the dinner I rose, and without taking leave went away from the table, and got Sir J. Minnes' coach and away home, and thence with my report to my Lord Treasurer's, where I did deliver it to Sir Philip Warwicke for my Lord, who was busy, my report for him to consider against to-morrow's council. Sir Philip Warwicke, I find, is full of trouble in his mind to see how things go, and what our wants are; and so I have no delight to trouble him with discourse, though I honour the man with all my heart, and I think him to be a very able and right-honest man. So away home again, and there to my office to write my letters very late, and then home to supper, and then to read the late printed discourse of witches by a member of Gresham College,[1] and then to bed; the discourse being well writ, in good stile, but methinks not very convincing. This day Mr. Martin is come to tell me his wife is brought to bed of a girle, and I promised to christen it next Sunday.

25th (Lord's day). Up, and with Sir J. Minnes by coach to White Hall, and there coming late, I to rights to the chapel, where in my usual place I heard one of the King's chaplains, one Mr. Floyd, preach. He was out two or three times in his prayer, and as many in his sermon, but yet he made a most excellent good sermon, of our duty to imitate the lives and practice of Christ and the saints departed, and did it very handsomely and excellent stile; but was a little overlarge in magnifying the graces of the nobility and prelates, that we have seen in our memorys in the world, whom God hath taken from us. At the end of the sermon an excellent anthem; but it was a pleasant thing, an idle companion in our pew, a prating, bold counsellor that hath been heretofore at the Navy Office, and noted for a great eater and drinker, not for quantity, but of the best, his name Tom Bales, said, "I know a fitter anthem for this sermon," speaking only of our duty of following the saints, and I know not what. "Cooke should have sung, 'Come, follow, follow me.' " [2] After sermon up into the gallery, and then to Sir G. Carteret's to dinner; where much company. Among others, Mr. Carteret and my Lady Jemimah, and here was also Mr. [John] Ashburnham, the great man, who is a pleasant man, and that hath seen much of the world, and more of the Court. After dinner Sir G. Carteret and I to another room, and he tells me more and more of our want of money and in how ill condition we are likely

[1] The Rev. Joseph Glanvill (1636–1680) was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society on the 14th December, 1664. He published in 1666 "Philosophical Considerations touching Witches and Witchcraft," and most part of the impression was destroyed in the Great Fire. The book was reissued in 1667, and a fourth edition appeared in 1668 under the title of "A Blow at Modern Sadducism." It was reprinted in 1681 as "Sadducismus Triumphatus." One of the appendixes is an "Account of the famed disturbance by the drummer at the house of Mr. Mompesson."

[2] This is the first line of "The Fairy Queen," a song first printed in a book entitled "A Description of the King and Queen of the Fayries," 1635. It is included in Percy's "Reliques," Series III., book ii., No. 25, and with the air is printed in the "Musical Miscellany," London, 1729, vol. ii., p. 22.

to be soon in, and that he believes we shall not have a fleete at sea the next year. So do I believe; but he seems to speak it as a thing expected by the King and as if their matters were laid accordingly. Thence into the Court and there delivered copies of my report to my Lord Treasurer, to the Duke of York, Sir W. Coventry, and others, and attended there till the Council met, and then was called in, and I read my letter. My Lord Treasurer declared that the King had nothing to give till the Parliament did give him some money. So the King did of himself bid me to declare to all that would take our tallys for payment, that he should, soon as the Parliament's money do come in, take back their tallys, and give them money: which I giving him occasion to repeat to me, it coming from him against the *gré*,[1] I perceive, of my Lord Treasurer, I was content therewith, and went out, and glad that I have got so much. Here staid till the Council rose, walking in the gallery. All the talke being of Scotland, where the highest report, I perceive, runs but upon three or four hundred in armes; but they believe that it will grow more, and do seem to apprehend it much, as if the King of France had a hand in it. My Lord Lauderdale do make nothing of it, it seems, and people do censure him for it, he from the beginning saying that there was nothing in it, whereas it do appear to be a pure rebellion; but no persons of quality being in it, all do hope that it cannot amount to much. Here I saw Mrs. Stewart this afternoon, methought the beautifullest creature that ever I saw in my life, more than ever I thought her so, often as I have seen her; and I begin to think do exceed my Lady Castlemayne, at least now. This being St. Catherine's day, the Queene was at masse by seven o'clock this morning; and Mr. Ashburnham do say that he never saw any one have so much zeale in his life as she hath: and, the question being asked by my Lady Carteret, much beyond the bigotry that ever the old Queen-mother had, I spoke with Mr. May,[2] who tells me that the design of building the City do go on apace,[3] and by his description it will be mighty handsome, and to the satisfaction of the people; but I pray God it come not out too late. The Council up, after speaking with Sir W. Coventry a little, away home with Captain Cocke in his coach, discourse about the forming of his contract he made with us lately for hempe, and so home, where we parted, and I find my uncle Wight and Mrs. Wight and Woolly, who staid and supped, and mighty merry together and then I to my chamber to even my Journal, and then to bed. I will remember that Mr. Ashburnham to-day at dinner told how the rich fortune Mrs. Mallett reports of her servants;[4] that my Lord

[1] Apparently a translation of the French *contre le gré*, and presumably an expression in common use. "Against the grain" is generally supposed to have its origin in the use of a plane against the grain of the wood.

[2] Hugh May.

[3] The first brick laid after the fire was in Fleet Street, at the house of a plumber, to cast his lead in, only one room (Rugge's "Diurnal").—B.

[4] Elizabeth, daughter of John Malet of Enmore, co. Somerset, and her lovers. She died July, 1681, a year after her husband, Lord Rochester.

Herbert [1] would have had her; my Lord Hinchingbroke was indifferent to have her;[2] my Lord John Butler[3] might not have her; my Lord of Rochester would have forced her;[4] and Sir —— Popham,[5] who nevertheless is likely to have her, would kiss her breach to have her.

26th. Up, and to my chamber to do some business. Then to speak with several people, among others with Mrs. Burroughs, whom I appointed to meet me at the New Exchange in the afternoon. I by water to Westminster, and there to enquire after my tallies, which I shall get this week. Thence to the Swan, having sent for some burnt claret, and there by and by comes Doll Lane, and she and I sat and drank and talked a great while, among other things about her sister's being brought to bed, and I to be godfather to the girle. I did tumble Doll, and do almost what I would with her, and so parted, and I took coach, and to the New Exchange, buying a neat's tongue by the way, thinking to eat it out of town, but there I find Burroughs in company of an old woman, an aunt of hers, whom she could not leave for half an hour. So after buying a few baubles to while away time, I down to Westminster, and there into the House of Parliament, where, at a great Committee, I did hear, as long as I would, the great case against my Lord Mordaunt,[6] for some arbitrary proceedings of his against one Taylor, whom he

[1] William, Lord Herbert, succeeded his father as sixth Earl of Pembroke, 1669. Died, unmarried, 1674.—B.

[2] They had quarrelled (see August 26th, *ante*). She, perhaps, was piqued at Lord Hinchingbroke's refusal "to compass the thing without consent of friends" (see February 25th, *ante*), whence her expression, "indifferent" to have her. It is worthy of remark that their children intermarried; Lord Hinchingbroke's son married Lady Rochester's daughter.—B.

[3] Seventh son of the Duke of Ormond, created in 1676 Baron of Aghrim, Viscount of Clonmore, and Earl of Gowran. Died 1677, s.p. (see February 4th, *post*).—B.

[4] Of the lady thus sought after, whom Pepys calls "a beauty" as well as a fortune, and who shortly afterwards, about the 4th February, 1667, became the wife of the Earl of Rochester, then not twenty years old, no authentic portrait is known to exist. When Mr. Miller, of Albemarle Street, in 1811, proposed to publish an edition of the "Mémoires de Grammont," he sent an artist to Windsor to copy there the portraits which he could find of those who figure in that work. In the list given to him for this purpose was the name of Lady Rochester. Not finding amongst the "Beauties," or elsewhere, any genuine portrait of her, but seeing that by Hamilton she is absurdly styled "une triste héritière," the artist made a drawing from some unknown portrait at Windsor of a lady of a sorrowful countenance, and palmed it off upon the bookseller. In the edition of "Grammont" it is not actually called Lady Rochester, but "La Triste Héritière." A similar falsification had been practised in Edward's edition of 1793, but a different portrait had been copied. It is needless, almost, to remark how ill applied is Hamilton's epithet.—B.

[5] Probably Sir Francis Popham, K.B.—B.

[6] John Mordaunt, younger son to the first, and brother to the second Earl of Peterborough, having incurred considerable personal risk in endeavouring to promote the king's restoration, was, in 1659, created Baron Mordaunt of Reigate, and Viscount Mordaunt of Avalon. He was brought to trial and acquitted but by one voice just before Cromwell's death ("Quarterly Review," vol. xix., p. 31). He was soon afterwards made K.B., Lord-Lieutenant of Surrey, and Constable of Windsor Castle; which offices

imprisoned, and did all the violence to imaginable, only to get him to give way to his abusing his daughter. Here was Mr. Sawyer,[1] my old chamber-fellow, a counsel against my Lord; and I am glad to see him in so good play. Here I met, before the committee sat, with my cozen Roger Pepys, the first time I have spoke with him this parliament. He hath promised to come, and bring Madam Turner with him, who is come to towne to see the City, but hath lost all her goods of all kinds in Salisbury Court, Sir William Turner[2] having not endeavoured, in her absence, to save one penny, to dine with me on Friday next, of which I am glad. Roger bids me to help him to some good rich widow; for he is resolved to go, and retire wholly, into the country; for, he says he is confident we shall be all ruined very speedily, by what he sees in the State, and I am much in his mind. Having staid as long as I thought fit for meeting of Burroughs, I away and to the 'Change again, but there I do not find her now, I having staid too long at the House, and therefore very hungry, having eat nothing to-day. Home, and there to eat presently, and then to the office a little, and to Sir W. Batten, where Sir J. Minnes and Captain Cocke was; but no newes from the North at all to-day; and the newes-book makes the business nothing, but that they are all dispersed. I pray God it may prove so. So home, and, after a little, to my chamber to bed.

27th. Up, and to the office, where we sat all the morning, and here I had a letter from Mr. Brisband on another occasion, which, by the by, intimates my Lord Hinchingbroke's intention to come and dine with me to-morrow. This put me into a great surprise, and therefore endeavoured all I could to hasten over our business at the office, and so home at noon and to dinner, and

he held till his death in 1675. In January, 1666–67, Lord Mordaunt was impeached by the House of Commons for forcibly ejecting William Tayleur and his family from the apartments which they occupied in Windsor Castle, where Tayleur held some appointment, and imprisoning him, for having presumed to offer himself as a candidate for the borough of Windsor. Lord M. was also accused of improper conduct towards Tayleur's daughter. He, however, denied all these charges in his place in the House of Lords, and put in an answer to the articles of impeachment, for hearing which a day was absolutely fixed; but the parliament being shortly afterwards prorogued, the inquiry seems to have been entirely abandoned, notwithstanding the vehemence with which the House of Commons had taken the matter up. Perhaps the king interfered in Lord Mordaunt's behalf; because Andrew Marvell, in his "Instructions to a Painter," after saying

"Now Mordaunt may within his castle tower
Imprison parents and the child deflower,"

observes,

"Each does the other blame, and all distrust,
But Mordaunt, *new obliged*, would sure be just."—B.

[1] Afterwards Sir Robert Sawyer, Attorney-General from 1681 to 1687. Died 1692. He had been admitted a Pensioner at Magdalene College, Cambridge, June, 1648. He was turned out of office by James II. on account of his refusal to confirm Obadiah Walker in his headship of University College, Oxford, after he had turned Roman Catholic (see Reresby's "Memoirs").

[2] Sir William Turner, Lord Mayor, 1668–69, was father of Serjeant John Turner, Mrs. Turner's husband (see December 11th, *post*).

then away by coach, it being a very foul day, to White Hall, and there at Sir G. Carteret's find my Lord Hinchingbroke, who promises to dine with me to-morrow, and bring Mr. Carteret along with him. Here I staid a little while talking with him and the ladies, and then away to my Lord Crew's, and then did by the by make a visit to my Lord Crew, and had some good discourse with him, he doubting that all will break in pieces in the kingdom; and that the taxes now coming out, which will tax the same men in three or four several capacities, as for lands, office, profession, and money at interest, will be the hardest that ever come out; and do think that we owe it, and the lateness of its being given, wholly to the unpreparedness of the King's own party, to make their demand and choice; for they have obstructed the giving it by land-tax, which had been done long since. Having ended my visit, I spoke to Sir Thomas Crew, to invite him and his brother John to dinner to-morrow, at my house, to meet Lord Hinchingbroke; and so homewards, calling at the cook's, who is to dress it, to bespeak him, and then home, and there set things in order for a very fine dinner, and then to the office, where late very busy and to good purpose as to dispatch of business, and then home. To bed, my people sitting up to get things in order against to-morrow. This evening was brought me what Griffin had, as he says, taken this evening off of the table in the office, a letter sealed and directed to the Principal Officers and Commissioners of the Navy. It is a serious and just libel against our disorder in paying of our money, making ten times more people wait than we have money for, and complaining by name of Sir W. Batten for paying away great sums to particular people, which is true. I was sorry to see this way of reproach taken against us, but more sorry that there is true ground for it.

28th. Up, and with Sir W. Pen to White Hall (setting his lady and daughter down by the way at a mercer's in the Strand, where they are going to lay out some money), where, though it blows hard and rains hard, yet the Duke of York is gone a-hunting. We therefore lost our labour, and so back again, and by hackney coach to secure places to get things ready against dinner, and then home, and did the like there, and to my great satisfaction: and at noon comes my Lord Hinchingbroke, Sir Thomas Crew, Mr. John Crew, Mr. Carteret, and Brisband. I had six noble dishes for them, dressed by a man-cook, and commended, as indeed they deserved, for exceeding well done. We eat with great pleasure, and I enjoyed myself in it with reflections upon the pleasures which I at best can expect, yet not to exceed this; eating in silver plates, and all things mighty rich and handsome about me. A great deal of fine discourse, sitting almost till dark at dinner, and then broke up with great pleasure, especially to myself; and they away, only Mr. Carteret and I to Gresham College, where they meet now weekly again, and here they had good discourse how this late experiment of the dog, which is in perfect good health, may be improved for good uses to men,[1] and other pretty things,

[1] See note, November 14th, *ante*.

and then broke up. Here was Henry Howard,[1] that will hereafter be Duke of Norfolke, who is admitted this day into the Society, and being a very proud man, and one that values himself upon his family, writes his name, as he do every where, Henry Howard of Norfolke. Thence home and there comes my Lady Pen, Pegg, and Mrs. Turner, and played at cards and supped with us, and were pretty merry, and Pegg with me in my closet a good while, and did suffer me a la baiser mouche et toucher ses cosas upon her breast, wherein I had great pleasure, and so spent the evening and then broke up, and I to bed, my mind mightily pleased with the day's entertainment.

29th. Up, and to the office, where busy all the morning. At noon home to dinner, where I find Balty come out to see us, but looks like death, and I do fear he is in a consumption; he has not been abroad many weeks before, and hath now a well day, and a fit day of the headake in extraordinary torture. After dinner left him and his wife, they having their mother hard by and my wife, and I a wet afternoon to White Hall to have seen my Lady Carteret and Jemimah, but as God would have it they were abroad, and I was well contented at it. So my wife and I to Westminster Hall, where I left her a little, and to the Exchequer, and then presently home again, calling at our man-cooke's for his help to-morrow, but he could not come. So I home to the office, my people all busy to get a good dinner to-morrow again. I late at the office, and all the newes I hear I put into a letter this night to my Lord Bruncker at Chatham, thus:—

"I doubt not of your lordship's hearing of Sir Thomas Clifford's succeeding Sir H. Pollard [2] in the Comptrollership of the King's house; but perhaps our ill, but confirmed, tidings from the Barbadoes may not [have reached you] yet, it coming but yesterday; viz., that about eleven ships, whereof two of the King's, the Hope and Coventry, going thence with men to attack St. Christopher's, were seized by a violent hurricane, and all sunk—two only of thirteen escaping, and those with loss of masts, &c. My Lord Willoughby[3]

[1] Henry Howard of Norfolk (1628–1684), second son of Henry, Earl of Arundel, was a considerable benefactor to the Royal Society, largely through the influence of John Evelyn. At the meeting of the society on November 27th, "It was ordered that Mr. Oldenburg attend Mr. Henry Howard of Norfolk at Arundel House, and acquaint him with the sense, which the Royal Society had of his great civilities and respects to them, which they intended also to acknowledge publicly when he should honour them with a visit at a meeting of the society." On the following day, November 28th, "Mr. Henry Howard of Norfolk was elected and admitted, who also received the public thanks of the society for his respects to them" (Birch's "History of the Royal Society," vol. ii., p. 128). He was created Baron Howard of Castle Rising in 1669, and advanced to the earldom of Norwich in 1672. He succeeded his brother Thomas as sixth duke of Norfolk in 1677.

[2] Sir Hugh Pollard, Bart., M.P. for Devonshire, died November 27th, 1666. The "order for a warrant to the Duke of Ormond, Lord Steward, or in his absence to Lord Fitzharding and the clerks of the Greencloth, to swear in Sir Thomas Clifford as Comptroller of the Household in the room of Sir H. Pollard," is dated November 28th ("Calendar of State Papers," 1666–67, p. 298).

[3] Francis Willoughby, fourth Lord Willoughby of Parham, who was drowned. A letter

himself is involved in the disaster, and I think two ships thrown upon an island of the French, and so all the men, to 500, become their prisoners. 'Tis said, too, that eighteen Dutch men-of-war are passed the Channell, in order to meet with our Smyrna ships; and some, I hear, do fright us with the King of Sweden's seizing our mast-ships at Gottenburgh. But we have too much ill newes true, to afflict ourselves with what is uncertain. That which I hear from Scotland is, the Duke of York's saying, yesterday, that he is confident the Lieutenant-Generall there hath driven them into a pound, somewhere towards the mountains."

Having writ my letter, I home to supper and to bed, the world being mightily troubled at the ill news from Barbadoes, and the consequence of the Scotch business, as little as we do make of it. And to shew how mad we are at home, here, and unfit for any troubles: my Lord St. John did, a day or two since, openly pull a gentleman in Westminster Hall by the nose, one Sir Andrew Henly,[1] while the Judges were upon their benches, and the other gentleman did give him a rap over the pate with his cane, of which fray the Judges, they say, will make a great matter: men are only sorry the gentleman did proceed to return a blow; for, otherwise, my Lord would have been soundly fined for the affront, and may be yet for his affront to the Judges.

30th. Up, and with Sir W. Batten to White Hall, and there we did attend the Duke of York, and had much business with him; and pretty to see, it being St. Andrew's day, how some few did wear St. Andrew's crosse; but most did make a mockery at it, and the House of Parliament, contrary to practice, did sit also: people having no mind to observe the Scotch saints' days till they hear better newes from Scotland. Thence to Westminster Hall and the Abbey, thinking as I had appointed to have met Mrs. Burroughs there, but not meeting her I home, and just overtook my cozen Roger Pepys, Mrs. Turner, Dicke, and Joyce Norton, coming by invitation to dine with me. These ladies I have not seen since before the plague. Mrs. Turner is come to towne to look after her things in her house, but all is lost. She is quite weary of the country, but cannot get her husband to let her live here any more, which troubles her mightily. She was mighty angry with me, that in all this time I never writ to her, which I do think and take to myself as a fault, and which I have promised to mend. Here I had a noble and costly dinner for them, dressed by a man-cooke, as that the other day was, and pretty merry we were, as I could be with this company and so great a charge. We sat long, and after much talk of the plenty of her country in fish, but in nothing also that is pleasing, we broke up with great kindness, and when it

from D. Grosse to Williamson, dated from Plymouth, November 27th, contains the following information: "A Barbadoes ship reports that Lord Willoughby embarked thence last July with 5,000 men and 11 ships to retake St. Christopher's, but ten ships were cast away in a violent storm; 400 or 500 men got ashore at Santa Tour, and are detained prisoners by the French" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1666–67, p. 292).

[1] Of Hartshill, Hunts; and of Henley, Somersetshire. He was created a baronet in June, 1660, and died about 1675.—B.

begun to be dark we parted, they in one coach home, and I in another to Westminster Hall, where by appointment Mrs. Burroughs and I were to meet, but did not after I had spent the whole evening there. Only I did go drink at the Swan, and there did meet with Sarah, who is now newly married, and there I did lay the beginnings of a future amour con elle. . . . Thence it being late away; called at Mrs. Burroughs' mother's door, and she come out to me, and I did hazer whatever I would. . . . and then parted, and home, and after some playing at cards with my wife, we to supper and to bed.

December 1st. Up, and to the office, where we sat all the morning. At home to dinner, and then abroad walking to the Old Swan, and in my way I did see a cellar in Tower Streete in a very fresh fire, the late great winds having blown it up.[1] It seemed to be only of log-wood, that hath kept the fire all this while in it. Going further, I met my late Lord Mayor Bludworth, under whom the City was burned, and went with him by water to White Hall. But, Lord! the silly talk that this fellow had, only how ready he would be to part with all his estate in these difficult times to advance the King's service, and complaining that now, as every body did lately in the fire, every body endeavours to save himself, and let the whole perish: but a very weak man he seems to be. I left him at White Hall, he giving 6*d*. towards the boat, and I to Westminster Hall, where I was again defeated in my expectation of Burroughs. However, I was not much sorry for it, but by coach home, in the evening, calling at Faythorne's, buying three of my Lady Castlemayne's heads, printed this day,[2] which indeed is, as to the head, I think, a very fine picture, and like her. I did this afternoon get Mrs. Michell to let me only have a sight of a pamphlet lately printed, but suppressed and much called after, called "The Catholique's Apology";[3] lamenting the severity of the Parliament against them, and comparing it with the lenity of other princes to Protestants; giving old and late instances of their loyalty to their princes, whatever is objected against them; and excusing their disquiets in Queen Elizabeth's time, for that it was impossible for them to think her a lawfull

[1] The fire continued burning in some cellars of the ruins of the city for four months, though it rained in the month of October ten days without ceasing (Rugge's "Diurnal"). —B.

[2] See November 7th. A fine impression of this now very rare print was purchased for the Duke of Buckingham, at Bindley's sale, in 1819, for £79; and resold at the Stowe sale, in 1849, for £33.—B.

[3] "The Catholique Apology" was written by Roger Palmer, Earl of Castlemaine. In 1667 Dr. William Lloyd (afterwards successively Dean of Bangor, Bishop of St. Asaph, Lichfield and Coventry, and Worcester) published an answer, entitled, "The late Apology in behalf of the Papists reprinted and answered in behalf of the Royalists;" a fourth edition of which appeared in 1675. Lord Castlemaine and Robert Pugh, a secular priest, wrote "A Reply to the Answer of the Catholique Apology," which was published in 1668. A third edition of the "Catholique Apology with a Reply to the Answer" was published in 1674. Lord Castlemaine's pamphlets were seized by order of the House of Commons.

Queen, if Queen Mary, who had been owned as such, were so; one being the daughter of the true, and the other of a false wife: and that of the Gunpowder Treason, by saying that it was only the practice of some of us, if not the King, to trepan some of their religion into it, it never being defended by the generality of their Church, nor indeed known by them; and ends with a large Catalogue, in red letters, of the Catholiques which have lost their lives in the quarrel of the late King and this. The thing is very well writ indeed. So home to my letters, and then to my supper and to bed.

2nd (Lord's day). Up, and to church, and after church home to dinner, where I met Betty Michell and her husband, very merry at dinner, and after dinner, having borrowed Sir W. Pen's coach, we to Westminster, they two and my wife and I to Mr. Martin's, where find the company almost all come to the christening of Mrs. Martin's child, a girl. A great deal of good plain company. After sitting long, till the church was done, the Parson comes, and then we to christen the child. I was Godfather, and Mrs. Holder (her husband, a good man, I know well), and a pretty lady, that waits, it seems, on my Lady Bath,[1] at White Hall, her name, Mrs. Noble, were Godmothers. After the christening comes in the wine and the sweetmeats, and then to prate and tattle, and then very good company they were, and I among them. Here was old Mrs. Michell and Howlett, and several married women of the Hall, whom I knew mayds. Here was also Mrs. Burroughs and Mrs. Bales, the young widow, whom I led home, and having staid till the moon was up, I took my pretty gossip[2] to White Hall with us, and I saw her in her lodging, and then my owne company again took coach, and no sooner in the coach but something broke, that we were fain there to stay till a smith could be fetched, which was above an hour, and then it costing me 6*s*. to mend. Away round by the wall and Cow Lane,[3] for fear it should break again, and in pain about the coach all the way. But to ease myself therein Betty Michell did sit at the same end with me. . . . Being very much pleased with this, we at last come home, and so to supper, and then sent them by boat home, and we to bed. When I come home I went to Sir W. Batten's, and there I hear more ill newes still: that all our New England fleete, which went out lately, are put back a third time by foul weather, and dispersed, some to one port and some to another; and their convoys also to Plymouth; and whether any of them be lost or not, we do not know. This, added to all the rest, do lay us flat in our hopes and courages, every body prophesying destruction to the nation.

3rd. Up, and, among a great many people that come to speak with me, one was my Lord Peterborough's gentleman, who comes to me to dun me to get some money advanced for my Lord; and I demanding what newes, he tells

[1] Lady Bath was Rachel, daughter of Francis, Earl of Westmoreland, widow of Henry Bourchier, Earl of Bath. She afterwards married Lionel Cranfield, third Earl of Middlesex.—B.

[2] Mrs. Noble, the godmother.

[3] Cow Lane, West Smithfield (now named King Street), was famous for its coachmakers.

me that at Court they begin to fear the business of Scotland more and more, and that the Duke of York intends to go to the North to raise an army, and that the King would have some of the nobility and others to go and assist; but they were so served the last year, among others his Lord, in raising forces at their own charge, for fear of the French invading us, that they will not be got out now, without money advanced to them by the King, and this is like to be the King's case for certain, if ever he comes to have need of any army. He and others gone, I by water to Westminster, and there to the Exchequer, and put my tallys in the way of doing for the last quarter. But my not following it the last week has occasioned the clerks some trouble, which I am sorry for, and they are mad at. Thence at noon home, and there find Kate Joyce, who dined with me. Her husband and she are weary of their new life of being an Innkeeper, and will leave it, and would fain get some office; but I know none the foole is fit for, but would be glad to help them, if I could, though they have enough to live on, God be thanked! though their loss hath been to the value of £3,000. W. Joyce now has all the trade, she says, the trade being come to that end of the towne. She dined with me, my wife being ill of her months in bed. I left her with my wife, and away myself to Westminster Hall by appointment and there found out Burroughs, and I took her by coach as far as the Lord Treasurer's and called at the cake house by Hales's, and there in the coach eat and drank and then carried her home. . . . So having set her down in the palace I to the Swan, and there did the first time baiser the little sister of Sarah that is come into her place, and so away by coach home, where to my vyall and supper and then to bed, being weary of the following of my pleasure and sorry for my omitting (though with a true salvo to my vowes) the stating my last month's accounts in time, as I should, but resolved to settle, and clear all my business before me this month, that I may begin afresh the next yeare, and enjoy some little pleasures freely at Christmasse. So to bed, and with more cheerfulness than I have done a good while, to hear that for certain the Scott rebells are all routed; they having been so bold as to come within three miles of Edinburgh, and there given two or three repulses to the King's forces, but at last were mastered. Three or four hundred killed or taken, among which their leader, one Wallis, and seven ministers, they having all taken the Covenant a few days before, and sworn to live and die in it, as they did; and so all is likely to be there quiet again. There is also the very good newes come of four New-England ships come home safe to Falmouth with masts for the King; which is a blessing mighty unexpected, and without which, if for nothing else, we must have failed the next year. But God be praised for thus much good fortune, and send us the continuance of his favour in other things! So to bed.

4th. Up, and to the office, where we sat all the morning. At noon dined at home. After dinner presently to my office, and there late and then home to even my Journall and accounts, and then to supper much eased in mind, and

last night's good news, which is more and more confirmed with particulars to very good purpose, and so to bed.

5th. Up, and by water to White Hall, where we did much business before the Duke of York, which being done, I away home by water again, and there to my office till noon busy. At noon home, and Goodgroome[1] dined with us, who teaches my wife to sing. After dinner I did give him my song, "Beauty retire," which he has often desired of me, and without flattery I think is a very good song. He gone, I to the office, and there late, very busy doing much business, and then home to supper and talk, and then scold with my wife for not reckoning well the times that her musique master hath been with her, but setting down more than I am sure, and did convince her, they had been with her, and in an ill humour of anger with her to bed.

6th. Up, but very good friends with her before I rose, and so to the office, where we sat all the forenoon, and then home to dinner, where Harman dined with us, and great sport to hear him tell how Will Joyce grows rich by the custom of the City coming to his end of the towne, and how he rants over his brother and sister for their keeping an Inne, and goes thither and tears like a prince, calling him hosteller and his sister hostess. Then after dinner, my wife and brother, in another habit,[2] go out to see a play; but I am not to take notice that I know of my brother's going. So I to the office, where very busy till late at night, and then home. My wife not pleased with the play, but thinks that is it because she is grown more critical than she used to be, but my brother she says is mighty taken with it. So to supper and to bed. This day, in the Gazette, is the whole story of defeating the Scotch rebells, and of the creation of the Duke of Cambridge, Knight of the Garter.[3]

7th. Up, and by water to the Exchequer, where I got my tallys finished for the last quarter for Tangier, and having paid all my fees I to the Swan, whither I sent for some oysters, and thither comes Mr. Falconbridge and Spicer and many more clerks, and there we eat and drank, and a great deal of their sorry discourse, and so parted, and I by coach home, meeting Balty in the streete about Charing Crosse walking, which I am glad to see and spoke to him about his mustering business, I being now to give an account how the several muster-masters have behaved themselves, and so home to dinner, where finding the cloth laid and much crumpled but clean, I grew angry and flung the trenchers about the room, and in a mighty heat I was: so a clean cloth was laid, and my poor wife very patient, and so to

[1] John Goodgroome, musical composer, was one of the king's twenty-four fiddlers in 1674 (see list in North's "Memoires of Musick," ed. Rimbault, 1846, p. 99, note). He was probably a relation of Theodore Goodgroome, the singing-master referred to at an earlier date (see *ante*, June 25th, 1661).

[2] *i.e.* without his canonicals.—B.

[3] James Earl and Duke of Cambridge, second son of the Duke of York, and one of the five boys who all died infants. He was given the title which his elder brother Charles had previously held. At the time when he was created K.G. he was only three years and five months old. He died seven months afterwards (June 20th, 1667).

dinner, and in comes Mrs. Barbara Sheldon, now Mrs. Wood, and dined with us, she mighty fine, and lives, I perceive, mighty happily, which I am glad [of] for her sake, but hate her husband for a block-head in his choice. So away after dinner, leaving my wife and her, and by water to the Strand, and so to the King's playhouse, where two acts were almost done when I come in; and there I sat with my cloak about my face, and saw the remainder of "The Mayd's Tragedy;" a good play, and well acted, especially by the younger Marshall, who is become a pretty good actor, and is the first play I have seen in either of the houses since before the great plague, they having acted now about fourteen days publickly. But I was in mighty pain lest I should be seen by any body to be at a play. Soon as done I home, and then to my office awhile, and then home and spent the night evening my Tangier accounts, much to my satisfaction, and then to supper, and mighty good friends with my poor wife, and so to bed.

8th. Up, and to the office, where we sat all the morning, and at noon home to dinner, and there find Mr. Pierce and his wife and Betty, a pretty girle, who in discourse at table told me the great Proviso passed the House of Parliament yesterday; which makes the King and Court mad, the King having given order to my Lord Chamberlain to send to the playhouses and bawdy houses, to bid all the Parliament-men that were there to go to the Parliament presently. This is true, it seems; but it was carried against the Court by thirty or forty voices. It is a Proviso to the Poll Bill, that there shall be a Committee of nine persons that shall have the inspection upon oath, and power of giving others, of all the accounts of the money given and spent for this warr. This hath a most sad face, and will breed very ill blood. He tells me, brought in by Sir Robert Howard,[1] who is one of the King's servants, at least hath a great office, and hath got, they say, £20,000 since the King come in. Mr. Pierce did also tell me as a great truth, as being told it by Mr. Cowly,[2] who was by, and heard it, that Tom Killigrew should publiquely tell the King that his matters were coming into a very ill state; but that yet there was a way to help all, which is, says he, "There is a good, honest, able man, that I could name, that if your Majesty would employ, and command to see all things well executed, all things would soon be mended; and this is one Charles Stuart, who now spends his time in employing his lips . . . about the Court, and hath no other employment; but if you would give

[1] Sixth son of Thomas Howard, first Earl of Berkshire, educated at Magdalene College, Cambridge, born January, 1625–26. During the Civil Wars he adhered to Charles I., and suffered with his family. Knighted at the Restoration, and chosen M.P. for Stockbridge, and afterwards for Castle Rising. He was Auditor of the Exchequer, and considered to be a creature of Charles II., who employed him in cajoling the parliament for money. He was ridiculed by Shadwell as Sir Positive At-All in the "Sullen Lovers." "Four New Plays," by Sir R. Howard, was published in 1665, and "Five New Plays" in 1692. His "Dramatic Works" were published in 1722. He died September 3rd, 1698.

[2] Abraham Cowley, the poet, who died July 28th, 1667, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, August 3rd.

him this employment, he were the fittest man in the world to perform it." This, he says, is most true; but the King do not profit by any of this, but lays all aside, and remembers nothing, but to his pleasures again; which is a sorrowful consideration. Very good company we were at dinner, and merry, and after dinner, he being gone about business, my wife and I and Mrs. Pierce and Betty and Balty, who come to see us to-day very sick, and went home not well, together out, and our coach broke the wheel off upon Ludgate Hill. So we were fain to part ourselves and get room in other people's coaches, and Mrs. Pierce and I in one, and I carried her home and set her down, and myself to the King's playhouse, which troubles me since, and hath cost me a forfeit of 10*s*., which I have paid, and there did see a good part of "The English Monsieur," [1] which is a mighty pretty play, very witty and pleasant. And the women do very well; but, above all, little Nelly,[2] that I am mightily pleased with the play, and much with the House, more than ever I expected, the women doing better than ever I expected, and very fine women. Here I was in pain to be seen, and hid myself; but, as God would have it, Sir John Chichly[3] come, and sat just by me. Thence to Mrs. Pierce's, and there took up my wife and away home, and to the office and Sir W. Batten's, of whom I hear that this Proviso in Parliament is mightily ill taken by all the Court party as a mortal blow, and that, that strikes deep into the King's prerogative, which troubles me mightily. Home, and set some papers right in my chamber, and then to supper and to bed, we being in much fear of ill news of our colliers. A fleete of two hundred sail, and fourteen Dutch men-of-war between them and us: and they coming home with small convoy; and the City in great want, coals being at £3 3*s*. per chaldron, as I am told. I saw smoke in the ruines this very day.

9th (Lord's day). Up, not to church, but to my chamber, and there begun to enter into this book my journall of September, which in the fire-time I could not enter here, but in loose papers. At noon dined, and then to my chamber all the afternoon and night, looking over and tearing and burning all the unnecessary letters, which I have had upon my file for four or five years backward, which I intend to do quite through all my papers, that I may have nothing by me but what is worth keeping, and fit to be seen, if I should miscarry. At this work till midnight, and then to supper and to bed.

10th. Up, and at my office all the morning, and several people with me, Sir W. Warren, who I do every day more and more admire for a miracle of cunning and forecast in his business, and then Captain Cocke, with whom I

[1] A comedy by the Hon. James Howard, son of the Earl of Berkshire, printed in 4to., 1674.

[2] Nell Gwyn played Lady Wealthy, a rich widow. Her first appearance on the stage is supposed to have taken place in 1665 in the character of Cydaria, in Dryden's "Indian Emperor."

[3] Captain (afterwards Sir John) Chicheley commanded the "Antelope," of fifty guns, in the Duke of York's squadron in the victory of the 3rd of June, 1665 (Charnock's "Biographia Navalis," vol. i., p. 84).

walked in the garden, and he tells me how angry the Court is at the late Proviso brought in by the House. How still my Lord Chancellor is, not daring to do or say any thing to displease the Parliament; that the Parliament is in a very ill humour, and grows every day more and more so; and that the unskilfulness of the Court, and their difference among one another, is the occasion of all not agreeing in what they would have, and so they give leisure and occasion to the other part to run away with what the Court would not have. Then comes Mr. Gawden, and he and I in my chamber discoursing about his business, and to pay him some Tangier orders which he delayed to receive till I had money instead of tallies, but do promise me consideration for my victualling business for this year, and also as Treasurer for Tangier, which I am glad of, but would have been gladder to have just now received it. He gone, I alone to dinner at home, my wife and her people being gone down the river to-day for pleasure, though a cold day and dark night to come up. In the afternoon I to the Excise Office[1] to enter my tallies, which I did, and come presently back again, and then to the office and did much business, and then home to supper, my wife and people being come well and hungry home from Erith. Then I to begin the setting of a Base to "It is decreed," and so to bed.

11th. Up, and to the office, where we sat, and at noon home to dinner, a small dinner because of a good supper. After dinner my wife and I by coach to St. Clement's Church, to Mrs. Turner's lodgings, hard by, to take our leaves of her. She is returning into the North to her children, where, I perceive, her husband hath clearly got the mastery of her, and she is likely to spend her days there,[2] which for her sake I am a little sorry for, though for his it is but fit she should live where he hath a mind. Here were several people come to see and take leave of her, she going to-morrow: among others, my Lady Mordant,[3] which was Betty Turner, a most homely widow, but young, and pretty rich, and good natured. Thence, having promised to write

[1] After the Great Fire the Excise Office for a time found a site in Southampton Fields, at the back of Southampton House (afterwards Bedford House), on the north side of Bloomsbury Square.

[2] John Turner, here alluded to, was the eldest son and heir of Sir William Turner, Lord Mayor of London in 1669, better known as the munificent founder of Kirkleatham Hospital, in Yorkshire, and whose monument is still to be seen in Kirkleatham Church, and in the hospital a likeness of him in wax-work, with the identical wig and band that he wore. In the east window of the hospital chapel also is a stained glass portrait of him in his mayoralty robes, and one of his eldest son. John Turner was brought up to the bar, and became a serjeant-at-law, and purchased an estate in the district of Cleveland. Besides his daughter Theophila, mentioned so often, he had issue two sons, Charles and William, from the eldest of whom descended the late Sir Charles Turner, of Kirkleatham, the second baronet of the family, and the last heir male of his race. He died in 1810. See an account of the family in "The Genealogist and Topographer," part vi.—B.

[3] Sir George Mordaunt, of Massingham, Norfolk, the fourth baronet of his family, espoused Elizabeth, daughter and co-heir of Nicholas Johnson, of London, niece to Sir W. Turner above-mentioned, who is the person here alluded to by Pepys. She remarried Francis Godolphin, of Colston, Wilts (Wotton's "Baronetage").—B.

every month to her, we home, and I to my office, while my wife to get things together for supper. Dispatching my business at the office. Anon come our guests, old Mr. Batelier, and his son and daughter, Mercer, which was all our company. We had a good venison pasty and other good cheer, and as merry as in so good, innocent, and understanding company I could be. He is much troubled that wines, laden by him in France before the late proclamation was out, cannot now be brought into England, which is so much to his and other merchants' loss. We sat long at supper and then to talk, and so late parted and so to bed. This day the Poll Bill was to be passed, and great endeavours used to take away the Proviso.

12th. Up, and to the office, where some accounts of Mr. Gawden's were examined, but I home most of the morning to even some accounts with Sir H. Cholmly, Mr. Moone, and others one after another. Sir H. Cholmly did with grief tell me how the Parliament hath been told plainly that the King hath been heard to say, that he would dissolve them rather than pass this Bill with the Proviso; but tells me, that the Proviso is removed, and now carried that it shall be done by a Bill by itself. He tells me how the King hath lately paid about £30,000[1] to clear debts of my Lady Castlemayne's; and that she and her husband are parted for ever, upon good terms, never to trouble one another more. He says that he hears £400,000 hath gone into the Privy purse since this warr; and that that hath consumed so much of our money, and makes the King and Court so mad to be brought to discover it. He gone, and after him the rest, I to the office, and at noon to the 'Change, where the very good newes is just come of our four ships from Smyrna, come safe without convoy even into the Downes, without seeing any enemy; which is the best, and indeed only considerable good newes to our Exchange, since the burning of the City; and it is strange to see how it do cheer up men's hearts. Here I saw shops now come to be in this Exchange, and met little Batelier, who sits here but at £3 per annum, whereas he sat at the other at £100, which he says he believes will prove of as good account to him now as the other did at that rent. From the 'Change to Captain Cocke's, and there, by agreement, dined, and there was Charles Porter,[2] Temple,[3] Fenn,[4] Debasty, whose bad English and pleasant discourses was exceeding good entertainment, Matt. Wren, Major Cooper, and myself, mighty merry and pretty discourse. They talked for certain, that now the King do follow Mrs. Stewart wholly, and my Lady Castlemayne not above once a week; that the Duke of York do not haunt my Lady Denham so much; that she troubles

[1] Two thousand pounds of this sum went to Alderman Edward Bakewell for two diamond rings, severally charged £1,100 and £900, bought March 14th, 1665-66 (Second addenda to Steinman's "Memoir of the Duchess of Cleveland," privately printed, 1878, p. 4).

[2] Charles Porter was brother to Thomas Porter, who killed Sir H. Bellasis in a duel in 1667 (see note, May 15th, 1663).

[3] Probably John Temple, Sir R. Viner's chief clerk.

[4] John Fenn, who is frequently referred to in the Diary.

him with matters of State, being of my Lord Bristoll's faction, and that he avoids; that she is ill still. After dinner I away to the office, where we sat late upon Mr. Gawden's accounts, Sir J. Minnes being gone home sick. I late at the office, and then home to supper and to bed, being mightily troubled with a pain in the small of my back, through cold, or (which I think most true) my straining last night to get open my plate chest, in such pain all night I could not turn myself in my bed. Newes this day from Brampton, of Mr. Ensum, my sister's sweetheart, being dead: a clowne.

13th. Up, and to the office, where we sat. At noon to the 'Change and there met Captain Cocke, and had a second time his direction to bespeak £100 of plate, which I did at Sir R. Viner's, being twelve plates more, and something else I have to choose. Thence home to dinner, and there W. Hewer dined with me, and showed me a Gazette,[1] in April last, which I wonder should never be remembered by any body, which tells how several persons were then tried for their lives, and were found guilty of a design of killing the King and destroying the Government; and as a means to it, to burn the City; and that the day intended for the plot was the 3rd of last September. And the fire did indeed break out on the 2nd of September, which is very strange, methinks, and I shall remember it. At the office all the afternoon late, and then home to even my accounts in my Tangier book, which I did to great content in all respects, and joy to my heart, and so to bed. This afternoon Sir W. Warren and Mr. Moore, one after another, walked with me in the garden, and they both tell me that my Lord Sandwich is called home, and that he do grow more and more in esteem everywhere, and is better spoken of, which I am mighty glad of, though I know well enough his deserving the same before, and did foresee that it will come to it. In mighty

[1] The "Gazette" of April 23rd–26th, 1666, which contains the following remarkable passage: "At the Sessions in the Old Bailey, John Rathbone, an old army colonel, William Saunders, Henry Tucker, Thomas Flint, Thomas Evans, John Myles, Will. Westcot, and John Cole, officers or soldiers in the late Rebellion, were indicted for conspiring the death of his Majesty and the overthrow of the Government. Having laid their plot and contrivance for the surprisal of the Tower, the killing his Grace the Lord General, Sir John Robinson, Lieutenant of the Tower, and Sir Richard Brown; and then to have declared for an equal division of lands, &c. *The better to effect this hellish design, the City was to have been fired*, and the portcullis let down to keep out all assistance; and the Horse Guards to have been surprised in the inns where they were quartered, several ostlers having been gained for that purpose. The Tower was accordingly viewed, and its surprise ordered by boats over the moat, and from thence to scale the wall. One Alexander, not yet taken, had likewise distributed money to these conspirators; and, for the carrying on the design more effectually, they were told of a Council of the great ones that sat frequently in London, from whom issued all orders; which Council received their directions from another in Holland, who sat with the States; and that *the third of September* was pitched on for the attempt, as being found by Lilly's Almanack, and a scheme erected for that purpose, to be a lucky day, a planet then ruling which prognosticated the downfall of Monarchy. The evidence against these persons was very full and clear, and they were accordingly found guilty of High Treason." See November 10th, 1666.—B.

great pain in my back still, but I perceive it changes its place, and do not trouble me at all in making of water, and that is my joy, so that I believe it is nothing but a strain, and for these three or four days I perceive my overworking of my eyes by candlelight do hurt them as it did the last winter, that by day I am well and do get them right, but then after candlelight they begin to be sore and run, so that I intend to get some green spectacles.

14th. Up, and very well again of my pain in my back, it having been nothing but cold. By coach to White Hall, seeing many smokes of the fire by the way yet, and took up into the coach with me a country gentleman, who asked me room to go with me, it being dirty—one come out of the North to see his son, after the burning his house: a merchant. Here endeavoured to wait on the Duke of York, but he would not stay from the Parliament. So I to Westminster Hall, and there met my good friend Mr. Evelyn, and walked with him a good while, lamenting our condition for want of good council, and the King's minding of his business and servants. I out to the Bell Taverne, and thither comes Doll to me . . ., and after an hour's stay, away and staid in Westminster Hall till the rising of the house, having told Mr. Evelyn, and he several others, of my Gazette which I had about me that mentioned in April last a plot for which several were condemned of treason at the Old Bayly for many things, and among others for a design of burning the city on the 3rd of September. The house sat till three o'clock, and then up: and I home with Sir Stephen Fox to his house to dinner, and the Cofferer[1] with us. There I find Sir S. Fox's lady, a fine woman, and seven the prettiest children of their's that ever I knew almost. A very genteel dinner, and in great state and fashion, and excellent discourse; and nothing like an old experienced man and a courtier, and such is the Cofferer Ashburnham. The House have been mighty hot to-day against the Paper Bill, showing all manner of averseness to give the King money; which these courtiers do take mighty notice of, and look upon the others as bad rebells as ever the last were. But the courtiers did carry it against those men upon a division of the House, a great many, that it should be committed; and so it was: which they reckon good news. After dinner we three to the Excise Office, and there had long discourse about our monies, but nothing to satisfaction, that is, to shew any way of shortening the time which our tallies take up before they become payable, which is now full two years, which is 20 per cent. for all the King's money for interest, and the great disservice of his Majesty otherwise.

[1] William Ashburnham, younger brother of John Ashburnham, and first cousin of the Duke of Buckingham. He was an officer of distinction in the king's army during the Civil War; and, after the Restoration, made Cofferer of the Household to Charles II. Died s.p. 1671. He married the "young, beautiful, and rich widow" of James Ley, Earl of Marlborough, Lord High Treasurer of England, to whom she was third wife. She was daughter of John, Lord Butler, of Bramfield, by Elizabeth Villiers, sister of the first Duke of Buckingham, and therefore nearly related to William Ashburnham. A splendid monument to William Ashburnham, and to the Countess of Marlborough, with whom he lived happily for nearly forty-five years, is in Ashburnham Church.—B.

Thence in the evening round by coach home, where I find Foundes his present, of a fair pair of candlesticks, and half a dozen of plates come, which cost him full £50, and is a very good present; and here I met with, sealed up, from Sir H. Cholmly, the lampoone, or the Mocke-Advice to a Paynter,[1] abusing the Duke of York and my Lord Sandwich, Pen, and every body, and the King himself, in all the matters of the navy and warr. I am sorry for my Lord Sandwich's having so great a part in it. Then to supper and musique, and to bed.

15th. Up and to the office, where my Lord Bruncker newly come to town, from his being at Chatham and Harwich to spy enormities: and at noon I with him and his lady Williams, to Captain Cocke's, where a good dinner, and very merry. Good news to-day upon the Exchange, that our Hamburgh fleete is got in; and good hopes that we may soon have the like of our Gottenburgh, and then we shall be well for this winter. Very merry at dinner. And by and by comes in Matt. Wren[2] from the Parliament-house; and tells us that he and all his party of the House, which is the Court party, are fools, and have been made so this day by the wise men of the other side; for, after the Court party had carried it yesterday so powerfully for the Paper-Bill,[3]

[1] The bibliography of the various "Advices" and "Instructions" to a Painter is somewhat extensive, and can only be shortly alluded to here. The poet Waller commenced the series with his "Instructions to a Painter for the drawing of the posture and progress of His Ma^ties^ forces at sea under command of his Highness Royal. Together with the battel and victory obtained over the Dutch, June 3, 1665. London, 1666." In the following year appeared "Directions to a Painter for describing our Navall Business in imitation of Waller," "The second Advice to a Painter for drawing the History of our Navall Business, in imitation of Mr. Waller," "The second and third Advice to a Painter for drawing the History of our Navall Actions, in answer to Mr. Waller." These were attributed to Sir John Denham, but it is doubtful whether he had anything to do with them. In "Poems on Affairs of State," vol. i. (1703), where the "Directions" are printed, we find this note in the list of contents, "said to be written by Sir John Denham, but believed to be writ by Mr. Milton." Andrew Marvel's "Last Instructions to a Painter" is dated 1667, and his "Further Instructions to a Painter," 1670. The constant issue of "Instructions" and "Advices" attracted special attention, and "The Answer of Mr. Waller's Painter to his many new Advisers" was published in 1667. Marvell wrote an "Advice to a Painter" on the Popish Plot, and a "Second Advice to a Painter" was written in imitation of Marvell. In a broadside (1680), quoted by Mr. G. T. Drury in his edition of Waller's Poems, 1893, satirical reference is made to the fashionable form of advice to the painters:

"Each puny brother of the rhyming trade
At every turn implores the Painter's aid,
And fondly enamoured of own foul brat
Cries in an ecstasy, Paint this, draw that."

The series was continued, for we find "Advice to a Painter upon the Defeat of the Rebels in the West and the Execution of the late Duke of Monmouth" ("Poems on Affairs of State," vol. ii., p. 148); "Advice to a Painter, being a Satire on the French King," &c., 1692, and "Advice to a Painter," 1697 ("Poems on Affairs of State," vol. ii., p. 428).

[2] See March 7th, 1666.

[3] It was called "A Bill for raising part of the supply for his Majesty by an imposition on Sealed Paper and Parchment."—B.

yet now it is laid aside wholly, and to be supplied by a land-tax; which it is true will do well, and will be the sooner finished, which was the great argument for the doing of it. But then it shews them fools, that they would not permit this to have been done six weeks ago, which they might have had. And next, they have parted with the Paper Bill, which, when once begun, might have proved a very good flower in the Crowne, as any there. So do really say that they are truly outwitted by the other side. Thence away to Sir R. Viner's, and there chose some plate besides twelve plates which I purpose to have with Captain Cocke's gift of £100, and so home and there busy late, and then home and to bed.

16th (Lord's day). Lay long talking with my wife in bed, then up with great content and to my chamber to set right a picture or two, Lovett having sent me yesterday Sancta Clara's head varnished, which is very fine, and now my closet is so full stored, and so fine, as I would never desire to have it better. Dined without any strangers with me, which I do not like on Sundays. Then after dinner by water to Westminster to see Mrs. Martin, whom I found up in her chamber and ready to go abroad. I sat there with her and her husband and others a pretty while, and then away to White Hall, and there walked up and down to the Queen's side, and there saw my dear Lady Castlemayne, who continues admirable, methinks, and I do not hear but that the King is the same to her still as ever. Anon to chapel, by the King's closet, and heard a very good anthemne. Then with Lord Bruncker to Sir W. Coventry's chamber; and there we sat with him and talked. He is weary of anything to do, he says, in the Navy. He tells us this Committee of Accounts will enquire sharply into our office. And, speaking of Sir J. Minnes, he says he will not bear any body's faults but his own. He discoursed as bad of Sir W. Batten almost, and cries out upon the discipline of the fleete, which is lost, and that there is not in any of the fourth rates and under scarce left one Sea Commander, but all young gentlemen; and what troubles him, he hears that the gentlemen give out that in two or three years a Tarpaulin shall not dare to look after being better than a Boatswain. Which he is troubled at, and with good reason, and at this day Sir Robert Holmes is mighty troubled that his brother do not command in chief, but is commanded by Captain Hannum,[1] who, Sir W. Coventry says, he believes to be at least of as good blood, is a longer bred seaman, and elder officer, and an elder commander, but such is Sir R. Holmes's pride as never to be stopt, he being greatly troubled at my Lord Bruncker's late discharging all his men and officers but the standing officers at Chatham, and so are all other Commanders, and a very great cry hath been to the King from them all in my Lord's absence. But Sir W. Coventry do undertake to defend it, and my Lord Bruncker got ground I believe by it, who is angry at Sir W. Batten's and Sir W. Pen's bad words concerning it, and I have made it worse by telling him that they refuse to sign to a paper which he and I signed on Satur-

[1] Captain Willoughby Hannam or Hanham (see note, July 27th, 1666).

day to declare the reason of his actions, which Sir W. Coventry likes and would have it sent him and he will sign it, which pleases me well. So we parted, and I with Lord Bruncker to Sir P. Neale's chamber, and there sat and talked awhile, Sir Edward Walker being there, and telling us how he hath lost many fine rowles of antiquity in heraldry by the late fire, but hath saved the most of his papers. Here was also Dr. Wallis,[1] the famous scholar and mathematician; but he promises little. Left them, and in the dark and cold home by water, and so to supper and to read and so to bed, my eyes being better to-day, and I cannot impute it to anything but by my being much in the dark to-night, for I plainly find that it is only excess of light that makes my eyes sore. This afternoon I walked with Lord Bruncker into the Park and there talked of the times, and he do think that the King sees that he cannot never have much more money or good from this Parliament, and that therefore he may hereafter dissolve them, that as soon as he has the money settled he believes a peace will be clapped up, and that there are overtures of a peace, which if such as the Lord Chancellor can excuse he will take. For it is the Chancellor's interest, he says, to bring peace again, for in peace he can do all and command all, but in war he cannot, because he understands not the nature of the war as to the management thereof. He tells me he do not believe the Duke of York will go to sea again, though there are a great many about the King that would be glad of any occasion to take him out of the world, he standing in their ways; and seemed to mean the Duke of Monmouth, who spends his time the most viciously and idly of any man, nor will be fit for any thing; yet he speaks as if it were not impossible but the King would own him for his son, and that there was a marriage between his mother and him; which God forbid should be if it be not true, nor will the Duke of York easily be gulled in it.[2] But this put to our other distractions makes things appear very sad, and likely to be the occasion of much confusion in a little time, and my Lord Bruncker seems to say that nothing can help us but the King's making a peace soon as he hath this money; and thereby putting himself out of debt, and so becoming a good husband, and then he will neither need this nor any other Parliament, till he can have one to his mind: for no Parliament can, as he says, be kept long good, but they will spoil one another, and that therefore it hath been the practice of kings to tell Parliaments what he hath for them to do, and give them so long time to do it in, and no longer. Harry Kembe, one of our messengers, is lately dead.

17th. Up, and several people to speak with me, and then comes Mr. Cæsar,

[1] John Wallis, born November 23rd, 1616, at Ashford, educated at Felsted School, Essex, and Emmanuel College, Cambridge, from which he removed to a fellowship in Queen's College. In 1648 he was appointed Savilian Professor of Geometry at Oxford, where he took the degree of D.D., 1654. He was one of the most distinguished Fellows of the Royal Society, and his "Arithmetic of Infinites" is said to contain the germ of future discoveries. He died at Oxford, October 28th, 1703.

[2] See note, May 15th, 1663, *ante*.

and then Goodgroome, and, what with one and the other, nothing but musique with me this morning, to my great content; and the more, to see that God Almighty hath put me into condition to bear the charge of all this. So out to the 'Change, and did a little business, and then home, where they two musicians and Mr. Cooke come to see me, and Mercer to go along with my wife this afternoon to a play. To dinner, and then our company all broke up, and to my chamber to do several things. Among other things, to write a letter to my Lord Sandwich, it being one of the burdens upon my mind that I have not writ to him since he went into Spain, but now I do intend to give him a brief account of our whole year's actions since he went, which will make amends. My wife well home in the evening from the play; which I was glad of, it being cold and dark, and she having her necklace of pearl on, and none but Mercer with her. Spent the evening in fitting my books, to have the number set upon each, in order to my having an alphabet of my whole, which will be of great ease to me. This day Captain Batters come from sea in his fireship and come to see me, poor man, as his patron, and a poor painful wretch he is as can be. After supper to bed.

18th. Up, and to the office, where I hear the ill news that poor Batters,[1] that had been born and bred a seaman, and brought up his ship from sea but yesterday, was, going down from me to his ship, drowned in the Thames, which is a sad fortune, and do make me afeard, and will do, more than ever I was. At noon dined at home, and then by coach to my Lord Bellasses, but not at home. So to Westminster Hall, where the Lords are sitting still, I to see Mrs. Martin, who is very well, and intends to go abroad to-morrow after her childbed. She do tell me that this child did come la meme jour that it ought to hazer after my avoir eté con elle before her marid did venir home. . . . Thence to the Swan, and there I sent for Sarah, and mighty merry we were. . . . So to Sir Robert Viner's about my plate, and carried home another dozen of plates, which makes my stock of plates up 2½ dozen, and at home find Mr. Thomas Andrews, with whom I staid and talked a little and invited him to dine with me at Christmas, and then I to the office, and there late doing business, and so home and to bed. Sorry for poor Batters.

19th. Up, and by water down to White Hall, and there with the Duke of York did our usual business, but nothing but complaints of want of money with[out] success, and Sir W. Coventry's complaint of the defects of our office (indeed Sir J. Minnes's) without any amendment, and he tells us so plainly of the Committee of Parliament's resolution to enquire home into all our managements that it makes me resolve to be wary, and to do all things betimes to be ready for them. Thence going away met Mr. Hingston[2]

[1] Captain Christopher Batters, of the "Joseph" fire-ship, was drowned in the Thames, and his body found some time afterwards (see "Calendar of State Papers," 1666–67, pp. 505, 506).

[2] John Hingston, composer and organist, pupil of Orlando Gibbons. In the service successively of Charles I., Cromwell, and Charles II. Gentleman of the Chapel Royal,

the organist (my old acquaintance) in the Court, and I took him to the Dog Taverne and got him to set me a bass to my "It is decreed," which I think will go well, but he commends the song not knowing the words, but says the ayre is good, and believes the words are plainly expressed. He is of my mind against having the 8ths unnecessarily in composition. This did all please me mightily. Then to talk of the King's family. He says many of the musique are ready to starve, they being five years behindhand for their wages; nay, Evens,[1] the famous man upon the Harp, having not his equal in the world, did the other day die for mere want, and was fain to be buried at the almes of the parish, and carried to his grave in the dark at night without one linke, but that Mr. Hingston met it by chance, and did give 12*d.* to buy two or three links. He says all must come to ruin at this rate, and I believe him. Thence I up to the Lords' House to enquire for Lord Bellasses: and there hear how at a conference this morning between the two Houses about the business of the Canary Company, my Lord Buckingham leaning rudely over my Lord Marquis Dorchester,[2] my Lord Dorchester removed his elbow. Duke of Buckingham asked him whether he was uneasy; Dorchester replied, yes, and that he durst not do this were he any where else: Buckingham replied, yes he would, and that he was a better man than himself; Dorchester answered that he lyed. With this Buckingham struck off his hat, and took him by his periwigg, and pulled it aside, and held him. My Lord Chamberlain and others interposed, and, upon coming into the House, the Lords did order them both to the Tower, whither they are to go this afternoon. I down into the Hall, and there the Lieutenant of the Tower[3] took me with him, and would have me to the Tower to dinner; where I dined at the head of his table, next his lady,[4] who is comely and seeming sober and stately, but very proud and very cunning, or I am mistaken, and wanton, too. This day's work will bring the Lieutenant of the Tower £350. But a strange, con-

and in 1663 keeper of the organs. He is said by Hawkins to have been Blow's earliest master. He died in 1683, and was buried in St. Margaret's, Westminster, December 17th. His portrait was in the Music School at Oxford.

[1] The "Warrant to the Treasurer of the Chamber to pay to Henry Brookwell, musician on the lute, in place of Lewis Evans, deceased, £16 2*s.* 6*d.* a year for life for his livery," is dated December 20th, 1666 ("Calendar of State Papers," 1666–67, p. 362).

[2] Henry Pierrepoint, second Earl of Kingston, created Marquis of Dorchester, 1645. Died December 1st, 1680. See an account of this quarrel in Lord Clarendon's "Life," vol. iii., p. 153, edit. 1827.—B.

"The Commons being in the Painted Chamber ready for the Conference appointed concerning the Canary Company, the House was adjourned during Pleasure, and the Lords went to the Conference, which being ended the House was resumed." The Lord Chamberlain acquainted the House, "That there was an ill accident fell out when the Lords were at the Conference this day in the Painted Chamber, by reason of a quarrel between the Duke of Bucks and the Marquis of Dorchester." Explanations were made by both lords, who were sent to the Tower ("Journals of the House of Lords," vol. xii., pp. 52, 53).

[3] Sir John Robinson.

[4] Anne, daughter of Sir George Whitmore.

ceited, vain man he is that ever I met withal, in his own praise, as I have heretofore observed of him. Thence home, and upon Tower Hill saw about 3 or 400 seamen get together; and one, standing upon a pile of bricks, made his sign, with his handkercher, upon his stick, and called all the rest to him, and several shouts they gave. This made me afeard; so I got home as fast as I could. And hearing of no present hurt did go to Sir Robert Viner's about my plate again, and coming home do hear of 1,000 seamen said in the streets to be in armes. So in great fear home, expecting to find a tumult about my house, and was doubtful of my riches there. But I thank God I found all well. But by and by Sir W. Batten and Sir R. Ford do tell me, that the seamen have been at some prisons, to release some seamen, and the Duke of Albemarle is in armes, and all the Guards at the other end of the town; and the Duke of Albemarle is gone with some forces to Wapping, to quell the seamen; which is a thing of infinite disgrace to us. I sat long talking with them; and, among other things, Sir R. Ford did make me understand how the House of Commons is a beast not to be understood, it being impossible to know beforehand the success almost of any small plain thing, there being so many to think and speak to any business, and they of so uncertain minds and interests and passions. He did tell me, and so did Sir W. Batten, how Sir Allen Brodericke[1] and Sir Allen Apsly[2] did come drunk the other day into the House, and did both speak for half an hour together, and could not be either laughed, or pulled, or bid to sit down and hold their peace, to the great contempt of the King's servants and cause; which I am grieved at

[1] Sir Alan Broderick died on the 28th November, 1680, and was interred at Wandsworth on the 3rd December, when his funeral sermon was preached by Nathaniel Resbury, D.D., incumbent of the parish. The following extracts from the discourse, which, though printed, is very scarce, may throw some light on the knight's character, and, from their quaintness, are interesting. "In the first place, therefore, I might be very well allow'd to begin with that usual head of panegyrick, where the subject could well bear it, viz., the quality of his birth and extract, and so give you his lineage in a long series of worthy and honourable ancestry, who from time immemorial had liv'd in the Registry of Honour in the Northern parts, till his own father, by the occasion of a noble trust, viz., the Lieutenancy of the Tower of London, came to add warmth to our Southern clime, and bless'd this place not only with his own and his religious Lady's presence and vertues (whose names and memories are still fragrant in those odours of goodness wherein they have been so plentifully scented in life), but with a numerous and valuable progeny, amongst whom was this wonder both of greatness and goodness. . . . I will readily acknowledge (and why, indeed, should I scruple to own what himself with such repeated contrition and brokenness of spirit would to all sober ears so freely and heartily condemn himself for?) that a long scene of his life had been acted off in the sports and follies of sin. If I may use his own words, it was a pagan and abandoned way he had sometime pursu'd, scepticism itself not excepted. . . . He had for many years practis'd in the politicks of this nation, and having so nearly attacht himself to one of the greatest Ministers of State [Lord Chancellor Clarendon] that this kingdom ever knew (whose mistaken wisdom and integrity perhaps hath been since better understood by the want of him), made himself no small figure in the administration." The Lords Middleton are descended from Sir St. John Broderick, a younger brother of Sir Alan.—B.

[2] See July 4th, 1663.

with all my heart. We were full in discourse of the sad state of our times, and the horrid shame brought on the King's service by the just clamours of the poor seamen, and that we must be undone in a little time. Home full of trouble on these considerations, and, among other things, I to my chamber, and there to ticket a good part of my books, in order to the numbering of them for my easy finding them to read as I have occasion. So to supper and to bed, with my heart full of trouble.

20th. Up, and to the office, where we sat all the morning, and here among other things come Captain Cocke, and I did get him to sign a note for the £100 to pay for the plate he do present me with, which I am very glad of. At noon home to dinner, where was Balty come, who is well again, and the most recovered in his countenance that ever I did see. Here dined with me also Mrs. Batters, poor woman! now left a sad widow by the drowning of her husband the other day. I pity her, and will do her what kindness I can; yet I observe something of ill-nature in myself more than should be, that I am colder towards her in my charity than I should be to one so painful as he and she have been and full of kindness to their power to my wife and I. After dinner out with Balty, setting him down at the Maypole in the Strand, and then I to my Lord Bellasses, and there spoke with Mr. Moone about some business, and so away home to my business at the office, and then home to supper and to bed, after having finished the putting of little papers upon my books to be numbered hereafter.

21st. Lay long, and when up find Mrs. Clerk of Greenwich and her daughter Daniel, their business among other things was a request her daughter was to make, so I took her into my chamber, and there it was to help her husband to the command of a little new pleasure boat building, which I promised to assist in. And here I had opportunity para baiser elle, and toucher ses mamailles. . . . Then to the office, and there did a little business, and then to the 'Change and did the like. So home to dinner, and spent all the afternoon in putting some things, pictures especially, in order, and pasting my Lady Castlemayne's print on a frame, which I have made handsome, and is a fine piece. So to the office in the evening to marshall my papers of accounts presented to the Parliament, against any future occasion to recur to them, which I did do to my great content. So home and did some Tangier work, and so to bed.

22nd. At the office all the morning, and there come news from Hogg that our shipp hath brought in a Lubecker to Portsmouth, likely to prove prize, of deals, which joys us. At noon home to dinner, and then Sir W. Pen, Sir R. Ford, and I met at Sir W. Batten's to examine our papers, and have great hopes to prove her prize, and Sir R. Ford I find a mighty yare[1] man in this business, making exceeding good observations from the papers on our behalf. Hereupon concluded what to write to Hogg and Middleton, which I did, and also with Mr. Oviatt (Sir R. Ford's son, who is to be our solicitor), to fee

[1] Quick or ready, a naval term frequently used by Shakespeare.

some counsel in the Admiralty, but none in town. So home again, and after writing letters by the post, I with all my clerks and Carcasse and Whitfield[1] to the ticket-office, there to be informed in the method and disorder of the office, which I find infinite great, of infinite concernment to be mended, and did spend till 12 at night to my great satisfaction, it being a point of our office I was wholly unacquainted in. So with great content home and to bed.

23rd (Lord's day). Up and alone to church, and meeting Nan Wright at the gate had opportunity to take two or three baisers, and so to church, where a vain fellow with a periwigg preached, Chaplain, as by his prayer appeared, to the Earl of Carlisle.[2] Home, and there dined with us Betty Michell and her husband. After dinner to White Hall by coach, and took them with me. And in the way I would have taken su main as I did the last time, but she did in a manner withhold it. So set them down at White Hall, and I to the Chapel to find Dr. Gibbons, and from him to the Harp and Ball to transcribe the treble which I would have him to set a bass to. But this took me so much time, and it growing night, I was fearful of missing a coach, and therefore took a coach and to rights to call Michell and his wife at their father Howlett's, and so home, it being cold, and the ground all snow. . . . They gone I to my chamber, and with my brother and wife did number all my books in my closet, and took a list of their names, which pleases me mightily, and is a jobb I wanted much to have done. Then to supper and to bed.

24th. Up, and to the office, where Lord Bruncker, [Sir] J. Minnes, [Sir] W. Pen, and myself met, and there I did use my notes I took on Saturday night about tickets, and did come to a good settlement in the business of that office, if it be kept to, this morning being a meeting on purpose. At noon to prevent my Lord Bruncker's dining here I walked as if upon business with him, it being frost and dry, as far as Paul's, and so back again through the City by Guildhall, observing the ruines thereabouts, till I did truly lose myself, and so home to dinner. I do truly find that I have overwrought my eyes, so that now they are become weak and apt to be tired, and all excess of light makes them sore, so that now to the candlelight I am forced to sit by, adding, the snow upon the ground all day, my eyes are very bad, and will be worse if not helped, so my Lord Bruncker do advise as a certain cure to use greene spectacles, which I will do. So to dinner, where Mercer with us, and very merry. After dinner she goes and fetches a little son of Mr. Backeworth's, the wittiest child and of the most spirit that ever I saw in my life for discourse of all kind, and so ready and to the purpose, not above four years old. Thence to Sir Robert Viner's, and there paid for the plate I have bought to the value of £94, with the £100 Captain Cocke did give me to that purpose,

[1] Nathaniel Whitfield was one of the four clerks of the Ticket Office, and was detailed to attend to Sir William Batten.

[2] Charles Howard, created Earl of Carlisle, 1661, employed on several embassies, and Governor of Jamaica. Died February 24th, 1684–85.—B.

and received the rest in money. I this evening did buy me a pair of green spectacles, to see whether they will help my eyes or no. So to the 'Change, and went to the Upper 'Change, which is almost as good as the old one; only shops are but on one side. Then home to the office, and did business till my eyes began to be bad, and so home to supper. My people busy making mince pies, and so to bed. No newes yet of our Gottenburgh fleete; which makes [us] have some fears, it being of mighty concernment to have our supply of masts safe. I met with Mr. Cade to-night, my stationer; and he tells me that he hears for certain that the Queene-Mother is about and hath near finished a peace with France, which, as a Presbyterian, he do not like, but seems to fear it will be a means to introduce Popery.

25th (Christmas day). Lay pretty long in bed, and then rose, leaving my wife desirous to sleep, having sat up till four this morning seeing her mayds make mince-pies. I to church, where our parson Mills made a good sermon. Then home, and dined well on some good ribbs of beef roasted and mince pies; only my wife, brother, and Barker, and plenty of good wine of my owne, and my heart full of true joy; and thanks to God Almighty for the goodness of my condition at this day. After dinner, I begun to teach my wife and Barker my song, "It is decreed," which pleases me mightily as now I have Mr. Hinxton's base.[1] Then out and walked alone on foot to the Temple, it being a fine frost, thinking to have seen a play all alone; but there, missing of any bills, concluded there was none, and so back home; and there with my brother reducing the names of all my books to an alphabet, which kept us till 7 or 8 at night, and then to supper, W. Hewer with us, and pretty merry, and then to my chamber to enter this day's journal only, and then to bed. My head a little thoughtfull how to behave myself in the business of the victualling, which I think will be prudence to offer my service in doing something in passing the pursers' accounts, thereby to serve the King, get honour to myself, and confirm me in my place in the victualling, which at present yields not work enough to deserve my wages.

26th. Up, and walked all the way (it being a most fine frost), to White Hall, to Sir W. Coventry's chamber, and thence with him up to the Duke of York, where among other things at our meeting I did offer my assistance to Sir J. Minnes to do the business of his office, relating to the Pursers' accounts, which was well accepted by the Duke of York, and I think I have and shall do myself good in it, if it be taken, for it will confirm me in the business of the victualling office, which I do now very little for. Thence home, carrying a barrel of oysters with me. Anon comes Mr. John Andrews and his wife by invitation from Bow to dine with me, and young Batelier and his wife with her great belly, which has spoiled her looks mightily already. Here was also Mercer and Creed, whom I met coming home, who tells me of a most bitter lampoone now out against the Court and the man-

[1] John Hingston, see note, *ante*, December 19th.

agement of State from head to foot, mighty witty and mighty severe. By and by to dinner, a very good one, and merry. After dinner I put the women into a coach, and they to the Duke's house, to a play which was acted, "The ——." It was indifferently done, but was not pleased with the song, Gosnell not singing, but a new wench, that sings naughtily. Thence home, all by coach, and there Mr. Andrews to the vyall, who plays most excellently on it, which I did not know before. Then to dance, here being Pembleton come, by my wife's direction, and a fiddler; and we got, also, the elder Batelier to-night, and Nan Wright, and mighty merry we were, and I danced; and so till twelve at night, and to supper, and then to cross purposes, mighty merry, and then to bed, my eyes being sore. Creed lay here in Barker's bed.

27th. Up; and called up by the King's trumpets, which cost me 10*s*. So to the office, where we sat all the morning. At noon, by invitation, my wife, who had not been there these 10 months, I think, and I, to meet all our families at Sir W. Batten's at dinner, whither neither a great dinner for so much company nor anything good or handsome. In the middle of dinner I rose, and my wife, and by coach to the King's playhouse, and meeting Creed took him up, and there saw "The Scornfull Lady" well acted; Doll Common[1] doing Abigail most excellently, and Knipp the widow very well, and will be an excellent actor, I think. In other parts the play not so well done as used to be, by the old actors. Anon to White Hall by coach, thinking to have seen a play there to-night, but found it a mistake, so back again, and missed our coach[man], who was gone, thinking to come time enough three hours hence, and we could not blame him. So forced to get another coach, and all three home to my house, and there to Sir W. Batten's, and eat a bit of cold chine of beef, and then staid and talked, and then home and sat and talked a little by the fireside with my wife and Creed, and so to bed, my left eye being very sore. No business publick or private minded all these two days. This day a house or two was blown up with powder in the Minorys, and several people spoiled, and many dug out from under the rubbish.

28th. Up, and Creed and I walked (a very fine walk in the frost) to my Lord Bellasses, but missing him did find him at White Hall, and there spoke with him about some Tangier business. That done, we to Creed's lodgings, which are very pretty, but he is going from them. So we to Lincoln's Inne Fields, he to Ned Pickering's, who it seems lives there, keeping a good house, and I to my Lord Crew's, where I dined, and hear the newes how my Lord's brother, Mr. Nathaniel Crew, hath an estate of 6 or £700 per annum, left him by the death of an old acquaintance of his, but not akin to him at all. And this man is dead without will, but had, above ten years since, made over his estate to this Mr. Crew, to him and his heirs for ever, and giving Mr. Crew the keeping of the deeds in his own hand all this time; by which, if he would, he might have taken present possession of the estate, for he knew

[1] Mrs. Corey. See January 15th, 1668–69. Knipp is not mentioned by Genest as having acted in the play ("English Stage," vol. i., p. 66).

what they were. This is as great an act of confident friendship as this latter age, I believe, can shew. From hence to the Duke's house, and there saw "Macbeth" most excellently acted, and a most excellent play for variety. I had sent for my wife to meet me there, who did come, and after the play was done, I out so soon to meet her at the other door that I left my cloake in the playhouse, and while I returned to get it, she was gone out and missed me, and with W. Hewer away home. I not sorry for it much did go to White Hall, and got my Lord Bellasses to get me into the playhouse; and there, after all staying above an hour for the players, the King and all waiting, which was absurd, saw "Henry the Fifth" well done by the Duke's people, and in most excellent habits, all new vests, being put on but this night. But I sat so high and far off, that I missed most of the words, and sat with a wind coming into my back and neck, which did much trouble me. The play continued till twelve at night; and then up, and a most horrid cold night it was, and frosty, and moonshine. But the worst was, I had left my cloak at Sir G. Carteret's, and they being abed I was forced to go home without it. So by chance got a coach and to the Golden Lion Taverne in the Strand, and there drank some mulled sack, and so home, where find my poor wife staying for me, and then to bed mighty cold.

29th. Up, called up with newes from Sir W. Batten that Hogg[1] hath brought in two prizes more: and so I thither, and hear the particulars, which are good; one of them, if prize, being worth £4,000: for which God be thanked! Then to the office, and have the newes brought us of Captain Robinson's[2] coming with his fleete from Gottenburgh: dispersed, though, by foul weather. But he hath light of five Dutch men-of-war, and taken three, whereof one is sunk; which is very good newes to close up the year with, and most of our merchant-men already heard of to be safely come home, though after long lookings-for, and now to several ports, as they could make them. At noon home to dinner, where Balty is and now well recovered. Then to the office to do business, and at night, it being very cold, home to my chamber, and there late writing, but my left eye still very sore. I write by spectacles all this night, then to supper and to bed. This day's good news making me very lively, only the arrears of much business on my hands and

[1] Captain Hogg wrote to Sir William Penn on December 27th that he had "sailed from Cowes on the 23rd, chased several vessels, and was chased by twenty sail, consisting of four Holland men-of-war, three merchant ships, &c., but escaped, and took a galliot hoy of their fleet" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1666–67, p. 373). On the previous November 25th Commissioner Thomas Middleton reported to Pepys that Captain Hogg had brought into Portsmouth a privateer bound for France, laden with deals (p. 288 of the same).

[2] Captain Robert Robinson was sent in December as commodore of a squadron of six sail (the "Warspight," the "Jersey," the "Diamond," the "St. Patrick," the "Nightingale," and the "Oxford") to convoy the fleet home from Gottenburgh. On the 25th they fell in with a squadron of five Dutch men-of-war, of which three, including the admiral, were after a short action taken. Captain Robinson was knighted on December 12th, 1673 (Charnock's "Biographia Navalis," vol. i., p. 63).

my accounts to be settled for the whole year past do lie as a weight on my mind.

30th (Lord's day). Lay long, however up and to church, where Mills made a good sermon. Here was a collection for the sexton; but it come into my head why we should be more bold in making the collection while the psalm is singing, than in the sermon or prayer. Home, and, without any strangers, to dinner, and then all the afternoon and evening in my chamber preparing all my accounts in good condition against to-morrow, to state them for the whole year past, to which God give me a good issue when I come to close them! So to supper and to bed.

31st. Rising this day with a full design to mind nothing else but to make up my accounts for the year past, I did take money, and walk forth to several places in the towne as far as the New Exchange, to pay all my debts, it being still a very great frost and good walking. I staid at the Fleece Tavern in Covent Garden while my boy Tom went to W. Joyce's to pay what I owed for candles there. Thence to the New Exchange to clear my wife's score, and so going back again I met Doll Lane (Mrs. Martin's sister), with another young woman of the Hall, one Scott, and took them to the Half Moon Taverne and there drank some burnt wine with them, without more pleasure, and so away home by coach, and there to dinner, and then to my accounts, wherein, at last, I find them clear and right; but, to my great discontent, do find that my gettings this year have been £573 less than my last: it being this year in all but £2,986; whereas, the last, I got £3,560. And then again my spendings this year have exceeded my spendings the last by £644: my whole spendings last year being but £509; whereas this year, it appears, I have spent £1,154, which is a sum not fit to be said that ever I should spend in one year, before I am master of a better estate than I am. Yet, blessed be God! and I pray God make me thankful for it, I do find myself worth in money, all good, above £6,200; which is above £1,800 more than I was the last year. This, I trust in God, will make me thankfull for what I have, and carefull to make up by care next year what by my negligence and prodigality I have lost and spent this year. The doing of this, and entering of it fair, with the sorting of all my expenses, to see how and in what points I have exceeded, did make it late work, till my eyes become very sore and ill, and then did give over, and supper, and to bed. Thus ends this year of publick wonder and mischief to this nation, and, therefore, generally wished by all people to have an end. Myself and family well, having four mayds, and one clerk, Tom, in my house, and my brother, now with me, to spend time in order to his preferment. Our healths all well, only my eyes with overworking them are sore as candlelight comes to them, and not else; publick matters in a most sad condition; seamen discouraged for want of pay, and are become not to be governed: nor, as matters are now, can any fleete go out next year. Our enemies, French and Dutch, great, and grow more by our poverty. The Parliament backward in raising, because jealous of the spending of the

money; the City less and less likely to be built again, every body settling elsewhere, and nobody encouraged to trade. A sad, vicious, negligent Court, and all sober men there fearful of the ruin of the whole kingdom this next year; from which, good God deliver us! One thing I reckon remarkable in my owne condition is, that I am come to abound in good plate, so as at all entertainments to be served wholly with silver plates, having two dozen and a half.

1666–67.

January 1st. Lay long, being a bitter, cold, frosty day, the frost being now grown old, and the Thames covered with ice. Up, and to the office, where all the morning busy. At noon to the 'Change a little, where Mr. James Houblon and I walked a good while speaking of our ill condition in not being able to set out a fleet (we doubt) this year, and the certain ill effect that must bring, which is lamentable. Home to dinner, where the best powdered goose that ever I eat. Then to the office again, and to Sir W. Batten's to examine the Commission going down to Portsmouth to examine witnesses about our prizes, of which God give a good issue! and then to the office again, where late, and so home, my eyes sore. To supper and to bed.

2nd. Up, I, and walked to White Hall to attend the Duke of York, as usual. My wife up, and with Mrs. Pen to walk in the fields to frost-bite themselves. I find the Court full of great apprehensions of the French, who have certainly shipped landsmen, great numbers, at Brest; and most of our people here guess his design for Ireland. We have orders to send all the ships we can possible to the Downes. God have mercy on us! for we can send forth no ships without men, nor will men go without money, every day bringing us news of new mutinies among the seamen; so that our condition is like to be very miserable. Thence to Westminster Hall, and there met all the Houblons, who do laugh at this discourse of the French, and say they are verily of opinion it is nothing but to send to their plantation in the West Indys, and that we at Court do blow up a design of invading us, only to make the Parliament make more haste in the money matters, and perhaps it may be so, but I do not believe we have any such plot in our heads. After them, I, with several people, among others Mr. George Montagu, whom I have not seen long, he mighty kind. He tells me all is like to go ill, the King displeasing the House of Commons by evading their Bill for examining Accounts, and putting it into a Commission, though therein he hath left out Coventry and ———,[1] and named all the rest the Parliament named, and all country Lords, not one Courtier: this do not please them. He tells me he finds the enmity almost over for my Lord Sandwich, and that now all is

[1] A blank in the MS.

upon the Vice-Chamberlain, who bears up well and stands upon his vindication, which he seems to like well, and the others do construe well also. Thence up to the Painted Chamber, and there heard a conference between the House of Lords and Commons about the Wine Patent; which I was exceeding glad to be at, because of my hearing exceeding good discourses, but especially from the Commons; among others, Mr. Swinfen,[1] and a young man, one Sir Thomas Meres:[2] and do outdo the Lords infinitely. So down to the Hall and to the Rose Taverne, while Doll Lane come to me, and we did biber a good deal de vino, et je did give elle twelve soldis para comprare elle some gans for a new anno's gift. . . . Thence to the Hall again, and with Sir W. Pen by coach to the Temple, and there 'light and eat a bit at an ordinary by, and then alone to the King's House, and there saw "The Custome of the Country,"[3] the second time of its being acted, wherein Knipp does the Widow well; but, of all the plays that ever I did see, the worst—having neither plot, language, nor anything in the earth that is acceptable; only Knipp sings a little song admirably. But fully the worst play that ever I saw or I believe shall see. So away home, much displeased for the loss of so much time, and disobliging my wife by being there without her. So, by link, walked home, it being mighty cold but dry, yet bad walking because very slippery with the frost and treading. Home and to my chamber to set down my Journal, and then to thinking upon establishing my vows against the next year, and so to supper and to bed.

3rd. Up, and to the office, where we sat all the morning. At noon by invitation to dinner to Sir W. Pen's, where my Lord Bruncker, Sir W. Batten, and his lady, myself, and wife, Sir J. Minnes, and Mr. Turner and his wife. Indifferent merry, to which I contributed the most, but a mean dinner, and in a mean manner. In the evening a little to the office, and then to them, where I found them at cards, myself very ill with a cold (the frost continuing hard), so eat but little at supper, but very merry, and late home to bed, not much pleased with the manner of our entertainment, though to myself more civil than to any. This day, I hear, hath been a conference between the two Houses about the Bill for examining Accounts, wherein the House of Lords their proceedings in petitioning the King for doing it by Commission is, in great heat, voted by the Commons, after the conference, unparliamentary. The issue whereof, God knows.

4th. Up, and seeing things put in order for a dinner at my house to-day, I to the office awhile, and about noon home, and there saw all things in good order. Anon comes our company; my Lord Bruncker, Sir W. Pen, his lady,

[1] John Swinfen, M.P. for Tamworth.

[2] M.P. for Lincoln, made a Commissioner of the Admiralty, 1679.—B.

[3] This tragi-comedy, which refers to the feudal custom styled the *droit du seigneur,* was acted in 1628, and printed in Beaumont and Fletcher's Works, 1647. Dryden, in the preface to his "Fables," says "there is more indecency in the 'Custom of the Country' than in all our plays together, yet this has been often acted on the stage in my remembrance."

and Pegg, and her servant, Mr. Lowther,[1] my Lady Batten (Sir W. Batten being forced to dine at Sir R. Ford's, being invited), Mr. Turner and his wife. Here I had good room for ten, and no more would my table have held well, had Sir J. Minnes, who was fallen lame, and his sister, and niece, and Sir W. Batten come, which was a great content to me to be without them. I did make them all gaze to see themselves served so nobly in plate, and a neat dinner, indeed, though but of seven dishes. Mighty merry I was and made them all, and they mightily pleased. My Lord Bruncker went away after dinner to the ticket-office, the rest staid, only my Lady Batten home, her ague-fit coming on her at table. The rest merry, and to cards, and then to sing and talk, and at night to sup, and then to cards; and, last of all, to have a flaggon of ale and apples, drunk out of a wood cupp,[2] as a Christmas draught, made all merry; and they full of admiration at my plate, particularly my flaggons (which, indeed, are noble), and so late home, all with great mirth and satisfaction to them, as I thought, and to myself to see all I have and do so much outdo for neatness and plenty anything done by any of them. They gone, I to bed, much pleased, and do observe Mr. Lowther to be a pretty gentleman, and, I think, too good for Peg; and, by the way, Peg Pen seems mightily to be kind to me, and I believe by her father's advice, who is also himself so; but I believe not a little troubled to see my plenty, and was much troubled to hear the song I sung, "The New Droll"[3]—it touching him home. So to bed.

5th. At the office all the morning, thinking at noon to have been taken home, and my wife (according to appointment yesterday), by my Lord Bruncker, to dinner and then to a play, but he had forgot it, at which I was glad, being glad of avoyding the occasion of inviting him again, and being forced to invite his doxy, Mrs. Williams. So home, and took a small snap of victuals, and away, with my wife, to the Duke's house, and there saw "Mustapha," a most excellent play for words and design as ever I did see. I had seen it before but forgot it, so it was wholly new to me, which is the pleasure of my not committing these things to my memory. Home, and a little to the office, and then to bed, where I lay with much pain in my head most of the night, and very unquiet, partly by my drinking before I went out too great a draught of sack, and partly my eyes being still very sore.

6th (Lord's day). Up pretty well in the morning, and then to church,

[1] See January 11th, 1665–66.

[2] A mazer or drinking-bowl turned out of some kind of wood, by preference of maple, and especially the spotted or speckled variety called "bird's-eye maple" (see W. H. St. John Hope's paper, "On the English Mediæval Drinking-bowls called Mazers," "Archæologia," vol. 50, pp. 129-93).

[3] There is a song called "The New Droll," in a rare volume entitled "The Loyal Garland, or a Choice Collection of Songs highly in request . . . . fifth edition," printed for T. Passinger, at the Three Bibles, on London Bridge, 1686, referred to in Beloe's "Anecdotes of Literature," 1812, vol. vi., p. 90, and Halliwell's "Catalogue of Chap-Books, Garlands, &c.," 1849, p. 106.

where a dull doctor, a stranger, made a dull sermon. Then home, and Betty Michell and her husband come by invitation to dine with us, and she I find the same as ever (which I was afraid of the contrary). . . . Here come also Mr. Howe to dine with me, and we had a good dinner and good merry discourse with much pleasure, I enjoying myself mightily to have friends at my table. After dinner young Michell and I, it being an excellent frosty day to walk, did walk out, he showing me the baker's house in Pudding Lane,[1] where the late great fire begun; and thence all along Thames Street, where I did view several places, and so up by London Wall, by Blackfriars, to Ludgate; and thence to Bridewell, which I find to have been heretofore an extraordinary good house, and a fine coming to it, before the house by the bridge[2] was built; and so to look about St. Bride's church and my father's house, and so walked home, and there supped together, and then Michell and Betty home, and I to my closet, there to read and agree upon my vows for next year, and so to bed and slept mighty well.

7th. Lay long in bed. Then up and to the office, where busy all the morning. At noon (my wife being gone to Westminster) I with my Lord Bruncker by coach as far as the Temple, in the way he telling me that my Lady Denham is at last dead. Some suspect her poisoned, but it will be best known when her body is opened, which will be to-day, she dying yesterday morning. The Duke of York is troubled for her; but hath declared he will never have another public mistress again; which I shall be glad of, and would the King would do the like. He tells me how the Parliament is grown so jealous of the King's being unfayre to them in the business of the Bill for examining Accounts, Irish Bill, and the business of the Papists, that they will not pass the business for money till they see themselves secure that those Bills will pass; which they do observe the Court to keep off till all the Bills come together, that the King may accept what he pleases, and what he pleases to reject, which will undo all our business and the kingdom too. He tells me how Mr. Henry Howard, of Norfolke, hath given our Royal Society all his grandfather's library:[3] which noble gift they value at £1,000; and gives them accommodation to meet in at his house, Arundell House, they being now disturbed at Gresham College. Thence 'lighting at the Temple to the ordinary hard by and eat a bit of meat, and then by coach to fetch my wife from

[1] Belonging to Farryner, the king's baker.

[2] This must be a landing-place, as no actual bridge existed at Blackfriars until 1760–69.

[3] Thomas, Earl of Arundel. The library was presented to the Royal Society on the advice of John Evelyn. Mr. Howard gave the Society all the printed books, of which a catalogue was printed; but the MSS. he divided between the Society and the College of Arms. Of the latter portion a catalogue has been privately printed by Sir Charles George Young, Garter King of Arms. In the year 1831 an arrangement was made between the Trustees of the British Museum and the Royal Society, the consent of the then Duke of Norfolk having been obtained, by which the Society's portion of the MSS. was transferred to the Museum, where they are now preserved for public use, and known as the Arundel MSS. A very full catalogue of them has been published by the Trustees. About twenty years ago the Society sold the principal portion of the Arundel Library.

her brother's, and thence to the Duke's house, and saw "Macbeth," which, though I saw it lately, yet appears a most excellent play in all respects, but especially in divertisement, though it be a deep tragedy; which is a strange perfection in a tragedy, it being most proper here, and suitable. So home, it being the last play now I am to see till a fortnight hence, I being from the last night entered into my vowes for the year coming on. Here I met with the good newes of Hogg's bringing in two prizes more to Plymouth, which if they prove but any part of them, I hope, at least, we shall be no losers by them. So home from the office, to write over fair my vowes for this year, and then to supper, and to bed. In great peace of mind having now done it, and brought myself into order again and a resolution of keeping it, and having entered my journall to this night, so to bed, my eyes failing me with writing.

8th. Up, and to the office, where we sat all the morning. At noon home to dinner, where my uncle Thomas with me to receive his quarterage. He tells me his son Thomas is set up in Smithfield, where he hath a shop—I suppose, a booth. Presently after dinner to the office, and there set close to my business and did a great deal before night, and am resolved to stand to it, having been a truant too long. At night to Sir W. Batten's to consider some things about our prizes, and then to other talk, and among other things he tells me that he hears for certain that Sir W. Coventry hath resigned to the King his place of Commissioner of the Navy,[1] the thing he hath often told me that he had a mind to do, but I am surprised to think that he hath done it, and am full of thoughts all this evening after I heard it what may be the consequences of it to me. So home and to supper, and then saw the catalogue of my books, which my brother had wrote out, now perfectly alphabeticall, and so to bed. Sir Richard Ford did this evening at Sir W. Batten's tell us that upon opening the body of my Lady Denham[2] it is said that they found a vessel about her matrix which had never been broke by her husband, that caused all pains in her body. Which if true is excellent invention to clear both the Duchesse from poison or the Duke from lying with her.

9th. Up, and with Sir W. Batten and Sir W. Pen in a hackney-coach to White Hall, the way being most horribly bad upon the breaking up of the frost so as not to be passed almost. There did our usual [business] with the Duke of York, and here I do hear, by my Lord Bruncker, that for certain Sir W. Coventry hath resigned his place of Commissioner; which I believe he hath done upon good grounds of security to himself, from all the blame which must attend our office this next year; but I fear the King will suffer

[1] His salary was paid to March 25th, 1667.

[2] H. Muddiman, writing to George Powell on November 15th, 1666, says: "Lady Denham is recovering; some have raised strange discourse about the cause of her sickness, but the physicians affirm it to have been *iliaco passio*" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1666–67, pp. 262, 263). The popular idea that she was poisoned is alluded to in the "Grammont Memoirs," chap. ix. Lord Orrery, writing to the Duke of Ormond, January 25th, 1666–67, says: "My Lady Denham's body, at her own desire, was opened, but no sign of poison was found" ("Orrery State Papers," 1742, p. 219).

by it. Thence to Westminster Hall, and there to the conference of the Houses about the word "Nuisance," [1] which the Commons would have, and the Lords will not, in the Irish Bill. The Commons do it professedly to prevent the King's dispensing with it; which Sir Robert Howard and others did expressly repeat often: viz., "the King nor any King ever could do any thing which was hurtful to their people." Now the Lords did argue, that it was an ill precedent, and that which will ever hereafter be used as a way of preventing the King's dispensation with acts; and therefore rather advise to pass the Bill without that word, and let it go, accompanied with a petition, to the King, that he will not dispense with it; this being a more civil way to the King. They answered well, that this do imply that the King should pass their Bill, and yet with design to dispense with it; which is to suppose the King guilty of abusing them. And more, they produce precedents for it; namely, that against new buildings and about leather, wherein the word "Nuisance" is used to the purpose: and further, that they do not rob the King of any right he ever had, for he never had a power to do hurt to his people, nor would exercise it; and therefore there is no danger, in the passing this Bill, of imposing on his prerogative; and concluded, that they think they ought to do this, so as the people may really have the benefit of it when it is passed, for never any people could expect so reasonably to be indulged something from a King, they having already given him so much money, and are likely to give more. Thus they broke up, both adhering to their opinions; but the Commons seemed much more full of judgment and reason than the Lords. Then the Commons made their Report to the Lords of their vote, that their Lordships' proceedings in the Bill for examining Accounts were unparliamentary; they having, while a Bill was sent up to them from the Commons about the business, petitioned his Majesty that he would do the same thing by his Commission. They did give their reasons: viz., that it had no precedent; that the King ought not to be informed of anything passing in the Houses till it comes to a Bill; that it will wholly break off all correspondence between the two Houses, and in the issue wholly infringe the very use and being of Parliaments. Having left their arguments with the Lords they all broke up, and I by coach to the ordinary by the Temple, and there dined alone on a rabbit, and read a book I brought home from Mrs. Michell's, of the proceedings of the Parliament in the 3rd and 4th year of the late King, a very good book for speeches and for arguments of law.[2] Thence to Fay-

[1] In the "Bill against importing Cattle from Ireland and other parts beyond the Seas," the Lords proposed to insert "Detriment and Mischief" in place of "Nuisance," but the Commons stood to their word, and gained their way. The Lords finally consented that "Nuisance" should stand in the Bill.

[2] Professor Samuel R. Gardiner has kindly enabled the editor to identify this book. A copy of "Ephemeris Parliamentaria, or a faithful Register of the Transactions in Parliament in the third and fourth years of the reign of our late sovereign lord King Charles. London, Printed for John Williams and Francis Eglesfield, 1654," is in the British Museum, and in the catalogue it is said to be edited by Thomas Fuller. A MS. note on the

thorne, and bought a head or two; one of them my Lord of Ormond's, the best I ever saw, and then to Arundell House, where first the Royall Society meet,[1] by the favour of Mr. Harry Howard, who was there, and has given us his grandfather's library, a noble gift, and a noble favour and undertaking it is for him to make his house the seat for this college. Here was an experiment shown about improving the use of powder for creating of force in winding up of springs and other uses of great worth. And here was a great meeting of worthy noble persons; but my Lord Bruncker, who pretended to make a congratulatory speech upon their coming hither, and in thanks to Mr. Howard, do it in the worst manner in the world, being the worst speaker, so as I do wonder at his parts and the unhappiness of his speaking. Thence home by coach and to the office, and then home to supper, Mercer and her sister there, and to cards, and then to bed. Mr. Cowling did this day in the House-lobby tell me of the many complaints among people against Mr. Townsend in the Wardrobe, and advises me to think of my Lord Sandwich's concernment there under his care. He did also tell me upon my demanding it, that he do believe there are some things on foot for a peace between France and us, but that we shall be foiled in it.

10th. Up, and at the office all the morning. At noon home and, there being business to do in the afternoon, took my Lord Bruncker home with me, who dined with me. His discourse and mind about the bad performances of the Controller's and Surveyor's places by the hands they are now in, and the shame to the service and loss the King suffers by it. Then after dinner to the office, where we and some of the chief of the Trinity House met to examine the occasion of the loss of The Prince Royall,[2] the master and mates being examined, which I took and keep, and so broke up, and I to my letters by the post, and so home and to supper with my mind at pretty good ease, being entered upon minding my business, and so to bed. This noon Mrs. Burroughs come to me about business, whom I did baiser. . . .

11th. Up, being troubled at my being found abed adays by all sorts of

inside of the cover says that it was republished in 1657 under the title of "The Sovereign's Prerogative and the Subject's Privilege."

[1] "Jan. 9. The Society meeting the first time in Arundel House, the president took notice again of the great favour, which Mr. Henry Howard of Norfolk had shewn to the Society, not only in accommodating them with convenient room for their meetings, but also in presenting them with the library of the said house. The experiments appointed for the next meeting were (1) That of applying the strength of [gun]powder to the bending of springs" (Birch's "History of the Royal Society," vol. ii., pp. 138, 139).

[2] The "Prince Royal," which bore the flag of Sir George Ayscu, Admiral of the White, grounded on the Galloper. "Examination of George Purvis, master, and four other officers named, touching the surrender of their ship, the 'Prince,' to the Dutch, on June 3, 1666; tending to prove that she was steering in according to orders when she ran aground; that Tromp brought a fire-boat on each side to compel her to surrender, but that the flag was struck without the knowledge of the captain, Sir G[eorge] A[yscu], though one witness affirmed that he consented to its being struck. Jan. 10, 1667" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1666–67, p. 445).

people, I having got a trick of sitting up later than I need, never supping, or very seldom, before 12 at night. Then to the office, there busy all the morning, and among other things comes Sir W. Warren and walked with me awhile, whose discourse I love, he being a very wise man and full of good counsel, and his own practices for wisdom much to be observed, and among other things he tells me how he is fallen in with my Lord Bruncker, who has promised him most particular inward friendship and yet not to appear at the board to do so, and he tells me how my Lord Bruncker should take notice of the two flaggons[1] he saw at my house at dinner, at my late feast, and merrily, yet I know enviously, said, I could not come honestly by them. This I am glad to hear, though vexed to see his ignoble soul, but I shall beware of him, and yet it is fit he should see I am no mean fellow, but can live in the world, and have something. At noon home to dinner, and then to the office with my people and very busy, and did dispatch to my great satisfaction abundance of business, and do resolve, by the grace of God, to stick to it till I have cleared my heart of most things wherein I am in arrear in public and private matters. At night, home to supper and to bed. This day ill news of my father's being very ill of his old grief the rupture, which troubles me.

12th. Up, still lying long in bed; then to the office, where sat very long. Then home to dinner, and so to the office again, mighty busy, and did to the joy of my soul dispatch much business, which do make my heart light, and will enable me to recover all the ground I have lost (if I have by my late minding my pleasures lost any) and assert myself. So home to supper, and then to read a little in Moore's "Antidote against Atheisme,"[2] a pretty book, and so to bed.

13th (Lord's day). Up, and to church, where young Lowther[3] come to church with Sir W. Pen and his Lady and daughter, and my wife tells me that either they are married or the match is quite perfected, which I am apt to believe, because all the peoples' eyes in the church were much fixed upon them. At noon sent for Mercer, who dined with us, and very merry, and so I, after dinner, walked to the Old Swan, thinking to have got a boat to White Hall, but could not, nor was there anybody at home at Michell's, where I thought to have sat with her. . . . So home, to church, a dull sermon, and then home at my chamber all the evening. So to supper and to bed.

14th. Up, and to the office, where busy getting before hand with my business as fast as I can. At noon home to dinner, and presently afterward at my office again. I understand my father is pretty well again, blessed be God! and would have my Br[other] John come down to him for a little while.

[1] Presented by Mr. Gauden; see July 28th, 1664.

[2] The work of Henry More the Platonist, entitled, "An Antidote against Atheisme, or an appeal to the natural faculties of the mind of man, whether there be not a God. London, 1653." Second edition, 1655.

[3] Anthony Lowther did not marry Margaret Penn until February (see February 15th, *post*). The marriage licence is dated February 12th.

Busy till night, pleasing myself mightily to see what a deal of business goes off of a man's hands when he stays by it, and then, at night, before it was late (yet much business done) home to supper, discourse with my wife, and to bed. Sir W. Batten tells me the Lords do agree at last with the Commons about the word "Nuisance" in the Irish Bill,[1] and do desire a good correspondence between the two Houses; and that the King do intend to prorogue them the last of this month.

15th. Up, and to the office, where busy all the morning. Here my Lord Bruncker would have made me promise to go with him to a play this afternoon, where Knipp acts Mrs. Weaver's great part in "The Indian Emperour," [2] and he says is coming on to be a great actor. But I am so fell to my business, that I, though against my inclination, will not go. At noon, dined with my wife and were pleasant, and then to the office, where I got Mrs. Burroughs sola cum ego, and did toucher ses mamailles. . . . She gone, I to my business and did much, and among other things to-night we were all mightily troubled how to prevent the sale of a great deal of hemp, and timber-deals, and other good goods to-morrow at the candle by the Prize Office, where it will be sold for little, and we shall be found to want the same goods and buy at extraordinary prices, and perhaps the very same goods now sold, which is a most horrid evil and a shame. At night home to supper and to bed with my mind mighty light to see the fruits of my diligence in having my business go off my hand so merrily.

16th. Up, and by coach to White Hall, and there to the Duke of York as usual. Here Sir W. Coventry come to me aside in the Duke's chamber, to tell that he had not answered part of a late letter of mine, because *littera scripta manet*. About his leaving the office, he tells me, [it is] because he finds that his business at Court will not permit him to attend it; and then he confesses that he seldom of late could come from it with satisfaction, and therefore would not take the King's money for nothing. I professed my sorrow for it, and prayed the continuance of his favour; which he promised. I do believe he hath [done] like a very wise man in reference to himself; but I doubt it will prove ill for the King, and for the office. Prince Rupert, I hear to-day, is very ill; yesterday given over, but better to-day. This day, before the Duke of York, the business of the Muster-Masters was reported, and Balty found the best of the whole number, so as the Duke enquired who he was, and whether he was a stranger by his two names, both strange, and offered that he and one more, who hath done next best, should have not only their owne, but part of the others' salary, but that I having said he was my brother-in-law, he did stop, but they two are ordered their pay, which I am glad of, and some of the rest will lose their pay, and others

[1] See note, January 9th, *ante*.

[2] "The Indian Emperor, or the Conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards," by J. Dryden, intended as a sequel to "The Indian Queen." It was entered at Stationer's Hall on May 26th, 1665, but not published until 1667.

be laid by the heels. I was very glad of this being ended so well. I did also, this morning, move in a business wherein Mr. Hater hath concerned me, about getting a ship, laden with salt from France, permitted to unload, coming in after the King's declaration was out, which I have hopes by some dexterity to get done. Then with the Duke of York to the King, to receive his commands for stopping the sale this day of some prize-goods at the Prize-Office, goods fit for the Navy; and received the King's commands, and carried them to the Lord's House, to my Lord Ashly, who was angry much thereat, and I am sorry it fell to me to carry the order, but I cannot help it. So, against his will, he signed a note I writ to the Commissioners of Prizes, which I carried and delivered to Kingdone,[1] at their new office in Aldersgate Streete. Thence a little to the Exchange, where it was hot that the Prince was dead, but I did rectify it. So home to dinner, and found Balty, told him the good news, and then after dinner away, I presently to White Hall, and did give the Duke of York a memorial of the salt business, against the Council, and did wait all the Council for answer, walking a good while with Sir Stephen Fox, who, among other things, told me his whole mystery in the business of the interest he pays as Treasurer for the Army. They give him 12*d*. per pound quite through the Army, with condition to be paid weekly. This he undertakes upon his own private credit, and to be paid by the King at the end of every four months. If the King pay him not at the end of the four months, then, for all the time he stays longer, my Lord Treasurer, by agreement, allows him eight per cent. per annum for the forbearance. So that, in fine, he hath about twelve per cent. from the King and the Army, for fifteen or sixteen months' interest; out of which he gains soundly, his expense being about £130,000 per annum; and hath no trouble in it, compared, as I told him, to the trouble I must have to bring in an account of interest. I was, however, glad of being thus enlightened, and so away to the other council door, and there got in and hear a piece of a cause, heard before the King, about a ship deserted by her fellows (who were bound mutually to defend each other), in their way to Virginy, and taken by the enemy, but it was but meanly pleaded. Then all withdrew, and by and by the Council rose, and I spoke with the Duke of York, and he told me my business was done, which I found accordingly in Sir Edward Walker's books. And so away, mightily satisfied, to Arundell House, and there heard a little good discourse, and so home, and there to Sir W. Batten, where I heard the examinations in two of our prizes, which do make but little for us, so that I do begin to doubt their proving prize, which troubled me. So home to supper with my wife, and after supper my wife told me how she had moved to W. Hewer the business of my sister for a wife to him, which he received with mighty acknowledgements, as she says, above anything; but says he hath no intention to alter his condition: so that I am in some measure sorry she ever

[1] Captain Richard Kingdon (or Kingdom), Commissioner of Prizes and Governor of Excise.

moved it; but I hope he will think it only come from her. So after supper a little to the office, to enter my journall, and then home to bed. Talk there is of a letter to come from Holland, desiring a place of treaty; but I do doubt it. This day I observe still, in many places, the smoking remains of the late fire: the ways mighty bad and dirty. This night Sir R. Ford told me how this day, at Christ Church Hospital, they have given a living over £200 per annum to Mr. Sanchy, my old acquaintance, which I wonder at, he commending him mightily; but am glad of it. He tells me, too, how the famous Stillingfleete[1] was a Bluecoat boy. The children at this day are provided for in the country by the House,[2] which I am glad also to hear.

17th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning sitting. At noon home to dinner, and then to the office busy also till very late, my heart joyed with the effects of my following my business, by easing my head of cares, and so home to supper and to bed.

18th. Up, and most of the morning finishing my entry of my journall during the late fire out of loose papers into this book, which did please me mightily when done, I writing till my eyes were almost blind therewith to make an end of it. Then all the rest of the morning, and, after a mouthful of dinner, all the afternoon in my closet till night, sorting all my papers, which have lain unsorted for all the time we were at Greenwich during the plague, which did please me also, I drawing on to put my office into a good posture, though much is behind. This morning come Captain Cocke to me, and tells me that the King comes to the House this day to pass the Poll Bill and the Irish Bill; he tells me too that, though the Faction is very froward in the House, yet all will end well there. But he says that one had got a Bill ready to present in the House against Sir W. Coventry, for selling of places, and says he is certain of it, and how he was withheld from doing it. He says, that the Vice-chamberlaine is now one of the greatest men in England again, and was he that did prevail with the King to let the Irish Bill go with the word "Nuisance." He told me, that Sir G. Carteret's declaration of giving double to any man that will prove that any of his people have demanded or taken any thing for forwarding the payment of the wages of any man (of which he sent us a copy yesterday, which we approved of) is set up, among other places, upon the House of Lords' door. I do not know how wisely this is done. This morning, also, there come to the office a letter from the Duke of York, commanding our payment of no wages to any of the muster-masters of the fleete the last year, but only two, my brother Balty, taking notice that he had taken pains therein, and one Ward, who, though he had not taken so much as the other, yet had done more than the rest. This I was exceeding glad of for my own sake and his. At night I, by appointment, home,

[1] Dr. Edward Stillingfleet, Prebendary of St. Paul's, 1672; Dean of St. Paul's, 1678; and Bishop of Worcester, 1689. He died March 27th, 1699. His biographer sets down Cranborne, in Dorsetshire, and Ringwood, in Hampshire, as the sites of his schools.

[2] The preparatory school at Hertford was not founded until 1683.

where W. Batelier and his sister Mary, and the two Mercers, to play at cards and sup, and did cut our great cake lately given us by Russell: a very good one. Here very merry late. Sir W. Pen told me this night how the King did make them a very sharp speech in the House of Lords to-day, saying that he did expect to have had more Bills;[1] that he purposes to prorogue them on Monday come se'nnight; that whereas they have unjustly conceived some jealousys of his making a peace, he declares he knows of no such thing or treaty: and so left them. But with so little effect, that as soon as he come into the House, Sir W. Coventry moved, that now the King hath declared his intention of proroguing them, it would be loss of time to go on with the thing they were upon, when they were called to the King, which was the calling over the defaults of Members appearing in the House; for that, before any person would now come or be brought to town, the House would be up. Yet the Faction did desire to delay time, and contend so as to come to a division of the House; where, however, it was carried, by a few voices, that the debate should be laid by. But this shews that they are not pleased, or that they have not any awe over them from the King's displeasure. The company being gone, to bed.

19th. Up, and at the office all the morning. Sir W. Batten tells me to my wonder that at his coming to my Lord Ashly, yesterday morning, to tell him what prize-goods he would have saved for the Navy, and not sold, according to the King's order on the 17th, he fell quite out with him in high terms; and he says, too, that they did go on to the sale yesterday, even of the very hempe, and other things, at which I am astonished, and will never wonder at the ruine of the King's affairs, if this be suffered. At noon dined, and Mr. Pierce come to see me, he newly come from keeping his Christmas in the country. So to the office, where very busy, but with great pleasure till late at night, and then home to supper and to bed.

20th (Lord's day). Up betimes and down to the Old Swan, there called on Michell and his wife, which in her night linen appeared as pretty almost as ever to my thinking I saw woman. Here I drank some burnt brandy. They shewed me their house, which, poor people, they have built, and is very pretty. I invited them to dine with me, and so away to White Hall to Sir W. Coventry, with whom I have not been alone a good while, and very kind he is, and tells me how the business is now ordered by order of council for my Lord Bruncker to assist Sir J. Minnes in all matters of accounts relating to the Treasurer, and Sir W. Pen in all matters relating to the victuallers' and pursers' accounts, which I am very glad of, and the more for that I think it will not do me any hurt at all. Other discourse, much especially

[1] On this day "An Act for raising Money by a Poll and otherwise towards the maintenance of the present War," and "An Act prohibiting the Importation of Cattle from Ireland and other parts beyond the Sea, and Fish taken by Foreigners," were passed. The king complained of the insufficient supply, and said, " 'Tis high time for you to make good your promises, and 'tis high time for you to be in the country" ("Journals of the House of Lords," vol. xii., p. 81).

about the heat the House was in yesterday about the ill management of the Navy, which I was sorry to hear; though I think they were well answered, both by Sir G. Carteret and [Sir] W. Coventry, as he informs me the substance of their speeches. Having done with him, I home mightily satisfied with my being with him, and coming home I to church, and there, beyond expectation, find our seat, and all the church crammed, by twice as many people as used to be: and to my great joy find Mr. Frampton[1] in the pulpit; so to my great joy I hear him preach, and I think the best sermon, for goodness and oratory, without affectation or study, that ever I heard in my life. The truth is, he preaches the most like an apostle that ever I heard man; and it was much the best time that ever I spent in my life at church. His text, Ecclesiastes xi., verse 8th—the words, "But if a man live many years, and rejoice in them all, yet let him remember the days of darkness, for they shall be many. All that cometh is vanity." He done, I home, and there Michell and his wife, and we dined and mighty merry, I mightily taken more and more with her. After dinner I with my brother away by water to White Hall, and there walked in the Parke, and a little to my Lord Chancellor's, where the King and Cabinet met, and there met Mr. Brisband, with whom good discourse, to White Hall towards night, and there he did lend me "The Third Advice to a Paynter," a bitter satyre upon the service of the Duke of Albemarle the last year.[2] I took it home with me, and will copy it, having the former, being also mightily pleased with it. So after reading it, I to Sir W. Pen to discourse a little with him about the business of our prizes, and so home to supper and to bed.

21st. Up betimes, and with Sir W. Batten, [Sir] W. Pen, [Sir] R. Ford, by coach to the Swede's Resident's[3] in the Piatza, to discourse with him about two of our prizes, wherein he puts in his concernment as for his countrymen. We had no satisfaction, nor did give him any, but I find him a cunning fellow. He lives in one of the great houses there, but ill-furnished; and come to us out of bed in his furred mittens and furred cap. Thence to Exeter House to the Doctors Commons, and there with our Proctors to Dr. Walker, who was not very well, but, however, did hear our matters, and after a dull seeming hearing of them read, did discourse most understandingly of them, as well as ever I heard man, telling us all our grounds of pretence to the prize would do no good, and made it appear but thus, and thus, it may be, but yet did give us but little reason to expect it would prove, which troubled us, but I was mightily taken to hear his manner of discourse. Thence with them to Westminster Hall, they setting me down at White Hall, where I missed of finding Sir G. Carteret, up to the Lords' House, and there come mighty

[1] See October 10th, 1666.

[2] See note, December 14th.

[3] Sir James Barkman Leyenberg, many years the Swedish Resident in this country. He is the person mentioned in the note to November 18th, 1660, as having in 1671 married the widow of Sir W. Batten (see November 18th, 1660).—B.

seasonably to hear the Solicitor about my Lord Buckingham's pretence to the title of Lord Rosse.[1] Mr. Atturny Montagu[2] is also a good man, and so is old Sir P. Ball;[3] but the Solicitor[4] and Scroggs[5] after him are excellent men. Here spoke with my Lord Bellasses about getting some money for Tangier, which he doubts we shall not be able to do out of the Poll Bill, it being so strictly tied for the Navy. He tells me the Lords have passed the Bill for the accounts with some little amendments. So down to the Hall, and thence with our company to Exeter House, and then did the business I have said before, we doing nothing the first time of going, it being too early. At home find Lovett, to whom I did give my Lady Castlemayne's head to do. He is talking of going into Spayne to get money by his art, but I doubt he will do no good, he being a man of an unsettled head. Thence by water down to Deptford, the first time I have been by water a great while, and there did some little business and walked home, and there come into my company three drunken seamen, but one especially, who told me such stories, calling me Captain, as made me mighty merry, and they would leap and skip, and kiss what mayds they met all the way. I did at first give them money to drink, lest they should know who I was, and so become troublesome to me. Parted at Redriffe, and there home and to the office, where did much business, and then to Sir W. Batten's, where [Sir] W. Pen, [Sir] R. Ford, and I to hear a proposition [Sir] R. Ford was to acquaint us with from the Swedes Embassador, in manner of saying, that for money he might be got to our side and relinquish the trouble he may give us. Sir W. Pen did make a long simple declaration of his resolution to give nothing to deceive any poor man of what was his right by law, but ended in doing whatever any body else would, and we did commission Sir R. Ford to give promise of not beyond £350 to him and his

[1] The ancient barony of De Ros, created by writ in 1264, was carried, with Belvoir Castle and other great possessions, into the family of Manners, by the marriage of Eleanor, sister and heir of Edmund, Lord De Ros (who died in 1508), to Sir Robert Manners. Katharine, only daughter and heir of Francis, sixth Earl of Rutland, married, first, George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, and, secondly, Randal Macdonnal, Marquis of Antrim. On her death her son, the second Duke of Buckingham, became eighteenth Baron De Ros. He died without issue in 1687, and the barony remained in abeyance until the year 1806, when it was determined by the Crown in favour of Charlotte Boyle (Lady Henry Fitzgerald), who became third Baroness De Ros. The present Lord De Ros is the twenty-fourth baron.

[2] Sir William Montagu, second son of Edward, first Baron Montagu of Boughton, born about 1619, Attorney-General to the Queen, 1662 to 1676, when he was appointed Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer. Removed by James II. in 1686, and died August 20th, 1706. The Duke of Buckingham's claim to the title of Lord Rosse was opposed by the Earl of Rutland. On January 31st "Mr. Montagu made a long argument to maintain the claim of the Earl of Rutland, and Mr. Solicitor made an answer on behalf of the claim of the Duke of Bucks" ("Journals of the House of Lords," vol. xii., p. 97).

[3] Sir Peter Ball was Queen's Attorney-General in 1662.

[4] Sir Heneage Finch, Solicitor-General, 1660–70.

[5] Sir William Scroggs, King's Serjeant, 1669; Chief Justice of the King's Bench, 1678–81. He died October 25th, 1683.

Secretary, in case they did not oppose us in the Phœnix (the net profits of which, as [Sir] R. Ford cast up before us, the Admiral's tenths, and ship's thirds, and other charges all cleared, will amount to £3,000) and that we did gain her. [Sir] R. Ford did pray for a curse upon his family, if he was privy to anything more than he told us (which I believe he is a knave in), yet we all concluded him the most fit man for it and very honest, and so left it wholly to him to manage as he pleased. Thence to the office a little while longer, and so home, where W. Hewer's mother was, and Mrs. Turner, our neighbour, and supped with us. His mother a well-favoured old little woman, and a good woman, I believe. After we had supped, and merry, we parted late, Mrs. Turner having staid behind to talk a little about her lodgings, which now my Lord Bruncker upon Sir W. Coventry's surrendering do claim, but I cannot think he will come to live in them so as to need to put them out. She gone, we to bed all. This night, at supper, comes from Sir W. Coventry the Order of Councill [1] for my Lord Bruncker to do all the Comptroller's part relating to the Treasurer's accounts, and Sir W. Pen, all relating to the Victualler's, and Sir J. Minnes to do the rest. This, I hope, will do much better for the King than now, and, I think, will give neither of them ground to over-top me, as I feared they would; which pleases me mightily. This evening, Mr. Wren and Captain Cocke called upon me at the office, and there told me how the House was in better temper to-day, and hath passed the Bill for the remainder of the money, but not to be passed finally till they have done some other things which they will have passed with it; wherein they are very open, what their meaning is, which was but doubted before, for they do in all respects doubt the King's pleasing them.

22nd. Up, and there come to me Darnell the fiddler, one of the Duke's house, and brought me a set of lessons, all three parts, I heard them play to the Duke of York after Christmas at his lodgings, and bid him get me them. I did give him a crowne for them, and did enquire after the musique of the "Siege of Rhodes," which, he tells me, he can get me, which I am mighty glad of. So to the office, where among other things I read the Councill's order about my Lord Bruncker and Sir W. Pen to be assistants to the Comptroller,

[1] The order in council is dated January 16, 1666–67, and commences as follows: "Whereas it is found by experience that the office of Comptroller of his Majesty's Navy, which being of ancient institution and exercised by a single person in times of less business, and when his Majesty's Navy was much less, hath in these times of action so much business depending upon it, and many times in places far distant the one from the other, that it is not possible for one person to manage it as it ought to be for the good of his Majesty's service; in consideration whereof, his Majesty hath pleased to direct that two assistants be added to Sir John Minnes, Knt., the present Comptroller of his Majesty's Navy, and that the work and employment of that office be so divided as that each may manage a distinct part thereof, and be able to render an exact account of his performance, that so it may appear where the default is, in case his Majesty's service suffer detriment through the undue execution of that office." The order is printed in "Memoires relating to the Conduct of the Navy," 1729, p. 59, and in Penn's "Memorials of Sir Wm. Penn," vol. ii., p. 435.

which quietly went down with Sir J. Minnes, poor man, seeming a little as if he would be thought to have desired it, but yet apparently to his discontent; and, I fear, as the order runs, it will hardly do much good. At noon to dinner, and there comes a letter from Mrs. Pierce, telling me she will come and dine with us on Thursday next, with some of the players, Knipp, &c., which I was glad of, but my wife vexed, which vexed me; but I seemed merry, but know not how to order the matter, whether they shall come or no. After dinner to the office, and there late doing much business, and so home to supper, and to bed.

23rd. Up, and with Sir W. Batten and Sir W. Pen to White Hall, and there to the Duke of York, and did our usual business. Having done there, I to St. James's, to see the organ Mrs. Turner told me of the other night, of my late Lord Aubigney's; and I took my Lord Bruncker with me, he being acquainted with my present Lord Almoner, Mr. Howard,[1] brother to the Duke of Norfolke; so he and I thither and did see the organ, but I do not like it, it being but a bauble, with a virginall joining to it: so I shall not meddle with it. Here we sat and talked with him a good while, and he seems a good-natured gentleman: here I observed the deske which he hath, [made] to remove, and is fastened to one of the armes of his chayre. I do also observe the counterfeit windows there was, in the form of doors with looking-glasses instead of windows, which makes the room seem both bigger and lighter, I think; and I have some thoughts to have the like in one of my rooms. He discoursed much of the goodness of the musique in Rome, but could not tell me how long musique had been in any perfection in that church, which I would be glad to know. He speaks much of the great buildings that this Pope,[2] whom, in mirth to us, he calls Antichrist, hath done in his time. Having done with the discourse, we away, and my Lord and I walking into the Park back again, I did observe the new buildings: and my Lord, seeing I had a desire to see them, they being the place for the priests and fryers, he took me back to my Lord Almoner; and he took us quite through the whole house and chapel, and the new monastery, showing me most excellent pieces in wax-worke: a crucifix given by a Pope to Mary Queen of Scotts, where a piece of the Cross is;[3] two bits set in the manner of a cross in the foot of

[1] Philip Howard, Lord Almoner to Queen Catherine, and third son of Henry Howard, Earl of Arundel, who died in 1652. He was made a cardinal by Clement X. in 1675, and died at Rome in 1694. He was generally styled the Cardinal of Norfolk.—B.

[2] Fabio Chigi, of Siena, succeeded Innocent X. in 1655 as Alexander VII. He died May, 1667, and was succeeded by Clement IX.

[3] Pieces of "the Cross" were formerly held in such veneration, and were so common, that it has been often said enough existed to build a ship. Most readers will remember the distinction which Sir W. Scott represents Louis XI. (with great appreciation of that monarch's character), as drawing between an oath taken on a false piece and one taken on a piece of the *true* cross. Sir Thomas More, a very devout believer in relics, says ("Works," p. 119), that "Luther wished, in a sermon of his, that he had in his hand all the pieces of the Holy Cross; and said that if he so had, he would throw them there as never sun should shine on them:—and for what worshipful reason would the wretch do

the crucifix: several fine pictures, but especially very good prints of holy pictures. I saw the dortoire[1] and the cells of the priests, and we went into one; a very pretty little room, very clean, hung with pictures, set with books. The Priest was in his cell, with his hair clothes to his skin, bare-legged, with a sandall only on, and his little bed without sheets, and no feather bed; but yet, I thought, soft enough. His cord about his middle; but in so good company, living with ease, I thought it a very good life. A pretty library they have. And I was in the refectoire, where every man his napkin, knife, cup of earth, and basin of the same; and a place for one to sit and read while the rest are at meals. And into the kitchen I went, where a good neck of mutton at the fire, and other victuals boiling. I do not think they fared very hard. Their windows all looking into a fine garden and the Park; and mighty pretty rooms all. I wished myself one of the Capuchins. Having seen what we could here, and all with mighty pleasure, so away with the Almoner in his coach, talking merrily about the difference in our religions, to White Hall, and there we left him. I in my Lord Bruncker's coach, he carried me to the Savoy, and there we parted. I to the Castle Tavern, where was and did come all our company, Sir W. Batten, [Sir] W. Pen, [Sir] R. Ford, and our Counsel Sir Ellis Layton, Walt Walker,[2] Dr. Budd, Mr. Holder, and several others, and here we had a bad dinner of our preparing, and did discourse something of our business of our prizes, which was the work of the day. I staid till dinner was over, and there being no use of me I away after dinner without taking leave, and to the New Exchange, there to take up my wife and Mercer, and to Temple Bar to the Ordinary, and had a dish of meat for them, they having not dined, and thence to the King's house, and there saw "The Humerous Lieutenant:" a silly play, I think; only the Spirit in

such villainy to the cross of Christ? Because, as he saith, that there is so much gold now bestowed about the garnishing of the pieces of the Cross, that there is none left for poore folke. Is not this a high reason? As though all the gold that is now bestowed about the pieces of the Holy Cross would not have failed to have been given to poor men, if they had not been bestowed about the garnishing of the Cross! and as though there were nothing lost, but what is bestowed about Christ's Cross!" Wolsey, says Cavendish, on his fall, gave to Norris, who brought him a ring of gold, as a token of good will from Henry, "a little chaine of gold, made like a bottle chain, with a cross of gold, wherein was a piece of the Holy Cross, which he continually wore about his neck, next his body; and said, furthermore, 'Master Norris, I assure you, when I was in prosperity, although it seem but small in value, yet I would not gladly have departed with the same for a thousand pounds.'"—*Life*, ed. 1852, p. 167. Evelyn mentions, "Diary," November 17th, 1664, that he saw in one of the chapels in St. Peter's a crucifix with a piece of the true cross in it. Amongst the jewels of Mary Queen of Scots was a cross of gold, which had been pledged to Hume of Blackadder for £1,000 (Chalmers's "Life," vol. i., p. 31).—B.

[1] Dormitory. The French word was commonly used, and it was also anglicized as *dorter* and *dortour*. The latter word was used by Spenser ("Faerie Queene," VI., xii., 24). "This is a very fine convent with a very fine dortoire."—M. Leister, *Journey to Paris*, 1699, p. 131.

[2] Sir Walter Walker is referred to in the "Calendar of State Papers," 1666–67, p. 463.

it that grows very tall, and then sinks again to nothing, having two heads breeding upon one, and then Knipp's singing, did please us. Here, in a box above, we spied Mrs. Pierce; and, going out, they called us, and so we staid for them; and Knipp took us all in, and brought to us Nelly,[1] a most pretty woman, who acted the great part of Cœlia to-day very fine, and did it pretty well: I kissed her, and so did my wife; and a mighty pretty soul she is. We also saw Mrs. Hall,[2] which is my little Roman-nose black girl, that is mighty pretty: she is usually called Betty. Knipp made us stay in a box and see the dancing preparatory to to-morrow for "The Goblins," a play of Suckling's,[3] not acted these twenty-five years; which was pretty; and so away thence, pleased with this sight also, and specially kissing of Nell. We away, Mr. Pierce and I, on foot to his house, the women by coach. In our way we find the Guards of horse in the street, and hear the occasion to be news that the seamen are in a mutiny, which put me into a great fright; so away with my wife and Mercer home preparing against to-morrow night to have Mrs. Pierce and Knipp and a great deal more company to dance; and, when I come home, hear of no disturbance there of the seamen, but that one of them, being arrested to-day, others do go and rescue him. So to the office a little, and then home to supper, and to my chamber awhile, and then to bed.

24th. Up, and to the office, full of thoughts how to order the business of our merry meeting to-night. So to the office, where busy all the morning. [While we were sitting in the morning at the office, we were frightened with news of fire at Sir W. Batten's by a chimney taking fire, and it put me into much fear and trouble, but with a great many hands and pains it was soon stopped.][4] At noon home to dinner, and presently to the office to despatch my business, and also we sat all the afternoon to examine the loss of The Bredagh,[5] which was done by as plain negligence as ever ship was. We being rose, I entering my letters and getting the office swept and a good fire made and abundance of candles lighted, I home, where most of my company come of this end of the town—Mercer and her sister, Mr. Batelier and Pembleton (my Lady Pen, and Pegg, and Mr. Lowther, but did not stay long, and I believe it was by Sir W. Pen's order; for they had a great mind to have staid), and also Captain Rolt. And, anon, at about seven or eight o'clock, comes Mr. Harris,[6] of the Duke's playhouse, and brings Mrs. Pierce with

[1] Nell Gwynn.

[2] Betty Hall. She was Sir Philip Howard's mistress. Compare March 30th, 1667, and December 19th, 1668.—B.

[3] Sir John Suckling's play was first published in 1646, having been acted at the Blackfriars.

[4] The passage between brackets is written in the margin of the MS.

[5] The report of "Examinations on oath of Capt. Page, commander, Barth. Peartree, master, Nich. Churchwood, chief mate, and two other officers named, as to the loss of their ship the Breda, by striking on the shoals off the Texel," dated January 24th, 1667, is preserved among the State Papers ("Calendar," 1666–67, p. 469).

[6] Henry Harris; see note, July 22nd, 1663.

him, and also one dressed like a country-mayde with a straw hat on; which, at first, I could not tell who it was, though I expected Knipp: but it was she coming off the stage just as she acted this day in "The Goblins;" a merry jade. Now my house is full, and four fiddlers that play well. Harris I first took to my closet; and I find him a very curious and understanding person in all pictures and other things, and a man of fine conversation; and so is Rolt. So away with all my company down to the office, and there fell to dancing, and continued at it an hour or two, there coming Mrs. Anne Jones, a merchant's daughter hard by, who dances well, and all in mighty good humour, and danced with great pleasure; and then sung and then danced, and then sung many things of three voices—both Harris and Rolt singing their parts excellently. Among other things, Harris sung his Irish song—the strangest in itself, and the prettiest sung by him, that ever I heard. Then to supper in the office, a cold, good supper, and wondrous merry. Here was Mrs. Turner also, but the poor woman sad about her lodgings, and Mrs. Markham: after supper to dancing again and singing, and so continued till almost three in the morning, and then, with extraordinary pleasure, broke up—only towards morning, Knipp fell a little ill, and so my wife home with her to put her to bed, and we continued dancing and singing; and, among other things, our Mercer unexpectedly did happen to sing an Italian song I know not, of which they two sung the other two parts to, that did almost ravish me, and made me in love with her more than ever with her singing. As late as it was, yet Rolt and Harris would go home to-night, and walked it, though I had a bed for them; and it proved dark, and a misly night, and very windy. The company being all gone to their homes, I up with Mrs. Pierce to Knipp, who was in bed; and we waked her, and there I handled her breasts and did baiser la, and sing a song, lying by her on the bed, and then left my wife to see Mrs. Pierce in bed to her, in our best chamber, and so to bed myself, my mind mightily satisfied with all this evening's work, and thinking it to be one of the merriest enjoyment I must look for in the world, and did content myself therefore with the thoughts of it, and so to bed; only the musique did not please me, they not being contented with less than 30*s*.

25th. Lay pretty long, then to the office, where Lord Bruncker and Sir J. Minnes and I did meet, and sat private all the morning about dividing the Controller's work according to the late order of Council, between them two and Sir W. Pen, and it troubled me to see the poor honest man, Sir J. Minnes, troubled at it, and yet the King's work cannot be done without it. It was at last friendlily ended, and so up and home to dinner with my wife. This afternoon I saw the Poll Bill, now printed; wherein I do fear I shall be very deeply concerned, being to be taxed for all my offices, and then for my money that I have, and my title, as well as my head. It is a very great tax; but yet I do think it is so perplexed, it will hardly ever be collected duly. The late invention of Sir G. Downing's is continued of bringing all the money into the Exchequer; and Sir G. Carteret's three pence is turned

for all the money of this act into but a penny per pound, which I am sorry for. After dinner to the office again, where Lord Bruncker, [Sir] W. Batten, and [Sir] W. Pen and I met to talk again about the Controller's office, and there [Sir] W. Pen would have a piece of the great office cut out to make an office for him, which I opposed to the making him very angry, but I think I shall carry it against him, and then I care not. So a little troubled at this fray, I away by coach with my wife, and left her at the New Exchange, and I to my Lord Chancellor's, and then back, taking up my wife to my Lord Bellasses, and there spoke with Mr. Moone, who tells me that the peace between us and Spayne is, as he hears, concluded on, which I should be glad of, and so home, and after a little at my office, home to finish my journall for yesterday and to-day, and then a little supper and to bed. This day the House hath passed the Bill for the Assessment, which I am glad of; and also our little Bill, for giving any one of us in the office the power of justice of peace, is done as I would have it.

26th. Up, and at the office. Sat all the morning, where among other things I did the first unkind [thing] that ever I did design to Sir W. Warren, but I did it now to some purpose, to make him sensible how little any man's friendship shall avail him if he wants money. I perceive he do nowadays court much my Lord Bruncker's favour, who never did any man much courtesy at the board, nor ever will be able, at least so much as myself. Besides, my Lord would do him a kindness in concurrence with me, but he would have the danger of the thing to be done lie upon me, if there be any danger in it (in drawing up a letter to Sir W. Warren's advantage), which I do not like, nor will endure. I was, I confess, very angry, and will venture the loss of Sir W. Warren's kindnesses rather than he shall have any man's friendship in greater esteem than mine. At noon home to dinner, and after dinner to the office again, and there all the afternoon, and at night poor Mrs. Turner come and walked in the garden for my advice about her husband and her relating to my Lord Bruncker's late proceedings with them. I do give her the best I can but yet can lay aside some ends of my own in what advice I do give her. So she being gone I to make an end of my letters, and so home to supper and to bed, Balty lodging here with my brother, he being newly returned from mustering in the river.

27th (Lord's day). Up betimes, and leaving my wife to go by coach to hear Mr. Frampton preach, which I had a mighty desire she should, I down to the Old Swan, and there to Michell and staid while he and she dressed themselves, and here had a baiser or two of her, whom I love mightily; and then took them in a sculler (being by some means or other disappointed of my own boat) to White Hall, and so with them to Westminster, Sir W. Coventry, Bruncker and I all the morning together discoursing of the office business, and glad of the Controller's business being likely to be put into better order than formerly, and did discourse of many good things, but especially of having something done to bring the Surveyor's matters into order

also. Thence I up to the King's closet, and there heard a good Anthem, and discourse with several people here about business, among others with Lord Bellasses, and so from one to another after sermon till the King had almost dined, and then home with Sir G. Carteret and dined with him, being mightily ashamed of my not having seen my Lady Jemimah so long, and my wife not at all yet since she come, but she shall soon do it. I thence to Sir Philip Warwicke, by appointment, to meet Lord Bellasses, and up to his chamber, but find him unwilling to discourse of business on Sundays; so did not enlarge, but took leave, and went down and sat in a low room, reading Erasmus "de scribendis epistolis," [1] a very good book, specially one letter of advice to a courtier most true and good, which made me once resolve to tear out the two leaves that it was writ in, but I forbore it. By and by comes Lord Bellasses, and then he and I up again to Sir P. Warwicke and had much discourse of our Tangier business, but no hopes of getting any money. Thence I through the garden into the Park, and there met with Roger Pepys, and he and I to walk in the Pell Mell. I find by him that the House of Parliament continues full of ill humours, and he seems to dislike those that are troublesome more than needs, and do say how, in their late Poll Bill, which cost so much time, the yeomanry, and indeed two-thirds of the nation, are left out to be taxed, that there is not effectual provision enough made for collecting of the money; and then, that after a man his goods are distrained and sold, and the over-plus returned, I am to have ten days to make my complaints of being over-rated if there be cause, when my goods are sold, and that is too late. These things they are resolved to look into again, and mend them before they rise, which they expect at furthest on Thursday next. Here we met with Mr. May,[2] and he and we to talk of several things, of building, and such like matters; and so walked to White Hall, and there I shewed my cozen Roger the Duchesse of York sitting in state, while her own mother stands by her; he had a desire, and I shewed him my Lady Castlemayne, whom he approves to be very handsome, and wonders that she cannot be as good within as she is fair without. Her little black boy came by him; and a dog being in his way, the little boy called to the dog: "Pox of this dog!" "Now," says he, blessing himself, "would I whip this child till the blood come, if it were my child!" and I believe he would. But he do by no means like the liberty of the Court, and did come with expectation of finding them playing at cards to-night, though Sunday; for such stories he is told, but how true I know not.[3] After walking up and down the Court with him, it being now

[1] The essay of Erasmus "de Conscribendis Epistolis" is printed in the first volume of his collected works, published at Leyden in 1703.

[2] Hugh May.

[3] There is little reason to doubt that it was such as Evelyn describes it at a later time. "I can never forget the inexpressible luxury and prophaneness, gaming and all dissoluteness, and, as it were, total forgetfulness of God (it being Sunday evening) which this day se'nnight I was witness of; the King sitting and toying with his concubines, Portsmouth, Cleveland, Mazarin, &c. A French boy singing love songs in that glorious gal-

dark and past six at night, I walked to the Swan in the Palace yard and there with much ado did get a waterman, and so I sent for the Michells, and they come, and their father Howlett and his wife with them, and there we drank, and so into the boat, poor Betty's head aching. We home by water, a fine moonshine and warm night, it having been also a very summer's day for warmth. I did get her hand to me under my cloak. . . . So there we parted at their house, and he walked almost home with me, and then I home and to supper, and to read a little and to bed. My wife tells me Mr. Frampton[1] is gone to sea, and so she lost her labour to-day in thinking to hear him preach, which I am sorry for.

28th. Up, and down to the Old Swan, and there drank at Michell's and saw Betty, and so took boat and to the Temple, and thence to my tailor's and other places about business in my way to Westminster, where I spent the morning at the Lords' House door, to hear the conference between the two Houses about my Lord Mordaunt, of which there was great expectation, many hundreds of people coming to hear it. But, when they come, the Lords did insist upon my Lord Mordaunt's having leave to sit upon a stool uncovered within their barr, and that he should have counsel, which the Commons would not suffer, but desired leave to report their Lordships' resolution to the House of Commons; and so parted for this day, which troubled me, I having by this means lost the whole day. Here I hear from Mr. Hayes that Prince Rupert is very bad still, and so bad, that he do now yield to be trepanned. It seems, as Dr. Clerke also tells me, it is a clap of the pox which he got about twelve years ago, and hath eaten to his head and come through his scull, so his scull must be opened, and there is great fear of him. Much work I find there is to do in the two Houses in a little time, and much difference there is between the two Houses in many things to be reconciled; as in the Bill for examining our accounts; Lord Mordaunt's; Bill for building the city, and several others. A little before noon I went to the Swan and eat a bit of meat, thinking I should have had occasion to have stayed long at the house, but I did not, but so home by coach, calling at Broad Street and taking the goldsmith home with me, and paid him £15 15*s.* for my silver standish. He tells me gold holds up its price still, and did desire me to let him have what old 20*s.* pieces I have, and he would give me 3*s* 2*d.* change for each. He gone, I to the office, where business all the afternoon, and at night comes Mr. Gawden at my desire to me, and to-morrow I shall pay him some money, and shall see what present he will make me, the hopes of which do make me to part with my money out of my chest, which I should not otherwise do, but lest this alteration in the Controller's office should oc-

lery, whilst about twenty of the great courtiers and other dissolute persons were at basset round a large table, a bank of at least £2,000 in gold before them; upon which two gentlemen who were with me made reflections with astonishment. Six days after was all in the dust."—*Diary,* February, 1685.—B.

[1] See note, October 10th, 1666.

casion my losing my concernment in the Victualling, and so he have no more need of me. He gone, I to the office again, having come thence home with him to talk, and so after a little more business I to supper. I then sent for Mercer, and began to teach her "It is decreed," which will please me well, and so after supper and reading a little, and my wife's cutting off my hair short, which is grown too long upon my crown of my head, I to bed. I met this day in Westminster Hall Sir W. Batten and [Sir] W. Pen, and the latter since our falling out the other day do look mighty reservedly upon me, and still he shall do so for me, for I will be hanged before I seek to him, unless I see I need it.

29th. Up, to the office all the morning, where Sir W. Pen and I look much askewe one upon another, though afterward business made us speak friendly enough, but yet we hate one another. At noon home to dinner, and then to the office, where all the afternoon expecting Mr. Gawden to come for some money I am to pay him, but he comes not, which makes me think he is considering whether it be necessary to make the present he hath promised, it being possible this alteration in the Controller's duty may make my place in the Victualling unnecessary, so that I am a little troubled at it. Busy till late at night at the office, and Sir W. Batten come to me, and tells me that there is newes upon the Exchange to-day, that my Lord Sandwich's coach and the French Embassador's at Madrid, meeting and contending for the way, they shot my Lord's postilion and another man dead;[1] and that we have killed 25 of theirs, and that my Lord is well. How true this is I cannot tell, there being no newes of it at all at Court, as I am told late by one come thence, so that I hope it is not so. By and by comes Mrs. Turner to me, to make her complaint of her sad usage she receives from my Lord Bruncker, that he thinks much she hath not already got another house, though he himself hath employed her night and day ever since his first mention of the matter, to make part of her house ready for him, as he ordered, and promised she should stay till she had fitted herself; by which and what discourse I do remember he had of the business before Sir W. Coventry on Sunday last I perceive he is a rotten-hearted, false man as any else I know, even as Sir W. Pen himself, and, therefore, I must beware of him accordingly, and I hope I shall. I did pity the woman with all my heart, and gave her the best council I could; and so, falling to other discourse, I made her laugh and merry, as sad as she came to me; so that I perceive no passion in a woman can be lasting long;[2] and so parted and I home, and there teaching my girle Barker part of my song "It is decreed," which she will sing prettily, and so after supper to bed.

[1] Intended as retaliation, perhaps, for the humiliation experienced by D'Estrades in London. See October 4th, 1661.—B.

[2] Pepys might be thinking of Francis I.'s

"Souvent femme varie,
Bien fol est qui s'y fie."—B.

30th. Fast-day for the King's death. I all the morning at my chamber making up my month's accounts, which I did before dinner to my thorough content, and find myself but a small gainer this month, having no manner of profits, but just my salary, but, blessed be God! that I am able to save out of that, living as I do. So to dinner, then to my chamber all the afternoon, and in the evening my wife and I and Mercer and Barker to little Michell's, walked, with some neats' tongues and cake and wine, and there sat with the little couple with great pleasure, and talked and eat and drank, and saw their little house, which is very pretty; and I much pleased therewith, and so walked home, about eight at night, it being a little moonshine and fair weather, and so into the garden, and, with Mercer, sang till my wife put me in mind of its being a fast day; and so I was sorry for it, and stopped, and home to cards awhile, and had opportunity para baiser Mercer several times, and so to bed.

31st. Up, and to the office, where we met and sat all the morning. At noon home to dinner, and by and by Mr. Osborne[1] comes from Mr. Gawden, and takes money and notes for £4,000, and leaves me acknowledgment for £4,800 and odd; implying as if D. Gawden would give the £800 between Povy and myself, but how he will divide it I know not, till I speak with him, so that my content is not yet full in the business. In the evening stept out to Sir Robert Viner's to get the money ready upon my notes to D. Gawden, and there hear that Mr. Temple is very ill. I met on the 'Change with Captain Cocke, who tells me that he hears new certainty of the business of Madrid, how our Embassador and the French met, and says that two or three of my Lord's men, and twenty-one of the French men are killed, but nothing at Court of it. He fears the next year's service through the badness of our counsels at White Hall, but that if they were wise, and the King would mind his business, he might do what he would yet. The Parliament is not yet up, being finishing some bills. So home and to the office, and late home to supper, and to talk with my wife, with pleasure, and to bed. I met this evening at Sir R. Viner's our Mr. Turner, who I find in a melancholy condition about his being removed out of his house, but I find him so silly and so false that I dare not tell how to trust any advice to him, and therefore did speak only generally to him, but I doubt his condition is very miserable, and do pity his family. Thus the month ends: myself in very good health and content of mind in my family. All our heads full in the office at this dividing of the Comptroller's duty, so that I am in some doubt how it may prove to intrench upon my benefits, but it cannot be much. The Parliament, upon breaking up, having given the King money with much ado, and great heats, and neither side pleased, neither King nor them. The imperfection of the Poll Bill, which must be mended before they rise, there being several horrible oversights to the prejudice of the King, is a certain sign of the care anybody

[1] Nicholas Osborne.

hath of the King's business. Prince Rupert very ill, and to be trepanned on Saturday next. Nobody knows who commands the fleete next year, or, indeed, whether we shall have a fleete or no. Great preparations in Holland and France, and the French have lately taken Antego[1] from us, which vexes us. I am in a little care through my at last putting a great deal of money out of my hands again into the King's upon tallies for Tangier, but the interest which I wholly lost while in my trunk is a temptation while things look safe, as they do in some measure for six months, I think, and I would venture but little longer.

February 1st. Up, and to the office, where I was all the morning doing business, at noon home to dinner, and after dinner down by water, though it was a thick misty and rainy day, and walked to Deptford from Redriffe, and there to Bagwell's by appointment, where the mulier etait within expecting me venir. . . . By and by su marido come in, and there without any notice taken by him we discoursed of our business of getting him the new ship building by Mr. Deane, which I shall do for him. Thence by and by after a little talk I to the yard, and spoke with some of the officers, but staid but little, and the new clerk of the 'Chequer, Fownes, did walk to Redriffe back with me. I perceive he is a very child, and is led by the nose by Cowly and his kinsman that was his clerk, but I did make him understand his duty, and put both understanding and spirit into him, so that I hope he will do well. [Much surprised to hear this day at Deptford that Mrs. Batters is going already to be married to him, that is now the Captain of her husband's ship. She seemed the most passionate mourner in the world. But I believe it cannot be true.] [2] Thence by water to Billingsgate; thence to the Old Swan, and there took boat, it being now night, to Westminster Hall, there to the Hall, and find Doll Lane, and con elle I went to the Bell Taverne, and ibi je did do what I would con elle as well as I could, she sedendo sobre thus far and making some little resistance. But all with much content, and je tenai much pleasure cum ista. There parted, and I by coach home, and to the office, where pretty late doing business, and then home, and merry with my wife, and to supper. My brother and I did play with the base, and I upon my viallin, which I have not seen out of the case now I think these three years, or more, having lost the key, and now forced to find an expedient to open it. Then to bed.

2nd. Up, and to the office. This day I hear that Prince Rupert is to be trepanned. God give good issue to it. Sir W. Pen looks upon me, and I on

[1] Antigua, one of the West India Islands (Leeward Islands), discovered by Columbus in 1493, who is said to have named it after a church at Seville called Santa Maria la Antigua. It was first settled by a few English families in 1632, and in 1663 another settlement was made under Lord Willoughby, to whom the entire island was granted by Charles II. In 1666 it was invaded by a French force, which laid waste all the settlement. It was reconquered by the English, and formally restored to them by the treaty of Breda.

[2] The passage between brackets is written in the margin of the MS.

him, and speak about business together at the table well enough, but no friendship or intimacy since our late difference about his closet, nor do I desire to have any. At noon dined well, and my brother and I to write over once more with my own hand my catalogue of books, while he reads to me. After something of that done, and dined, I to the office, where all the afternoon till night busy. At night, having done all my office matters, I home, and my brother and I to go on with my catalogue, and so to supper. Mrs. Turner come to me this night again to condole her condition and the ill usage she receives from my Lord Bruncker, which I could never have expected from him, and shall be a good caution to me while I live. She gone, I to supper, and then to read a little, and to bed. This night comes home my new silver snuffe-dish, which I do give myself for my closet, which is all I purpose to bestow in plate of myself, or shall need, many a day, if I can keep what I have. So to bed. I am very well pleased this night with reading a poem I brought home with me last night from Westminster Hall, of Dryden's[1] upon the present war; a very good poem.

3rd (Lord's day). Up, and with Sir W. Batten and [Sir] W. Pen to White Hall, and there to Sir W. Coventry's chamber, and there staid till he was ready, talking, and among other things of the Prince's being trepanned, which was in doing just as we passed through the Stone Gallery, we asking at the door of his lodgings, and were told so. We are all full of wishes for the good success; though I dare say but few do really concern ourselves for him in our hearts. Up to the Duke of York, and with him did our business we come about, and among other things resolve upon a meeting at the office tomorrow morning, Sir W. Coventry to be there to determine of all things necessary for the setting of Sir W. Pen to work in his Victualling business. This did awake in me some thoughts of what might in discourse fall out touching my imployment, and did give me some apprehension of trouble. Having done here, and after our laying our necessities for money open to the Duke of York, but nothing obtained concerning it, we parted, and I with others into the House, and there hear that the work is done to the Prince[2] in a few minutes without any pain at all to him, he not knowing when it was done. It was performed by Moulins.[3] Having cut the outward table, as they call it, they find the inner all corrupted, so as it come out without any force;

[1] "Annus Mirabilis; the Year of Wonders, 1666, an historical Poem."

[2] Rupert.

[3] James Molines, Moleyns, or Mullins, one of a family of distinguished surgeons, born 1628. He was elected November 8th, 1665, in compliance with a recommendation from Charles II., surgeon to St. Thomas's Hospital as to ordinary avocations, and joint-surgeon with Mr. Hollyer for the cutting of the stone. He was afterwards appointed Surgeon in Ordinary to Charles II. and James II., and received the degree of M.D. from the University of Oxford, September 28th, 1681. He died February 8th, 1686, and was buried in St. Bride's Church, Fleet Street, where his monumental tablet still exists. This information is obtained from a valuable article by Dr. J. F. Payne on the various surgeons bearing the name of Molines in the "Dictionary of National Biography."

and their fear is, that the whole inside of his head is corrupted [1] like that, which do yet make them afeard of him; but no ill accident appeared in the doing of the thing, but all with all imaginable success, as Sir Alexander Frazier did tell me himself, I asking him, who is very kind to me. I to the Chapel a little, but hearing nothing did take a turn into the Park, and then back to Chapel and heard a very good Anthem to my heart's delight, and then to Sir G. Carteret's to dinner, and before dinner did walk with him alone a good while, and from him hear our case likely for all these acts to be bad for money, which troubles me, the year speeding so fast, and he tells me that he believes the Duke of York will go to sea with the fleete, which I am sorry for in respect to his person, but yet there is no person in condition to command the fleete, now the Captains are grown so great, but him, it being impossible for anybody else but him to command any order or discipline among them. He tells me there is nothing at all in the late discourse about my Lord Sandwich and the French Embassador meeting and contending for the way, which I wonder at, to see the confidence of report without any ground. By and by to dinner, where very good company. Among other discourse, we talked much of Nostradamus[2] his prophecy of these times, and the burning of the City of London,[3] some of whose verses are put into

[1] See January 15th, 1664–65.

[2] Michael Nostradamus, a physician and astrologer, born in the diocese of Avignon, 1503. Amongst other predictions, one was interpreted as foreshowing the singular death of Hen. II. of France, by which his reputation was increased. In the 49th quatrain of his ninth century, the lines

"Gand et Bruxelles marcheront contre Anvers,
Sénat de Londres mettront à mort leur roi,"

may well be applied to the death of Charles I. Some coincidences in modern times are also curious. He speaks of the "renovation de siècle," in 1792, in which year, in fact, the French revolutionary kalendar took its rise. The landing of Bonaparte from Elba, at Fréjus, was supposed to be predicted in cent. x., quatrain xxiii.:

"Au peuple ingrat faites les remonstrances,
Par lors l'armée se saisera d'Antibe,
Dans l'arc Monech feront les doléances,
Et à Frejus l'un l'autre prendra ribe."

Jodelle's clever distich on Nostradamus is worthy of a place:

"Nostra damus, cum falsa damus, nam fallere nostrum est,
Et cum falsa damus, nil nisi nostra damus."

As well as the reply by Nostradamus's followers:

"Nostra damus, cum verba damus, quæ Nostradamus dat,
Nam quæcumque dedit, nil nisi vera dedit."

He succeeded too in rendering assistance to the inhabitants of Aix, during the plague, by a powder of his own invention. He died at Salon, July, 1566.—B.

[3] Roger L'Estrange, whose office it was to license the Almanacks, told Sir Edward Walker, "that most of them did foretel the fire of London last year, but hee caused itt to bee put out."—Ward's *Diary*, p. 94.—B.

Booker's[1] Almanack this year; and Sir G. Carteret did tell a story, how at his death he did make the town swear that he should never be dug up, or his tomb opened, after he was buried; but they did after sixty years do it, and upon his breast they found a plate of brasse, saying what a wicked and unfaithful people the people of that place were, who after so many vows should disturb and open him such a day and year and hour; which, if true, is very strange. Then we fell to talking of the burning of the City; and my Lady Carteret herself did tell us how abundance of pieces of burnt paper were cast by the wind as far as Cranborne;[2] and among others she took up one, or had one brought her to see, which was a little bit of paper that had been printed, whereon there remained no more nor less than these words: "Time is, it is done." [3] After dinner I went and took a turn into the Park, and then took boat and away home, and there to my chamber and to read, but did receive some letters from Sir W. Coventry, touching the want of victuals to Kempthornes' [4] fleete going to the Streights and now in the Downes: which did trouble me, he saying that this disappointment might prove fatal; and the more, because Sir W. Coventry do intend to come to the office upon business to-morrow morning, and I shall not know what answer to give him. This did mightily trouble my mind; however, I fell to read a little in Hakewill's Apology,[5] and did satisfy myself mighty fair in the truth of the saying that the world do not grow old at all, but is in as good condition in all respects as ever it was as to nature. I continued reading this book with great pleasure till supper, and then to bed sooner than ordinary, for rising betimes in the morning to-morrow. So after reading my usual vows to bed, my mind full of trouble against to-morrow, and did not sleep any good time of the night for thoughts of to-morrow morning's trouble.

4th. I up, with my head troubled to think of the issue of this morning, so made ready and to the office, where Mr. Gawden comes, and he and I discoursed the business well, and thinks I shall get off well enough; but I do by Sir W. Coventry's silence conclude that he is not satisfied in my man-

[1] John Booker, an eminent astrologer and writing-master at Hadley. The words quoted by him from Nostradamus are (cent. ii., quatrain li.):

"Le sang du juste à Londres fera faute,
Bruslez par foudre de vingt trois les six,
La dame antique cherra de place haute,
De mesme secte plusieurs seront occis."—B.

[2] In Windsor Forest.

[3] Sir C. Wren, it is well known, took up a stone from the ruins of St. Paul's having the word "Resurgam" inscribed, which he adopted.—B.

[4] Rear-Admiral John Kempthorne, a distinguished and gallant officer. His squadron was still in port on February 12th ("Calendar of State Papers," 1666–67, p. 509). He was knighted in 1670, and in 1675 made Commissioner at Portsmouth, which place he represented in parliament. Died 1679.

[5] "An Apology or Declaration of the Power and Providence of God in the Government of the World." By George Hakewill, a learned divine. Oxford, 1627. The work was frequently reprinted.—B.

agement of my place and the charge it puts the King to, which I confess I am not in present condition through my late laziness to give any good answer to. But here do D. Gawden give me a good cordiall this morning, by telling me that he do give me five of the eight hundred pounds on his account remaining in my hands to myself, for the service I do him in my victualling business, and £100 for my particular share of the profits of my Tangier imployment as Treasurer. This do begin to make my heart glad, and I did dissemble it the better, so when Sir W. Coventry did come, and the rest met, I did appear unconcerned, and did give him answer pretty satisfactory what he asked me; so that I did get off this meeting without any ground lost, but rather a great deal gained by interposing that which did belong to my duty to do, and neither [Sir] W. Coventry nor [Sir] W. Pen did oppose anything thereunto, which did make my heart very glad. All the morning at this work, Sir W. Pen making a great deal of do for the fitting him in his setting out in his employment, and I do yield to any trouble that he gives me without any contradiction. Sir W. Coventry being gone, we at noon to dinner to Sir W. Pen's, he inviting me and my wife, and there a pretty good dinner, intended indeed for Sir W. Coventry, but he would not stay. So here I was mighty merry and all our differences seemingly blown over, though he knows, if he be not a fool, that I love him not, and I do the like that he hates me. Soon as dined, my wife and I out to the Duke's playhouse, and there saw "Heraclius," [1] an excellent play, to my extraordinary content; and the more from the house being very full, and great company; among others, Mrs. Steward, very fine, with her locks done up with puffs, as my wife calls them: and several other great ladies had their hair so, though I do not like it; but my wife do mightily—but it is only because she sees it is the fashion. Here I saw my Lord Rochester and his lady, Mrs. Mallet, who hath after all this ado married him; and, as I hear some say in the pit, it is a great act of charity, for he hath no estate. But it was pleasant to see how everybody rose up when my Lord John Butler, the Duke of Ormond's son,[2] come into the pit towards the end of the play, who was a servant to Mrs. Mallet,[3] and now smiled upon her, and she on him. I had sitting next to me a woman, the likest my Lady Castlemayne that ever I saw anybody like another; but she is a whore, I believe, for she is acquainted with every fine fellow, and called them by their name, Jacke, and Tom, and before the end of the play frisked to another place. Mightily pleased with the play, we home by coach, and there a little to the office, and then to my chamber, and there finished my Catalogue of my books with my own hand, and so to supper and to bed, and had a good night's rest, the last night's being trouble-

[1] See note to March 8th, 1664.

[2] Lord John Butler was born in 1643, and in January, 1676, married Anne, only daughter of Arthur Chichester, Earl of Donegal. In April, 1676, he was created Earl of Gowran. Died s. p., 1677 (see November 25th, 1666).—B.

[3] See November 25th, *ante*.

some, but now my heart light and full of resolution of standing close to my business.

5th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning doing business, and then home to dinner. Heard this morning that the Prince is much better, and hath good rest. All the talk is that my Lord Sandwich hath perfected the peace with Spayne, which is very good, if true. Sir H. Cholmly was with me this morning, and told me of my Lord Bellasses's base dealings with him by geting him to give him great gratuities to near £2,000 for his friendship in the business of the Mole, and hath been lately underhand endeavouring to bring another man into his place as Governor, so as to receive his money of Sir H. Cholmly for nothing. Dined at home, and after dinner come Mrs. Daniel and her sister and staid and talked a little, and then I to the office, and after setting my things in order at the office I abroad with my wife and little Betty Michell, and took them against my vowes, but I will make good my forfeit, to the King's house, to show them a play, "The Chances." [1] A good play I find it, and the actors most good in it; and pretty to hear Knipp sing in the play very properly, "All night I weepe;" [2] and sung it admirably. The whole play pleases me well: and most of all, the sight of many fine ladies —among others, my Lady Castlemayne and Mrs. Middleton: the latter of the two hath also a very excellent face and body, I think. Thence by coach to the New Exchange, and there laid out money, and I did give Betty Michell two pair of gloves and a dressing-box; and so home in the dark, over the ruins with a link. I was troubled with my pain, having got a bruise on my right testicle, I know not how. But this I did make good use of to make my wife shift sides with me, and I did come to sit avec Betty Michell, and there had her main, which elle did give me very frankly now, and did hazer whatever I voudrais avec la, which did plaisir me grandement, and so set her at home with my mind mighty glad of what I have prevailed for so far; and so home, and to the office, and did my business there, and then home to supper, and after to set some things right in my chamber, and so to bed. This morning, before I went to the office, there come to me Mr. Young and Whistler, flagg-makers, and with mighty earnestness did present me with, and press me to take a box, wherein I could not guess there was less than £100 in gold: but I do wholly refuse it, and did not at last take it. The truth is, not thinking them safe men to receive such a gratuity from, nor knowing any considerable courtesy that ever I did do them, but desirous to keep myself free from their reports, and to have it in my power to say I had refused their offer.

6th. Up, lying a little long in bed, and by water to White Hall, and there

[1] A comedy by Beaumont and Fletcher, of which an alteration was produced by the Duke of Buckingham. The play which Pepys saw was probably the duke's revised version, although it was not published until 1682.

[2] This song is not in Beaumont and Fletcher, as printed, nor in the alteration of the play by the duke.—B.

find the Duke of York gone out, he being in haste to go to the Parliament, and so all my Brethren were gone to the office too. So I to Sir Ph. Warwicke's about my Tangier business, and then to Westminster Hall, and walked up and down, and hear that the Prince do still rest well by day and night, and out of pain; so as great hopes are conceived of him: though I did meet Dr. Clerke and Mr. Pierce, and they do say they believe he will not recover it, they supposing that his whole head within is eaten by this corruption, which appeared in this piece of the inner table. Up to the Parliament door, and there discoursed with Roger Pepys, who goes out of town this week, the Parliament rising this week also. So down to the Hall and there spied Betty Michell, and so I sent for burnt wine to Mrs. Michell's, and there did drink with the two mothers, and by that means with Betty, poor girle, whom I love with all my heart. And God forgive me, it did make me stay longer and hover all the morning up and down the Hall to busquer occasions para ambulare con elle. But ego ne pouvoir. So home by water and to dinner, and then to the office, where we sat upon Denis Gawden's accounts, and before night I rose and by water to White Hall, to attend the Council; but they sat not to-day. So to Sir W. Coventry's chamber, and find him within, and with a letter from the Downes in his hands, telling the loss of the St. Patricke coming from Harwich in her way to Portsmouth; and would needs chase two ships (she having the Malago fire-ship in company) which from English colours put up Dutch, and he would clap on board the Vice-Admirall; and after long dispute the admirall comes on the other side of him, and both together took him. Our fire-ship (Seely)[1] not coming in to fire all three, but come away, leaving her in their possession, and carried away by them: a ship[2] built at Bristoll the last yeár, of fifty guns and upwards, and a most excellent good ship. This made him very melancholy. I to talk of our wants of money, but I do find that he is not pleased with that discourse, but grieves to hear it, and do seem to think that Sir G. Carteret do not mind the getting of money with the same good cheer that he did heretofore, nor do I think he hath the same reason. Thence to Westminster Hall, thinking to see Betty Michell, she staying there all night, and had hopes to get her out alone, but missed, and so away by coach home, and to Sir W. Batten's, to tell him my bad news, and then to the office, and home to supper, where Mrs. Hewer was, and after supper and she gone, W. Hewer talking with me very late of the ill manner of Sir G. Carteret's accounts being kept, and in what a sad condition he would be

[1] "Captain Seely, captain of the fire-ship that deserted the Patrick, was this day (March 7th) shot to death on board his own vessel."—Pointer's *Chronological Hist. of Engl.*, vol. i., p. 216.—B.

[2] February 7th, "Hugh Salesbury to Williamson. A fire-ship which left Harwich with the St. Patrick, reports that she met off North Foreland two Dutch privateers; the commander of the St. Patrick indiscreetly boarded one of them, the other boarded the St. Patrick, and both grappled him so that he yielded, and was carried to Holland. The fire-ship, instead of boarding one of them, only looked on" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1666–67, p. 499).

if either Fenn or Wayth should break or die, and am resolved to take some time to tell Sir G. Carteret or my Lady of it, I do love them so well and their family. So to bed, my pain pretty well gone.

7th. Lay long with pleasure with my wife, and then up and to the office, where all the morning, and then home to dinner, and before dinner I went into my green dining room, and there talking with my brother upon matters relating to his journey to Brampton to-morrow, and giving him good counsel about spending the time when he shall stay in the country with my father, I looking another way heard him fall down, and turned my head, and he was fallen down all along upon the ground dead, which did put me into a great fright; and, to see my brotherly love! I did presently lift him up from the ground, he being as pale as death; and, being upon his legs, he did presently come to himself, and said he had something come into his stomach very hot. He knew not what it was, nor ever had such a fit before. I never was so frighted but once, when my wife was ill at Ware upon the road, and I did continue trembling a good while and ready to weepe to see him, he continuing mighty pale all dinner and melancholy, that I was loth to let him take his journey to-morrow; but he began to be pretty well, and after dinner my wife and Barker fell to singing, which pleased me pretty well, my wife taking mighty pains and proud that she shall come to trill and indeed I think she will. So to the office, and there all the afternoon late doing business, and then home, and find my brother pretty well. So to write a letter to my Lady Sandwich for him to carry, I having not writ to her a great while. Then to supper and so to bed. I did this night give him 20*s.* for books, and as much for his pocket, and 15*s.* to carry him down, and so to bed. Poor fellow! he is so melancholy, and withal, my wife says, harmless, that I begin to love him, and would be loth he should not do well.

8th. This morning my brother John come up to my bedside, and took his leave of us, going this day to Brampton. My wife loves him mightily as one that is pretty harmless, and I do begin to fancy him from yesterday's accident, it troubling me to think I should be left without a brother or sister, which is the first time that ever I had thoughts of that kind in my life. He gone, I up, and to the office, where we sat upon the Victuallers' accounts all the morning. A noon Lord Bruncker, Sir W. Batten, [Sir] W. Pen, and myself to the Swan in Leadenhall Street to dinner, where an exceedingly good dinner and good discourse. Sir W. Batten come this morning from the House, where the King hath prorogued this Parliament to October next. I am glad they are up. The Bill for Accounts was not offered, the party being willing to let it fall; but the King did tell them he expected it. They are parted with great heart-burnings, one party against the other. Pray God bring them hereafter together in better temper! It is said that the King do intend himself in this interval to take away Lord Mordaunt's government,[1] so as to do something to appease the House against they come together, and let them

[1] As constable of Windsor Castle. See note, November 26, 1666.

see he will do that of his own accord which is fit, without their forcing him; and that he will have his Commission for Accounts go on: which will be good things. At dinner we talked much of Cromwell; all saying he was a brave fellow, and did owe his crowne he got to himself as much as any man that ever got one. Thence to the office, and there begun the account which Sir W. Pen by his late employment hath examined, but begun to examine it in the old manner, a clerk to read the Petty warrants, my Lord Bruncker upon very good ground did except against it, and would not suffer him to go on. This being Sir W. Pen's clerk he took it in snuff, and so hot they grew upon it that my Lord Bruncker left the office. He gone [Sir] W. Pen ranted like a devil, saying that nothing but ignorance could do this. I was pleased at heart all this while. At last moved to have Lord Bruncker desired to return, which he did, and I read the petty warrants all the day till late at night, that I was very weary, and troubled to have my private business of my office stopped to attend this, but mightily pleased at this falling out, and the truth is [Sir] W. Pen do make so much noise in this business of his, and do it so little and so ill, that I think the King will be little the better by changing the hand. So up and to my office a little, but being at it all day I could not do much there. So home and to supper, to teach Barker to sing another piece of my song, and then to bed.

9th. To the office, where we sat all the morning busy. At noon home to dinner, and then to my office again, where also busy, very busy late, and then went home and read a piece of a play, "Every Man in his Humour," [1] wherein is the greatest propriety of speech that ever I read in my life: and so to bed. This noon come my wife's watchmaker, and received £12 of me for her watch; but Captain Rolt coming to speak with me about a little business, he did judge of the work to be very good work, and so I am well contented, and he hath made very good, that I knew, to Sir W. Pen and Lady Batten.

10th (Lord's day). Up and with my wife to church, where Mr. Mills made an unnecessary sermon upon Original Sin, neither understood by himself nor the people. Home, where Michell and his wife, and also there come Mr. Carter,[2] my old acquaintance of Magdalene College, who hath not been here of many years. He hath spent his time in the North with the Bishop of Carlisle[3] much. He is grown a very comely person, and of good discourse, and one that I like very much. We had much talk of our old acquaintance of the College, concerning their various fortunes; wherein, to my joy I met not with any that have sped better than myself. After dinner he went away, and awhile after them Michell and his wife, whom I love mightily, and then I to my chamber there to my Tangier accounts, which I had let run a little behind hand, but did settle them very well to my satisfaction, but it cost me

[1] Ben Jonson's well-known play.

[2] Charles Carter, who had a cure in Huntingdonshire. See February 8th, 1659–60, and December 23rd, 1660.

[3] Edward Rainbow, S.T.P., Bishop of Carlisle, 1664–84. He died March 26th, 1684. aged seventy-six years.

sitting up till two in the morning, and the longer by reason that our neighbour, Mrs. Turner, poor woman, did come to take her leave of us, she being to quit her house to-morrow to my Lord Bruncker, who hath used her very unhandsomely. She is going to lodgings, and do tell me very odde stories how Mrs. Williams[1] do receive the applications of people, and hath presents, and she is the hand that receives all, while my Lord Bruncker do the business, which will shortly come to be loud talk if she continues here, I do foresee, and bring my Lord no great credit. So having done all my business, to bed.

11th. Up, and by water to the Temple, and thence to Sir Ph. Warwicke's about my Tangier warrant for tallies, and there met my Lord Bellasses and Creed, and discoursed about our business of money, but we are defeated as to any hopes of getting [any] thing upon the Poll Bill, which I seem but not much troubled at, it not concerning me much. Thence with Creed to Westminster Hall, and there up and down, and heard that Prince Rupert is still better and better; and that he did tell Dr. Troutbecke[2] expressly that my Lord Sandwich is ordered home. I hear, too, that Prince Rupert hath begged the having of all the stolen prize-goods which he can find, and that he is looking out anew after them, which at first troubled me; but I do see it cannot come to anything, but is done by Hayes, or some of his little people about him. Here, among other newes, I bought the King's speech at proroguing the House the other day, wherein are some words which cannot but import some prospect of a peace, which God send us! After walking a good while in the Hall, it being Term time, I home by water, calling at Michell's and giving him a fair occasion to send his wife to the New Exchange to meet my wife and me this afternoon. So home to dinner, and after dinner by coach to Lord Bellasses', and with him to Povy's house, whom we find with Auditor Beale and Vernatty about their accounts still, which is never likely to have end. Our business was to speak with Vernatty, who is certainly a most cunning knave as ever was born. Having done what we had to do there, my Lord carried me and set me down at the New Exchange, where I staid at Pottle's shop till Betty Michell come, which she did about five o'clock, and was surprised not to trouver my muger[3] there; but I did make an excuse good enough, and so I took elle down, and over the water to the cabinet-maker's, and there bought a dressing-box for her for 20*s*., but would require an hour's time to make fit. This I was glad of, thinking to have got elle to enter to a casa de biber, but elle would not, so I did not much press it, but suffered elle to enter à la casa de uno de sus hermanos, and so I past my time walking up and down, and among other places, to one Drumbleby, a maker of flageolets, the best in towne. He not within, my design to bespeak a pair of flageolets of the same tune, ordered him to come to me in a day or two, and

[1] Granger ("Biog. Hist. of Engl.," vol. iv., p. 190) describes an engraved portrait by Cooper, after Lely, of the Lady (Mrs.) Williams; but he describes her as the mistress of the Duke of York.

[2] John Troutbecke. See March 21st, 1665–66.

[3] Muger = wife in Spanish.

so I back to the cabinet-maker's and there staid; and by and by Betty comes, and here we staid in the shop and above seeing the workmen work, which was pretty, and some exceeding good work, and very pleasant to see them do it, till it was late quite dark, and the mistresse of the shop took us into the kitchen and there talked and used us very prettily, and took her for my wife, which I owned and her big belly, and there very merry, till my thing done, and then took coach and home. . . . But now comes our trouble, I did begin to fear that su marido might go to my house to enquire pour elle, and there, trouvant my muger at home, would not only think himself, but give my femme occasion to think strange things. This did trouble me mightily, so though elle would not seem to have me trouble myself about it, yet did agree to the stopping the coach at the streete's end, and je allais con elle home, and there presently hear by him that he had newly sent su mayde to my house to see for her mistresse. This do much perplex me, and I did go presently home (Betty whispering me behind the tergo de her mari, that if I would say that we did come home by water, elle could make up la cose well satis), and there in a sweat did walk in the entry ante my door, thinking what I should say à my femme, and as God would have it, while I was in this case (the worst in reference à my femme that ever I was in in my life), a little woman comes stumbling to the entry steps in the dark; whom asking who she was, she enquired for my house. So knowing her voice, and telling her su donna is come home she went away. But, Lord! in what a trouble was I, when she was gone, to recollect whether this was not the second time of her coming, but at last concluding that she had not been here before, I did bless myself in my good fortune in getting home before her, and do verily believe she had loitered some time by the way, which was my great good fortune, and so I in a-doors and there find all well. So my heart full of joy, I to the office awhile, and then home, and after supper and doing a little business in my chamber I to bed, after teaching Barker a little of my song.

12th. Up, and to the office, where we sat all the morning, with several things (among others) discoursed relating to our two new assistant controllers, but especially Sir W. Pen, who is mighty troublesome in it. At noon home to dinner, and then to the office again, and there did much business, and by and by comes Mr. Moore, who in discourse did almost convince me that it is necessary for my Lord Sandwich to come home and take his command at sea this year, for that a peace is like to be. Many considerations he did give me hereupon, which were very good both in reference to the publick and his private condition. By and by with Lord Bruncker by coach to his house, there to hear some Italian musique: and here we met Tom Killigrew, Sir Robert Murray, and the Italian Signor Baptista,[1] who hath composed a play in Italian for the Opera, which T. Killigrew do intend to have

[1] Giovanni Baptista Draghi, an Italian musician in the service of Queen Catherine, and a composer of merit. He joined with Matthew Lock in composing the music to Shadwell's opera of "Psyche," produced in 1673.

up; and here he did sing one of the acts. He himself is the poet as well as the musician; which is very much, and did sing the whole from the words without any musique prickt, and played all along upon a harpsicon most admirably, and the composition most excellent. The words I did not understand, and so know not how they are fitted, but believe very well, and all in the recitativo very fine. But I perceive there is a proper accent in every country's discourse, and that do reach in their setting of notes to words, which, therefore, cannot be natural to any body else but them; so that I am not so much smitten with it as, it may be, I should be, if I were acquainted with their accent. But the whole composition is certainly most excellent; and the poetry, T. Killigrew and Sir R. Murray, who understood the words, did say was excellent. I confess I was mightily pleased with the musique. He pretends not to voice, though it be good, but not excellent. This done, T. Killigrew and I to talk: and he tells me how the audience at his house is not above half so much as it used to be before the late fire. That Knipp is like to make the best actor that ever come upon the stage, she understanding so well: that they are going to give her £30 a-year more. That the stage is now by his pains a thousand times better and more glorious than ever heretofore. Now, wax-candles, and many of them; then, not above 3 lbs. of tallow: now, all things civil, no rudeness anywhere; then, as in a bear-garden: then, two or three fiddlers; now, nine or ten of the best: then, nothing but rushes upon the ground, and every thing else mean; and now, all otherwise: then, the Queen seldom and the King never would come; now, not the King only for state, but all civil people do think they may come as well as any. He tells me that he hath gone several times, eight or ten times, he tells me, hence to Rome to hear good musique; so much he loves it, though he never did sing or play a note. That he hath ever endeavoured in the late King's time, and in this, to introduce good musique, but he never could do it, there never having been any musique here better than ballads. Nay, says, "Hermitt poore" and "Chevy Chese" [1] was all the musique we had; and yet no ordinary fiddlers get so much money as ours do here, which speaks our rudenesse still. That he hath gathered our Italians from several Courts in Christendome, to come to make a concert for the King, which he do give £200 a-year a-piece to: but badly paid, and do come in the room of keeping four ridiculous gundilows,[2] he having got the King to put them away, and lay out money this way; and indeed I do commend him for it, for I think it is a very noble undertaking. He do intend to have some times of the year these operas

[1] "Like hermit poor in pensive place obscure" is found in "The Phœnix Nest," 1593, and in Harl. MS. No. 6910, written soon after 1596. It was set to music by Alfonso Ferrabosco, and published in his "Ayres," 1609. The song was a favourite with Izaak Walton, and is alluded to in "Hudibras" (Part I., canto ii., line 1169). See Rimbault's "Little Book of Songs and Ballads," 1851, p. 98. Both versions of the famous ballad of "Chevy Chase" are printed in Percy's "Reliques."

[2] The gondolas mentioned before, as sent by the Doge of Venice. See September 12th, 1661.—B.

to be performed at the two present theatres, since he is defeated in what he intended in Moorefields on purpose for it; and he tells me plainly that the City audience was as good as the Court, but now they are most gone. Baptista tells me that Giacomo Charissimi[1] is still alive at Rome, who was master to Vinnecotio, who is one of the Italians that the King hath here, and the chief composer of them. My great wonder is, how this man do to keep in memory so perfectly the musique of the whole act, both for the voice and the instrument too. I confess I do admire it: but in recitativo the sense much helps him, for there is but one proper way of discoursing and giving the accents. Having done our discourse, we all took coaches, my Lord's and T. Killigrew's, and to Mrs. Knipp's chamber, where this Italian is to teach her to sing her part. And so we all thither, and there she did sing an Italian song or two very fine, while he played the bass upon a harpsicon there; and exceedingly taken I am with her singing, and believe that she will do miracles at that and acting. Her little girl is mighty pretty and witty. After being there an hour, and I mightily pleased with this evening's work, we all parted, and I took coach and home, where late at my office, and then home to enter my last three days' Journall; and so to supper and to bed, troubled at nothing, but that these pleasures do hinder me in my business, and the more by reason of our being to dine abroad to-morrow, and then Saturday next is appointed to meet again at my Lord Bruncker's lodgings, and there to have the whole quire of Italians; but then I do consider that this is all the pleasure I live for in the world, and the greatest I can ever expect in the best of my life, and one thing more, that by hearing this man to-night, and I think Captain Cooke to-morrow, and the quire of Italians on Saturday, I shall be truly able to distinguish which of them pleases me truly best, which I do much desire to know and have good reason and fresh occasion of judging.

13th. Up, and by water to White Hall, where to the Duke of York, and there did our usual business; but troubled to see that, at this time, after our declaring a debt to the Parliament of £900,000, and nothing paid since, but the debt increased, and now the fleete to set out; to hear that the King hath ordered but £35,000 for the setting out of the fleete, out of the Poll Bill, to buy all provisions, when five times as much had been little enough to have done any thing to purpose. They have, indeed, ordered more for paying off of seamen and the Yards to some time, but not enough for that neither. Another thing is, the acquainting the Duke of York with the case of Mr. Lanyon,[2] our agent at Plymouth, who has trusted us to £8,000 out of purse; we are not in condition, after so many promises, to obtain him a farthing, nor though a

[1] "The name which is foremost in one's mind, if one speaks of Italian music in the second half of the seventeenth century, is Carissimi, the last great representative of the Roman school, and himself the precursor and model of a number of great musicians in his own country, of Lulli in France, and through him of Humphreys and Purcell in England."—F. Hueffer, *Italian and other Studies*, 1883, p. 296.

[2] There are several letters from John Lanyon to the Navy Commissioners among the State Papers, in some of which he asks for money ("Calendar," 1666–67).

message was carried by Sir G. Carteret and Sir W. Coventry to the Commissioners for Prizes, that he might have £3,000 out of £20,000 worth of prizes to be shortly sold there, that he might buy at the candle and pay for the goods out of bills, and all would [not] do any thing, but that money must go all another way, while the King's service is undone, and those that trust him perish. These things grieve me to the heart. The Prince, I hear, is every day better and better. So away by water home, stopping at Michell's, where Mrs. Martin was, and I there drank with them and whispered with Betty, who tells me all is well, but was prevented in something she would have said, her marido venant just then, a news which did trouble me, and so drank and parted and home, and there took up my wife by coach, and to Mrs. Pierce's, there to take her up, and with them to Dr. Clerke's, by invitation, where we have not been a great while, nor had any mind to go now, but that the Dr., whom I love, would have us choose a day. Here was his wife, painted, and her sister Worshipp, a widow now and mighty pretty in her mourning. Here was also Mr. Pierce and Mr. Floyd,[1] Secretary to the Lords Commissioners of Prizes, and Captain Cooke, to dinner, an ill and little mean one, with foul cloth and dishes, and everything poor. Discoursed most about plays and the Opera, where, among other vanities, Captain Cooke had the arrogance to say that he was fain to direct Sir W. Davenant in the breaking of his verses into such and such lengths, according as would be fit for musick, and how he used to swear at Davenant, and command him that way, when W. Davenant would be angry, and find fault with this or that note—but a vain coxcomb I perceive he is, though he sings and composes so well. But what I wondered at, Dr. Clerke did say that Sir W. Davenant is no good judge of a dramatick poem, finding fault with his choice of Henry the 5th,[2] and others, for the stage, when I do think, and he confesses, "The Siege of Rhodes" as good as ever was writ. After dinner Captain Cooke and two of his boys to sing, but it was indeed both in performance and composition most plainly below what I heard last night, which I could not have believed. Besides overlooking the words which he sung, I find them not at all humoured as they ought to be, and as I believed he had done all he had sett. Though he himself do indeed sing in a manner as to voice and manner the best I ever heard yet, and a strange mastery he hath in making of extraordinary surprising closes, that are mighty pretty, but his bragging that he do understand tones and sounds as well as any man in the world, and better than Sir W. Davenant or any body else, I do not like by no means, but was sick of it and of him for it. He gone, Dr. Clerke fell to reading a new play, newly writ, of a friend's of his; but, by his discourse and confession afterwards, it was his own. Some things, but very few, moderately good; but infinitely far from the conceit, wit, design, and language of very many plays that I know; so

[1] Thomas Lloyd or Floyd.

[2] This must refer to Lord Orrery's play of "Henry V.," acted at the Duke's House on August 13th, 1664.

that, but for compliment, I was quite tired with hearing it. It being done, and commending the play, but against my judgment, only the prologue magnifying the happiness of our former poets when such sorry things did please the world as was then acted, was very good. So set Mrs. Pierce at home, and away ourselves home, and there to my office, and then my chamber till my eyes were sore at writing and making ready my letter and accounts for the Commissioners of Tangier to-morrow, which being done, to bed, hearing that there was a very great disorder this day at the Ticket Office, to the beating and bruising of the face of Carcasse very much. A foul evening this was to-night, and I mightily troubled to get a coach home; and, which is now my common practice, going over the ruins in the night, I rid with my sword drawn in the coach.

14th. Up and to the office, where Carcasse comes with his plaistered face, and called himself Sir W. Batten's martyr, which made W. Batten mad almost, and mighty quarrelling there was. We spent the morning almost wholly upon considering some way of keeping the peace at the Ticket Office; but it is plain that the care of that office is nobody's work, and that is it that makes it stand in the ill condition it do. At noon home to dinner, and after dinner by coach to my Lord Chancellor's, and there a meeting: the Duke of York, Duke of Albemarle, and several other Lords of the Commission of Tangier. And there I did present a state of my accounts, and managed them well; and my Lord Chancellor did say, though he was, in other things, in an ill humour, that no man in England was of more method, nor made himself better understood than myself. But going, after the business of money was over, to other businesses, of settling the garrison, he did fling out, and so did the Duke of York, two or three severe words touching my Lord Bellasses: that he would have no Governor come away from thence in less than three years; no, though his lady were with child. "And," says the Duke of York, "there should be no Governor continue so, longer than three years." "Nor," says Lord Arlington, "when our rules are once set, and upon good judgment declared, no Governor should offer to alter them." "We must correct the many things that are amiss there; for," says the Lord Chancellor, "you must think we do hear of more things amisse than we are willing to speak before our friends' faces." My Lord Bellasses would not take notice of their reflecting on him, and did wisely, but there were also many reflections on him. Thence away by coach to Sir H. Cholmly and Fitzgerald and Creed, setting down the two latter at the New Exchange. And Sir H. Cholmly and I to the Temple, and there walked in the dark in the walks talking of newes; and he surprises me with the certain newes that the King did last night in Council declare his being in treaty with the Dutch: that they had sent him a very civil letter, declaring that, if nobody but themselves were concerned, they would not dispute the place of treaty, but leave it to his choice; but that, being obliged to satisfy therein a Prince of equal quality with himself, they must except any place in England or Spayne. And so the King hath

chosen the Hague, and thither hath chose my Lord Hollis and Harry Coventry[1] to go Embassadors to treat; which is so mean a thing, as all the world will believe, that we do go to beg a peace of them, whatever we pretend. And it seems all our Court are mightily for a peace, taking this to be the time to make one, while the King hath money, that he may save something of what the Parliament hath given him to put him out of debt, so as he may need the help of no more Parliaments, as to the point of money: but our debt is so great, and expence daily so encreased, that I believe little of the money will be saved between this and the making of the peace up. But that which troubles me most is, that we have chosen a son of Secretary Morris,[2] a boy never used to any business, to go Embassador [Secretary] to the Embassy, which shows how little we are sensible of the weight of the business upon us. God therefore give a good end to it, for I doubt it, and yet do much more doubt the issue of our continuing the war, for we are in no wise fit for it, and yet it troubles me to think what Sir H. Cholmly says, that he believes they will not give us any reparation for what we have suffered by the war, nor put us into any better condition than what we were in before the war, for that will be shamefull for us. Thence parted with him and home through the dark over the ruins by coach, with my sword drawn, to the office, where dispatched some business; and so home to my chamber and to supper and to bed. This morning come up to my wife's bedside, I being up dressing myself, little Will Mercer to be her Valentine; and brought her name writ upon blue paper in gold letters, done by himself, very pretty; and we were both well pleased with it. But I am also this year my wife's Valentine, and it will cost me £5; but that I must have laid out if we had not been Valentines. So to bed.

15th. Up and with Sir W. Batten and [Sir] J. Minnes by coach to White Hall, where we attended upon the Duke of York to complain of the disorders the other day among the seamen at the Pay at the Ticket Office, and that it arises from lack of money, and that we desire, unless better provided for with money, to have nothing more to do with the payment of tickets, it being not our duty; and the Duke of York and [Sir] W. Coventry did agree to it, so that I hope we shall be rid of that trouble. This done, I moved for allowance for a house for Mr. Turner, and got it granted. Then away to Westminster Hall, and there to the Exchequer about my tallies, and so back to White Hall, and so with Lord Bellasses to the Excise Office, where met by Sir H. Cholmly to consider about our business of money there, and that done, home and to

[1] Henry, third son of Thomas, first Lord Coventry, Lord Keeper; after the Restoration he was made a Groom of the Bedchamber, and elected M.P. for Droitwich in 1661. In 1664 he was sent Envoy Extraordinary to Sweden, where he remained two years, and was again employed on an embassy to the same court in 1671. He also succeeded (with Lord Holles) in negotiating the peace at Breda here alluded to, and in 1672 became Secretary of State, which office he resigned in 1679, on account of ill-health. He died unmarried, December 7th, 1686.—B.

[2] Sir William Morris had several sons.

dinner, where I hear Pegg Pen is married [1] this day privately; no friends, but two or three relations on his side and hers. Borrowed many things of my kitchen for dressing their dinner. So after dinner to the office, and there busy and did much business, and late at it. Mrs. Turner come to me to hear how matters went; I told her of our getting rent for a house for her. She did give me account of this wedding to-day, its being private being imputed to its being just before Lent, and so in vain to make new clothes till Easter, that they might see the fashions as they are like to be this summer; which is reason good enough. Mrs. Turner tells me she hears [Sir W. Pen] gives £4,500 or £4,000 with her. They are gone to bed, so I wish them much sport, and home to supper and to bed. They own the treaty for a peace publickly at Court, and the Commissioners providing themselves to go over as soon as a passe comes for them.

16th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning. Among other things great heat we were all in on one side or other in the examining witnesses against Mr. Carcasse about his buying of tickets, and a cunning knave I do believe he is, and will appear, though I have thought otherwise heretofore. At noon home to dinner, and there find Mr. Andrews, and Pierce and Hollyard, and they dined with us and merry, but we did rise soon for saving of my wife's seeing a new play this afternoon, and so away by coach, and left her at Mrs. Pierce's, myself to the Excise Office about business, and thence to the Temple to walk a little only, and then to Westminster to pass away time till anon, and here I went to Mrs. Martin's to thank her for her oysters. . . . Thence away to my Lord Bruncker's, and there was Sir Robert Murray, whom I never understood so well as now by this opportunity of discourse with him, a most excellent man of reason and learning, and understands the doctrine of musique, and everything else I could discourse of, very finely. Here come Mr. Hooke, Sir George Ent, Dr. Wren, and many others; and by and by the musique, that is to say, Signor Vincentio,[2] who is the master-composer, and six more, whereof two eunuches, so tall, that Sir T. Harvey said well that he believes they do grow large by being gelt as our oxen do, and one woman very well dressed and handsome enough, but would not be kissed, as Mr. Killigrew, who brought the company in, did acquaint us. They sent two harpsicons before; and by and by, after tuning them, they begun; and, I confess, very good musique they made; that is, the composition exceeding good, but yet not at all more pleasing to me than what I have heard in English by Mrs. Knipp, Captain Cooke, and others. Nor do I dote on the eunuches; they sing, indeed, pretty high, and have a mellow kind of sound, but yet I have been as well satisfied with several women's voices and men also, as Crispe of the Wardrobe. The women sung well, but that which dis-

[1] The marriage licence of Anthony Lowther, of Marske, co. York, bachelor, 24, and Margaret Pen, spinster, 15, is dated February 12th, 1666–67 (Chester's "London Marriage Licences," ed. Foster, 1887, col. 865).

[2] Perhaps the person called Vinnecotio, February 12th, 1666–67. There was a German organist and composer named Gasparus Vincentius, who lived about this time.

tinguishes all is this, that in singing, the words are to be considered, and how they are fitted with notes, and then the common accent of the country is to be known and understood by the hearer, or he will never be a good judge of the vocal musique of another country. So that I was not taken with this at all, neither understanding the first, nor by practice reconciled to the latter, so that their motions, and risings and fallings, though it may be pleasing to an Italian, or one that understands the tongue, yet to me it did not, but do from my heart believe that I could set words in English, and make musique of them more agreeable to any Englishman's eare (the most judicious) than any Italian musique set for the voice, and performed before the same man, unless he be acquainted with the Italian accent of speech. The composition as to the musique part was exceeding good, and their justness in keeping time by practice much before any that we have, unless it be a good band of practised fiddlers. So away, here being Captain Cocke, who is stole away, leaving them at it, in his coach, and to Mrs. Pierce's, where I took up my wife, and there I find Mrs. Pierce's little girl is my Valentine, she having drawn me; which I was not sorry for, it easing me of something more that I must have given to others. But here I do first observe the fashion of drawing of mottos as well as names; so that Pierce, who drew my wife, did draw also a motto, and this girl drew another for me. What mine was I have forgot; but my wife's was, "Most virtuous and most fair;" which, as it may be used, or an anagram made upon each name, might be very pretty. Thence with Cocke and my wife, set him at home, and then we home. To the office, and there did a little business, troubled that I have so much been hindered by matters of pleasure from my business, but I shall recover it I hope in a little time. So home and to supper, not at all smitten with the musique to-night, which I did expect should have been so extraordinary, Tom Killigrew crying it up, and so all the world, above all things in the world, and so to bed. One wonder I observed to-day, that there was no musique in the morning to call up our new-married people, which is very mean, me thinks, and is as if they had married like dog and bitch.

17th (Lord's day). Up, and called at Michell's, and took him and his wife and carried them to Westminster, I landing at White Hall, and having no pleasure in the way con elle; and so to the Duke's, where we all met and had a hot encounter before the Duke of York about the business of our payments at the Ticket Office, where we urged that we had nothing to do to be troubled with the pay, having examined the tickets. Besides, we are neglected, having not money sent us in time, but to see the baseness of my brethren, not a man almost put in a word but Sir W. Coventry, though at the office like very devils in this point. But I did plainly declare that, without money, no fleete could be expected, and desired the Duke of York to take notice of it, and notice was taken of it, but I doubt will do no good. But I desire to remember it as a most prodigious thing that to this day my Lord Treasurer hath not consulted counsel, which Sir W. Coventry and I and

others do think is necessary, about the late Poll act, enough to put the same into such order as that any body dare lend money upon it, though we have from this office under our hands related the necessity thereof to the Duke of York, nor is like to be determined in, for ought I see, a good while had not Sir W. Coventry plainly said that he did believe it would be a better work for the King than going to church this morning, to send for the Atturney Generall to meet at the Lord Treasurer's this afternoon and to bring the thing to an issue, saying that himself, were he going to the Sacrament, would not think he should offend God to leave it and go to the ending this work, so much it is of moment to the King and Kingdom. Hereupon the Duke of York said he would presently speak to the King, and cause it to be done this afternoon. Having done here we broke up, having done nothing almost though for all this, and by and by I met Sir G. Carteret, and he is stark mad at what has passed this morning, and I believe is heartily vexed with me. I said little, but I am sure the King will suffer if some better care be not taken than he takes to look after this business of money. So parted, and I by water home and to dinner, W. Hewer with us, a good dinner and very merry, my wife and I, and after dinner to my chamber, to fit some things against the Council anon, and that being done away to White Hall by water, and thence to my Lord Chancellor's, where I met with, and had much pretty discourse with, one of the Progers's that knows me; and it was pretty to hear him tell me, of his own accord, as a matter of no shame, that in Spayne he had a pretty woman, his mistress, whom, when money grew scarce with him, he was forced to leave, and afterwards heard how she and her husband lived well, she being kept by an old fryer who used her as his whore; but this, says he, is better than as our ministers do, who have wives that lay up their estates, and do no good nor relieve any poor—no, not our greatest prelates, and I think he is in the right for my part. Staid till the Council was up, and attended the King and Duke of York round the Park, and was asked several questions by both; but I was in pain, lest they should ask me what I could not answer; as the Duke of York did the value of the hull of the St. Patrick[1] lately lost, which I told him I could not presently answer; though I might have easily furnished myself to answer all those questions. They stood a good while to see the ganders and geese tread one another in the water, the goose being all the while kept for a great while quite under water, which was new to me, but they did make mighty sport of it, saying (as the King did often) "Now you shall see a marriage between this and that," which did not please me. They gone, by coach to my Lord Treasurer's, as the Duke of York told me, to settle the business of money for the navy, I walked into the Court to and again till night, and there met Colonell Reames, and he and I walked together a great while complaining of the ill-management of things, whereof he is as full as I am. We ran over many persons and things, and see nothing done like men like to do well while the King minds his pleasures so

[1] See note, February 6th, *ante*.

much. We did bemoan it that nobody would or had authority enough with the King to tell him how all things go to rack and will be lost. Then he and I parted, and I to Westminster to the Swan, and there staid till Michell and his wife come. Old Michell and his wife come to see me, and there we drank and laughed a little, and then the young ones and I took boat, it being fine moonshine. I did to my trouble see all the way that elle did get as close a su marido as elle could, and turn her mains away quand je did endeavour to take one. . . . So that I had no pleasure at all con elle ce night. When we landed I did take occasion to send him back à the bateau while I did get a baiser or two, and would have taken la by la hand, but elle did turn away, and quand I said shall I not toucher te answered ego no love touching, in a slight mood. I seemed not to take notice of it, but parted kindly; su marido did aller with me almost a my casa, and there we parted, and so I home troubled at this, but I think I shall make good use of it and mind my business more. At home, by appointment, comes Captain Cocke to me, to talk of State matters, and about the peace; who told me that the whole business is managed between Kevet, Burgomaster of Amsterdam, and my Lord Arlington, who hath, by the interest of his wife[1] there, some interest. We have proposed the Hague, but know not yet whether the Dutch will like it; or, if they do, whether the French will. We think we shall have the help of the information of their affairs and state, and the helps of the Prince of Orange his faction; but above all, that De Witt, who hath all this while said he cannot get peace, his mouth will now be stopped, so that he will be forced to offer fit terms for fear of the people; and, lastly, if France or Spayne do not please us, we are in a way presently to clap up a peace with the Dutch, and secure them. But we are also in treaty with France, as he says: but it must be to the excluding our alliance with the King of Spayne or House of Austria; which we do not know presently what will be determined in. He tells me the Vice-Chamberlaine is so great with the King, that, let the Duke of York, and Sir W. Coventry, and this office, do or say what they will, while the King lives, Sir G. Carteret will do what he will; and advises me to be often with him, and eat and drink with him; and tells me that he doubts he is jealous of me, and was mighty mad to-day at our discourse to him before the Duke of York. But I did give him my reasons that the office is concerned to declare that, without money, the King's work cannot go on. From that discourse we ran to others, and among the others he assures me that Henry Bruncker is one of the shrewdest fellows for parts in England, and a dangerous man; that if ever the Parliament comes again Sir W. Coventry cannot stand, but in this I believe him not; that, while we want money so much in the Navy, the Officers of the Ordnance have at this day £300,000 good in tallys, which they can command money upon, got by their over-estimating their charge in getting it reckoned as a fifth part of the expense of the Navy; that Harry Coventry, who is to go upon this treaty with Lord Hollis (who

[1] See July 12th, 1666.

he confesses to be a very wise man) into Holland, is a mighty quick, ready man, but not so weighty as he should be, he knowing him so well in his drink as he do; that, unless the King do do something against my Lord Mordaunt and the Patent for the Canary Company, before the Parliament next meets, he do believe there will be a civil war before there will be any more money given, unless it may be at their perfect disposal; and that all things are now ordered to the provoking of the Parliament against they come next, and the spending the King's money, so as to put h' h into a necessity of having it at the time it is prorogued for, or sooner. Having discoursed all this and much more, he away, and I to supper and to read my vows, and to bed. My mind troubled about Betty Michell, pour sa carriage this night envers moy, but do hope it will put me upon doing my business. This evening, going to the Queen's side[1] to see the ladies, I did find the Queene, the Duchesse of York, and another or two, at cards, with the room full of great ladies and men; which I was amazed at to see on a Sunday, having not believed it; but, contrarily, flatly denied the same a little while since to my cozen Roger Pepys.[2] I did this day, going by water, read the answer to "The Apology for Papists," [3] which did like me mightily, it being a thing as well writ as I think most things that ever I read in my life, and glad I am that I read it.

18th. Up, and to my bookbinder's, and there mightily pleased to see some papers of the account we did give the Parliament of the expense of the Navy sewed together, which I could not have conceived before how prettily it was done. Then by coach to the Exchequer about some tallies, and thence back again home, by the way meeting Mr. Weaver,[4] of Huntingdon, and did discourse our business of law together, which did ease my mind, for I was afeard I have omitted doing what I in prudence ought to have done. So home and to dinner, and after dinner to the office, where je had Mrs. Burrows all sola à my closet, and did there baiser and toucher ses mamelles. . . . Thence away, and with my wife by coach to the Duke of York's play-house, expecting a new play, and so stayed not no more than other people, but to the King's house, to "The Mayd's Tragedy;" but vexed all the while with two talking ladies and Sir Charles Sedley; yet pleased to hear their discourse he being a stranger. And one of the ladies would, and did sit with her mask on, all the play, and, being exceeding witty as ever I heard woman, did talk most pleasantly with him; but was, I believe, a virtuous woman, and of quality. He would fain know who she was, but she would not tell; yet did give him many pleasant hints of her knowledge of him, by that means setting his brains at work to find out who she was, and did give him leave to use all means to find out who she was, but pulling off her mask. He was mighty

[1] Her Majesty's apartments, at Whitehall Palace.
[2] See January 27th, *ante*.
[3] See December 1st, 1666.
[4] Pepys records Mr. Weaver's death on April 10th, 1667.

witty, and she also making sport with him very inoffensively, that a more pleasant rencontre I never heard. But by that means lost the pleasure of the play wholly, to which now and then Sir Charles Sedley's exceptions against both words and pronouncing were very pretty. So home and to the office, did much business, then home, to supper, and to bed.

19th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning doing little business, our want of money being so infinite great. At noon home, and there find old Mr. Michell and Howlett come to desire mine and my wife's company to dinner to their son's, and so away by coach with them, it being Betty's wedding-day a year, as also Shrove Tuesday. Here I made myself mighty merry, the two old women being there also, and a mighty pretty dinner we had in this little house, to my exceeding great content, and my wife's, and my heart pleased to see Betty. But I have not been so merry a very great while as with them, every thing pleasing me there as much as among so mean company I could be pleased. After dinner I fell to read the Acts about the building of the City[1] again; and indeed the laws seem to be very good, and I pray God I may live to see it built in that manner! Anon with much content home, walking with my wife and her woman, and there to my office, where late doing much business, and then home to supper and to bed. This morning I hear that our discourse of peace is all in the dirt; for the Dutch will not like of the place, or at least the French will not agree to it; so that I do wonder what we shall do, for carry on the war we cannot. I long to hear the truth of it to-morrow at Court.

20th. Up, with Sir W. Batten and Sir W. Pen by coach to White Hall, by the way observing Sir W. Pen's carrying a favour to Sir W. Coventry, for his daughter's wedding, and saying that there was others for us, when we will fetch them, which vexed me, and I am resolved not to wear it when he orders me one. His wedding hath been so poorly kept, that I am ashamed of it; for a fellow that makes such a flutter as he do. When we come to the Duke of York here, I heard discourse how Harris of his play-house is sick, and everybody commends him, and, above all things, for acting the Cardinall. Here they talk also how the King's viallin, Bannister,[2] is mad that the King hath

[1] Burnet wrote ("History of his Own Time," book ii.): "An act passed in this session for rebuilding the city of London, which gave Lord Chief Justice Hale a great reputation, for it was drawn with so true a judgment, and so great foresight, that the whole city was raised out of its ashes without any suits of law."

[2] John Banister, who had been bred up, under his father, one of the waits in St. Giles's-in-the-Fields, was sent by Charles II. to France for improvement; but soon after his return he was dismissed the king's service for saying that the English violins were better than the French. He afterwards kept a music school in Whitefriars, and died in 1679 (Hawkins's "History of Music"). There were many complaints against Banister. Among the State Papers is a "Remonstrance (dated March 29th, 1667) of the king's band of violins under M. Grabu, master of his music, against the fraudulent conduct of John Banister, who receives £600 a year for extraordinary services of the violins, and keeps most of it himself, compelling them to submit by threats of having them turned out of their places; several have been turned out without orders from the king or Lord Chamberlain" ("Calendar," 1666–67, p. 593).

a Frenchman[1] come to be chief of some part of the King's musique, at which the Duke of York made great mirth. Then withdrew to his closett, all our business, lack of money and prospect of the effects of it, such as made Sir W. Coventry say publickly before us all, that he do heartily wish that his Royal Highness had nothing to do in the Navy, whatever become of him; so much dishonour, he says, is likely to fall under the management of it. The Duke of York was angry, as much as he could be, or ever I saw him, with Sir G. Carteret, for not paying the masters of some ships on Monday last, according to his promise, and I do think Sir G. Carteret will make himself unhappy by not taking some course either to borrow more money or wholly lay aside his pretence to the charge of raising money, when he hath nothing to do to trouble himself with. Thence to the Exchequer, and there find the people in readiness to dispatch my tallies to-day, though Ash Wednesday. So I back by coach to London to Sir Robt. Viner's and there got £100, and come away with it and pay my fees round, and so away with the 'Chequer men to the Leg in King Street, and there had wine for them; and here was one in company with them, that was the man that got the vessel to carry over the King from Bredhemson,[2] who hath a pension of £200 per annum,[3] but ill paid, and the man is looking after getting of a prize-ship to live by; but the trouble is, that this poor man, who hath received no part of his money these four years, and is ready to starve almost, must yet pay to the Poll Bill for this pension. He told me several particulars of the King's coming thither, which was mighty pleasant, and shews how mean a thing a king is, how sub-

[1] Louis Grabut or Grebus, Master of the King's Music. The "Warrant to Edward, Earl of Manchester, to swear in—Grabu as Master of the English Chamber Music," is dated November 12th, 1666 ("Calendar of State Papers," 1666–67, p. 256). On the death of Charles II. Dryden brought out a piece entitled "Albio and Albanius," with machinery and decorations by Betterton, and music by Grebus. Mr. Lowe found a dramatic cutting at the Guildhall Library, consisting of verses, each stanza ending with the name of Grabu. Here is one:

"Each actor on the stage his luck bewailing,
Finds that his loss is infallibly true;
Smith, Nokes, and Leigh in a fever with railing
Curse poet, painter, and Monsieur Grabu."

(Lowe's "Life of Betterton," p. 135.) See also North's "Memoirs of Musick," by Rimbault, p. 110.

[2] Brighthelmstone, or Brighton.

[3] This was Francis Mansell of Ovingdean, and not Nicholas Tettersell, as stated in former editions of the Diary. The former was appointed "Customer Inward" in the port of Southampton, from which he received £60 a year. He petitioned the king about 1661 for relief, stating that he "was forced to fly for life, being one of the instruments of his Majesty's happy escape, and has spent more in solicitation than the £60 per annum he receives from his small office." After this he was granted a pension of £200, but this was allowed to fall into arrear. Mr. F. E. Sawyer, in his paper on "Captain Nicholas Tettersell and the Escape of Charles II." ("Sussex Archæological Collections," vol. xxxii.), says, "As Mansell's pension was £200 a year, whilst Tettersell's was only £100, it would appear that the services of the former were considered by the king of more value than those of the latter." See also Diary, May 23rd, 1660.

ject to fall, and how like other men he is in his afflictions. Thence with my tallies home, and a little dinner, and then with my wife by coach to Lincoln's Inn Fields, sent her to her brother's, and I with Lord Bellasses to the Lord Chancellor's. Lord Bellasses tells me how the King of France hath caused the stop to be made to our proposition of treating in The Hague; that he being greater than they, we may better come and treat at Paris: so that God knows what will become of the peace! He tells me, too, as a grand secret, that he do believe the peace offensive and defensive between Spayne and us is quite finished, but must not be known, to prevent the King of France's present falling upon Flanders. He do believe the Duke of York will be made General of the Spanish armies there, and Governor of Flanders, if the French should come against it, and we assist the Spaniard: that we have done the Spaniard abundance of mischief in the West Indys, by our privateers at Jamaica, which they lament mightily, and I am sorry for it to have it done at this time. By and by, come to my Lord Chancellor, who heard mighty quietly my complaints for lack of money, and spoke mighty kind to me, but little hopes of help therein, only his good word. He do prettily cry upon Povy's account with sometimes seeming friendship and pity, and this day quite the contrary. He do confess our streights here and every where else arise from our outspending our revenue. I mean that the King do do so. Thence away, took up my wife, who tells me her brother hath laid out much money upon himself and wife for clothes, which I am sorry to hear, it requiring great expense. So home and to the office a while, and then home to supper, where Mrs. Turner come to us, and sat and talked. Poor woman, I pity her, but she is very cunning. She concurs with me in the falseness of Sir W. Pen's friendship, and she tells pretty stories of my Lord Bruncker since he come to our end of the town, of people's applications to Mrs. Williams. So, she gone, I back to my accounts of Tangier, which I am settling, having my new tallies from the Exchequer this day, and having set all right as I could wish, then to bed.

21st. Up, and to the Office, where sat all the morning, and there a most furious conflict between Sir W. Pen and I, in few words, and on a sudden occasion, of no great moment, but very bitter, and stared on one another, and so broke off, and to our business, my heart as full of spite as it could hold, for which God forgive me and him! At the end of the day come witnesses on behalf of Mr. Carcasse; but, instead of clearing him, I find they were brought to recriminate Sir W. Batten, and did it by oath very highly, that made the old man mad, and, I confess, me ashamed, so that I caused all but ourselves to withdraw, being sorry to have such things declared in the open office, before 100 people. But it was done home, and I do believe true, though [Sir] W. Batten denies all, but is cruel mad, and swore one of them, he or Carcasse, should not continue in the Office, which is said like a fool. He gone, for he would not stay, and [Sir] W. Pen gone a good while before, Lord Bruncker, Sir T. Harvy, and I, staid and examined the witnesses,

though amounting to little more than a reproaching of Sir W. Batten. I home, my head and mind vexed about the conflict between Sir W. Pen and I, though I have got, nor lost any ground by it. At home was Mr. Daniel and wife and sister, and dined with us, and I disturbed at dinner, Colonell Fitzgerald coming to me about tallies, which I did go and give him, and then to the office, where did much business and walked an hour or two with Lord Bruncker, who is mightily concerned in this business for Carcasse and against Sir W. Batten, and I do hope it will come to a good height, for I think it will be good for the King as well as for me, that they two do not agree, though I do, for ought I see yet, think that my Lord is for the most part in the right. He gone, I to the office again to dispatch business, and late at night comes in Sir W. Batten, [Sir] W. Pen, and [Sir] J. Minnes to the office, and what was it but to examine one Jones, a young merchant, who was said to have spoke the worst against Sir W. Batten, but he do deny it wholly, yet I do believe Carcasse will go near to prove all that was sworn in the morning, and so it be true I wish it may. That done, I to end my letters, and then home to supper, and set right some accounts of Tangier, and then to bed.

22nd. Up, and to the office, where I awhile, and then home with Sir H. Cholmly to give him some tallies upon the business of the Mole at Tangier, and then out with him by coach to the Excise Office, there to enter them, and so back again with him to the Exchange, and there I took another coach, and home to the office, and to my business till dinner, the rest of our officers having been this morning upon the Victuallers' accounts. At dinner all of us, that is to say, Lord Bruncker, [Sir] J. Minnes, [Sir] W. Batten, [Sir] T. Harvy, and myself, to Sir W. Pen's house, where some other company. It is instead of a wedding dinner for his daughter, whom I saw in palterly clothes, nothing new but a bracelet that her servant [1] had given her, and ugly she is, as heart can wish. A sorry dinner, not anything handsome or clean, but some silver plates they borrowed of me. My wife was here too. So a great deal of talk, and I seemingly merry, but took no pleasure at all. We had favours given us all, and we put them in our hats, I against my will, but that my Lord and the rest did. I being displeased that he did carry Sir W. Coventry's himself several days ago, and the people up and down the town long since, and we must have them but to-day. After dinner to talk a little, and then I away to my office, to draw up a letter of the state of the Office and Navy for the Duke of York against Sunday next, and at it late, and then home to supper and to bed, talking with my wife of the poorness and meanness of all that Sir W. Pen and the people about us do, compared with what we do.

23rd. This day I am, by the blessing of God, 34 years old, in very good health and mind's content, and in condition of estate much beyond whatever my friends could expect of a child of their's, this day 34 years. The Lord's name be praised! and may I be ever thankful for it. Up betimes to the

[1] Anthony Lowther, before the marriage.—B.

office, in order to my letter to the Duke of York to-morrow, and then the office met and spent the greatest part about this letter. At noon home to dinner, and then to the office again very close at it all the day till midnight, making an end and writing fair this great letter and other things to my full content, it abundantly providing for the vindication of this office, whatever the success be of our wants of money. This evening Sir W. Batten come to me to the office on purpose, out of spleen (of which he is full to Carcasse!), to tell me that he is now informed of many double tickets now found of Carcasse's making which quite overthrows him. It is strange to see how, though I do believe this fellow to be a rogue, and could be contented to have him removed, yet to see him persecuted by Sir W. Batten, who is as bad himself, and that with so much rancour, I am almost the fellow's friend. But this good I shall have from it, that the differences between Sir W. Batten and my Lord Bruncker will do me no hurt.

24th (Lord's day). Up, and with [Sir] W. Batten, by coach; he set me down at my Lord Bruncker's (his feud there not suffering him to 'light himself), and I with my Lord by and by when ready to White Hall, and by and by up to the Duke of York, and there presented our great letter and other papers, and among the rest my report of the victualling, which is good, I think, and will continue my pretence to the place, which I am still afeard Sir W. Coventry's employment may extinguish. We have discharged ourselves in this letter fully from blame in the bad success of the Navy, if money do not come soon to us, and so my heart is at pretty good rest in this point. Having done here, Sir W. Batten and I home by coach, and though the sermon at our church was begun, yet he would 'light to go home and eat a slice of roast beef off the spit, and did, and then he and I to church in the middle of the sermon. My Lady Pen there saluted me with great content to tell me that her daughter and husband are still in bed, as if the silly woman thought it a great matter of honour, and did, going out of the church, ask me whether we did not make a great show at Court to-day, with all our favours in our hats. After sermon home, and alone with my wife dined. Among other things my wife told me how ill a report our Mercer hath got by her keeping of company, so that she will not send for her to dine with us or be with us as heretofore; and, what is more strange, tells me that little Mis. Tooker hath got a clap as young as she is, being brought up loosely by her mother. . . . In the afternoon away to White Hall by water, and took a turn or two in the Park, and then back to White Hall, and there meeting my Lord Arlington, he, by I know not what kindness, offered to carry me along with him to my Lord Treasurer's, whither, I told him, I was going. I believe he had a mind to discourse of some Navy businesses, but Sir Thomas Clifford coming into the coach to us, we were prevented; which I was sorry for, for I had a mind to begin an acquaintance with him. He speaks well, and hath pretty slight superficial parts, I believe. He, in our going, talked much of the plain habit of the Spaniards; how the King and Lords themselves wear but a cloak

of Colchester bayze,[1] and the ladies mantles, in cold weather, of white flannell: and that the endeavours frequently of setting up the manufacture of making these stuffs there have only been prevented by the Inquisition: the English and Dutchmen that have been sent for to work, being taken with a Psalm-book or Testament, and so clapped up, and the house pulled down by the Inquisitors; and the greatest Lord in Spayne dare not say a word against it, if the word Inquisition be but mentioned. At my Lord Treasurer's 'light and parted with them, they going into Council, and I walked with Captain Cocke, who takes mighty notice of the differences growing in our office between Lord Bruncker and [Sir] W. Batten, and among others also, and I fear it may do us hurt, but I will keep out of them. By and by comes Sir S. Fox, and he and I walked and talked together on many things, but chiefly, want of money, and the straits the King brings himself and affairs into for want of it. Captain Cocke did tell me what I must not forget: that the answer of the Dutch, refusing The Hague for a place of treaty, and proposing the Boysse,[2] Bredah, Bergen-op-Zoome, or Mastricht, was seemingly stopped by the Swede's Embassador (though he did show it to the King, but the King would take no notice of it, nor does not) from being delivered to the King; and he hath wrote to desire them to consider better of it: so that, though we know their refusal of the place, yet they know not that we know it, nor is the King obliged to show his sense of the affront. That the Dutch are in very great straits, so as to be said to be not able to set out their fleete this year. By and by comes Sir Robert Viner and my Lord Mayor to ask the King's directions about measuring out the streets according to the new Act[3] for building of the City, wherein the King is to be pleased.[4] But he says that the way proposed in Parliament, by Colonel Birch, would have been the best, to have chosen some persons in trust, and sold the whole ground, and let it be sold again by them, with preference to the old owner, which would have certainly caused the City to be built where these Trustees pleased; whereas now, great differences will be, and the streets built by fits, and not entire till all differences be decided. This, as he tells it, I think would have been the best way. I enquired about the Frenchman[5] that was said

[1] "Bays, and says, and serges, and several sorts of stuffs, which I neither can nor do desire to name, are made in and about Colchester."—Fuller's *Worthies*.—B.

[2] Bois-le-Duc or 's Hertogenbosch.

[3] Entitled "An Act for Rebuilding the City of London," 19 Car. II., cap. 3.—B.

[4] See Sir Christopher Wren's "Proposals for rebuilding the City of London after the great fire, with an engraved Plan of the principal Streets and Public Buildings," in Elmes's "Memoirs of Sir Christopher Wren," Appendix, p. 61. The originals are in All Souls' College Library, Oxford.—B.

[5] "One Hubert, a French papist, was seized in Essex, as he was getting out of the way in great confusion. He confessed he had begun the fire, and persisted in his confession to his death, for he was hanged upon no other evidence but that of his own confession. It is true he gave so broken an account of the whole matter that he was thought mad. Yet he was blindfolded, and carried to several places of the city, and then his eyes being opened, he was asked if that was the place, and he being carried to wrong places, after

to fire the City and was hanged for it, by his own confession, that he was hired for it by a Frenchman of Roane, and that he did with a stick reach in a fire-ball in at a window of the house: whereas the master of the house, who is the King's baker, and his son, and daughter, do all swear there was no such window, and that the fire did not begin thereabouts. Yet the fellow, who, though a mopish besotted fellow, did not speak like a madman, did swear that he did fire it: and did not this like a madman; for, being tried on purpose, and landed with his speaker at the Tower Wharf, he could carry the keeper to the very house. Asking Sir R. Viner what he thought was the cause of the fire, he tells me, that the baker, son, and his daughter, did all swear again and again, that their oven was drawn by ten o'clock at night; that, having occasion to light a candle about twelve, there was not so much fire in the bake-house as to light a match for a candle, so that they were fain to go into another place to light it; that about two in the morning they felt themselves almost choked with smoke, and rising, did find the fire coming upstairs; so they rose to save themselves; but that, at that time, the bavins[1] were not on fire in the yard. So that they are, as they swear, in absolute ignorance how this fire should come; which is a strange thing, that so horrid an effect should have so mean and uncertain a beginning. By and by called in to the King and Cabinet, and there had a few insipid words about money for Tangier, but to no purpose. Thence away walked to my boat at White Hall, and so home and to supper, and then to talk with W. Hewer about business of the differences at present among the people of our office, and so to my Journall and to bed. This night going through bridge by water, my waterman told me how the mistress of the Beare tavern, at the bridge-foot, did lately fling herself into the Thames, and drowned herself; which did trouble me the more, when they tell me it was she that did live at the White Horse tavern in Lumbard Streete, which was a most beautiful woman, as most I have seen. It seems she hath had long melancholy upon her, and hath endeavoured to make away with herself often.

25th. Lay long in bed, talking with pleasure with my poor wife, how she used to make coal fires, and wash my foul clothes with her own hand for me, poor wretch! in our little room at my Lord Sandwich's; for which I ought for ever to love and admire her, and do; and persuade myself she would do the same thing again, if God should reduce us to it. So up and by coach abroad to the Duke of Albemarle's about sending soldiers down to some ships, and so home, calling at a belt-maker's to mend my belt, and so home and to dinner, where pleasant with my wife, and then to the office, where mighty busy all the day, saving going forth to the 'Change to pay for some things, and on other occasions, and at my goldsmith's did observe

he looked round about for some time, he said that was not the place, but when he was brought to the place where it first broke out, he affirmed that was the true place."—Burnet's *Own Time*, book ii. Archbishop Tillotson, according to Burnet, believed that London was burned by design.

[1] Brushwood, or small faggots, used for lighting fires.

the King's new medall,[1] where, in little, there is Mrs. Steward's face as well done as ever I saw anything in my whole life, I think: and a pretty thing it is, that he should choose her face to represent Britannia by. So at the office late very busy and much business with great joy dispatched, and so home to supper and to bed.

26th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning. And here did receive another reference from Sir W. Coventry about the business of some of the Muster-Masters, concerning whom I had returned their small performances, which do give me a little more trouble for fear [Sir] W. Coventry should think I had a design to favour my brother Balty, and to that end to disparage all the rest. But I shall clear all very well, only it do exercise my thoughts more than I am at leisure for. At home find Balty and his wife very fine, which I did not like, for fear he do spend too much of his money that way, and lay [not] up anything. After dinner to the office again, where by and by Lord Bruncker, [Sir] W. Batten, [Sir] J. Minnes and I met about receiving Carcasse's answers to the depositions against him. Wherein I did see so much favour from my Lord to him that I do again begin to see that my Lord is not right at the bottom, and did make me the more earnest against him, though said little. My Lord rising, declaring his judgment in his behalf, and going away, I did hinder our arguing it by ourselves, and so broke up the meeting, and myself went full of trouble to my office, there to write over the deposition and his answers side by side, and then home to supper and to bed with some trouble of mind to think of the issue of this, how it will breed ill blood among us here.

27th. Up by candle-light, about six o'clock, it being bitter cold weather again, after all our warm weather, and by water down to Woolwich ropeyard, I being this day at a leisure, the King and Duke of York being gone down to Sheerenesse this morning to lay out the design for a fortification there to the river Medway;[2] and so we do not attend the Duke of York as we should otherwise have done, and there to the Dock Yard to enquire of the state of things, and went into Mr. Pett's; and there, beyond expectation, he did present me with a Japan cane, with a silver head, and his wife sent me by him a ring, with a Woolwich stone,[3] now much in request; which I accepted, the values not being great, and knowing that I had done them courtesies,

[1] By Philip Rotier (see note, March 9th, 1662–63).

[2] The first fortification at Sheerness was erected by Sir Bernard de Gomme. The original draft is in the British Museum; see March 24th, 1667, note.—B.

[3] Woolwich stones, still collected in that locality, are simply waterworn pebbles of flint, which, when broken with a hammer, exhibit on the smooth surface some resemblance to the human face; and their possessors are thus enabled to trace likenesses of friends, or eminent public characters. The late Mr. Tennant, the geologist, of the Strand, had a collection of such stones. In the British Museum is a nodule of globular or Egyptian jasper, which, in its fracture, bears a striking resemblance to the well-known portrait of Chaucer. It is engraved in Rymsdyk's "Museum Britannicum," tab. xxviii. A flint, showing Mr. Pitt's face, used once to be exhibited at the meetings of the Pitt Club. —B.

which he did own in very high terms; and then, at my asking, did give me an old draught of an ancient-built ship,[1] given him by his father, of the Beare, in Queen Elizabeth's time. This did much please me, it being a thing I much desired to have, to shew the difference in the build of ships now and heretofore. Being much taken with this kindness, I away to Blackwall and Deptford, to satisfy myself there about the King's business, and then walked to Redriffe, and so home about noon; there find Mr. Hunt, newly come out of the country, who tells me the country[2] is much impoverished by the greatness of taxes: the farmers do break every day almost, and £1,000 a-year become not worth £500. He dined with us, and we had good discourse of the general ill state of things, and, by the way, he told me some ridiculous pieces of thrift of Sir G. Downing's, who is his countryman, in inviting some poor people, at Christmas last, to charm the country people's mouths; but did give them nothing but beef, porridge, pudding, and pork, and nothing said all dinner, but only his mother[3] would say, "It's good broth, son." He would answer, "Yes, it is good broth." Then, says his lady, Confirm all, and say, "Yes, very good broth." By and by she would begin and say, "Good pork:" "Yes," says the mother, "good pork." Then he cries, "Yes, very good pork." And so they said of all things; to which nobody made any answer, they going there not out of love or esteem of them, but to eat his victuals, knowing him to be a niggardly fellow; and with this he is jeered now all over the country. This day just before dinner comes Captain Story, of Cambridge, to me to the office, about a bill for prest money, for men sent out of the country and the countries about him to the fleete the last year;[4] but, Lord! to see the natures of men; how this man, hearing of my name, did ask me of my country, and told me of my cozen Roger, that he was not so wise a man as his father; for that he do not agree in Parliament with his fellow burgesses and knights of the shire, whereas I know very well the reason; for he is not so high a flyer as Mr. Chichley and others, but loves the King better than any of them, and to better purpose. But yet, he says that he is a very honest gentleman, and thence runs into a hundred stories of his own services to the King, and how he at this day brings in the taxes before anybody here thinks they are collected: discourse very absurd to entertain a stranger with. He being gone, and I glad of it, I home then to dinner. After dinner with my

[1] In "A Complete List of the Royal Navy in England in 1599" ("Archæologia," vol. xiii., p. 30), No. 11 is described as "The Beare, of two sakers, of cast iron," and No. 12 as "The White Beare, of three cannon, six demi-cannon, seven culverins, seven demi-culverins, two portpeece halls and seven fowler halls, all of brass, with five demi-cannon and three demi-culverins, all of cast iron."

[2] Cambridgeshire.

[3] Sir George Downing's mother was Margaret, daughter and co-heir of Robert Brett, D.D. His wife, Lady Downing, was Francis, fourth daughter of William Howard, of Naworth, and sister of Charles Howard, the first Earl of Carlisle of that family.—B.

[4] Money paid to men who enlist into the public service; press money. So called because those who receive it are to be prest or ready when called on ("Encyclopædic Dictionary").

wife by coach abroad, and set Mr. Hunt down at the Temple and her at her brother's, and I to White Hall to meet [Sir] W. Coventry, but found him not, but met Mr. Cooling, who tells me of my Lord Duke of Buckingham's being sent for last night, by a Serjeant at Armes,[1] to the Tower, for treasonable practices, and that the King is infinitely angry with him, and declared him no longer one of his Council. I know not the reason of it, or occasion. To Westminster Hall, and there paid what I owed for books, and so by coach, took up my wife to the Exchange, and there bought things for Mrs. Pierce's little daughter, my Valentine, and so to their house, where we find Knipp, who also challengeth me for her Valentine. She looks well, sang well, and very merry we were for half an hour. Tells me Harris is well again, having been very ill, and so we home, and I to the office; then, at night, to Sir W. Pen's, and sat with my Lady, and the young couple[2] (Sir William out of town) talking merrily; but they make a very sorry couple, methinks, though rich. So late home and to bed.

28th. Up, and there comes to me Drumbleby with a flageolet, made to suit with my former and brings me one Greeting, a master, to teach my wife. I agree by the whole with him to teach her to take out any lesson of herself for £4. She was not ready to begin to-day, but do to-morrow. So I to the office, where my Lord Bruncker and I only all the morning, and did business. At noon to the Exchange and to Sir Rob. Viner's about settling my accounts there. So back home and to dinner, where Mr. Holliard dined with us, and pleasant company he is. I love his company, and he secures me against ever having the stone again. He gives it me, as his opinion, that the City will never be built again together, as is expected, while any restraint is laid upon them. He hath been a great loser, and would be a builder again, but, he says, he knows not what restrictions there will be, so as it is unsafe for him to begin. He gone, I to the office, and there busy till night doing much business, then home and to my accounts, wherein, beyond expectation, I succeeded so well as to settle them very clear and plain, though by borrowing of monies this month to pay D. Gawden, and chopping and changing with my Tangier money, they were become somewhat intricate, and, blessed be God, upon the evening my accounts, I do appear £6,800 creditor. This done, I to supper about 12 at night, and so to bed. The weather for three or four days being come to be exceeding cold again as any time this year. I did within these six days see smoke still remaining of the late fire in the City; and it is strange to think how, to this very day, I cannot sleep at night without great terrors of fire, and this very night I could not sleep till almost two in the morning through thoughts of fire. Thus this month is ended with great content of mind to me, thriving in my estate, and the affairs in my offices going pretty well as to myself. This afternoon Mr. Gawden was with me and tells me more than I knew before—that he hath orders to get all the

[1] Bearcroft. See March 3rd, *post*.
[2] Anthony Lowther and his wife Margaret Penn.

victuals he can to Plymouth, and the Western ports, and other outports, and some to Scotland, so that we do intend to keep but a flying fleete this year; which, it may be, may preserve us a year longer, but the end of it must be ruin. Sir J. Minnes this night tells me, that he hears for certain, that ballads are made of us in Holland for begging of a peace; which I expected, but am vexed at. So ends this month, with nothing of weight upon my mind, but for my father and mother, who are both very ill, and have been so for some weeks: whom God help! but I do fear my poor father will hardly be ever thoroughly well again.

March 1st. Up, it being very cold weather again after a good deal of warm summer weather, and to the office, where I settled to do much business to-day. By and by sent for to Sir G. Carteret to discourse of the business of the Navy, and our wants, and the best way of bestowing the little money we have, which is about £30,000, but, God knows, we have need of ten times as much, which do make my life uncomfortable, I confess, on the King's behalf, though it is well enough as to my own particular, but the King's service is undone by it. Having done with him, back again to the office, and in the streets, in Mark Lane, I do observe, it being St. David's day, the picture of a man dressed like a Welchman, hanging by the neck upon one of the poles that stand out at the top of one of the merchants' houses, in full proportion, and very handsomely done; which is one of the oddest sights I have seen a good while, for it was so like a man that one would have thought it was indeed a man.[1] Being returned home, I find Greeting, the flageolet-master, come, and teaching my wife; and I do think my wife will take pleasure in it, and it will be easy for her, and pleasant. So I, as I am well content with the charge it will occasion me. So to the office till dinner-time, and then home to dinner, and before dinner making my wife to sing. Poor wretch! her ear is so bad that it made me angry, till the poor wretch cried to see me so vexed at her, that I think I shall not discourage her so much again, but will endeavour to make her understand sounds, and do her good that way; for she hath a great mind to learn, only to please me; and, therefore, I am mighty unjust to her in discouraging her so much, but we were good friends, and to dinner, and had she not been ill with those and that it were not Friday (on which in Lent there are no plays) I had carried her to a play, but she not being fit to go abroad, I to the office, where all the afternoon close examining the collection of my papers of the account of the Navy since this war to my great content, and so at night home to talk and sing with my wife, and then to supper and so to bed with great pleasure. But I cannot but remember that just before dinner one of my people come up to me, and told me a

[1] From "Poor Robin's Almanack" for 1757 it appears that, in former times in England, a Welshman was burnt in effigy on this anniversary. Mr. W. C. Hazlitt, in his edition of Brand's "Popular Antiquities," adds: "The practice to which Pepys refers . . . was very common at one time; and till very lately bakers made gingerbread Welshmen, called taffies, on St. David's day, which were made to represent a man skewered" (vol. i., pp. 60, 61).

man come from Huntingdon would speak with me, how my heart come into my mouth doubting that my father, who has been long sicke, was dead. It put me into a trembling, but, blessed be [God]! it was no such thing, but a countryman come about ordinary business to me, to receive £50 paid to my father in the country for the Perkins's for their legacy, upon the death of their mother, by my uncle's will. So though I get nothing at present, at least by the estate, I am fain to pay this money rather than rob my father, and much good may it do them that I may have no more further trouble from them. I hear to-day that Tom Woodall, the known chyrurgeon, is killed at Somerset House by a Frenchman, but the occasion Sir W. Batten could not tell me.

2nd. Up, and to the office, where sitting all the morning, and among other things did agree upon a distribution of £30,000 and odd, which is the only sum we hear of like to come out of all the Poll Bill for the use of this office for buying of goods. I did herein some few courtesies for particular friends I wished well to, and for the King's service also, and was therefore well pleased with what was done. Sir W. Pen this day did bring an order from the Duke of York for our receiving from him a small vessel for a fireship, and taking away a better of the King's for it, it being expressed for his great service to the King. This I am glad of, not for his sake, but that it will give me a better ground, I believe, to ask something for myself of this kind, which I was fearful to begin. This do make Sir W. Pen the most kind to me that can be. I suppose it is this, lest it should find any opposition from me, but I will not oppose, but promote it. After dinner, with my wife, to the King's house to see "The Mayden Queene," a new play of Dryden's, mightily commended for the regularity of it, and the strain and wit; and, the truth is, there is a comical part done by Nell,[1] which is Florimell, that I never can hope ever to see the like done again, by man or woman. The King and Duke of York were at the play. But so great performance of a comical part was never, I believe, in the world before as Nell do this, both as a mad girle, then most and best of all when she comes in like a young gallant; and hath the motions and carriage of a spark the most that ever I saw any man have. It makes me, I confess, admire her. Thence home and to the office, where busy a while, and then home to read the lives of Henry 5th and 6th, very fine, in Speede,[2] and so to bed. This day I did pay a bill of £50 from my father, it being so much out of my own purse gone to pay my uncle Robert's legacy to my aunt Perkins's child.

[1] "Her skill increasing with her years, other poets sought to obtain the recommendations of her wit and beauty to the success of their writings. I have said that Dryden was one of the principal supporters of the King's House, and ere long in one of his new plays a principal character was set apart for the popular comedian. The drama was a tragi-comedy called 'Secret Love, or the Maiden Queen,' and an additional interest was attached to its production from the king having suggested the plot to its author, and calling it 'his play.' "—Cunningham's *Story of Nell Gwyn,* ed. 1892, pp. 38, 39.

[2] John Speed's Chronicle ("The History of Great Britaine under the Conquests of y^e^ Romans, Saxons, Danes, and Normans").

3rd (Lord's day). Lay long, merrily talking with my wife, and then up and to church, where a dull sermon of Mr. Mills touching Original Sin, and then home, and there find little Michell and his wife, whom I love mightily. Mightily contented I was in their company, for I love her much; and so after dinner I left them and by water from the Old Swan to White Hall, where, walking in the galleries, I in the first place met Mr. Pierce, who tells me the story of Tom Woodall, the surgeon, killed in a drunken quarrel, and how the Duke of York hath a mind to get him [Pierce] one of his places in St. Thomas's Hospitall. Then comes Mr. Hayward, the Duke of York's servant, and tells us that the Swede's Embassador hath been here to-day with newes that it is believed that the Dutch will yield to have the treaty at London or Dover, neither of which will get our King any credit, we having already consented to have it at The Hague; which, it seems, De Witt opposed, as a thing wherein the King of England must needs have some profound design, which in my conscience he hath not. They do also tell me that newes is this day come to the King, that the King of France is come with his army to the frontiers of Flanders, demanding leave to pass through their country towards Poland, but is denied, and thereupon that he is gone into the country. How true this is I dare not believe till I hear more. From them I walked into the Parke, it being a fine but very cold day; and there took two or three turns the length of the Pell Mell: and there I met Serjeant Bearcroft, who was sent for the Duke of Buckingham, to have brought him prisoner to the Tower. He come to towne this day, and brings word that, being overtaken and outrid by the Duchesse of Buckingham within a few miles of the Duke's house of Westhorp,[1] he believes she got thither about a quarter of an hour before him, and so had time to consider; so that, when he come, the doors were kept shut against him. The next day, coming with officers of the neighbour market-town to force open the doors, they were open for him, but the Duke gone; so he took horse presently, and heard upon the road that the Duke of Buckingham was gone before him for London: so that he believes he is this day also come to towne before him; but no newes is yet heard of him. This is all he brings. Thence to my Lord Chancellor's, and there, meeting Sir H. Cholmly, he and I walked in my Lord's garden, and talked; among other things, of the treaty: and he says there will certainly be a peace, but I cannot believe it. He tells me that the Duke of Buckingham his crimes, as far as he knows, are his being of a caball with some discontented persons of the late House of Commons, and opposing the desires of the King in all his matters in that House; and endeavouring to become popular, and advising how the Commons' House should proceed, and how he would order the House of Lords. And that he hath been endeavouring to have the King's nativity calculated; which was done, and the fellow now in

[1] Westhorpe, in Suffolk, originally the magnificent residence of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk; it was probably afterwards granted by the Crown to the Duke of Buckingham. The house has long since been demolished.—B.

the Tower about it; which itself hath heretofore, as he says, been held treason, and people died for it; but by the Statute of Treasons, in Queen Mary's times and since, it hath been left out. He tells me that this silly Lord hath provoked, by his ill-carriage, the Duke of York, my Lord Chancellor, and all the great persons; and therefore, most likely, will die. He tells me, too, many practices of treachery against this King; as betraying him in Scotland, and giving Oliver an account of the King's private councils; which the King knows very well, and hath yet pardoned him.[1] Here I passed away a little time more talking with him and Creed, whom I met there, and so away, Creed walking with me to White Hall, and there I took water and stayed at Michell's to drink. I home, and there to read very good things in Fuller's "Church History," and "Worthies," and so to supper, and after supper had much good discourse with W. Hewer, who supped with us, about the ticket office and the knaveries and extortions every day used there, and particularly of the business of Mr. Carcasse, whom I fear I shall find a very rogue. So parted with him, and then to bed.

4th. Up, and with Sir J. Minnes and [Sir] W. Batten by barge to Deptford by eight in the morning, where to the King's yard a little to look after business there, and then to a private storehouse to look upon some cordage of Sir W. Batten's, and there being a hole formerly made for a drain for tarr to run into, wherein the barrel stood still, full of stinking water, Sir W. Batten did fall with one leg into it, which might have been very bad to him by breaking a leg or other hurt, but, thanks be to God, he only sprained his foot

[1] Two of our great poets have drawn the character of the Duke of Buckingham in brilliant verse, and both have condemned him to infamy. There is enough in Pepys's reports to corroborate the main features of Dryden's magnificent portrait of Zimri in "Absolom and Achitophel":

"In the first rank of these did Zimri stand;
A man so various that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome;
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong;
Was everything by starts, and nothing long,
But, in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon;
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking,

* * * * * *

He laughed himself from Court, then sought relief
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief."

Pope's facts are not correct, and hence the effect of his picture is impaired. In spite of the duke's constant visit to the Tower, Charles II. still continued his friend; but on the death of the king, expecting little from James, he retired to his estate at Helmsley, in Yorkshire, to nurse his property and to restore his constitution. He died on April 16th, 1687, at Kirkby Moorside, after a few days' illness, caused by sitting on the damp grass when heated from a fox chase. The scene of his death was the house of a tenant, not "the worst inn's worst room" ("Moral Essays," epist. iii.). He was buried in Westminster Abbey.

a little. So after his shifting his stockings at a strong water shop close by, we took barge again, and so to Woolwich, where our business was chiefly to look upon the ballast wharfe there, which is offered us for the King's use to hire, but we do not think it worth the laying out much money upon, unless we could buy the fee-simple of it, which cannot be sold us, so we wholly flung it off. So to the Dockyard, and there staid a while talking about business of the yard, and thence to the Rope-yard, and so to the White Hart and there dined, and Captain Cocke with us, whom we found at the Rope-yard, and very merry at dinner, and many pretty tales of Sir J. Minnes, which I have entered in my tale book. But by this time Sir W. Batten was come to be in much pain in his foot, so as he was forced to be carried down in a chair to the barge again, and so away to Deptford, and there I a little in the yard, and then to Bagwell's, where I find his wife washing, and also I did hazer tout que je voudrais con her, and then sent for her husband, and discoursed of his going to Harwich this week to his charge of the new ship building there, which I have got him, and so away, walked to Redriffe, and there took boat and away home, and upon Tower Hill, near the ticket office, meeting with my old acquaintance Mr. Chaplin, the cheesemonger, and there fell to talk of news, and he tells me that for certain the King of France is denied passage with his army through Flanders, and that he hears that the Dutch do stand upon high terms with us, and will have a promise of not being obliged to strike the flag to us before they will treat with us, and other high things, which I am ashamed of and do hope will never be yielded to. That they do make all imaginable preparations, but that he believes they will be in mighty want of men; that the King of France do court us mightily. He tells me too that our Lord Treasurer is going to lay down, and that Lord Arlington is to be Lord Treasurer, but I believe nothing of it, for he is not yet of estate visible enough to have the charge I suppose upon him. So being parted from him I home to the office, and after having done business there I home to supper, and there mightily pleased with my wife's beginning the flagellette, believing that she will come to very well thereon. This day in the barge I took Berckenshaw's translation[1] of Alsted his Templum, but the most ridiculous book, as he has translated it, that ever I saw in my life, I declaring that I understood not three lines together from one end of the book to the other.

5th. Up, and to the office, where met and sat all the morning, doing little for want of money, but only bear the countenance of an office. At noon home to dinner, and then to the office again, and there comes Martin my purser, and I walked with him awhile in the garden, I giving him good advice to beware of coming any more with high demands for supernumeraries or other

[1] The translation of the work of Joannes Henricus Alstedius is entitled: "Templum Musicum; the Musical Synopsis; being a compendium of the rudiments both of the mathematical and practical part of musick. Translated out of Latin by J. Birchensha." London, 1664, 8vo. (with frontispiece).

things, for now Sir W. Pen is come to mind the business, the passing of his accounts will not be so easy as the last. He tells me he will never need it again, it being as easy, and to as much purpose to do the same thing otherwise, and how he do keep his Captain's table, and by that means hath the command of his Captains, and do not fear in a 5th-rate ship constantly employed to get a £1,000 in five years time, and this year, besides all his spendings, which are I fear high, he hath got at this day clear above £150 in a voyage of about five or six months, which is a brave trade. He gone I to the office, and there all the afternoon late doing much business, and then to see Sir W. Batten, whose leg is all but better than it was, and like to do well. I by discourse do perceive he and his Lady are to their hearts out with my Lord Bruncker and Mrs. Williams, to which I added something, but, I think, did not venture too far with them. But, Lord! to see to what a poor content any acquaintance among these people, or the people of the world, as they now-a-days go, is worth; for my part I and my wife will keep to one another and let the world go hang, for there is nothing but falseness in it. So home to supper and hear my wife and girle sing a little, and then to bed with much content of mind.

6th. Up, and with [Sir] W. Pen to White Hall by coach, and by the way agreed to acquaint [Sir] W. Coventry with the business of Mr. Carcasse, and he and I spoke to Sir W. Coventry that we might move it to the Duke of York, which I did in a very indifferent, that is, impartial manner,[1] but vexed I believe Lord Bruncker. Here the Duke of York did acquaint us, and the King did the like also, afterwards coming in, with his resolution of altering the manner of the war this year; that is, we shall keep what fleete we have abroad in several squadrons: so that now all is come out; but we are to keep it as close as we can, without hindering the work that is to be done in preparation to this. Great preparations there are to fortify Sheernesse and the yard at Portsmouth, and forces are drawing down to both those places, and elsewhere by the seaside; so that we have some fear of an invasion; and the Duke of York himself did declare his expectation of the enemy's blocking us up here in the River, and therefore directed that we should send away all the ships that we have to fit out hence. Sir W. Pen told me, going with me this morning to White Hall, that for certain the Duke of Buckingham is brought into the Tower, and that he hath had an hour's private conference with the King before he was sent thither. To Westminster Hall. There bought some newsbooks, and, as every where else, hear every body complain of the dearness of coals, being at £4 per chaldron, the weather, too, being become most bitter cold, the King saying to-day that it was the coldest day he ever

[1] This explanation of the word would appear even now to be necessary for those who are unacquainted with the Liturgy of the Church of England. In 1888 the following passage occurred in a leading article in the "Times": "We have no doubt whatever that Scotch judges and juries will administer indifferent justice." A correspondent in Glasgow, who supposed *indifferent* to mean *inferior*, wrote to complain at the insinuation that a Scotch jury would not do its duty.

knew in England. Thence by coach to my Lord Crew's, where very welcome. Here I find they are in doubt where the Duke of Buckingham is; which makes me mightily reflect on the uncertainty of all history, when, in a business of this moment, and of this day's growth, we cannot tell the truth. Here dined my old acquaintance, Mr. Borfett, that was my Lord Sandwich's chaplain, and my Lady Wright and Dr. Boreman,[1] who is preacher at St. Gyles's in the Fields, who, after dinner, did give my Lord an account of two papist women lately converted, whereof one wrote her recantation, which he shewed under her own hand mighty well drawn, so as my Lord desired a copy of it, after he had satisfied himself from the Doctor, that to his knowledge she was not a woman under any necessity. Thence by coach home and staid a very little, and then by water to Redriffe, and walked to Bagwell's, where la moher was defro, sed would not have me demeurer there parce que Mrs. Batters and one of my ancillas, I believe Jane (for she was gone abroad to-day), was in the town, and coming thither; so I away presently, esteeming it a great escape. So to the yard and spoke a word or two, and then by water home, wondrous cold, and reading a ridiculous ballad made in praise of the Duke of Albemarle,[2] to the tune of St. George, the tune being printed, too; and I observe that people have some great encouragement to make ballads of him of this kind. There are so many, that hereafter he will sound like Guy of Warwicke. Then abroad with my wife, leaving her at the 'Change, while I to Sir H. Cholmly's, a pretty house, and a fine, worthy, well-disposed gentleman he is. He and I to Sir Ph. Warwicke's, about money for Tangier, but to little purpose. H. Cholmley tells me, among other things, that he hears of little hopes of a peace, their demands being so high as we shall never grant, and could tell me that we shall keep no fleete abroad this year, but only squadrons. And, among other things, that my Lord Bellasses, he believes, will lose his command of Tangier by his corrupt covetous ways of endeavouring to sell his command, which I am glad [of], for he is a man of no worth in the world but compliment. So to the 'Change, and there bought 32*s.* worth of things for Mrs. Knipp, my Valentine, which is pretty to see how my wife is come to convention with me, that, whatever I do give to anybody else, I shall give her as much, which I am not much displeased with. So home and to the office and Sir W. Batten, to tell him what I had done to-day about Carcasse's business, and God forgive me I am not without design to give a blow to Sir W. Batten by it. So home, where Mr. Batelier supped with us and talked away the evening pretty late, and so he gone and we to bed.

7th. So up, and to the office, my head full of Carcasse's business; then hearing that Knipp is at my house, I home, and it was about a ticket for a

[1] Robert Boreman, D.D. (or Bourman), brother of Sir William Boreman, Clerk of the Green Cloth to Charles II., rector of St. Giles's-in-the-Fields from 1663 till his death, November 15th, 1675. He was installed Prebendary of Westminster Abbey in December, 1667.

[2] Mr. Chappell, in his account of the ballad of "St. George for England," refers to this passage ("Popular Music of the Olden Time," vol. i., p. 286).

friend of hers. I do love the humour of the jade very well. So to the office again, not being able to stay, and there about noon my Lord Bruncker did begin to talk of Carcasse's business. Only Commissioner Pett, my Lord, and I there, and it was pretty to see how Pett hugged the occasion of having anything against Sir W. Batten, which I am not much troubled at, for I love him not neither. Though I did really endeavour to quash it all I could, because I would prevent their malice taking effect. My Lord I see is fully resolved to vindicate Carcasse, though to the undoing of Sir W. Batten, but I believe he will find himself in a mistake, and do himself no good, and that I shall be glad of, for though I love the treason I hate the traitor.[1] But he is vexed at my moving it to the Duke of York yesterday, which I answered well, so as I think he could not answer. But, Lord! it is pretty to see how Pett hugs this business, and how he favours my Lord Bruncker, who to my knowledge hates nim, and has said more to his disadvantage, in my presence, to the King and Duke of York than any man in England, and so let them thrive one with another by cheating one another, for that is all I observe among them. Thence home late, and find my wife hath dined, and she and Mrs. Hewer going to a play. Here was Creed, and he and I to Devonshire House,[2] to a burial of a kinsman of Sir R. Viner's; and there I received a ring, and so away presently to Creed, who staid for me at an alehouse hard by, and thence to the Duke's playhouse, where he parted, and I in and find my wife and Mrs. Hewer, and sat by them and saw "The English Princesse, or Richard the Third;"[3] a most sad, melancholy play, and pretty good; but nothing eminent in it, as some tragedys are; only little Mis. Davis[4] did dance a jig after the end of the play, and there telling the next day's play; so that it come in by force only to please the company to see her dance in boy's clothes; and,

[1] "Many men love the treason, though they hate the traitor" is attributed to Anthony Sadler, D.D. (1619–1680), in Day's "Collacon: an Encyclopædia of Prose Quotations."

[2] Devonshire House (the town house of the Earls of Devonshire) was in Bishopsgate Street, where Devonshire Square now stands.

[3] A tragedy by J. Caryl. Betterton acted King Richard; Harris, the Earl of Richmond; and Smith, Sir William Stanley.

[4] Mary Davis, some time a comedian in the Duke of York's troop, and one of those actresses who boarded with Sir W. Davenant, was, according to Pepys, a natural daughter of Thomas Howard, first Earl of Berkshire. She captivated the king by the charming manner in which she sang a ballad beginning, "My lodging it is on the cold ground," when acting Celania, a shepherdess mad for love in the play of "The Rivals." Charles took her off the stage, and she had by him a daughter named Mary Tudor, married to Francis, second Earl of Derwentwater; and their son James, the third earl, was attainted and beheaded for high treason. Miss Davis was also a fine dancer; see Hawkins's "History of Music," vol. iv., p. 525, where the ballad alluded to will be found; which, as Downes quaintly observes, "raised the fair songstress from her bed on the cold ground to the bed royal." According to another account, she was the daughter of a blacksmith at Charlton, in Wiltshire, where a family of the name of Davis had exercised that calling for many generations, and has but lately become extinct. There is a beautiful whole-length portrait of Mary Davis, by Kneller, at Audley End, in which she is represented as a tall, handsome woman; and her general appearance ill accords with the description given of her by our journalist.—B.

the truth is, there is no comparison between Nell's dancing the other day[1] at the King's house in boy's clothes and this, this being infinitely beyond the other. Here was Mr. Clerke and Pierce, to whom one word only of "How do you," and so away home, Mrs. Hewer with us, and I to the office and so to [Sir] W. Batten's, and there talked privately with him and [Sir] W. Pen about business of Carcasse against to-morrow, wherein I think I did give them proof enough of my ability as well as friendship to [Sir] W. Batten, and the honour of the office, in my sense of the rogue's business. So back to finish my office business, and then home to supper and to bed. This day, Commissioner Taylor come to me for advice, and would force me to take ten pieces in gold of him, which I had no mind to, he being become one of our number at the Board. This day was reckoned by all people the coldest day that ever was remembered in England; and, God knows! coals at a very great price.[2]

8th. Up, and to the Old Swan, where drank at Michell's, but not seeing her whom I love I by water to White Hall, and there acquainted Sir G. Carteret betimes what I had to say this day before the Duke of York in the business of Carcasse, which he likes well of, being a great enemy to him, and then I being too early here to go to Sir W. Coventry's chamber, having nothing to say to him, and being able to give him but a bad account of the business of the office (which is a shame to me, and that which I shall rue if I do not recover), to the Exchequer about getting a certificate of Mr. Lanyon's entered at Sir R. Long's office, and strange it is to see what horrid delays there are at this day in the business of money, there being nothing yet come from my Lord Treasurer to set the business of money in action since the Parliament broke off, notwithstanding the greatness and number of the King's occasions for it. So to the Swan, and there had three or four baisers of the little ancilla there, and so to Westminster Hall, where I saw Mr. Martin, the purser, come through with a picture in his hand, which he had bought, and observed how all the people of the Hall did fleer and laugh upon him, crying, "There is plenty grown upon a sudden;" and, the truth is, I was a little troubled that my favour should fall on so vain a fellow as he, and the more because, methought, the people do gaze upon me as the man that had raised him, and as if they guessed whence my kindness to him springs. So thence to White Hall, where I find all met at the Duke of York's chamber; and, by and by, the Duke of York comes, and Carcasse is called in, and I read the depositions and his answers, and he added with great confidence and good words, even almost to persuasion, what to say; and my Lord Bruncker, like a very silly solicitor, argued against me and us all for him; and, being asked first

[1] As Florimel in "Secret Love, or the Maiden Queen." See 2nd of this month.

[2] £4 the chaldron. On November 26th, *post*, Pepys speaks of them as being £5 10*s*. In 1812, "Napoleon's winter," £6 6*s*. were paid in the suburbs of London; an extraordinary price; but, the difference of money considered, cheap, when compared with 1667. —B.

by the Duke of York his opinion, did give it for his being excused. I next did answer the contrary very plainly, and had, in this dispute, which vexed and will never be forgot by my Lord, many occasions of speaking severely, and did, against his bad practices. Commissioner Pett, like a fawning rogue, sided with my Lord, but to no purpose; and [Sir] W. Pen, like a cunning rogue, spoke mighty indifferently, and said nothing in all the fray, like a knave as he is. But [Sir] W. Batten spoke out, and did come off himself by the Duke's kindness very well; and then Sir G. Carteret, and Sir W. Coventry, and the Duke of York himself, flatly as I said; and so he[1] was declared unfit to continue in, and therefore to be presently discharged the office; which, among other good effects, I hope, will make my Lord Bruncker not alloquer so high, when he shall consider he hath had such a publick foyle as this is. So home with [Sir] W. Batten, and [Sir] W. Pen, by coach, and there met at the office, and my Lord Bruncker presently after us, and there did give order to Mr. Stevens for securing the tickets in Carcasse's hands, which my Lord against his will could not refuse to sign, and then home to dinner, and so away with my wife by coach, she to Mrs. Pierce's and I to my Lord Bellasses, and with him to [my] Lord Treasurer's, where by agreement we met with Sir H. Cholmly, and there sat and talked all the afternoon almost about one thing or other, expecting Sir Philip Warwicke's coming, but he come not, so we away towards night, Sir H. Cholmly and I to the Temple, and there parted, telling me of my Lord Bellasses's want of generosity, and that he [Bellasses] will certainly be turned out of his government, and he [Cholmley] thinks himself stands fair for it. So home, and there found, as I expected, Mrs. Pierce and Mr. Batelier; he went for Mrs. Jones, but no Mrs. Knipp come, which vexed me, nor any other company. So with one fidler we danced away the evening, but I was not well contented with the littleness of the room, and my wife's want of preparing things ready, as they should be, for supper, and bed. So not very merry, though very well pleased. So after supper to bed, my wife and Mrs. Pierce, and her boy James and I. Yesterday I began to make this mark (√) stand instead of three pricks, thus (.·.), which therefore I must observe every where, it being a mark more easy to make.

9th. Up, and to the office, where sat all the morning busy. At noon home to dinner, where Mrs. Pierce did continue with us and her boy (who I still find every day more and more witty beyond his age), and did dine with us, and by and by comes in her husband and a brother-in-law of his, a parson, one of the tallest biggest men that ever I saw in my life. So to the office, where a meeting extraordinary about settling the number and wages of my Lord Bruncker's clerks for his new work upon the Treasurer's accounts, but this did put us upon running into the business of yesterday about Carcasse, wherein I perceive he is most dissatisfied with me, and I am not sorry for it,

[1] Carcasse's dismissal from office is clearly alluded to in his verses. See note, August 17th, 1665.

having all the world but him of my side therein, for it will let him know another time that he is not to expect our submitting to him in every thing, as I think he did heretofore expect. He did speak many severe words to me, and I returned as many to him, so that I do think there cannot for a great while be any right peace between us, and I care not a fart for it; but however, I must look about me and mind my business, for I perceive by his threats and enquiries he is and will endeavour to find out something against me or mine. Breaking up here somewhat brokenly I home, and carried Mrs. Pierce and wife to the New Exchange, and there did give her and myself a pair of gloves, and then set her down at home, and so back again straight home and there to do business, and then to Sir W. Batten's, where [Sir] W. Pen and others, and mighty merry, only I have got a great cold, and the scolding this day at the office with my Lord Bruncker hath made it worse, that I am not able to speak. But, Lord! to see how kind Sir W. Batten and his Lady are to me upon this business of my standing by [Sir] W. Batten against Carcasse, and I am glad of it. Captain Cocke, who was here to-night, did tell us that he is certain that yesterday a proclamation was voted at the Council, touching the proclaiming of my Lord Duke of Buckingham a traytor, and that it will be out on Monday. So home late, and drank some buttered ale, and so to bed and to sleep. This cold did most certainly come by my staying a little too long bare-legged yesterday morning when I rose while I looked out fresh socks and thread stockings, yesterday's having in the night, lying near the window, been covered with snow within the window, which made me I durst not put them on.

10th (Lord's day). Having my cold still grown more upon me, so as I am not able to speak, I lay in bed till noon, and then up and to my chamber with a good fire, and there spent an hour on Morly's Introduction to Musique,[1] a very good but unmethodical book. Then to dinner, my wife and I, and then all the afternoon alone in my chamber preparing a letter for Commissioner Taylor to the City about getting his accounts for The Loyal London,[2] by him built for them; stated and discharged, they owing him still about £4,000. Towards the evening comes Mr. Spong to see me, whose discourse about several things I proposed to him was very good, better than I have had with any body a good while. He gone, I to my business again, and anon comes my Lady Pen and her son-in-law and daughter, and there we talked all the evening away, and then to supper; and after supper comes Sir W. Pen, and there we talked together, and then broke up, and so to bed. He tells me that our Mr. Turner has seen the proclamation against the Duke of Buckingham,[3] and that therefore it is true what we heard last night. Yes-

[1] Thomas Morely's work is entitled, "A Plaine and Easie Introduction to Practicall Musicke, set downe in forme of a dialogue deuided into three parties." London, 1597, folio; other editions, 1608, 1771.

[2] The "Loyal London" was the ship given to the king by the City. It was launched at Deptford on June 10th, 1666.

[3] The proclamation "to apprehend George Duke of Buckingham for Treason" is dated

terday and to-day I have been troubled with a hoarseness through cold that I could not almost speak.

11th. Up, and with my cold still upon me and hoarseness, but I was forced to rise and to the office, where all the morning busy, and among other things Sir W. Warren come to me, to whom of late I have been very strange, partly from my indifference how more than heretofore to get money, but most from my finding that he is become great with my Lord Bruncker, and so I dare not trust him as I used to do, for I will not be inward with him that is open to another. By and by comes Sir H. Cholmly to me about Tangier business, and then talking of news he tells me how yesterday the King did publiquely talk of the King of France's dealing with all the Princes of Christendome. As to the States of Holland, he [the King of France] hath advised them, on good grounds, to refuse to treat with us at the Hague, because of having opportunity of spies, by reason of our interest in the House of Orange; and then, it being a town in one particular province, it would not be fit to have it, but in a town wherein the provinces have equal interest, as at Mastricht, and other places named. That he advises them to offer no terms, nor accept of any, without his privity and consent, according to agreement; and tells them, if not so, he hath in his power to be even with them, the King of England being come to offer him any terms he pleases; and that my Lord St. Albans[1] is now at Paris, Plenipotentiary, to make what peace he pleases; and so he can make it, and exclude them, the Dutch, if he sees fit. A copy of this letter of the King of France's the Spanish Ambassador here gets, and comes and tells all to our King; which our King denies, and says the King of France only uses his power of saying anything. At the same time, the King of France writes to the Emperor, that he is resolved to do all things to express affection to the Emperor, having it now in his power to make what peace he pleases between the King of England and him, and the States of the United Provinces; and, therefore, that he would not have him to concern himself in a friendship with us; and assures him that, on that regard, he will not offer anything to his disturbance, in his interest in Flanders, or elsewhere. He writes, at the same time, to Spayne, to tell him that he wonders to hear of a league almost ended between the Crown of Spayne and England, by my Lord Sandwich, and all without his privity, while he was making a peace upon what terms he pleased with England: that he is a great lover of the Crown of Spayne, and would take the King and his affairs, during his minority, into his protection, nor would offer to set his foot in Flanders, or any where else, to disturb him; and, therefore, would not have him to trouble himself to make peace with any body; only he hath a desire to offer an exchange, which he thinks may be of moment to both sides: that is, that

"8 March 1666[–67]" ("Bibliotheca Lindesiana: Handlist of Proclamations," vol. i., 1509–1714).

[1] Henry Jermyn, Earl of St. Albans, was appointed Envoy Extraordinary to treat for peace with France on January 25th, 1666–67.

he [France] will enstate the King of Spayne in the kingdom of Portugall, and he and the Dutch will put him into possession of Lisbon; and, that being done, he [France] may have Flanders: and this, they say, do mightily take in Spayne, which is sensible of the fruitless expence Flanders, so far off, gives them; and how much better it would be for them to be master of Portugall; and the King of France offers, for security herein, that the King of England shall be bond for him, and that he will counter-secure the King of England with Amsterdam; and, it seems, hath assured our King, that if he will make a league with him, he will make a peace exclusive to the Hollander. These things are almost romantique, but yet true, as Sir H. Cholmly tells me the King himself did relate it all yesterday; and it seems as if the King of France did think other princes fit for nothing but to make sport for him: but simple princes they are, that are forced to suffer this from him. So at noon with Sir W. Pen by coach to the Sun in Leadenhall Streete, where Sir R. Ford, Sir W. Batten, and Commissioner Taylor (whose feast it was) were, and we dined and had a very good dinner. Among other discourses Sir R. Ford did tell me that he do verily believe that the city will in few years be built again in all the greatest streets, and answered the objections I did give to it. Here we had the proclamation this day come out against the Duke of Buckingham, commanding him to come in to one of the Secretaries, or to the Lieutenant of the Tower. A silly, vain man to bring himself to this: and there be many hard circumstances in the proclamation of the causes of this proceeding of the King's, which speak great displeasure of the King's, and crimes of his. Then to discourse of the business of the day, that is, to see Commissioner Taylor's accounts for his ship he built, The Loyall London, and it is pretty to see how dully this old fellow makes his demands, and yet plaguy wise sayings will come from the man sometimes, and also how Sir R. Ford and [Sir] W. Batten did with seeming reliance advise him what to do, and how to come prepared to answer objections to the Common Council. Thence away to the office, where late busy, and then home to supper, mightily pleased with my wife's trill, and so to bed. This night Mr. Carcasse did come to me again to desire favour, and that I would mediate that he might be restored, but I did give him no kind answer at all, but was very angry, and I confess a good deal of it from my Lord Bruncker's simplicity and passion.

12th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning, and my Lord Bruncker mighty quiet, and no words all day, which I wonder at, expecting that he would have fallen again upon the business of Carcasse, and the more for that here happened that Perkins, who was the greatest witness of all against him, was brought in by Sir W. Batten to prove that he did really belong to The Prince, but being examined was found rather a fool than anything, as not being able to give any account when he come in nor when he come out of her, more than that he was taken by the Dutch in her, but did agree in earnest to Sir W. Pen's saying that she lay up all the winter before at Lambeth. This I confess did make me begin to doubt the truth of his evidence, but not

to doubt the faults of Carcasse, for he was condemned by many other better evidences than his, besides the whole world's report. At noon home, and there find Mr. Goodgroome, whose teaching of my wife only by singing over and over again to her, and letting her sing with him, not by herself, to correct her faults, I do not like at all, but was angry at it; but have this content, that I do think she will come to sing pretty well, and to trill in time, which pleases me well. He dined with us, and then to the office, when we had a sorry meeting to little purpose, and then broke up, and I to my office, and busy late to good purpose, and so home to supper and to bed. This day a poor seaman, almost starved for want of food, lay in our yard a-dying. I sent him half-a-crown, and we ordered his ticket to be paid.

13th. Up, and with [Sir] W. Batten to the Duke of York to our usual attendance, where I did fear my Lord Bruncker might move something in revenge that might trouble me, but he did not, but contrarily had the content to hear Sir G. Carteret fall foul on him in the Duke of York's bed chamber for his directing people with tickets and petitions to him, bidding him mind his Controller's place and not his, for if he did he should be too hard for him, and made high words, which I was glad of. Having done our usual business with the Duke of York, I away; and meeting Mr. D. Gawden in the presence-chamber, he and I to talk; and among other things he tells me, and I do find every where else, also, that our masters do begin not to like of their councils in fitting out no fleete, but only squadrons, and are finding out excuses for it; and, among others, he tells me a Privy-Councillor did tell him that it was said in Council that a fleete could not be set out this year, for want of victuals, which gives him and me a great alarme, but me especially: for had it been so, I ought to have represented it; and therefore it puts me in policy presently to prepare myself to answer this objection, if ever it should come about, by drawing up a state of the Victualler's stores, which I will presently do. So to Westminster Hall, and there staid and talked, and then to Sir G. Carteret's, where I dined with the ladies, he not at home, and very well used I am among them, so that I am heartily ashamed that my wife hath not been there to see them; but she shall very shortly. So home by water, and stepped into Michell's, and there did baiser my Betty, que ægrotat a little. At home find Mr. Holliard, and made him eat a bit of victuals. Here I find Mr. Greeten,[1] who teaches my wife on the flageolet, and I think she will come to something on it. Mr. Holliard advises me to have my father come up to town, for he doubts else in the country he will never find ease, for, poor man, his grief is now grown so great upon him that he is never at ease, so I will have him up at Easter. By and by by coach, set down Hr. Holliard near his house at Hatton Garden and myself to Lord Treasurer's, and sent my wife to the New Exchange. I staid not here, but to Westminster Hall, and thence to Martin's, where he and she both within,

[1] Thomas Greeting, musician, published, in 1675. "The Pleasant Companion, or new Lessons and Instructions for the Flagelet."

and with them the little widow that was once there with her when I was there, that dissembled so well to be grieved at hearing a tune that her late husband liked, but there being so much company, I had no pleasure here, and so away to the Hall again, and there met Doll Lane coming out, and par contrat did hazer bargain para aller to the cabaret de vin, called the Rose, and ibi I staid two hours, sed she did not venir, lequel troubled me, and so away by coach and took up my wife, and away home, and so to Sir W. Batten's, where I am told that it is intended by Mr. Carcasse to pray me to be godfather with Lord Bruncker to-morrow to his child, which I suppose they tell me in mirth, but if he should ask me I know not whether I should refuse it or no. Late at my office preparing a speech against to-morrow morning, before the King, at my Lord Treasurer's, and the truth is it run in my head all night. So home to supper and to bed. The Duke of Buckingham is concluded gone over sea, and, it is thought, to France.

14th. Up, and with Sir W. Batten and [Sir] W. Pen to my Lord Treasurer's, where we met with my Lord Bruncker an hour before the King come, and had time to talk a little of our business. Then come much company, among others Sir H. Cholmly, who tells me that undoubtedly my Lord Bellasses will go no more as Governor to Tangier, and that he do put in fair for it, and believes he shall have it, and proposes how it may conduce to his account and mine in the business of money. Here we fell into talk with Sir Stephen Fox, and, among other things, of the Spanish manner of walking, when three together, and shewed me how, which was pretty, to prevent differences. By and by comes the King and Duke of York, and presently the officers of the Ordnance were called; my Lord Berkeley, Sir John Duncomb, and Mr. Chichly; then we, my Lord Bruncker, [Sir] W. Batten, [Sir] W. Pen, and myself; where we find only the King and Duke of York, and my Lord Treasurer, and Sir G. Carteret; where I only did speak, laying down the state of our wants, which the King and Duke of York seemed very well pleased with, and we did get what we asked, £500,000 assigned upon the eleven months' tax: but that is not so much ready money, or what will raise £40,000 per week, which we desired, and the business will want. Yet are we fain to come away answered, when, God knows, it will undo the King's business to have matters of this moment put off in this manner. The King did prevent my offering any thing by and by as Treasurer for Tangier, telling me that he had ordered us £30,000 on the same tax; but that is not what we would have to bring our payments to come within a year. So we gone out, in went others; viz., one after another, Sir Stephen Fox for the army, Captain Cocke for sick and wounded, Mr. Ashburnham[1] for the household. Thence [Sir] W. Batten, [Sir] W. Pen, and I, back again; I mightily pleased with what I had said and done, and the success thereof. But, it being a fine clear day, I did, en gayeté de cœur, propose going to Bow for ayre sake, and dine there, which they embraced, and so [Sir] W. Batten and I (set-

[1] William Ashburnham, the Cofferer (see December 14th, 1666).

ting [Sir] W. Pen down at Mark Lane end) straight to Bow, to the Queen's Head, and there bespoke our dinner, carrying meat with us from London; and anon comes [Sir] W. Pen with my wife and Lady Batten, and then Mr. Lowder with his mother and wife. While [Sir] W. Batten and I were alone, we had much friendly discourse, though I will never trust him far; but we do propose getting "The Flying Greyhound,"[1] our privateer, to us and [Sir] W. Pen at the end of the year when we call her home, by begging her of the King, and I do not think we shall be denied her. They being come, we to oysters and so to talk, very pleasant I was all day, and anon to dinner, and I made very good company. Here till the evening, so as it was dark almost before we got home (back again in the same method, I think, we went), and spent the night talking at Sir W. Batten's, only a little at my office, to look over the Victualler's contract, and draw up some arguments for him to plead for his charges in transportation of goods beyond the ports which the letter of one article in his contract do lay upon him. This done I home to supper and to bed. Troubled a little at my fear that my Lord Bruncker should tell Sir W. Coventry of our neglecting the office this afternoon (which was intended) to look after our pleasures, but nothing will fall upon me alone about this.

15th. Up, and pleased at Tom's teaching of Barker something to sing a 3rd part to a song, which will please mightily. So I to the office all the morning, and at noon to the 'Change, where I do hear that letters this day come to Court do tell us that we are likely not to agree, the Dutch demanding high terms, and the King of France the like, in a most braving manner. The merchants do give themselves over for lost, no man knowing what to do, whether to sell or buy, not knowing whether peace or war to expect, and I am told that could that be now known a man might get £20,000 in a week's time by buying up of goods in case there should be war. Thence home and dined well, and then with my wife, set her at Unthanke's and I to Sir G. Carteret, where talked with the ladies a while, and my Lady Carteret talks nothing but sorrow and afflictions coming on us, and indeed I do fear the same. So away and met Dr. Fuller, Bishop of Limricke, and walked an hour with him in the Court talking of newes only, and he do think that matters will be bad with us. Then to Westminster Hall, and there spent an hour or two walking up and down, thinking para avoir got out Doll Lane, sed je ne could do it, having no opportunity de hazer le, ainsi lost the tota afternoon, and so away and called my wife and home, where a little at the office, and then home to my closet to enter my Journalls, and so to supper and to bed. This noon come little Mis. Tooker, who is grown a little woman; ego had opportunity para baiser her. . . . This morning I was called up by Sir John Winter, poor man! come in his sedan from the other end of the town, before I was up, and merely about the King's business, which is a worthy

[1] Among the Rawlinson MSS. (Bodleian) are "Accounts with Sir W. Batten and others relating to the 'Flying Greyhound' privateer, 1667," A. 174.

thing of him, and I believe him to be a worthy good man, and I will do him the right to tell the Duke of it, who did speak well of him the other day. It was about helping the King in the business of bringing down his timber to the sea-side, in the Forest of Deane.

16th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning; at noon home to dinner, and then to the office again in the afternoon, and there all day very busy till night, and then, having done much business, home to supper, and so to bed. This afternoon come home Sir J. Minnes, who has been down, but with little purpose, to pay the ships below at the Nore. This evening, having done my letters, I did write out the heads of what I had prepared to speak to the King the other day at my Lord Treasurer's, which I do think convenient to keep by me for future use. The weather is now grown warm again, after much cold; and it is observable that within these eight days I did see smoke remaining, coming out of some cellars, from the late great fire, now above six months since. There was this day at the office (as he is most days) Sir W. Warren, against whom I did manifestly plead, and heartily too, God forgive me! But the reason is because I do find that he do now wholly rely almost upon my Lord Bruncker, though I confess I have no greater ground of my leaving him than the confidence which I perceive he hath got in my Lord Bruncker, whose seeming favours only do obtain of him as much compensation as, I believe (for he do know well the way of using his bounties), as mine more real. Besides, my Lord and I being become antagonistic, I do not think it safe for me to trust myself in the hands of one whom I know to be a knave, and using all means to become gracious there.

17th (Lord's day). Up betimes with my wife, and by coach with Sir W. Pen and Sir Thomas Allen to White Hall, there my wife and I the first time that ever we went to my Lady Jemimah's chamber at Sir Edward Carteret's lodgings. I confess I have been much to blame and much ashamed of our not visiting her sooner, but better now than never. Here we took her before she was up, which I was sorry for, so only saw her, and away to chapel, leaving further visit till after sermon. I put my wife into the pew below, but it was pretty to see, myself being but in a plain band, and every way else ordinary, how the verger took me for her man, I think, and I was fain to tell him she was a kinswoman of my Lord Sandwich's, he saying that none under knights-baronets' ladies are to go into that pew. So she being there, I to the Duke of York's lodging, where in his dressing-chamber he talking of his journey to-morrow or next day to Harwich, to prepare some fortifications there; so that we are wholly upon the defensive part this year, only we have some expectations that we may by our squadrons annoy them in their trade by the North of Scotland and to the Westward. Here Sir W. Pen did show the Duke of York a letter of Hogg's[1] about a prize he drove in within the

[1] Thomas Waltham, muster-master at Plymouth, writes to the Navy Commissioners, January 11th, 1666–67, "Captain Hogg with his prize is ready to sail the first opportunity" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1666–67, p. 447).

Sound at Plymouth, where the Vice-Admiral claims her. Sir W. Pen would have me speak to the latter, which I did, and I think without any offence, but afterwards I was sorry for it, and Sir W. Pen did plainly say that he had no mind to speak to the Duke of York about it, so that he put me upon it, but it shall be the last time that I will do such another thing, though I think no manner of hurt done by it to me at all. That done I to walk in the Parke, where to the Queene's Chapel, and there heard a fryer preach with his cord about his middle, in Portuguese, something I could understand, showing that God did respect the meek and humble, as well as the high and rich. He was full of action, but very decent and good, I thought, and his manner of delivery very good. Then I went back to White Hall, and there up to the closet, and spoke with several people till sermon was ended, which was preached by the Bishop of Hereford,[1] an old good man, that they say made an excellent sermon. He was by birth a Catholique, and a great gallant, having £1,500 per annum, patrimony, and is a Knight Barronet; was turned from his persuasion by the late Archbishop Laud. He and the Bishop of Exeter, Dr. Ward, are the two Bishops that the King do say he cannot have bad sermons from. Here I met with Sir H. Cholmly, who tells me, that undoubtedly my Lord Bellasses do go no more to Tangier, and that he do believe he do stand in a likely way to go Governor; though he says, and showed me, a young silly Lord, one Lord Allington,[2] who hath offered a great sum of money to go, and will put hard for it, he having a fine lady,[3] and a great man would be glad to have him out of the way. After Chapel I down and took out my wife from the pew, where she was talking with a lady whom I knew not till I was gone. It was Mrs. Ashfield of Brampton, who had with much civility been, it seems, at our house to see her. I am sorry I did not show her any more respect. With my wife to Sir G. Carteret's, where we dined and mightily made of, and most extraordinary people they are to continue friendship with for goodness, virtue, and nobleness and interest. After dinner he and I alone awhile and did joy ourselves in my Lord Sandwich's being out of the way all this time. He concurs that we are in a way of ruin by thus

[1] Bishop Herbert Croft, who was previously Dean of Hereford (1644), was not a Romanist by birth, but entangled by the Jesuits while on his travels, and converted to Popery. It would appear, from Godwin ("De Præsulibus"), that his return to the Protestant faith is not attributable to Laud, but to the efforts of another prelate. "In patriam vero redux et in Thomæ Mortoni Episcopi Dunelmensis familiaritatem adductus melioribus consiliis adhibitis ad se quoque rediit et Ecclesiam Anglicanam." Croft, says Burnet, was a devout man, but of no discretion in his conduct. He was born 1603, and survived his elevation to the see of Hereford, in 1661, thirty years. The bishop's father, Sir Herbert, was a knight, and his son, of the same name, a baronet. See Sir Walter Scott's preface to "The Naked Truth," in "Somers' Tracts," vol. vii., p. 268.—B.

[2] William Allington, second Baron Allington, of Killard, Ireland, created an English Baron, 1682, by the title of Baron Allington, of Wymondley, Hertfordshire. He died 1684, and was succeeded by his son, Giles, who died 1691, when the title became extinct.

[3] His second wife, Juliana, daughter of Baptist Noel, Viscount Campden. She died in the September following.—B.

being forced to keep only small squadrons out, but do tell me that it was not choice, but only force, that we could not keep out the whole fleete. He tells me that the King is very kind to my Lord Sandwich, and did himself observe to him (Sir G. Carteret), how those very people, meaning the Prince and Duke of Albemarle, are punished in the same kind as they did seek to abuse my Lord Sandwich. Thence away, and got a hackney coach and carried my wife home, and there only drank, and myself back again to my Lord Treasurer's, where the King, Duke of York, and Sir G. Carteret and Lord Arlington were and none else, so I staid not, but to White Hall, and there meeting nobody I would speak with, walked into the Park and took two or three turns all alone, and then took coach and home, where I find Mercer, who I was glad to see, but durst [not] shew so, my wife being displeased with her, and indeed I fear she is grown a very gossip. I to my chamber, and there fitted my arguments which I had promised Mr. Gawden in his behalf in some pretences to allowance of the King, and then to supper, and so to my chamber a little again, and then to bed. Duke of Buckingham not heard of yet.

18th. Up betimes, and to the office to write fair my paper to D. Gawden against anon, and then to other business, where all the morning. D. Gawden by and by comes, and I did read over and give him the paper, which I think I have much obliged him in. A little before noon comes my old good friend, Mr. Richard Cumberland,[1] to see me, being newly come to town, whom I have not seen almost, if not quite, these seven years. In his plain country-parson's dress. I could not spend much time with him, but prayed him come with his brother, who was with him, to dine with me to-day; which he did do: and I had a great deal of his good company; and a most excellent person he is as any I know, and one that I am sorry should be lost and buried in a little country town, and would be glad to remove him thence; and the truth is, if he would accept of my sister's fortune, I should give £100 more with him than to a man able to settle her four times as much as, I fear, he is able to do; and I will think of it, and a way how to move it, he having in discourse said he was not against marrying, nor yet engaged. I shewed him my closet, and did give him some very good musique, Mr. Cæsar being here upon his lute. They gone I to the office, where all the afternoon very busy, and among other things comes Captain Jenifer to me, a great servant of my Lord Sandwich's, who tells me that he do hear for certain, though I do not yet believe it, that Sir W. Coventry is to be Secretary of State, and my Lord Arlington Lord Treasurer. I only wish that the latter were as fit for the latter office as the former is for the former, and more fit than my Lord Arlington. Anon Sir W. Pen come and talked with me in the garden, and tells me that for certain the Duke of Richmond is to marry Mrs. Stewart, he having this day brought in an account of his estate and debts to the King on that account. At night home to supper and so to bed. My father's letter this day

[1] Richard Cumberland, afterwards Bishop of Peterborough (see note, February 5th, 1659–60).

do tell me of his own continued illness, and that my mother grows so much worse, that he fears she cannot long continue, which troubles me very much. This day, Mr. Cæsar told me a pretty experiment of his, of angling with a minikin, a gut-string varnished over, which keeps it from swelling, and is beyond any hair for strength and smallness. The secret I like mightily.

19th. Up, and to the office, where we sat all the morning. At noon dined at home very pleasantly with my wife, and after dinner with a great deal of pleasure had her sing, which she begins to do with some pleasure to me, more than I expected. Then to the office again, where all the afternoon close, and at night home to supper and to bed. It comes in my mind this night to set down how a house was the other day in Bishopsgate Street blowed up with powder; a house that was untenanted, and between a flax shop and a ——, both bad for fire; but, thanks be to God, it did no more hurt; and all do conclude it a plot. I would also remember to my shame how I was pleased yesterday to find the righteous maid of Magister Griffin sweeping of nostra office, elle con the Roman nariz and bonne body which I did heretofore like, and do still refresh me to think que elle is come to us, that I may voir her aliquando. This afternoon I am told again that the town do talk of my Lord Arlington's being to be Lord Treasurer, and Sir W. Coventry to be Secretary of State; and that for certain the match is concluded between the Duke of Richmond and Mrs. Stewart, which I am well enough pleased with; and it is pretty to consider how his quality will allay people's talk; whereas, had a meaner person married her, he would for certain have been reckoned a cuckold at first dash.

20th. Up pretty betimes, and to the Old Swan, and there drank at Michell's, but his wife is not there, but gone to her mother's, who is ill, and so hath staid there since Sunday. Thence to Westminster Hall and drank at the Swan, and baiserais the petite misse; and so to Mrs. Martin's. . . . I sent for some burnt wine, and drank and then away, not pleased with my folly, and so to the Hall again, and there staid a little, and so home by water again, where, after speaking with my wife, I with Sir W. Batten and [Sir] J. Minnes to our church to the vestry, to be assessed by the late Poll Bill, where I am rated as an Esquire, and for my office, all will come to about £50. But not more than I expected, nor so much by a great deal as I ought to be, for all my offices. So shall be glad to escape so. Thence by water again to White Hall, and there up into the house, and do hear that newes is come now that the enemy do incline again to a peace, but could hear no particulars, so do not believe it. I had a great mind to have spoke with the King about a business proper enough for me, about the French prize man-of-war, how he would have her altered, only out of a desire to show myself mindful of business, but my linen was so dirty and my clothes mean, that I neither thought it fit to do that, nor go to other persons at the Court, with whom I had business, which did vex me, and I must remedy [it]. Here I hear that the Duke of Richmond and Mrs. Stewart were betrothed last night. Thence to West-

minster Hall again, and there saw Betty Michell, and bought a pair of gloves of her, she being fain to keep shop there, her mother being sick, and her father gathering of the tax. I aimais her de toute my corazon. Thence, my mind wandering all this day upon mauvaises amours which I be merry for. So home by water again, where I find my wife gone abroad, so I to Sir W. Batten to dinner, and had a good dinner of ling and herring pie, very good meat, best of the kind that ever I had. Having dined, I by coach to the Temple, and there did buy a little book or two, and it is strange how "Rycaut's[1] Discourse of Turky," which before the fire I was asked but 8*s.* for, there being all but twenty-two or thereabouts burned, I did now offer 20*s.*, and he demands 50*s.*, and I think I shall give it him, though it be only as a monument of the fire. So to the New Exchange, where I find my wife, and so took her to Unthanke's, and left her there, and I to White Hall, and thence to Westminster, only out of idleness, and to get some little pleasure to my mauvais flammes, but sped not, so back and took up my wife, and to Polichinelli at Charing Crosse, which is prettier and prettier, and so full of variety that it is extraordinary good entertainment. Thence by coach home, that is, my wife home, and I to the Exchange, and there met with Fenn, who tells me they have yet no orders out of the Exchequer for money upon the Acts, which is a thing not to be borne by any Prince of understanding or care, for no money can be got advanced upon the Acts only from the weight of orders in form out of the Exchequer so long time after the passing of the Acts. So home to the office a little, where I met with a sad letter from my brother, who tells me my mother is declared by the doctors to be past recovery, and that my father is also very ill every hour: so that I fear we shall see a sudden change there. God fit them and us for it! So to Sir W. Pen's, where my wife was, and supped with a little,[2] but yet little mirth, and a bad, nasty supper, which makes me not love the family, they do all things so meanly, to make a little bad show upon their backs. Thence home and to bed, very much troubled about my father's and my mother's illness.

21st. Up, and to the office, where sat all the morning. At noon home to dinner, and had some melancholy discourse with my wife about my mother's being so ill and my father, and after dinner to cheer myself, I having the opportunity of Sir W. Coventry and the Duke of York's being out of town, I alone out and to the Duke of York's play-house, where unexpectedly I come to see only the young men and women of the house act; they having liberty to act for their own profit on Wednesdays and Fridays this Lent: and the play they did yesterday, being Wednesday, was so well-taken, that they thought fit to venture it publickly to-day; a play of my Lord Falkland's[3]

[1] Sir Paul Rycaut (see note, October 15th, 1666).

[2] Sir William Penn was at Sheerness on this day, and his "Memorandum of a Consultation held at Sheerness, March 20th, 1666–67, for the security of the said places, &c., is printed in Penn's "Life of Sir W. Penn," vol. ii., p. 437.

[3] Henry Cary, third Viscount Falkland, M.P., Oxford City, 1660, and Oxfordshire, 1661. Sir Henry Cary, first Viscount Falkland, in the peerage of Scotland, was Lord

called "The Wedding Night," a kind of a tragedy, and some things very good in it, but the whole together, I thought, not so. I confess I was well enough pleased with my seeing it: and the people did do better, without the great actors, than I did expect, but yet far short of what they do when they are there, which I was glad to find the difference of. Thence to rights home, and there to the office to my business hard, being sorry to have made this scape without my wife, but I have a good salvo to my oath in doing it. By and by, in the evening, comes Sir W. Batten's Mingo to me to pray me to come to his master and Sir Richard Ford, who have very ill news to tell me. I knew what it was, it was about our trial for a good prize to-day, "The Phœnix," [1] worth two or £3,000. I went to them, where they told me with much trouble how they had sped, being cast and sentenced to make great reparation for what we had embezzled, and they did it so well that I was much troubled at it, when by and by Sir W. Batten asked me whether I was mortified enough, and told me we had got the day, which was mighty welcome news to me and us all. But it is pretty to see what money will do. Yesterday, Walker[2] was mighty cold on our behalf, till Sir W. Batten promised him, if we sped in this business of the goods, a coach; and if at the next trial we sped for the ship, we would give him a pair of horses. And he hath strove for us to-day like a prince, though the Swedes' Agent was there with all the vehemence he could to save the goods, but yet we carried it against him. This put me in mighty good heart, and then we go to Sir W. Pen, who is come back to-night from Chatham, and did put him into the same condition, and then comforted him. So back to my office, and wrote an affectionate and sad letter to my father about his and my mother's illness, and so home to supper and to bed late.

22nd. Up and by coach to Sir Ph. Warwicke about business for Tangier about money, and then to Sir Stephen Fox to give him account of a little service I have done him about money coming to him from our office, and then to Lovett's and saw a few baubling things of their doing which are very pretty, but the quality of the people, living only by shifts, do not please me, that it makes me I do no more care for them, nor shall have more acquaintance with them after I have got my Lady Castlemayne's picture home. So to White Hall, where the King at Chapel, and I would not stay, but to Westminster to Howlett's, and there, he being not well, I sent for a quart of claret and burnt it and drank, and had a basado or three or four of Sarah, whom je trouve ici, and so by coach to Sir Robt. Viner's about my accounts

Deputy of Ireland from 1622 to 1629. The title of the play was really "The Marriage Night." It was published in 1664. The author died in the same year.

[1] There are references to the "Phœnix," a Dutch ship taken as a prize, among the State Papers (see "Calendar," 1666–67, p. 404). Pepys appears to have got into trouble at a later date in respect to this same ship, for among the Rawlinson MSS. (A. 170) are "Papers relating to the charge brought against him in the House of Commons in 1689 with reference to the ship Phœnix and the East India Company in 1681–86."

[2] Sir William Walker (see August 23rd, 1660).

with him, and so to the 'Change, where I hear for certain that we are going on with our treaty of peace, and that we are to treat at Bredah. But this our condescension people do think will undo us, and I do much fear it. So home to dinner, where my wife having dressed herself in a silly dress of a blue petticoat uppermost, and a white satin waistcoat and white hood, though I think she did it because her gown is gone to the tailor's, did, together with my being hungry, which always makes me peevish, make me angry, but when my belly was full were friends again, and dined and then by water down to Greenwich and thence walked to Woolwich, all the way reading Playford's "Introduction to Musique," wherein are some things very pretty. At Woolwich I did much business, taking an account of the state of the ships there under hand, thence to Blackwall, and did the like for two ships we have repairing there, and then to Deptford and did the like there, and so home. Captain Perriman with me from Deptford, telling me many particulars how the King's business is ill ordered, and indeed so they are, God knows! So home and to the office, where did business, and so home to my chamber, and then to supper and to bed. Landing at the Tower to-night I met on Tower Hill with Captain Cocke and spent half an hour walking in the dusk of the evening with him, talking of the sorrowful condition we are in, that we must be ruined if the Parliament do not come and chastize us, that we are resolved to make a peace whatever it cost, that the King is disobliging the Parliament in this interval all that may be, yet his money is gone and he must have more, and they likely not to give it, without a great deal of do. God knows what the issue of it will be. But the considering that the Duke of York, instead of being at sea as Admirall, is now going from port to port, as he is at this day at Harwich, and was the other day with the King at Sheernesse, and hath ordered at Portsmouth how fortifications shall be made to oppose the enemy, in case of invasion, [which] is to us a sad consideration, and as shameful to the nation, especially after so many proud vaunts as we have made against the Dutch, and all from the folly of the Duke of Albemarle, who made nothing of beating them, and Sir John Lawson he always declared that we never did fail to beat them with lesser numbers than theirs, which did so prevail with the King as to throw us into this war.

23rd. At the office all the morning, where Sir W. Pen come, being returned from Chatham, from considering the means of fortifying the river Medway, by a chain at the stakes, and ships laid there with guns to keep the enemy from coming up to burn our ships; all our care now being to fortify ourselves against their invading us. At noon home to dinner, and then to the office all the afternoon again, where Mr. Moore come, who tells me that there is now no doubt made of a peace being agreed on, the King having declared this week in Council that they would treat at Bredagh. He gone I to my office, where busy late, and so to supper and to bed. Vexed with our mayde Luce, our cook-mayde, who is a good drudging servant in

everything else, and pleases us, but that she will be drunk, and hath been so last night and all this day, that she could not make clean the house. My fear is only fire.

24th (Lord's day). With Sir W. Batten to White Hall, and there I to Sir G. Carteret, who is mighty cheerful, which makes me think and by some discourse that there is expectation of a peace, but I did not ask [him]. Here was Sir J. Minnes also: and they did talk of my Lord Bruncker, whose father,[1] it seems, did give Mr. Ashburnham and the present Lord Digby £1,200 to be made an Irish lord, and swore the same day that he had not 12*d.* left to pay for his dinner: they make great mirth at this, my Lord Bruncker having lately given great matter of offence both to them and us all, that we are at present mightily displeased with him. By and by to the Duke of York, where we all met, and there was the King also; and all our discourse was about fortifying of the Medway and Harwich, which is to be entrenched quite round, and Portsmouth: and here they advised with Sir Godfry Lloyd [2] and Sir Bernard de Gum,[3] the two great engineers, and had the plates drawn before them; and indeed all their care they now take is to fortify themselves, and are not ashamed of it: for when by and by my Lord Arlington come in with letters, and seeing the King and Duke of York give

[1] Sir William Brouncker (born 1585) had been Commissary-General of the Musters in the Scotch expedition in 1639, Vice-Chamberlain to Prince Charles, and one of the gentlemen of the Privy Chamber to Charles I. He was the son of Sir Henry Brouncker, President of Munster, by Anne, sister to Henry Lord Morley, and was created Viscount Brouncker of Castle Lyons, in Ireland, and Baron Brouncker of Newcastle, co. Dublin, September 12th, 1645. He died in November following at Wadham College, Oxford, and was buried in Christ Church Cathedral, leaving issue by his wife, Winifred, daughter of Sir William Leigh, of Newenham, Warwickshire, two sons, William, and Henry, third and last Viscount Brouncker, who died in 1688, and was buried in Richmond Church, leaving no issue by his wife Rebecca, widow of the Hon. Thomas Jermyn, mother, by her first husband, of Thomas, Lord Jermyn, and Henry, Lord Dover. Henry Brouncker, who had been Groom of the Bedchamber to the Duke of York, had succeeded to the office of Cofferer on the death of William Ashburnham in 1671. The Lords Brouncker were descended from Henry Brouncker, who, in 1544, bought lands at Melksham and Erlestoke, in Wilts; and his arms, and those of his two wives, are described by Aubrey as being on the window of a house at Erlestoke. There are lives of the Brounckers by Mr. Sidney L. Lee in the "Dictionary of National Biography."

[2] Sir Godfrey Lloyd had been a captain in Holland, and was knighted by Charles at Brussels in 1657.—B.

[3] Sir Bernard de Gomme was born at Lille in 1620. When young he served in the campaigns of Frederick Henry, Prince of Orange, and afterwards entered the service of Charles I., by whom he was knighted. Under Charles II. and James II. he filled the offices of Engineer in Chief of all the King's Castles and Fortifications in England and Wales, Quarter-Master-General, and Surveyor-General of the Ordnance. He died November 23rd, 1685, and was buried in the Tower of London on the 30th. He first fortified Sheerness, Liverpool, &c., and he strengthened Portsmouth. His plans of these places and others, and of some of Charles I.'s battles, are in the British Museum, where also is preserved a miniature portrait of him in oil. Mr. G. Laurence Gomme, ex-President of the Folk Lore Society, is a member of the same family as Sir Bernard, and possesses a curious carved desk with Cromwell's arms upon it. It is a tradition in the family that this was presented by the Protector to Sir Bernard de Gomme.

us and the officers of the Ordnance directions in this matter, he did move that we might do it as privately as we could, that it might not come into the Dutch Gazette presently, as the King's and Duke of York's going down the other day to Sheerenesse was, the week after, in the Harlem Gazette. The King and Duke of York both laughed at it, and made no matter, but said, "Let us be safe, and let them talk, for there is nothing will trouble them more, nor will prevent their coming more, than to hear that we are fortifying ourselves." And the Duke of York said further, "What said Marshal Turenne, when some in vanity said that the enemies were afraid, for they entrenched themselves? 'Well,' says he, 'I would they were not afraid, for then they would not entrench themselves, and so we could deal with them the better.' " Away thence, and met with Sir H. Cholmly, who tells me that he do believe the government of Tangier is bought by my Lord Allington for a sum of money to my Lord Arlington, and something to Lord Bellasses, who (he did tell me particularly how) is as very a false villain as ever was born, having received money of him here upon promise and confidence of his return, forcing him to pay it by advance here, and promising to ask no more there, when at the same time he was treating with my Lord Allington to sell his command to him, and yet told Sir H. Cholmly nothing of it, but when Sir H. Cholmly told him what he had heard, he confessed that my Lord Allington had spoken to him of it, but that he was a vain man to look after it, for he was nothing fit for it, and then goes presently to my Lord Allington and drives on the bargain, yet tells Lord Allington what he himself had said of him, as [though] Sir H. Cholmly had said them. I am glad I am informed hereof, and shall know him for a Lord, &c. Sir H. Cholmly tells me further that he is confident there will be a peace, and that a great man did tell him that my Lord Albemarle did tell him the other day at White Hall as a secret that we should have a peace if anything the King of France can ask and our King can give will gain it, which he is it seems mad at. Thence back with Sir W. Batten and [Sir] W. Pen home, and heard a piece of sermon, and so home to dinner, where Balty come, very fine, and dined with us, and after dinner with me by water to White Hall, and there he and I did walk round the Park, I giving him my thoughts about the difficulty of getting employment for him this year, but advised him how to employ himself, and I would do what I could. So he and I parted, and I to Martin's, where I find her within, and su hermano and la veuve Burroughs. Here I did demeurer toda the afternoon. . . . By and by come up the mistress of the house, Crags, a pleasant jolly woman. I staid all but a little, and away home by water through bridge, a brave evening, and so home to read, and anon to supper, W. Hewer with us, and then to read myself to sleep again, and then to bed, and mightily troubled the most of the night with fears of fire, which I cannot get out of my head to this day since the last great fire. I did this night give the waterman who uses to carry me 10*s.* at his request, for the painting of his new boat, on which shall be my arms.

25th. (Ladyday.) Up, and with Sir W. Batten and [Sir] W. Pen by coach to Exeter House to our lawyers' to have consulted about our trial to-morrow, but missed them, so parted, and [Sir] W. Pen and I to Mr. Povy's about a little business of [Sir] W. Pen's, where we went over Mr. Povy's house, which lies in the same good condition as ever, which is most extraordinary fine, and he was now at work with a cabinet-maker, making of a new inlaid table. Having seen his house, we away, having in our way thither called at Mr. Lilly's,[1] who was working; and indeed his pictures are without doubt much beyond Mr. Hales's, I think I may say I am convinced: but a mighty proud man he is, and full of state. So home, and to the office, and by and by to dinner, a poor dinner, my wife and I, at Sir W. Pen's, and then he and I before to Exeter House, where I do not stay, but to the King's playhouse; and by and by comes Mr. Lowther and his wife and mine, and into a box, forsooth, neither of them being dressed, which I was almost ashamed of. Sir W. Pen and I in the pit, and here saw "The Mayden Queene" again;[2] which indeed the more I see the more I like, and is an excellent play, and so done by Nell, her merry part, as cannot be better done in nature, I think. Thence home, and there I find letters from my brother, which tell me that yesterday when he wrote my mother did rattle in the throat so as they did expect every moment her death, which though I have a good while expected did much surprise me, yet was obliged to sup at Sir W. Pen's and my wife, and there counterfeited some little mirth, but my heart was sad, and so home after supper and to bed, and much troubled in my sleep of my being crying by my mother's bedside, laying my head over hers and crying, she almost dead and dying, and so waked, but what is strange, methought she had hair over her face, and not the same kind of face as my mother really hath, but yet did not consider that, but did weep over her as my mother, whose soul God have mercy of.

26th. Up with a sad heart in reference to my mother, of whose death I undoubtedly expect to hear the next post, if not of my father's also, who by his pain as well as his grief for her is very ill, but on my own behalf I have cause to be joyful this day, it being my usual feast day, for my being cut of the stone this day nine years, and through God's blessing am at this day and have long been in as good condition of health as ever I was in my life or any man in England is, God make me thankful for it! But the condition I am in, in reference to my mother, makes it unfit for me to keep my usual feast. Unless it shall please God to send her well (which I despair wholly of), and then I will make amends for it by observing another day in its room. So to the office, and at the office all the morning, where I had an opportunity to speak to Sir John Harman about my desire to have my

[1] Sir Peter Lely (1618–1680) was knighted January 11th, 1678–79. His house was in Drury Lane. He died November 30th, 1680, and was buried by torchlight in St. Paul's Church, Covent Garden, December 7th.

[2] See March 2nd, 1666–67.

brother Balty go again with him to sea as he did the last year, which he do seem not only contented but pleased with, which I was glad of. So at noon home to dinner, where I find Creed, who dined with us, but I had not any time to talk with him, my head being busy, and before I had dined was called away by Sir W. Batten, and both of us in his coach (which I observe his coachman do always go now from hence towards White Hall through Tower Street, and it is the best way) to Exeter House, where the Judge was sitting, and after several little causes comes on ours, and while the several depositions and papers were at large reading (which they call the preparatory), and being cold by being forced to sit with my hat off close to a window in the Hall, Sir W. Pen and I to the Castle Tavern hard by and got a lobster, and he and I staid and eat it, and drank good wine; I only burnt wine, as my whole custom of late hath been, as an evasion, God knows, for my drinking of wine (but it is an evasion which will not serve me now hot weather is coming, that I cannot pretend, as indeed I really have done, that I drank it for cold), but I will leave it off, and it is but seldom, as when I am in women's company, that I must call for wine, for I must be forced to drink to them. Having done here then we back again to the Court, and there heard our cause pleaded; Sir [Edward] Turner, Sir W. Walker, and Sir Ellis Layton being our counsel against only Sir Robert Wiseman[1] on the other. The second of our three counsel was the best, and indeed did speak admirably, and is a very shrewd man. Nevertheless, as good as he did make our case, and the rest, yet when Wiseman come to argue (nay, and though he did begin so sillily that we laughed in scorn in our sleeves at him), yet he did so state the case, that the Judge[2] did not think fit to decide the cause to-night, but took to to-morrow, and did stagger us in our hopes, so as to make us despair of the success. I am mightily pleased with the Judge, who seems a very rational, learned, and uncorrupt man, and much good reading and reason there is heard in hearing of this law argued, so that the thing pleased me, though our success doth shake me. Thence Sir W. Pen and I home and to write letters, among others a sad one to my father upon fear of my mother's death, and so home to supper and to bed.

27th. [Sir] W. Pen and I to White Hall, and in the coach did begin our discourse again about Balty, and he promises me to move it this very day. He and I met my Lord Bruncker at Sir G. Carteret's by appointment, there to discourse a little business, all being likely to go to rack for lack of money still. Thence to the Duke of York's lodgings, and did our usual business, and

[1] D.C.L., King's Advocate, 1669; Judge of the High Court of Admiralty in 1673, in succession to Sir Leoline Jenkins.

[2] Sir Leoline Jenkins, Principal of Jesus College, Oxford, and afterwards made Judge of the Admiralty and the Prerogative Court. He was subsequently employed on several embassies, and succeeded Henry Coventry as Secretary of State, 1680. Died 1685, aged sixty-two. His State Papers have been published. Burnet says of him, "He was a man of an exemplary life and considerably learned, but he was dull and slow; he was suspected of leaning to popery, though very unjustly."

Sir W. Pen telling me that he had this morning spoke of Balty to Sir W. Coventry, and that the thing was done, I did take notice of it also to [Sir] W. Coventry, who told me that he had both the thing and the person in his head before to have done it, which is a double pleasure to me. Our business with the Duke being done, [Sir] W. Pen and I towards the Exchequer, and in our way met Sir G. Downing going to chapel, but we stopped, and he would go with us back to the Exchequer and showed us in his office his chests full and ground and shelves full of money, and says that there is £50,000 at this day in his office of people's money, who may demand it this day, and might have had it away several weeks ago upon the late Act, but do rather choose to have it continue there than to put it into the Banker's hands, and I must confess it is more than I should have believed had I not seen it, and more than ever I could have expected would have arisen for this new Act in so short a time, and if it do so now already what would it do if the money was collected upon the Act and returned into the Exchequer so timely as it ought to be. But it comes into my mind here to observe what I have heard from Sir John Bankes, though I cannot fully conceive the reason of it, that it will be impossible to make the Exchequer ever a true bank to all intents, unless the Exchequer stood nearer the Exchange, where merchants might with ease, while they are going about their business, at all hours, and without trouble or loss of time, have their satisfaction, which they cannot have now without much trouble, and loss of half a day, and no certainty of having the offices open. By this he means a bank for common practise and use of merchants, and therein I do agree with him. Being parted from Sir W. Pen and [Sir] G. Downing, I to Westminster Hall and there met Balty, whom I had sent for, and there did break the business of my getting him the place of going again as Muster-Master with Harman this voyage to the West Indys, which indeed I do owe to Sir W. Pen. He is mighty glad of it, and earnest to fit himself for it, but I do find, poor man, that he is troubled how to dispose of his wife, and apparently it is out of fear of her and his honour, and I believe he hath received some cause of this his jealousy and care, and I do pity him in it, and will endeavour to find out some way to do it for him. Having put him in a way of preparing himself for the voyage, I did go to the Swan, and there sent for Jervas, my old periwig maker, and he did bring me a periwig, but it was full of nits, so as I was troubled to see it (it being his old fault), and did send him to make it clean, and in the mean time, having staid for him a good while, did go away by water to the Castle Taverne, by Exeter House, and there met Sir W. Batten, [Sir] W. Pen, and several others, among the rest Sir Ellis Layton, who do apply himself to discourse with me, and I think by his discourse, out of his opinion of my interest in Sir W. Coventry, the man I find a wonderful witty, ready man for sudden answers and little tales, and sayings very extraordinary witty, but in the bottom I doubt he is not so. Yet he pretends to have studied men, and the truth is in several that I do know he did give me a very inward account of them. But above

all things he did give me a full account, upon my demand, of this Judge of the Admiralty, Judge Jenkins; who, he says, is a man never practised in this Court, but taken merely for his merit and ability's sake from Trinity Hall, where he had always lived; only by accident the business of the want of a Judge being proposed to the present Archbishop of Canterbury that now is, he did think of this man and sent for him up: and here he is, against the *gré* and content of the old Doctors, made Judge, but is a very excellent man both for judgment and temper, yet majesty enough, and by all men's report, not to be corrupted. After dinner to the Court, where Sir Ellis Layton did make a very silly motion in our behalf, but did neither hurt nor good. After him Walker and Wiseman; and then the Judge did pronounce his sentence; for some—a part of the goods and ship, and the freight of the whole, to be free, and returned and paid by us; and the remaining, which was the greater part, to be ours. The loss of so much troubles us, but we have got a pretty good part, thanks be to God! So we are not displeased nor yet have cause to triumph, as we did once expect. Having seen the end of this, I being desirous to be at home to see the issue of my country letters about my mother, which I expect shall give me tidings of her death, I directly home and there to the office, where I find no letter from my father or brother, but by and by the boy tells me that his mistress sends me word that she hath opened my letter, and that she is loth to send me any more news. So I home, and there up to my wife in our chamber, and there received from my brother the newes of my mother's dying on Monday, about five or six o'clock in the afternoon, and that the last time she spoke of her children was on Friday last, and her last words were, "God bless my poor Sam!" The reading hereof did set me a-weeping heartily, and so weeping to myself awhile, and my wife also to herself, I then spoke to my wife respecting myself, and indeed, having some thoughts how much better both for her and us it is than it might have been had she outlived my father and me or my happy present condition in the world, she being helpless, I was the sooner at ease in my mind, and then found it necessary to go abroad with my wife to look after the providing mourning to send into the country,—some to-morrow, and more against Sunday, for my family, being resolved to put myself and wife, and Barker and Jane, W. Hewer and Tom, in mourning, and my two undermayds, to give them hoods and scarfs and gloves. So to my tailor's, and up and down, and then home and to my office a little, and then to supper and to bed, my heart sad and afflicted, though my judgment at ease.

28th. My tailor come to me betimes this morning, and having given him directions, I to the office and there all the morning. At noon dined well. Balty, who is mighty thoughtful how to dispose of his wife, and would fain have me provide a place for her, which the thoughts of what I should do with her if he should miscarry at sea makes me avoid the offering him that she should be at my house. I find he is plainly jealous of her being in any place where she may have ill company, and I do pity him for it, and would

be glad to help him, and will if I can. Having dined, I down by water with Sir W. Batten, [Sir] W. Pen, and [Sir] R. Ford to our prize, part of whose goods were condemned yesterday—"The Lindeboome"—and there we did drink some of her wine, very good. But it did grate my heart to see the poor master come on board, and look about into every corner, and find fault that she was not so clean as she used to be, though methought she was very clean; and to see his new masters come in, that had nothing to do with her, did trouble me to see him. Thence to Blackwall and there to Mr. Johnson's, to see how some works upon some of our repaired ships go on, and at his house eat and drank and mighty extraordinary merry (too merry for me whose mother died so lately, but they know it not, so cannot reproach me therein, though I reproach myself), and in going home had many good stories of Sir W. Batten and one of Sir W. Pen, the most tedious and silly and troublesome (he forcing us to hear him) that ever I heard in my life. So to the office awhile, troubled with Sir W. Pen's impertinences, he being half foxed at Johnson's, and so to bed.

29th. Lay long talking with my wife about Balty, whom I do wish very well to, and would be glad to advise him, for he is very sober and willing to take all pains. Up and to Sir W. Batten, who I find has had some words with Sir W. Pen about the employing of a cooper about our prize wines, [Sir] W. Batten standing and indeed imposing upon us Mr. Morrice, which I like not, nor do [Sir] W. Pen, and I confess the very thoughts of what our goods will come to when we have them to discourage me in going any further in the adventure. Then to the office till noon, doing business, and then to the Exchange, and thence to the Sun Taverne and dined with [Sir] W. Batten, [Sir] R. Ford, and the Swede's Agent to discourse of a composition about our prizes that are condemned, but did do little, he standing upon high terms and we doing the like. I home, and there find Balty and his wife got thither both by my wife for me to give them good advice, for her to be with his father and mother all this time of absence, for saving of money, and did plainly and like a friend tell them my mind of the necessity of saving money, and that if I did not find they did endeavour it, I should not think fit to trouble myself for them, but I see she is utterly against being with his father and mother, and he is fond of her, and I perceive the differences between the old people and them are too great to be presently forgot, and so he do propose that it will be cheaper for him to put her to board at a place he is offered at Lee, and I, seeing that I am not like to be troubled with the finding a place, and having given him so much good advice, do leave them to stand and fall as they please, having discharged myself as a friend, and not likely to be accountable for her nor be troubled with her, if he should miscarry I mean, as to her lodging, and so broke up. Then he and I to make a visit to [Sir] W. Pen, who hath thought fit to show kindness to Balty in this business, indeed though he be a false rogue, but it was he knew a thing easy to do. Thence together to my shoemaker's, cutler's, tailor's, and up and down

about my mourning, and in my way do observe the great streets in the city are marked out with piles drove into the ground; and if ever it be built in that form with so fair streets, it will be a noble sight. So to the Council chamber, but staid not there, but to a periwigg-maker's of his acquaintance, and there bought two periwiggs, mighty fine; indeed, too fine, I thought, for me; but he persuaded me, and I did buy them for £4 10*s*. the two. Then to the Exchange and bought gloves, and so to the Bull-Head Taverne, whither he brought my French gun; and one Truelocke, the famous gunsmith, that is a mighty ingenious man, and he did take my gun in pieces, and made me understand the secrets thereof: and upon the whole I did find it a very good piece of work, and truly wrought; but for certain not a thing to be used much with safety: and he do find that this very gun was never yet shot off. I was mighty satisfied with it and him, and the sight of so much curiosity of this kind. Here he brought also a haberdasher at my desire, and I bought a hat of him, and so away and called away my wife from his house, and so home and to read, and then to supper and to bed, my head full in behalf of Balty, who tells me strange stories of his mother. Among others, how she, in his absence in Ireland, did pawne all the things that he had got in his service under Oliver, and run of her own accord, without her husband's leave, into Flanders, and that his purse, and 4*s*. a week which his father receives of the French church, is all the subsistence his father and mother have, and that about £20 a year maintains them; which, if it please God, I will find one way or other to provide for them, to remove that scandal away.

30th. Up, and the French periwigg maker of whom I bought two yesterday comes with them, and I am very well pleased with them. So to the office, where all the morning. At noon home to dinner, and thence with my wife's knowledge and leave did by coach go see the silly play of my Lady Newcastle's,[1] called "The Humourous Lovers;" the most silly thing that ever come upon a stage. I was sick to see it, but yet would not but have seen it, that I might the better understand her. Here I spied Knipp and Betty,[2] of the King's house, and sent Knipp oranges, but, having little money about me, did not offer to carry them abroad, which otherwise I had, I fear, been tempted to. So with [Sir] W. Pen home (he being at the play also), a most summer evening, and to my office, where, among other things, a most extraordinary letter to the Duke of York touching the want of money and the sad state of the King's service thereby, and so to supper and to bed.

31st (Lord's day). Up, and my tailor's boy brings my mourning clothes home, and my wife hers and Barker's, but they go not to church this morning. I to church, and with my mourning, very handsome, and new periwigg,

[1] Margaret, daughter of Sir Thomas Lucas, of Colchester, and sister to John, Lord Lucas, married William Cavendish, Marquis of Newcastle, created Duke of Newcastle, 1665. The play was written by the husband, and not by the wife.

[2] Betty Hall. See January 23rd, 1666–67.

make a great shew. After church home to dinner, and there come Betty Michell and her husband. I do and shall love her, but, poor wretch, she is now almost ready to lie down. After dinner Balty (who dined also with us) and I with Sir J. Minnes in his coach to White Hall, but did nothing, but by water to Strand Bridge and thence walked to my Lord Treasurer's, where the King, Duke of York, and the Caball, and much company without; and a fine day. Anon come out from the Caball my Lord Hollis and Mr. H. Coventry,[1] who, it is conceived, have received their instructions from the King this day; they being to begin their journey towards their treaty at Bredagh speedily, their passes being come. Here I saw the Lady Northumberland [2] and her daughter-in-law, my Lord Treasurer's daughter, my Lady Piercy,[3] a beautiful lady indeed. So away back by water, and left Balty at White Hall and I to Mrs. Martin . . . and so by coach home, and there to my chamber, and then to supper and bed, having not had time to make up my accounts of this month at this very day, but will in a day or two, and pay my forfeit for not doing it, though business hath most hindered me. The month shuts up only with great desires of peace in all of us, and a belief that we shall have a peace, in most people, if a peace can be had on any terms, for there is a necessity of it; for we cannot go on with the war, and our masters are afraid to come to depend upon the good will of the Parliament any more, as I do hear.

April 1st. Up, and with Sir J. Minnes in his coach, set him down at the Treasurer's Office in Broad-streete, and I in his coach to White Hall, and there had the good fortune to walk with Sir W. Coventry into the garden, and there read our melancholy letter to the Duke of York, which he likes. And so to talk: and he flatly owns that we must have a peace, for we cannot set out a fleete;[4] and, to use his own words, he fears that we shall soon have enough of fighting in this new way, which we have thought on for this year. He bemoans the want of money, and discovers himself jealous that Sir G. Carteret do not look after, or concern himself for getting, money as he used to do, and did say it is true if Sir G. Carteret would only do his work, and my Lord Treasurer would do his own, Sir G. Carteret hath nothing to do to look after money, but if he will undertake my Lord Treasurer's work to raise money of the Bankers, then people must expect that he will do it, and did further say, that he [Carteret] and my Lord Chancellor do at this very

[1] See February 14th, 1666–67.

[2] Lady Elizabeth Howard, daughter of Theophilus Howard, second Earl of Suffolk, wife of Algernon, tenth Earl of Northumberland.—B.

[3] Lady Elizabeth Wriothesley, third and youngest daughter to the last Earl of Southampton, half sister to Rachel, Lady Russell, married to Josceline, Lord Percy, who succeeded as eleventh Earl of Northumberland in 1668. She was mother of Lady Elizabeth Percy, afterwards Duchess of Somerset.

[4] Evelyn ("Diary," July 29th, 1667) says that it was owing to Sir William Coventry that no fleet was fitted out in 1667. His unpopularity after the burning of the fleet at Chatham by the Dutch was great. "Those who advised His Majesty to prepare no fleet this spring, deserved—I know what—but!" (Evelyn's "Diary," June 28th, 1667).—B.

day labour all they can to villify this new way of raising money, and making it payable, as it now is, into the Exchequer; and expressly said that in pursuance hereof, my Lord Chancellor hath prevailed with the King, in the close of his last speech to the House, to say, that he did hope to see them come to give money as it used to be given, without so many provisos, meaning, as Sir W. Coventry says, this new method of the Act. While we were talking, there comes Sir Thomas Allen[1] with two ladies, one of which was Mrs. Rebecca Allen, that I knew heretofore, the clerk of the rope-yard's daughter at Chatham, who, poor heart! come to desire favour for her husband, who is clapt up, being a Lieutenant [Jowles[2]], for sending a challenge to his Captain, in the most saucy, base language that could be writ. I perceive [Sir] W. Coventry is wholly resolved to bring him to punishment; for, "bear with this," says he, "and no discipline shall ever be expected." She in this sad condition took no notice of me, nor I of her. So away we to the Duke of York, and there in his closett [Sir] W. Coventry and I delivered the letter, which the Duke of York made not much of, I thought, as to laying it to heart, as the matter deserved, but did promise to look after the getting of money for us, and I believe Sir W. Coventry will add what force he can to it. I did speak to [Sir] W. Coventry about Balty's warrant, which is ready, and about being Deputy Treasurer, which he very readily and friendily agreed to, at which I was glad, and so away and by coach back to Broadstreete to Sir G. Carteret's, and there found my brother passing his accounts, which I helped till dinner, and dined there, and many good stories at dinner, among others about discoveries of murder, and Sir J. Minnes did tell of the discovery of his own great-grandfather's murder, fifteen years after he was murdered. Thence, after dinner, home and by water to Redriffe, and walked (fine weather) to Deptford, and there did business and so back again, walked, and pleased with a jolly femme that I saw going and coming in the way, which je could avoir been contented pour avoir staid with if I could have gained acquaintance con elle, but at such times as these I am at a great loss, having not confidence, no alcune ready wit. So home and to the office, where late, and then home to supper and bed. This evening Mrs. Turner come to my office, and did walk an hour with me in the garden, telling me stories how Sir Edward Spragge hath lately made love to our neighbour, a widow, Mrs. Hollworthy, who is a woman of estate, and wit and spirit, and do contemn him the most, and sent him away with the greatest scorn in the world; she tells me also odd stories how the parish talks of Sir W. Pen's family, how poorly they clothe their daughter so soon after marriage, and do say that Mr. Lowther was married once before, and some such thing there hath been, whatever the bottom of it is. But to think of the clatter they make

[1] If this is not a mistake it implies that there was some relationship between Sir Thomas Allen and Captain John Allen, the father of Rebecca.

[2] Henry Jowles, of Chatham, was married to Rebecca, daughter of John Alleyn of the same place, in 1662 (see Chester's "London Marriage Licences," ed. Foster, col. 779).

with his coach, and his owne fine cloathes, and yet how meanly they live within doors, and nastily, and borrowing everything of neighbours is a most shitten thing.

2nd. Up, and to the office, where all the morning sitting, and much troubled, but little business done for want of money, which makes me mighty melancholy. At noon home to dinner, and Mr. Deane with me, who hath promised me a very fine draught of the Rupert, which he will make purposely for me with great perfection, which I will make one of the beautifullest things that ever was seen of the kind in the world, she being a ship that will deserve it. Then to the office, where all the afternoon very busy, and in the evening weary home and there to sing, but vexed with the unreadiness of the girle's voice to learn the latter part of my song, though I confess it is very hard, half notes. So to supper and to bed.

3rd. Up, and with Sir W. Batten to White Hall to Sir W. Coventry's chamber, and there did receive the Duke's order for Balty's receiving of the contingent money to be paymaster of it, and it pleases me the more for that it is but £1,500, which will be but a little sum for to try his ability and honesty in the disposing of, and so I am the willinger to trust and pass my word for him therein. By and by up to the Duke of York, where our usual business, and among other things I read two most dismal letters of the straits we are in (from Collonell Middleton and Commissioner Taylor) that ever were writ in the world, so as the Duke of York would have them to shew the King, and to every demand of money, whereof we proposed many and very pressing ones, Sir G. Carteret could make no answer but no money, which I confess made me almost ready to cry for sorrow and vexation, but that which was the most considerable was when Sir G. Carteret did say that he had no funds to raise money on; and being asked by Sir W. Coventry whether the eleven months' tax was not a fund, and he answered, "No, that the bankers would not lend money upon it." Then Sir W. Coventry burst out and said he did supplicate his Royal Highness, and would do the same to the King, that he would remember who they were that did persuade the King from parting with the Chimney-money to the Parliament, and taking that in lieu which they would certainly have given, and which would have raised infallibly ready money; meaning the bankers and the farmers of the Chimney-money, whereof Sir G. Carteret, I think, is one; saying plainly, that whoever did advise the King to that, did, as much as in them lay, cut the King's throat, and did wholly betray him; to which the Duke of York did assent; and remembered that the King did say again and again at the time, that he was assured, and did fully believe, the money would be raised presently upon a land-tax. This put as all into a stound; and Sir W. Coventry went on to declare, that he was glad he was come to have so lately[1] concern in the Navy as he hath, for he cannot now give any good account of the Navy business; and that all his work now was to be able to provide

[1] Little?

such orders as would justify his Royal Highness in the business, when it shall be called to account; and that he do do, not concerning himself whether they are or can be performed, or no; and that when it comes to be examined, and falls on my Lord Treasurer, he cannot help it, whatever the issue of it shall be. Hereupon Sir W. Batten did pray him to keep also by him all our letters that come from the office that may justify us, which he says he do do, and God knows, it is an ill sign when we are once to come to study how to excuse ourselves. It is a sad consideration, and therewith we broke up, all in a sad posture, the most that ever I saw in my life. One thing more Sir W. Coventry did say to the Duke of York, when I moved again, that of about £9,000 debt to Lanyon,[1] at Plymouth, he might pay £3,700 worth of prize-goods, that he bought lately at the candle, out of this debt due to him from the King; and the Duke of York, and Sir G. Carteret, and Lord Barkeley, saying, all of them, that my Lord Ashly would not be got to yield to it, who is Treasurer of the Prizes, Sir W. Coventry did plainly desire that it might be declared whether the proceeds of the prizes were to go to the helping on of the war, or no; and, if it were, how then could this be denied? which put them all into another stound; and it is true, God forgive us! Thence to the chappell, and there, by chance, hear that Dr. Crew[2] is to preach; and so into the organ-loft, where I met Mr. Carteret, and my Lady Jemimah, and Sir Thomas Crew's two daughters, and Dr. Childe played; and Dr. Crew did make a very pretty, neat, sober, honest sermon; and delivered it very readily, decently, and gravely, beyond his years: so as I was exceedingly taken with it, and I believe the whole chappell, he being but young; but his manner of his delivery I do like exceedingly. His text was, "But seeke ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." Thence with my Lady to Sir G. Carteret's lodgings, and so up into the house, and there do hear that the Dutch letters are come, and say that the Dutch have ordered a passe to be sent for our Commissioners, and that it is now upon the way, coming with a trumpeter blinded, as is usual. But I perceive every body begins to doubt the success of the treaty, all their hopes being only that if it can be had on any terms, the Chancellor will have it; for he dare not come before a Parliament, nor a great many more of the courtiers, and the King himself do declare he do not desire it, nor intend it but on a strait; which God defend him from! Here I hear how the King is not so well pleased of this marriage between the Duke of Richmond and Mrs. Stewart, as is talked; and that he [the Duke] by a wile did fetch her to the Beare, at the Bridge-foot,[3] where a coach was ready,

[1] John Lanyon, one of the contractors for victualling Tangier.

[2] Nathanael Crewe, afterwards Bishop of Durham, and last Lord Crewe (1633–1722). He was the founder of the noble Bamborough charities. At this time he was thirty-four years of age.

[3] The Bear at the Bridge Foot was a famous tavern in Southwark (see note, September 10th, 1660).

and they are stole away into Kent,[1] without the King's leave; and that the King hath said he will never see her more; but people do think that it is only a trick. This day I saw Prince Rupert abroad in the Vane-room, pretty well as he used to be, and looks as well, only something appears to be under his periwigg on the crown of his head. So home by water, and there find my wife gone abroad to her tailor's, and I dined alone with W. Hewer, and then to the office to draw up a memorial for the Duke of York this afternoon at the Council about Lanyon's business. By and by we met by appointment at the office upon a reference to Carcasse's business to us again from the Duke of York, but a very confident cunning rogue we have found him at length. He carried himself very uncivilly to Sir W. Batten this afternoon, as heretofore, and his silly Lord [Bruncker] pleaded for him, but all will not nor shall not do for ought he shall give, though I love the man as a man of great parts and ability. Thence to White Hall by water (only asking Betty Michell by the way how she did), and there come too late to do any thing at the Council. So by coach to my periwigg maker's and tailor's, and so home, where I find my wife with her flageolet master, which I wish she would practise, and so to the office, and then to Sir W. Batten's, and then to Sir W. Pen's, talking and spending time in vain a little while, and then home up to my chamber, and so to supper and to bed, vexed at two or three things, viz.: that my wife's watch proves so bad as it do; the ill state of the office; and Kingdom's business; at the charge which my mother's death for mourning will bring me when all paid.

4th. Up, and going down found Jervas the barber with a periwigg which I had the other day cheapened at Westminster, but it being full of nits, as heretofore his work used to be, I did now refuse it, having bought elsewhere.

So to the office till noon, busy, and then (which I think I have not done three times in my life) left the board upon occasion of a letter of Sir W. Coventry, and meeting Balty at my house I took him with me by water, and to the Duke of Albemarle to give him an account of the business, which was the escaping of some soldiers for the manning of a few ships now going out with Harman to the West Indies, which is a sad consideration that at the very beginning of the year and few ships abroad we should be in such want of men that they do hide themselves, and swear they will not go to be killed and have no pay. I find the Duke of Albemarle at dinner with sorry company, some of his officers of the Army; dirty dishes, and a nasty wife at table, and bad meat, of which I made but an ill dinner. Pretty to hear how she talked against Captain Du Tell,[2] the Frenchman, that the Prince and her husband put out the last year; and how, says she, the Duke of York hath made him, for his good services, his Cupbearer; yet he fired more shot into the Prince's ship, and others of the King's ships, than of the enemy. And the Duke of Albemarle did confirm it, and that somebody in the fight did cry

[1] To Cobham Hall, near Gravesend. See April 26th, *post*.—B.
[2] See note, June 13th, 1666.

out that a little Dutchman, by his ship, did plague him more than any other; upon which they were going to order him to be sunk, when they looked and found it was Du Tell, who, as the Duke of Albemarle says, had killed several men in several of our ships. He said, but for his interest, which he knew he had at Court, he had hanged him at the yard's-arm, without staying for a Court-martiall. One Colonel Howard,[1] at the table, magnified the Duke of Albemarle's fight in June last, as being a greater action than ever was done by Cæsar. The Duke of Albemarle did say it had been no great action, had all his number fought, as they should have done, to have beat the Dutch; but of his 55 ships, not above 25 fought. He did give an account that it was a fight he was forced to: the Dutch being come in his way, and he being ordered to the buoy of the Nore, he could not pass by them without fighting, nor avoid them without great disadvantage and dishonour; and this Sir G. Carteret, I afterwards giving him an account of what he said, says that it is true, that he was ordered up to the Nore. But I remember he said, had all his captains fought, he would no more have doubted to have beat the Dutch, with all their number, than to eat the apple that lay on his trencher. My Lady Duchesse, among other things, discoursed of the wisdom of dividing the fleete;[2] which the General said nothing to, though he knows well that it come from themselves in the fleete, and was brought up hither by Sir Edward Spragge. Colonel Howard, asking how the Prince did, the Duke of Albemarle answering, "Pretty well;" the other replied, "But not so well as to go to sea again."—"How!" says the Duchess, "what should he go for, if he were well, for there are no ships for him to command? And so you have brought your hogs to a fair market," said she. [It was pretty to hear the Duke of Albemarle himself to wish that they would come on our ground, meaning the French, for that he would pay them, so as to make them glad to go back to France again; which was like a general, but not like an admiral.][3] One at the table told an odd passage in this late plague: that at Petersfield, I think, he said, one side of the street had every house almost infected through the town, and the other, not one shut up. Dinner being done, I brought Balty to the Duke of Albemarle to kiss his hand and thank him for his kindness the last year to him, and take leave of him, and then Balty and I to walk in the Park, and, out of pity to his father, told him what I had in my thoughts to do for him about the money—that is, to make him Deputy Treasurer of the fleete, which I have done by getting Sir G. Carteret's consent, and an order from the Duke of York for £1,500 to be paid to him. He promises the whole profit to be paid to my wife, for to be disposed of as she sees fit, for her father and mother's relief. So mightily pleased with our walk, it being mighty pleasant weather, I back to Sir G. Carteret's, and there he had newly dined, and talked, and find that he do give every thing over for lost, declaring no money

[1] Son of the Earl of Berkshire.
[2] See November 1st, 1667, *post*.
[3] The passage between brackets is written in the margin of the MS.

to be raised, and let Sir W. Coventry name the man that persuaded the King to take the Land Tax on promise of raising present money upon it. He will, he says, be able to clear himself enough of it. I made him merry, with telling him how many land-admirals we are to have this year: Allen at Plymouth, Holmes at Portsmouth, Spragge for Medway, Teddiman at Dover, Smith to the Northward, and Harman to the Southward. He did defend to me Sir W. Coventry as not guilty of the dividing of the fleete the last year, and blesses God, as I do, for my Lord Sandwich's absence, and tells me how the King did lately observe to him how they have been particularly punished that were enemies to my Lord Sandwich. Mightily pleased I am with his family, and my Lady Carteret was on the bed to-day, having been let blood, and tells me of my Lady Jemimah's being big-bellied. Thence with him to my Lord Treasurer's, and there walked during Council sitting with Sir Stephen Fox, talking of the sad condition of the King's purse, and affairs thereby; and how sad the King's life must be, to pass by his officers every hour, that are four years behindhand unpaid. My Lord Barkeley [of Stratton], I met with there, and fell into talk with him on the same thing, wishing to God that it might be remedied, to which he answered, with an oath, that it was as easy to remedy it as anything in the world; saying, that there is himself and three more would venture their carcasses upon it to pay all the King's debts in three years, had they the managing his revenue, and putting £300,000 in his purse, as a stock. But, Lord! what a thing is this to me, that do know how likely a man my Lord Barkeley of all the world is, to do such a thing as this. Here I spoke with Sir W. Coventry, who tells me plainly that to all future complaints of lack of money he will answer but with the shrug of his shoulder; which methought did come to my heart, to see him to begin to abandon the King's affairs, and let them sink or swim, so he do his owne part, which I confess I believe he do beyond any officer the King hath, but unless he do endeavour to make others do theirs, nothing will be done. The consideration here do make me go away very sad, and so home by coach, and there took up my wife and Mercer, who had been to-day at White Hall to the Maundy,[1]

[1] The practice of giving alms on Maundy Thursday to poor men and women equal in number to the years of the sovereign's age is a curious survival in an altered form of an old custom. The original custom was for the king to wash the feet of twelve poor persons, and to give them a supper in imitation of Christ's last supper and his washing of the Apostles' feet. James II. was the last sovereign to perform the ceremony in person, but it was performed by deputy so late as 1731. The Archbishop of York was the king's deputy on that occasion. The institution has passed through the various stages of feet washing with a supper, the discontinuance of the feet washing, the substitution of a gift of provisions for the supper, and finally the substitution of a gift of money for the provisions. The ceremony took place at the Chapel Royal, Whitehall; but it is now held at Westminster Abbey. Maundy is derived from the Latin word *mandatum*, which commences the original anthem sung during the ceremony, in reference to Christ's command; but Spelman supposed it to be connected with the maunds or baskets to contain the gifts —as will be seen from what has been said of the original institution, this is an impossible explanation. Professor Skeat has settled the question conclusively by proving beyond

it being Maundy Thursday; but the King did not wash the poor people's feet himself, but the Bishop of London did it for him, but I did not see it, and with them took up Mrs. Anne Jones at her mother's door, and so to take the ayre to Hackney, where good neat's tongue, and things to eat and drink, and very merry, the weather being mighty pleasant; and here I was told that at their church they have a fair pair of organs, which play while the people sing, which I am mighty glad of, wishing the like at our church at London, and would give £50 towards it. So very pleasant, and hugging of Mercer in our going home, we home, and then to the office to do a little business, and so to supper at home and to bed.

5th. Up, and troubled with Mr. Carcasse's coming to speak with me, which made me give him occasion to fall into a heat, and he began to be ill-mannered to me, which made me angry. He gone, I to Sir W. Pen about the business of Mrs. Turner's son to keep his ship in employment, but so false a fellow as Sir W. Pen is I never did nor hope shall ever know again. So to the office, and there did business till dinner-time, and then home to dinner, wife and I alone, and then down to the Old Swan, and drank with Betty and her husband, but no opportunity para baiser la. So to White Hall to the Council chamber, where I find no Council held till after the holidays. So to Westminster Hall, and there bought a pair of snuffers, and saw Mrs. Howlett after her sickness come to the Hall again. So by coach to the New Exchange and Mercer's and other places to take up bills for what I owe them, and to Mrs. Pierce, to invite her to dinner with us on Monday, but staid not with her. In the street met with Mr. Sanchy, my old acquaintance at Cambridge, reckoned a great minister here in the City, and by Sir Richard Ford particularly, which I wonder at; for methinks, in his talk, he is but a mean man. I set him down in Holborne, and I to the Old Exchange, and there to Sir Robert Viner's, and made up my accounts there, to my great content; but I find they do not keep them so regularly as to be able to do it easily, and truly, and readily, nor would it have been easily stated by any body on my behalf but myself, several things being to be recalled to memory, which nobody else could have done, and therefore it is fully necessary for me to even accounts with these people as often as I can. So to the 'Change, and there met with Mr. James Houblon, but no hopes, as he sees, of peace whatever we pretend, but we shall be abused by the King of France. Then home to the office, and busy late, and then to Sir W. Batten's, where Mr. Young was talking about the building of the City again; and he told me that those few churches that are to be new built are plainly not chosen with regard to the convenience of the City; they stand a great many in a cluster about Cornhill; but that all of them are either in the gift of the Lord Archbishop, or

doubt that Maundy is really the French *mandé*, which is the regular phonetic form of Latin *mandatum*, a command (see his "Etymological Dictionary" and note to "Piers Plowman," E. E. Text Soc. edition, part. iv., p. 379). He points out that Spelman's guess about *maund*, a basket, "is as false as it is readily believed."

Bishop of London, or Lord Chancellor, or gift of the City. Thus all things, even to the building of churches, are done in this world! And then he says, which I wonder at, that I should not in all this time see, that Moorefields have houses two stories high in them, and paved streets, the City having let leases for seven years, which he do conclude will be very much to the hindering the building of the City; but it was considered that the streets cannot be passable in London till a whole street be built; and several that had got ground of the City for charity, to build sheds on, had got the trick presently to sell that for £60, which did not cost them £20 to put up; and so the City, being very poor in stock, thought it as good to do it themselves, and therefore let leases for seven years of the ground in Moorefields; and a good deal of this money, thus advanced, hath been employed for the enabling them to find some money for Commissioner Taylor, and Sir W. Batten, towards the charge of "The Loyall London," or else, it is feared, it had never been paid. And Taylor having a bill to pay wherein Alderman Hooker was concerned it was his invention to find out this way of raising money, or else this had not been thought on. So home to supper and to bed. This morning come to me the Collectors for my Poll-money; for which I paid for my title as Esquire and place of Clerk of Acts, and my head and wife's, and servants' and their wages, £40 17*s.*; and though this be a great deal, yet it is a shame I should pay no more; that is, that I should not be assessed for my pay, as in the Victualling business and Tangier; and for my money, which, of my own accord, I had determined to charge myself with £1,000 money, till coming to the Vestry, and seeing nobody of our ablest merchants, as Sir Andrew Rickard, to do it, I thought it not decent for me to do it, nor would it be thought wisdom to do it unnecessarily, but vain glory.

6th. Up, and betimes in the morning down to the Tower wharfe, there to attend the shipping of soldiers, to go down to man some ships going out, and pretty to see how merrily some, and most go, and how sad others—the leave they take of their friends, and the terms that some wives, and other wenches asked to part with them: a pretty mixture. So to the office, having staid as long as I could, and there sat all the morning, and then home at noon to dinner, and then abroad, Balty with me, and to White Hall, by water, to Sir G. Carteret, about Balty's £1,500 contingent money for the fleete to the West Indys, and so away with him to the Exchange, and mercers and drapers, up and down, to pay all my scores occasioned by this mourning for my mother; and emptied a £50 bag. and it was a joy to me to see that I am able to part with such a sum, without much inconvenience; at least, without any trouble of mind. So to Captain Cocke's to meet Fenn, to talk about this money for Balty, and there Cocke tells me that he is confident there will be a peace, whatever terms be asked us, and he confides that it will take because the French and Dutch will be jealous one of another which shall give the best terms, lest the other should make the peace with us alone, to the ruin of the third, which is our best defence, this jealousy, for

ought I at present see. So home and there very late, very busy, and then home to supper and to bed, the people having got their house very clean against Monday's dinner.

7th (Easter day). Up, and when dressed with my wife (in mourning for my mother) to church both, where Mr. Mills, a lazy sermon. Home to dinner, wife and I and W. Hewer, and after dinner I by water to White Hall to Sir G. Carteret's, there to talk about Balty's money, and did present Balty to him to kiss his hand, and then to walk in the Parke, and heard the Italian musique at the Queen's chapel, whose composition is fine, but yet the voices of eunuchs I do not like like our women, nor am more pleased with it at all than with English voices, but that they do jump most excellently with themselves and their instrument, which is wonderful pleasant; but I am convinced more and more, that, as every nation has a particular accent and tone in discourse, so as the tone of one not to agree with or please the other, no more can the fashion of singing to words, for that the better the words are set, the more they take in of the ordinary tone of the country whose language the song speaks, so that a song well composed by an Englishman must be better to an Englishman than it can be to a stranger, or than if set by a stranger in foreign words. Thence back to White Hall, and there saw the King come out of chapel after prayers in the afternoon, which he is never at but after having received the Sacrament: and the Court, I perceive, is quite out of mourning: and some very fine; among others, my Lord Gerard, in a very rich vest and coat. Here I met with my Lord Bellasses: and it is pretty to see what a formal story he tells me of his leaving his place upon the death of my Lord Cleveland,[1] by which he is become Captain of the Pensioners; and that the King did leave it to him to keep the other or take this; whereas, I know the contrary, that they had a mind to have him away from Tangier. He tells me he is commanded by the King to go down to the Northward to satisfy the Deputy Lieutenants of Yorkshire, who have desired to lay down their commissions upon pretence of having no profit by their places but charge, but indeed is upon the Duke of Buckingham's being under a cloud (of whom there is yet nothing heard), so that the King is apprehensive of their discontent, and sends him to pacify them, and I think he is as good a dissembler as any man else, and a fine person he is for person, and proper to lead the Pensioners, but a man of no honour nor faith I doubt. So to Sir G. Carteret's again to talk with him about Balty's money, and wrote a letter to Portsmouth about part of it, and then in his coach, with his little daughter Porpot (as he used to nickname her), and saw her at home, and her maid, and another little gentlewoman, and so I walked into Moore Fields, and, as is said, did find houses built two stories high, and

[1] Thomas Wentworth, fourth Baron Wentworth of Nettlestead, advanced, February 7th, 1625–26, to the earldom of Cleveland. In 1660 he was again appointed Captain of the Band of Pensioners, an office he had held before the Civil Wars. He died March 25th, 1667, s.p.m., when the barony devolved upon his daughter, Henrietta, Baroness Wentworth, afterwards mistress of the Duke of Monmouth.

like to stand; and it must become a place of great trade, till the City be built; and the street is already paved as London streets used to be, which is a strange, and to me an unpleasing sight. So home and to my chamber about sending an express to Portsmouth about Balty's money, and then comes Mrs. Turner to enquire after her son's business, which goes but bad, which led me to show her how false Sir W. Pen is to her, whereupon she told me his obligations to her, and promises to her, and how a while since he did show himself dissatisfied in her son's coming to the table and applying himself to me, which is a good nut, and a nut I will make use of. She gone I to other business in my chamber, and then to supper and to bed. The Swede's Embassadors and our Commissioners are making all the haste they can over to the treaty for peace, and I find at Court, and particularly Lord Bellasses, says there will be a peace, and it is worth remembering what Sir W. Coventry did tell me (as a secret though) that whereas we are afeard Harman's fleete to the West Indys will not be got out before the Dutch come and block us up, we shall have a happy pretext to get out our ships under pretence of attending the Embassadors and Commissioners, which is a very good, but yet a poor shift.

8th. Up, and having dressed myself, to the office a little, and out, expecting to have seen the pretty daughter of the Ship taverne at the hither end of Billiter Lane (whom I never yet have opportunity to speak to). I in there to drink my morning draught of half a pint of Rhenish wine; but à ma doleur elle and their family are going away thence, and a new man come to the house. So I away to the Temple, to my new bookseller's; and there I did agree for Rycaut's late History of the Turkish Policy,[1] which costs me 55*s.*; whereas it was sold plain before the late fire for 8*s.*, and bound and coloured as this is for 20*s.*; for I have bought it finely bound and truly coloured, all the figures, of which there was but six books done so, whereof the King and Duke of York, and Duke of Monmouth, and Lord Arlington, had four. The fifth was sold, and I have bought the sixth. So to enquire out Mrs. Knipp's new lodging, but could not, but do hear of her at the Playhouse, where she was practising, and I sent for her out by a porter, and the jade come to me all undressed, so cannot go home to my house to dinner, as I had invited her, which I was not much troubled at, because I think there is a distance between her and Mrs. Pierce, and so our company would not be so pleasant. So home, and there find all things in good readiness for a good dinner, and here unexpectedly I find little Mrs. Tooker, whom my wife loves not from the report of her being already naught; however, I do shew her countenance, and by and by come my guests, Dr. Clerke and his wife, and Mrs. Worshipp,[2] and her daughter; and then Mr. Pierce and his wife, and boy, and Betty; and then I sent for Mercer; so that we had, with my

[1] Sir Paul Rycaut's "Present State of the Ottoman Empire" is in the Pepysian Library. See note, October 15th, 1666.

[2] The sister of Mrs. Clerke.

wife and I, twelve at table, and very good and pleasant company, and a most neat and excellent, but dear dinner; but, Lord! to see with what envy they looked upon all my fine plate was pleasant; for I made the best shew I could, to let them understand me and my condition, to take down the pride of Mrs. Clerke, who thinks herself very great. We sat long, and very merry, and all things agreeable; and, after dinner, went out by coaches, thinking to have seen a play, but come too late to both houses, and then they had thoughts of going abroad somewhere; but I thought all the charge ought not to be mine, and therefore I endeavoured to part the company, and so ordered it to set them all down at Mrs. Pierce's; and there my wife and I and Mercer left them in good humour, and we three to the King's house, and saw the latter end of the "Surprisall," [1] wherein was no great matter, I thought, by what I saw there. Thence away to Polichinello,[2] and there had three times more sport than at the play, and so home, and there the first night we have been this year in the garden late, we three and our Barker singing very well, and then home to supper, and so broke up, and to bed mightily pleased with this day's pleasure.

9th. Up, and to the office a while, none of my fellow officers coming to sit, it being holiday, and so towards noon I to the Exchange, and there do hear mighty cries for peace, and that otherwise we shall be undone; and yet I do suspect the badness of the peace we shall make. Several do complain of abundance of land flung up by tenants out of their hands for want of ability to pay their rents; and by name, that the Duke of Buckingham hath £6,000 so flung up. And my father writes, that Jasper Trice,[3] upon this pretence of his tenants' dealing with him, is broke up housekeeping, and gone to board with his brother, Naylor, at Offord; which is very sad. So home to dinner, and after dinner I took coach and to the King's house, and by and by comes after me my wife with W. Hewer and his mother and Barker, and there we saw "The Tameing of a Shrew," which hath some very good pieces in it, but generally is but a mean play; and the best part, "Sawny," [4] done

[1] A comedy by Sir Robert Howard, published in 1665.

[2] Probably in Moorfields. See August 22nd, 1666. It was also exhibited at Bartholomew Fair and at Charing Cross.

[3] Jasper Trice, gent., died 27th October, 1675.—*Monumental Inscription in Brampton Church, Hunts.*—B.

[4] This play was entitled "Sawney the Scot, or the Taming of a Shrew," and consisted of an alteration of Shakespeare's play by John Lacy. Although it had long been popular it was not printed until 1698. In the old "Taming of *a* Shrew" (1594), reprinted by Thomas Amyot for the Shakespeare Society in 1844, the hero's servant is named Sander, and this seems to have given the hint to Lacy, when altering Shakespeare's "Taming of *the* Shrew," to foist a Scotsman into the action. Sawney was one of Lacy's favourite characters, and occupies a prominent position in Michael Wright's picture at Hampton Court. Evelyn, on October 3rd, 1662, "visited Mr. Wright, a Scotsman, who had liv'd long at Rome, and was esteem'd a good painter," and he singles out as his best picture, "Lacy, the famous Roscius, or comedian, whom he has painted in three dresses, as a gallant, a Presbyterian minister, and a Scotch Highlander in his plaid." Langbaine and Aubrey both make the mistake of ascribing the third figure to Teague in "The Com-

by Lacy, hath not half its life, by reason of the words, I suppose, not being understood, at least by me. After the play was done, as I come so I went away alone, and had a mind to have taken out Knipp to have taken the ayre with her, and to that end sent a porter in to her that she should take a coach and come to me to the Piatza in Covent Garden, where I waited for her, but was doubtful I might have done ill in doing it if we should be visit ensemble, sed elle was gone out, and so I was eased of my care, and therefore away to Westminster to the Swan, and there did baiser la little missa . . . . and drank, and then by water to the Old Swan, and there found Betty Michell sitting at the door, it being darkish. I staid and talked a little with her, but no once baiser la, though she was to my thinking at this time une de plus pretty mohers that ever I did voir in my vida, and God forgive me my mind did run sobre elle all the vespre and night and la day suivante. So home and to the office a little, and then to Sir W. Batten's, where he tells me how he hath found his lady's jewels again, which have been so long lost, and a servant imprisoned and arraigned, and they were in her closet under a china cup, where he hath servants will swear they did look in searching the house; but Mrs. Turner and I, and others, do believe that they were only disposed of by my Lady, in case she had died, to some friends of hers, and now laid there again. So home to supper, and to read the book I bought yesterday of the Turkish policy,[1] which is a good book, well writ, and so owned by Dr. Clerke yesterday to me, commending it mightily to me for my reading as the only book of the subject that ever was writ, yet so designedly. So to bed.

10th. Up, and to my office a little, and then, in the garden, find Sir W. Pen; and he and I to Sir W. Batten, where he tells us news of the new disorders of Hogg and his men in taking out of 30 tons of wine out of a prize of ours, which makes us mad; and that, added to the unwillingness of the men to go longer abroad without money, do lead us to conclude not to keep her abroad any longer, of which I am very glad, for I do not like our doings with what we have already got, Sir W. Batten ordering the disposal of our wines and goods, and he leaves it to Morrice the cooper, who I take to be a cunning proud knave, so that I am very desirous to adventure no further. So away by water from the Old Swan to White Hall, and there to Sir W. Coventry's, with whom I staid a great while longer than I have done these many months, and had opportunity of talking with him, and he do declare himself troubled that he hath any thing left him to do in the Navy, and would be glad to part with his whole profits and concernments in it, his pains and care being wholly ineffectual during this lack of money; the expense growing infinite, the service not to be done, and discipline and order

mittee;" and in spite of Evelyn's clear statement, his editor in a note follows them in their blunder. Planché has reproduced the picture in his "History of Costume" (vol. ii., p. 243).

[1] See *ante*, October 15th, 1666.

not to be kept, only from want of money. I begun to discourse with him the business of Tangier, which by the removal of my Lord Bellasses, is now to have a new Governor; and did move him, that at this season all the business of reforming the garrison might be considered, while nobody was to be offended; and I told him it is plain that we do overspend our revenue: that the place is of no more profit to the King than it was the first day, nor in itself of better credit; no more people of condition willing to live there, nor any thing like a place likely to turn his Majesty to account: that it hath been hitherto, and, for aught I see, likely only to be used as a job to do a kindness to some Lord, or he that can get to be Governor. Sir W. Coventry agreed with me, so as to say, that unless the King hath the wealth of the Mogul, he would be a beggar to have his businesses ordered in the manner they now are: that his garrisons must be made places only of convenience to particular persons: that he hath moved the Duke of York in it; and that it was resolved to send no Governor thither till there had been Commissioners sent to put the garrison in order, so as that he that goes may go with limitations and rules to follow, and not to do as he please, as the rest have hitherto done. That he is not afeard to speak his mind, though to the displeasure of any man; and that I know well enough; but that, when it is come, as it is now, that to speak the truth in behalf of the King plainly do no good, but all things bore down by other measures than by what is best for the King, he hath no temptation to be perpetually fighting of battles, it being more easy to him on those terms to suffer things to go on without giving any man offence, than to have the same thing done, and he contract the displeasure of all the world, as he must do, that will be for the King. I did offer him to draw up my thoughts in this matter to present to the Duke of York, which he approved of, and I do think to do it. So away, and by coach going home saw Sir G. Carteret going towards White Hall. So 'light and by water met him, and with him to the King's little chapel; and afterwards to see the King heal the King's Evil, wherein no pleasure, I having seen it before;[1] and then to see him and the Queene and Duke of York and his wife, at dinner in the Queene's lodgings; and so with Sir G. Carteret to his lodgings to dinner; where very good company; and after dinner he and I to talk alone how things are managed, and to what ruin we must come if we have not a peace. He did tell me one occasion, how Sir Thomas Allen, which I took for a man of known courage and service on the King's side, was tried for his life in Prince Rupert's fleete, in the late times, for cowardice, and condemned to be hanged, and fled to Jersey; where Sir G. Carteret received him, not knowing the reason of his coming thither: and that thereupon Prince Rupert wrote to the Queen-Mother his dislike of Sir G. Carteret's receiving a person that stood condemned; and so Sir G. Carteret was forced to bid him betake himself to some other place. This was strange to me. Our commissioners are preparing to go to Bredah to the treaty, and do design to

[1] See June 23rd, 1660.

be going the next week.[1] So away by coach home, where there should have been a meeting about Carcasse's business, but only my Lord and I met, and so broke up, Carcasse having only read his answer to his charge, which is well writ, but I think will not prove to his advantage, for I believe him to be a very rogue. So home, and Balty and I to look Mr. Fenn at Sir G. Carteret's office in Broad Streete, and there missing him and at the banker's hard by, we home, and I down by water to Deptford Dockyard, and there did a little business, and so home back again all the way reading a little piece I lately bought, called "The Virtuoso, or the Stoicke,"[2] proposing many things paradoxical to our common opinions, wherein in some places he speaks well, but generally is but a sorry man. So home and to my chamber to enter my two last days' journall, and this, and then to supper and to bed. Blessed be God! I hear that my father is better and better, and will, I hope, live to enjoy some cheerful days more; but it is strange what he writes me, that Mr. Weaver, of Huntingdon, who was a lusty, likely, and but a youngish man, should be dead.

11th. Up, and to the office, where we sat all the morning, and (which is now rare, he having not been with us twice I think these six months) Sir G. Carteret come to us upon some particular business of his office, and went away again. At noon I to the 'Change, and there hear by Mr. Hublon of the loss of a little East Indiaman, valued at about £20,000, coming home alone, and safe to within ten leagues of Scilly, and there snapt by a French Caper.[3] Our merchants do much pray for peace; and he tells me that letters are come that the Dutch have stopped the fitting of their great ships, and the coming out of a fleete of theirs of 50 sayle, that was ready to come out; but I doubt the truth of it yet. Thence to Sir G. Carteret, by his invitation to his office, where my Lady was, and dined with him, and very merry and good people they are, when pleased, as any I know. After dinner I to the office, where busy till evening, and then with Balty to Sir G. Carteret's office, and there with Mr. Fenn despatched the business of Balty's £1,500 he received for the contingencies of the fleete, whereof he received about £253 in pieces of eight at a goldsmith's there hard by, which did puzzle me and him to tell; for I could not tell the difference by sight, only by bigness, and that is not always discernible, between a whole and half-piece and quarter-piece. Having received this money I home with Balty and it, and then abroad by coach with my wife and set her down at her father's, and I to White Hall, thinking there to have seen the Duchess of Newcastle's coming this night

[1] Secretary Morice writes, "Whitehall, April 16"—"The King wishes the £200 a week allowed to the Ambassadors extraordinary appointed to treat at Breda to begin from April 16" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1667, p. 37).

[2] Sir George Mackenzie (1636–91), King's Advocate for Scotland, published at Édinburgh, anonymously, in 1663, "Religio Stoici; the Virtuoso or Stoick, with a friendly Address to the Fanatics of all Sects and Sorts."

[3] A light-armed vessel of the seventeenth century, used by the Dutch for privateering. —Smith's *Sailor's Word Book*.

to Court, to make a visit to the Queene, the King having been with her yesterday, to make her a visit since her coming to town. The whole story of this lady is a romance, and all she do is romantick. Her footmen in velvet coats, and herself in an antique dress, as they say; and was the other day at her own play, "The Humourous Lovers;" the most ridiculous thing that ever was wrote, but yet she and her Lord mightily pleased with it; and she, at the end, made her respects to the players from her box, and did give them thanks. There is as much expectation of her coming to Court, that so people may come to see her, as if it were the Queen of Sweden;[1] but I lost my labour, for she did not come this night. So, meeting Mr. Brisband, he took me up to my Lady Jemimah's chamber, who is let blood to-day, and so there we sat and talked an hour, I think, very merry and one odd thing or other, and so away, and I took up my wife at her tailor's (whose wife is brought to bed, and my wife must be godmother), and so with much ado got a coach to carry us home, it being late, and so to my chamber, having little left to do at my office, my eyes being a little sore by reason of my reading a small printed book the other day after it was dark, and so to supper and to bed. It comes in my head to set down that there have been two fires in the City, as I am told for certain, and it is so, within this week.

12th. Up, and when ready, and to my office, to do a little business, and coming homeward again, saw my door and hatch open, left so by Luce, our cookmayde, which so vexed me, that I did give her a kick in our entry, and offered a blow at her, and was seen doing so by Sir W. Pen's footboy, which did vex me to the heart, because I know he will be telling their family of it; though I did put on presently a very pleasant face to the boy, and spoke kindly to him, as one without passion, so as it may be he might not think I was angry, but yet I was troubled at it. So away by water to White Hall, and there did our usual business before the Duke of York; but it fell out that, discoursing of matters of money, it rose to a mighty heat, very high words arising between Sir G. Carteret and [Sir] W. Coventry, the former in his passion saying that the other should have helped things if they were so bad; and the other answered, so he would, and things should have been better had he been Treasurer of the Navy. I was mightily troubled at this heat, and it will breed ill blood, I fear; but things are in that bad condition that I do daily expect when we shall all fly in one another's faces, when we shall be reduced, every one, to answer for himself. We broke up; and I soon after to Sir G. Carteret's chamber, where I find the poor man telling his lady privately, and she weeping. I went into them, and did seem, as indeed I was, troubled for this; and did give the best advice I could, which, I think, did please them: and they do apprehend me their friend, as indeed I am, for I do take the Vice-chamberlain for a most honest man. He did assure me that he was not, all expences and things paid, clear in estate £15,000 better than

[1] The celebrated ex-Queen Christina, whose extraordinary character and conduct were then attracting the attention of all Europe.

he was when the King come in; and that the King and Lord Chancellor did know that he was worth, with the debt the King owed him, £50,000, I think, he said, when the King come into England. I did pacify all I could, and then away by water home, there to write letters and things for the dispatch of Balty away this day to sea; and after dinner he did go, I having given him much good counsell; and I have great hopes that he will make good use of it, and be a good man, for I find him willing to take pains and very sober. He being gone, I close at my office all the afternoon getting off of hand my papers, which, by the late holidays and my laziness, were grown too many upon my hands, to my great trouble, and therefore at it as late as my eyes would give me leave, and then by water down to Redriffe, meaning to meet my wife, who is gone with Mercer, Barker, and the boy (it being most sweet weather) to walk, and I did meet with them, and walked back, and then by the time we got home it was dark, and we staid singing in the garden till supper was ready, and there with great pleasure. But I tried my girles Mercer and Barker singly one after another, a single song, "At dead low ebb," etc., and I do clearly find that as to manner of singing the latter do much the better, the other thinking herself as I do myself above taking pains for a manner of singing, contenting ourselves with the judgment and goodness of eare. So to supper, and then parted and to bed.

13th. Up, and to the office, where we sat all the morning, and strange how the false fellow Commissioner Pett was eager to have had Carcasse's business brought on to-day that he might give my Lord Bruncker (who hates him, I am sure, and hath spoke as much against him to the King in my hearing as any man) a cast of his office in pleading for his man Carcasse, but I did prevent its being brought on to-day, and so broke up, and I home to dinner, and after dinner with a little singing with some pleasure alone with my poor wife, and then to the office, where sat all the afternoon till late at night, and then home to supper and to bed, my eyes troubling me still after candlelight, which troubles me. Wrote to my father, who, I am glad to hear, is at some ease again, and I long to have him in town, that I may see what can be done for him here; for I would fain do all I can that I may have him live, and take pleasure in my doing well in the world. This afternoon come Mrs. Lowther to me to the office, and there je did toker ses mammailles and did baiser them and su bocca, which she took fort willingly. . . .

14th (Lord's day). Up, and to read a little in my new History of Turkey, and so with my wife to church, and then home, where is little Michell and my pretty Betty and also Mercer, and very merry. A good dinner of roast beef. After dinner I away to take water at the Tower, and thence to Westminster, where Mrs. Martin was not at home. So to White Hall, and there walked up and down, and among other things visited Sir G. Carteret, and much talk with him, who is discontented, as he hath reason, to see how things are like to come all to naught, and it is very much that this resolution of having of country Admirals should not come to his eares till I told him the

other day, so that I doubt who manages things. From him to Margaret's Church, and there spied Martin, and home with her . . . but fell out to see her expensefullness, having bought Turkey work, chairs, &c. By and by away home, and there took out my wife, and the two Mercers, and two of our mayds, Barker and Jane, and over the water to the Jamaica House,[1] where I never was before, and there the girls did run for wagers over the bowling-green; and there, with much pleasure, spent little, and so home, and they home, and I to read with satisfaction in my book of Turkey, and so to bed.

15th. Lay long in bed, and by and by called up by Sir H. Cholmly, who tells me that my Lord Middleton is for certain chosen Governor of Tangier; a man of moderate understanding, not covetous, but a soldier of fortune, and poor. Here comes Mr. Sanchy with an impertinent business to me of a ticket, which I put off. But by and by comes Dr. Childe by appointment, and sat with me all the morning making me bases and inward parts to several songs that I desired of him, to my great content. Then dined, and then abroad by coach, and I set him down at Hatton Garden, and I to the King's house by chance, where a new play: so full as I never saw it; I forced to stand all the while close to the very door till I took cold, and many people went away for want of room. The King and Queene, and Duke of York and Duchesse there, and all the Court, and Sir W. Coventry. The play called "The Change of Crownes;" [2] a play of Ned Howard's,[3] the best that ever I saw at that house, being a great play and serious; only Lacy did act the country-gentleman come up to Court, who do abuse the Court with all the imaginable wit and plainness about selling of places, and doing every thing for money. The play took very much. Thence I to my new bookseller's, and there bought "Hooker's Polity," [4] the new edition, and 'Dugdale's History of the Inns of Court," [5] of which there was but a few saved out of the fire, and Playford's new Catch-book, that hath a great many new fooleries in it. Then home, a little at the office, and then to supper and to bed, mightily pleased with the new play.

16th. Up, and to the office, where sat all the morning, at noon home to

[1] Jamaica House and Tea Gardens, Bermondsey, are marked in Horwood's map as situated at the end of Cherry Garden Street. The name survives in Jamaica Road. There is an illustration of the house in Rendle and Norman's "Inns of Old Southwark," 1888, p. 400.

[2] This play was entered on the Register of the Stationers' Company, but never printed.

[3] Edward Howard, fifth son of Thomas Howard, first Earl of Berkshire, and brother of Sir Robert Howard, baptized at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, November 2nd, 1624. His play, the "United Kingdoms," was satirized in "The Rehearsal." Lacy's opinion of his abilities was shared by many of his contemporaries.

[4] The edition of 1666, containing *eight* books instead of *five*, edited by Dr. J. Gauden, Bishop of Exeter, and printed by Andrew Crooker, with the Life by Izaak Walton added for the first time.

[5] Sir William Dugdale's "Origines Juridiciales" was published in 1666, and a second edition appeared in 1671.

dinner, and thence in haste to carry my wife to see the new play I saw yesterday, she not knowing it. But there, contrary to expectation, find "The Silent Woman." However, in; and there Knipp come into the pit. I took her by me, and here we met with Mrs. Horsley, the pretty woman—an acquaintance of Mercer's, whose house is burnt. Knipp tells me the King was so angry at the liberty taken by Lacy's part [1] to abuse him to his face, that he commanded they should act no more, till Moone[2] went and got leave for them to act again, but not this play. The King mighty angry; and it was bitter indeed, but very true and witty. I never was more taken with a play than I am with this "Silent Woman," as old as it is, and as often as I have seen it. There is more wit in it than goes to ten new plays. Thence with my wife and Knipp to Mrs. Pierce's, and saw her closet again, and liked her picture. Thence took them all to the Cake-house, in Southampton Market-place,[3] where Pierce told us the story how, in good earnest, [the King] is offended with the Duke of Richmond's marrying, and Mrs. Stewart's sending the King his jewels again. As she tells it, it is the noblest romance and example of a brave lady that ever I read in my life. Pretty to hear them talk of yesterday's play, and I durst not own to my wife to have seen it. Thence home and to [Sir] W. Batten's, where we have made a bargain for the ending of some of the trouble about some of our prizes for £1,400. So home to look on my new books that I have lately bought, and then to supper and to bed.

17th. Up, and with the two Sir Williams by coach to the Duke of York, who is come to St. James's, the first time we have attended him there this year. In our way, in Tower Street, we saw Desbrough[4] walking on foot: who is now no more a prisoner, and looks well, and just as he used to do

[1] In "The Change of Crownes."

[2] See November 20th, 1660, where the note requires revision. Michael Mohun (1620?–84) acted before the Civil War under Beeston at the Cockpit, in Drury Lane. He fought on the royalist side, and attained the rank of captain. Subsequently he went to Flanders, and there became a major. He lived in 1665 on the south side of Russell Street, Covent Garden, and from 1671 to 1676 in a house on the east side of Bow Street. He died in Brownlow Street (now Betterton Street), Drury Lane, in October, 1684, and was buried in the church of St. Giles-in-the-Fields (see life by Mr. Joseph Knight in the "Dictionary of National Biography"). He is described as Major in the *Dramatis Personæ* of Dryden's "Assignation" as late as 1673.

[3] Afterwards called Bloomsbury Market. The following advertisement was inserted in "The Intelligencer" of May 23rd, 1664: "These are to give notice to all persons, that the King's most excellent Majesty hath granted to the Right Hon. the Earl of Southampton, one market to be held by the said Earl, his heirs, and assignes for ever, on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, in every week, at Bloomsbury, in the parish of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, in the county of Middlesex."—B.

[4] John Desborough, Desborow, or Disbrowe (1608–80), major-general, second son of James Desborough of Ettisley, Cambridgeshire. On June 23rd, 1636, he married Jane, sixth daughter of Robert Cromwell of Huntingdon, and sister of Oliver. After the Restoration he was imprisoned, and passed through several adventures; but after a judicial examination in 1667 he was set at liberty, and appears to have been allowed to reside quietly in England for the rest of his life. He died at Hackney in 1680.

heretofore. When we come to the Duke of York's I was spoke to by Mr. Bruncker on behalf of Carcasse. Thence by coach to Sir G. Carteret's, in London, there to pass some accounts of his, and at it till dinner, and then to work again a little, and then go away, and my wife being sent for by me to the New Exchange I took her up, and there to the King's playhouse (at the door met with W. Joyce in the street, who come to our coach side, but we in haste took no notice of him, for which I was sorry afterwards, though I love not the fellow, yet for his wife's sake), and saw a piece of "Rollo," [1] a play I like not much, but much good acting in it: the house very empty. So away home, and I a little to the office, and then to Sir Robert Viner's, and so back, and find my wife gone down by water to take a little ayre, and I to my chamber and there spent the night in reading my new book, "Origines Juridiciales," which pleases me. So to supper and to bed.

18th. Up, and to read more in the "Origines," and then to the office, where the news is strong that not only the Dutch cannot set out a fleete this year, but that the French will not, and that he hath given the answer to the Dutch Embassador, saying that he is for the King of England's having an honourable peace, which, if true, is the best news we have had a good while. At the office all the morning, and there pleased with the little pretty Deptford woman I have wished for long, and she hath occasion given her to come again to me. After office I to the 'Change a little, and then home and to dinner, and then by coach with my wife to the Duke of York's house, and there saw "The Wits," [2] a play I formerly loved, and is now corrected and enlarged: but, though I like the acting, yet I like not much in the play now. The Duke of York and [Sir] W. Coventry gone to Portsmouth, makes me thus to go to plays. So home, and to the office a little and then home, where I find Goodgroome, and he and I did sing several things over, and tried two or three grace parts in Playford's new book, my wife pleasing me in singing her part of the things she knew, which is a comfort to my very heart. So he being gone we to supper and to bed.

19th. Up, and to the office all the morning, doing a great deal of business. At noon to dinner betimes, and then my wife and I by coach to the Duke's house, calling at Lovett's, where I find my Lady Castlemayne's picture not yet done, which has lain so many months there, which vexes me, but I mean not to trouble them more after this is done. So to the playhouse, not much company come, which I impute to the heat of the weather, it being very hot. Here we saw "Macbeth," [3] which, though I have seen it often, yet

[1] "Rollo, Duke of Normandy," a tragedy by John Fletcher, published in 1640. It was previously published in 1639 under the title of "The Bloody Brother." Hart, Kynaston, Mohun, and Burt all acted in this play.

[2] See August 15th, 1661.

[3] See November 5th, 1664. Downes wrote: "The Tragedy of Macbeth, alter'd by Sir William Davenant; being drest in all it's finery, as new cloaths, new scenes, machines as flyings for the Witches; with all the singing and dancing in it. The first compos'd by Mr. Lock, the other by Mr. Channell and Mr. Joseph Preist; it being all excellently per-

is it one of the best plays for a stage, and variety of dancing and musique, that ever I saw. So being very much pleased, thence home by coach with young Goodyer and his own sister, who offered us to go in their coach. A good-natured youth I believe he is, but I fear will mind his pleasures too much. She is pretty, and a modest, brown girle. Set us down, so my wife and I into the garden, a fine moonshine evening, and there talking, and among other things she tells me that she finds by W. Hewer that my people do observe my minding my pleasure more than usual, which I confess, and am ashamed of, and so from this day take upon me to leave it till Whit-Sunday. While we were sitting in the garden comes Mrs. Turner to advise about her son, the Captain, when I did give her the best advice I could, to look out for some land employment for him, a peace being at hand, when few ships will be employed and very many, and these old Captains, to be provided for. Then to other talk, and among the rest about Sir W. Pen's being to buy Wansted House of Sir Robert Brookes, but has put him off again, and left him the other day to pay for a dinner at a tavern, which she says our parishioner, Mrs. Hollworthy,[1] talks of; and I dare be hanged if ever he could mean to buy that great house, that knows not how to furnish one that is not the tenth part so big. Thence I to my chamber to write a little, and then to bed, having got a mighty cold in my right eare and side of my throat, and in much trouble with it almost all the night.

20th. Up, with much pain in my eare and palate. To the office out of humour all the morning. At noon dined, and with my wife to the King's house, but there found the bill torn down and no play acted, and so being in the humour to see one, went to the Duke of York's house, and there saw "The Witts" again, which likes me better than it did the other day, having much wit in it. Here met with Mr. Rolt, who tells me the reason of no play to-day at the King's house. That Lacy had been committed to the porter's lodge for his acting his part in the late new play, and that being thence released he come to the King's house, there met with Ned Howard, the poet of the play, who congratulated his release; upon which Lacy cursed him as that it was the fault of his nonsensical play that was the cause of his ill usage. Mr. Howard did give him some reply; to which Lacy [answered] him, that he was more a fool than a poet; upon which Howard did give him a blow on the face with his glove; on which Lacy, having a cane in his hand, did give him a blow over the pate. Here Rolt and others that discoursed of it in the pit this afternoon did wonder that Howard did not run him through, he being too mean a fellow to fight with. But Howard did not do any thing but complain to the King of it; so the whole house is silenced, and the gentry seem to rejoice much at it, the house being become too insolent. Here were many fine ladies this afternoon at this house as I have at any time seen, and

form'd, being in the nature of an opera, it recompenc'd double the expence; it proves still a lasting play."

[1] The death of Mr. Hollworthy is recorded on November 10th, 1665.

so after the play home and there wrote to my father, and then to walk in the garden with my wife, resolving by the grace of God to see no more plays till Whitsuntide, I having now seen a play every day this week till I have neglected my business, and that I am ashamed of, being found so much absent; the Duke of York and Sir W. Coventry having been out of town at Portsmouth did the more embolden me thereto. So home, and having brought home with me from Fenchurch Street a hundred of sparrowgrass,[1] cost 18*d*. We had them and a little bit of salmon, which my wife had a mind to, cost 3*s*. So to supper, and my pain being somewhat better in my throat, we to bed.

21st (Lord's day). Up, and John, a hackney coachman whom of late I have much used, as being formerly Sir W. Pen's coachman, coming to me by my direction to see whether I would use him to-day or no, I took him to our backgate to look upon the ground which is to be let there, where I have a mind to buy enough to build a coach-house and stable; for I have had it much in my thoughts lately that it is not too much for me now, in degree or cost, to keep a coach, but contrarily, that I am almost ashamed to be seen in a hackney, and therefore if I can have the conveniency, I will secure the ground at least till peace comes, that I do receive encouragement to keep a coach, or else that I may part with the ground again. The place I like very well, being close to my owne house, and so resolve to go about it, and so home and with my wife to church, and then to dinner, Mercer with us, with design to go to Hackney to church in the afternoon. So after dinner she and I sung "Suo Moro," which is one of the best pieces of musique to my thinking that ever I did hear in my life; then took coach and to Hackney church, where very full, and found much difficulty to get pews, I offering the sexton money, and he could not help me. So my wife and Mercer ventured into a pew, and I into another. A knight and his lady very civil to me when they come, and the like to my wife in hers, being Sir G. Viner[2] and his lady—rich in jewells, but most in beauty—almost the finest woman that ever I saw. That which we went chiefly to see was the young ladies of the schools,[3] whereof there is great store, very pretty; and also the organ, which is handsome, and tunes the psalm, and plays with the people; which is mighty pretty, and makes me mighty earnest to have a pair at our church, I having almost a mind to give them a pair, if they would settle a maintenance on them for it. I am mightily taken with them. So, church done, we to coach and away to Kingsland and Islington, and there eat and drank at the Old House, and so back, it raining a little, which is mighty welcome, it having

[1] A form once so commonly used for asparagus that it has found its way into dictionaries.

[2] Sir George Viner in 1665 succeeded his father, Sir Thomas, who had been Lord Mayor in 1653, and created a baronet in 1660. Sir George died in 1673. His wife was Abigail, daughter of Sir John Lawrence, Lord Mayor in 1665.—B.

[3] Hackney was long famous for its boarding schools.

not rained in many weeks, so that they say it makes the fields just now mighty sweet. So with great pleasure home by night. Set down Mercer, and I to my chamber, and there read a great deal in Rycaut's Turkey book with great pleasure, and so eat and to bed. My sore throat still troubling me, but not so much. This night I do come to full resolution of diligence for a good while, and I hope God will give me the grace and wisdom to perform it.

22nd. Up pretty betimes, my throat better, and so drest me, and to White Hall to see Sir W. Coventry, returned from Portsmouth, whom I am almost ashamed to see for fear he should have been told how often I have been at plays, but it is better to see him at first than afterward. So walked to the Old Swan and drank at Michell's, and then to White Hall and over the Park to St. James's to [Sir] W. Coventry, where well received, and good discourse. He seems to be sure of a peace; that the King of France do not intend to set out a fleete, for that he do design Flanders. Our Embassadors set out this week. Thence I over the Park to Sir G. Carteret, and after him by coach to the Lord Chancellor's house, the first time I have been therein;[1] and it is very noble, and brave pictures of the ancient and present nobility, never saw better. Thence with him to London, mighty merry in the way. Thence home, and find the boy out of the house and office, and by and by comes in and hath been to Mercer's. I did pay his coat for him. Then to my chamber, my wife comes home with linen she hath been buying of. I then to dinner, and then down the river to Greenwich, and the watermen would go no further. So I turned them off, giving them nothing, and walked to Woolwich; there did some business, and met with Captain Cocke and back with him. He tells me our peace is agreed on; we are not to assist the Spanyard against the French for this year, and no restitution, and we are likely to lose Poleroone.[2] I know not whether this be true or no, but I am for peace on any terms. He tells me how the King was vexed the other day for having no paper laid him at the Council-table, as was usual; and Sir Richard Browne[3] did tell his Majesty he would call the person[4] whose work it was to provide it: who being come, did tell his Majesty that he was but a poor man, and was out £400 or £500 for it, which was as much as he is worth; and that he cannot provide it any longer without money, having not received a penny since the King's coming in. So the King spoke to my Lord Chamberlain; and many such mementos the King do now-a-days meet withall, enough to make an ingenuous man mad. I to Deptford, and there scolded with a master for his ship's not being gone, and so home to the office and did business till

[1] Clarendon House, Piccadilly. See February 20th, 1664–65.

[2] Among the State Papers is a document dated July 8th, 1667, in which we read: "At Breda, the business is so far advanced that the English have relinquished their pretensions to the ships Henry Bonaventure and Good Hope. The matter sticks only at Poleron; the States have resolved not to part with it, though the English should have a right to it" ("Calendar," 1667, p. 278).

[3] Clerk of the Council.

[4] Wooly.

my eyes are sore again, and so home to sing, and then to bed, my eyes failing me mightily.

23rd (St. George's-day). The feast being kept at White Hall, out of design, as it is thought, to make the best countenance we can to the Swede's Embassadors,[1] before their leaving us to go to the treaty abroad, to shew some jollity. We sat at the office all the morning. Word is brought me that young Michell is come to call my wife to his wife's labour, and she went, and I at the office full of expectation what to hear from poor Betty Michell. This morning much to do with Sir W. Warren, all whose applications now are to Lord Bruncker, and I am against him now, not professedly, but apparently in discourse, and will be. At noon home to dinner, where alone, and after dinner to my musique papers, and by and by comes in my wife, who gives me the good news that the midwife and she alone have delivered poor Betty of a pretty girl, which I am mighty glad of, and she in good condition, my wife as well as I mightily pleased with it. Then to the office to do things towards the post, and then my wife and I set down at her mother's, and I up and down to do business, but did little; and so to Mrs. Martin's, and there did hazer what I would con her, and then called my wife and to little Michell's, where we saw the little child, which I like mightily, being I allow very pretty, and asked her how she did, being mighty glad of her doing well, and so home to the office, and then to my chamber, and so to bed.

24th. Up, and with [Sir] W. Pen to St. James's, and there the Duke of York was preparing to go to some further ceremonies about the Garter, that he could give us no audience. Thence to Westminster Hall, the first day of the Term, and there joyed Mrs. Michell, who is mightily pleased with my wife's work yesterday, and so away to my barber's about my periwigg, and then to the Exchange, there to meet Fenn about some money to be borrowed of the office of the Ordnance to answer a great pinch. So home to dinner, and in the afternoon met by agreement (being put on it by Harry Bruncker's frighting us into a despatch of Carcasse's business) [Lord] Bruncker, T. Harvey, [Sir] J. Minnes, [Sir] W. Batten, and I (Sir W. Pen keeping out of the way still), where a great many high words from Bruncker, and as many from me and others to him, and to better purpose, for I think we have fortified ourselves to overthrow his man Carcasse, and to do no honour to him. We rose with little done but great heat, not to be reconciled I doubt, and I care not, for I will be on the right side, and that shall keep me. Thence by coach to Sir John Duncomb's[2] lodging in the Pell Mell, in order to the money spoken of in the morning; and there awhile sat and discoursed: and I find him that he is a very proper man for business, being very resolute and proud, and industrious. He told me what reformation they had made in the office of the Ordnance, taking away Legg's[3] fees: and have got

[1] See November 15th, 1666.

[2] See November 8th, 1664.

[3] William Legge, eldest son of Edward Legge, sometime Vice-President of Munster,

an order that no Treasurer after him shall ever sit at the Board; and it is a good one: that no master of the Ordnance here shall ever sell a place. He tells me they have not paid any increase of price for any thing during this war, but in most have paid less; and at this day have greater stores than they know where to lay, if there should be peace, and than ever was any time this war. That they pay every man in course, and have notice of the disposal of every farthing. Every man that they owe money to has his share of every sum they receive; never borrowed all this war but £30,000 by the King's express command, but do usually stay till their assignments become payable in their own course, which is the whole mystery, that they have had assignments for a fifth part of whatever was assigned to the Navy. They have power of putting out and in of all officers; are going upon a building that will cost them £12,000; that they out of their stock of tallies have been forced to help the Treasurer of the Navy at this great pinch. Then to talk of newes: that he thinks the want of money hath undone the King, for the Parliament will never give the King more money without calling all people to account, nor, as he believes, will ever make war again, but they will manage it themselves: unless, which I proposed, he would visibly become a severer inspector into his own business and accounts, and that would gain upon the Parliament yet: which he confesses and confirms as the only lift to set him upon his legs, but says that it is not in his nature ever to do. He says that he believes but four men (such as he could name) would do the business of both offices, his and ours, and if ever the war were to be again it should be so, he believes. He told me to my face that I was a very good clerk, and did understand the business and do it very well, and that he would never desire a better. He do believe that the Parliament, if ever they meet, will offer some alterations to the King, and will turn some of us out, and I protest I think he is in the right that either they or the King will be advised to some regulations, and therefore I ought to beware, as it is easy for me to keep myself up if I will. He thinks that much of our misfortune hath been for want of an active Lord Treasurer, and that such a man as Sir W. Coventry would do the business thoroughly. This talk being over, comes his boy and

born 1609 (?). He served under Maurice of Nassau and Gustavus Adolphus, and held the rank of colonel in the Royalist army. He closely attached himself to Prince Rupert, and was an active agent in effecting the reconciliation between that prince and his uncle Charles I. Colonel Legge distinguished himself in several actions, and was wounded and taken prisoner at the battle of Worcester; it was said that he would have "been executed if his wife had not contrived his escape from Coventry gaol in her own clothes." He was Groom of the Bedchamber to Charles I., and also to Charles II.; he held the offices of Master of the Armories and Lieutenant-General of the Ordnance. He refused honours (a knighthood from Charles I. and an earldom from Charles II.), but his eldest son George was created Baron Dartmouth in 1682. He died October 13th, 1672, at his house in the Minories, and was buried in Trinity Church, Minories, where there is a Monument to his memory. A portrait of Colonel Legge, by Huysman, is in the possession of the Earl of Dartmouth. There is an excellent life of Legge, by Mr. C. H. Firth, in the "Dictionary of National Biography."

tells us [Sir] W. Coventry is come in, and so he and I to him, and there told the difficulty of getting this money, and they did play hard upon Sir G. Carteret as a man moped and stunned, not knowing which way to turn himself. Sir W. Coventry cried that he was disheartened, and I do think that there is much in it, but Sir J. Duncomb do charge him with mighty neglect in the pursuing of his business, and that he do not look after it himself, but leaves it to Fenn, so that I do perceive that they are resolved to scheme at bringing the business into a better way of execution, and I think it needs, that is the truth of it. So I away to Sir G. Carteret's lodgings about this money, and contrary to expectation I find he hath prevailed with Legg on his own bond to lend him £2,000, which I am glad of, but, poor man, he little sees what observations people do make upon his management, and he is not a man fit to be told what one hears. Thence by water at 10 at night from Westminster Bridge, having kissed little Frank, and so to the Old Swan, and walked home by moonshine, and there to my chamber a while, and supper and to bed.

25th. Received a writ from the Exchequer this morning of distrain for £70,000, which troubled me, though it be but matter of form. To the office, where sat all the morning. At noon my wife being to Unthanke's christening, I to Sir W. Batten's to dinner, where merry, and the rather because we are like to come to some good end in another of our prizes. Thence by coach to my Lord Treasurer's, and there being come too soon to the New Exchange, but did nothing, and back again, and there found my Lord Bruncker and T. Harvy, and walked in a room very merrily discoursing. By and by comes my Lord Ashly and tells us my Lord Treasurer is ill and cannot speak with us now. Thence away, Sir W. Pen and I and Mr. Lewes, who come hither after us, and Mr. Gawden in the last man's coach. Set me down by the Poultry, and I to Sir Robert Viner's, and there had my account stated and took it home to review. So home to the office, and there late writing out something, having been a little at Sir W. Batten's to talk, and there vexed to see them give order for Hogg's further abroad, and so home and to bed.

26th. Up, and by coach with Sir W. Batten and [Sir] W. Pen to White Hall, and there saw the Duke of Albemarle, who is not well, and do grow crazy. Thence I to St. James's, to meet Sir G. Carteret, and did, and Lord Berkely, to get them (as we would have done the Duke of Albemarle) to the meeting of the Lords of Appeale in the business of one of our prizes. With them to the meeting of the Guinny Company, and there staid, and went with Lord Berkely. While I was waiting for him in the Matted Gallery, a young man was most finely working in Indian inke the great picture of the King and Queen[1] sitting, by Van Dyke; and did it very finely. Thence to Westminster Hall to hear our cause, but [it] did not come before them to-day, so went down and walked below in the Hall, and there met with Ned Pickering, who tells me the ill newes of his nephew Gilbert, who is

[1] Charles I. and Henrietta Maria.

turned a very rogue, and then I took a turn with Mr. Evelyn, with whom I walked two hours, till almost one of the clock: talking of the badness of the Government, where nothing but wickedness, and wicked men and women command the King: that it is not in his nature to gainsay any thing that relates to his pleasures; that much of it arises from the sickliness of our Ministers of State, who cannot be about him as the idle companions are, and therefore he gives way to the young rogues; and then, from the negligence of the Clergy, that a Bishop shall never be seen about him, as the King of France hath always: that the King would fain have some of the same gang to be Lord Treasurer, which would be yet worse, for now some delays are put to the getting gifts of the King, as that whore my Lady Byron,[1] who had been, as he called it, the King's seventeenth whore abroad, did not leave him till she had got him to give her an order for £4,000 worth of plate to be made for her; but by delays, thanks be to God! she died before she had it. He tells me mighty stories of the King of France, how great a prince he is.[2] He hath made a code to shorten the law; he hath put out all the ancient commanders of castles that were become hereditary; he hath made all the fryers subject to the bishops, which before were only subject to Rome, and so were hardly the King's subjects, and that none shall become *religieux* but at such an age, which he thinks will in a few years ruin the Pope, and bring France into a patriarchate. He confirmed to me the business of the want of paper at the Council-table the other day, which I have observed; Wooly being to have found it, and did, being called, tell the King to his face the reason of it; and Mr. Evelyn tells me several of the menial servants of the Court lacking bread, that have not received a farthing wages since the King's coming in. He tells me the King of France hath his mistresses, but laughs at the foolery of our King, that makes his bastards princes,[3] and loses his revenue upon them, and makes his mistresses his masters: and the King of France did never grant Lavalliere[4] any thing to bestow on others, and gives a little subsistence, but no more, to his bastards. He told me the whole story of Mrs. Stewart's going away from Court, he knowing her well; and believes her, up to her leaving the Court, to be as

[1] Eleanor, daughter of Robert Needham, Viscount Kilmurrey, and widow of Peter Warburton, became in 1644 the second wife of John Byron, first Lord Byron. Died 1663.—B.

[2] All these assertions respecting the King of France must be received cautiously. Pepys was very ignorant of foreign matters, and very credulous.—B.

[3] Louis made his own bastards dukes and princes, and legitimatized them as much as he could, connecting them also by marriage with the real blood-royal.—B.

[4] Louise Françoise de la Baume le Blanc de la Vallière had four children by Louis XIV., of whom only two survived—Marie Anne Bourbon, called Mademoiselle de Blois, born in 1666, afterwards married to the Prince de Conti, and the Comte de Vermandois, born in 1667. In that year (the very year in which Evelyn was giving this account to Pepys), the Duchy of Vaujour and two baronies were created in favour of La Vallière, and her daughter, who, in the deed of creation, was legitimatized, and styled princess. —B.

virtuous as any woman in the world: and told me, from a Lord that she told it to but yesterday, with her own mouth, and a sober man, that when the Duke of Richmond did make love to her, she did ask the King, and he did the like also; and that the King did not deny it, and [she] told this Lord that she was come to that pass as to resolve to have married any gentleman of £1,500 a-year that would have had her in honour; for it was come to that pass, that she could not longer continue at Court without prostituting herself to the King,[1] whom she had so long kept off, though he had liberty more than any other had, or he ought to have, as to dalliance.[2] She told this Lord that she had reflected upon the occasion she had given the world to think her a bad woman, and that she had no way but to marry and leave the Court, rather in this way of discontent than otherwise, that the world might see that she sought not any thing but her honour; and that she will never come to live at Court more than when she comes to town to come to kiss the Queene her Mistress's hand: and hopes, though she hath little reason to hope, she can please her Lord so as to reclaim him, that they may yet live comfortably in the country on his estate. She told this Lord that all the jewells she ever had given her at Court, or any other presents, more than the King's allowance of £700 per annum out of the Privy-purse for her clothes, were, at her first coming the King did give her a necklace of pearl of about £1,100,[3] and afterwards, about seven months since, when the King had hopes to have obtained some courtesy of her, the King did give her some jewells, I have forgot what, and I think a pair of pendants. The Duke of York, being once her Valentine, did give her a jewell of about £800; and my Lord Mandeville, her Valentine this year, a ring of about £300; and the King of France would have had her mother,[4] who, he says, is one of the most cunning women in the world, to have let her stay in France, saying that he loved her not as a mistress, but as one that he could marry as well as any lady in France; and that, if she might stay, for the honour of his Court he would take care she should not repent. But her mother, by command of the Queen-mother, thought rather to bring her into England; and the King of France did give her a jewell: so that Mr. Evelyn believes she may be worth in jewells about £6,000, and that that is all that she hath in the world: and a worthy woman; and in this hath done as great an act of honour as ever was done by woman. That now the Countesse Castlemayne do carry all before

[1] Even at a much later time Mrs. Godolphin well resolved "not to talk foolishly to men, *more especially* THE KING,"—"be sure *never to talk to* THE KING" ("Life," by Evelyn). These expressions speak volumes as to Charles's character.—B.

[2] Evelyn evidently believed the Duchess of Richmond to be innocent; and his testimony, coupled with her own declaration, ought to weigh down all the scandal which Pepys reports from other sources.—B.

[3] Which she returned to the king.—B.

[4] This lady's name nowhere appears. She was the wife of the Hon. Walter Stewart, third son of Walter, first Lord Blantyre. The Duchess of Richmond, Frances Theresa, was her elder daughter. The younger, Sophia, married the Hon. Henry Bulkeley, master of the household to Charles II. and James II.—B.

her: and among other arguments to prove Mrs. Stewart to have been honest to the last, he says that the King's keeping in still with my Lady Castlemayne do show it; for he never was known to keep two mistresses in his life, and would never have kept to her had he prevailed any thing with Mrs. Stewart. She is gone yesterday with her Lord to Cobham.[1] He did tell me of the ridiculous humour of our King and Knights of the Garter the other day, who, whereas heretofore their robes were only to be worn during their ceremonies and service, these, as proud of their coats, did wear them all day till night, and then rode into the Parke with them on. Nay, and he tells me he did see my Lord Oxford and the Duke of Monmouth in a hackney-coach with two footmen in the Parke, with their robes on; which is a most scandalous thing, so as all gravity may be said to be lost among us. By and by we discoursed of Sir Thomas Clifford,[2] whom I took for a very rich and learned man, and of the great family of that name. He tells me he is only a man of about seven-score pounds a-year, of little learning more than the law of a justice of peace, which he knows well: a parson's son, got to be burgess in a little borough in the West, and here fell into the acquaintance of my Lord Arlington, whose creature he is, and never from him; a man of virtue, and comely, and good parts enough; and hath come into his place with a great grace, though with a great skip over the heads of a great many, as Chichly and Duncum, and some Lords that did expect it. By the way, he tells me, that of all the great men of England there is none that endeavours more to raise those that he takes into favour than my Lord Arlington; and that, on that score, he is much more to be made one's patron than my Lord Chancellor, who never did, nor never will do, any thing, but for money.[3] After having this long discourse we parted, about one of the clock, and so away by water home, calling upon Michell, whose wife and girle are pretty well, and I home to dinner, and after dinner with Sir W. Batten to White Hall, there to attend the Duke of York before council, where we all met at his closet and did the little business we had, and here he did tell us how the King of France is intent upon his design against

[1] Cobham Hall, in Kent, after the attainder of Henry Brooke, Lord Cobham, was granted by James I. to Ludovic Stuart, Duke of Lennox, and his brother George, Lord Aubigney, from whom it descended to Charles Stuart, Duke of Richmond and Lennox, in 1660. This duke dying, s. p., in 1672, when ambassador to Denmark, the estates, together with the English barony of Clifton, passed, through his sister, Lady Catherine O'Brien, to the ancestor of the Earl of Darnley, the present possessor. Lady Catherine O'Brien married Sir Joseph Williamson, who repurchased the Cobham estates, when sold, and preserved them to the family.—B.

[2] Sir Thomas Clifford was the eldest son of Hugh Clifford, of Ugbrook, near Exeter, where he was born, August 1st, 1630. He attached himself to Lord Arlington, and acted as that statesman's confidential agent when with the fleet. On April 22nd, 1672, he was created Baron Clifford, of Chudleigh, co. Devon; and he supplanted his patron when on November 28th following he was appointed Lord High Treasurer, an office which Arlington desired. He was ruined by the passing of the Test Act, and resigning his office, he retired to Devonshire, and died September, 1673, not without suspicion of suicide.

[3] See September 9th, 1665.

Flanders, and hath drawn up a remonstrance of the cause of the war, and appointed the 20th of the next month for his rendezvous, and himself to prepare for the campaign the 30th, so that this, we are in hopes, will keep him in employment. Turenne is to be his general. Here was Carcasse's business unexpectedly moved by him, but what was done therein appears in my account of his case in writing by itself. Certain newes of the Dutch being abroad on our coast with twenty-four great ships. This done Sir W. Batten and I back again to London, and in the way met my Lady Newcastle going with her coaches and footmen all in velvet: herself, whom I never saw before, as I have heard her often described, for all the town-talk is now-a-days of her extravagancies, with her velvet-cap, her hair about her ears; many black patches, because of pimples about her mouth; naked-necked, without any thing about it, and a black just-au-corps.[1] She seemed to me a very comely woman: but I hope to see more of her on May-day. My mind is mightily of late upon a coach. At home, to the office, where late spending all the evening upon entering in long hand our late passages with Carcasse for memory sake, and so home in great pain in my back by the uneasiness of Sir W. Batten's coach driving hard this afternoon over the stones to prevent coming too late. So at night to supper in great pain, and to bed, where lay in great pain, not able to turn myself all night.

27th. Up with much pain, and to the office, where all the morning. At noon home to dinner, W. Hewer with us. This noon I got in some coals at 23*s.* per chaldron, a good hearing, I thank God—having not been put to buy a coal all this dear time, that during this war poor people have been forced to give 45*s.* and 50*s.*, and £3. In the afternoon (my wife and people busy these late days, and will be for some time, making of shirts and smocks) to the office, where late, and then home, after letters, and so to supper and to bed, with much pleasure of mind, after having dispatched business. This afternoon I spent some time walking with Mr. Moore, in the garden, among other things discoursing of my Lord Sandwich's family, which he tells me is in a very bad condition, for want of money and management, my Lord's charging them with bills, and nobody, nor any thing provided to answer them. He did discourse of his hopes of being supplied with £1,900 against a present bill from me, but I took no notice of it, nor will do it. It seems Mr. Sheply doubts his accounts are ill kept, and every thing else in the family out of order, which I am grieved to hear of.

28th (Lord's day). Lay long, my pain in my back being still great, though not so great as it was. However, up and to church, where a lazy sermon, and then home and to dinner, my wife and I alone and Barker. After dinner, by

[1] "A sort of jacket called a *justacorps* came into fashion in Paris about 1650. M. Quicherat informs us that a pretty Parisienne, the wife of a *maître de comptes* named Belot, was the first who appeared in it. In a ballad called 'The New-made Gentlewoman,' written in the reign of Charles II., occurs the line, 'My justico and black patches I wear.' Mr. Fairholt suggested that *justico* may be a corruption of *juste au corps*."—Planché's *Cyclopædia of Costume*, vol. i., p. 318.

water—the day being mighty pleasant, and the tide serving finely, I up (reading in Boyle's book of colours),[1] as high as Barne Elmes, and there took one turn alone, and then back to Putney Church, where I saw the girls of the schools, few of which pretty; and there I come into a pew, and met with little James Pierce, which I was much pleased at, the little rogue being very glad to see me: his master, Reader to the Church. Here was a good sermon and much company, but I sleepy, and a little out of order, for my hat falling down through a hole underneath the pulpit, which, however, after sermon, by a stick, and the helpe of the clerke, I got up again, and then walked out of the church with the boy, and then left him, promising him to get him a play another time. And so by water, the tide being with me again, down to Deptford, and there I walked down the Yard, Shish[2] and Cox[3] with me, and discoursed about cleaning of the wet docke, and heard, which I had before, how, when the docke was made, a ship of near 500 tons was there found; a ship supposed of Queen Elizabeth's time, and well wrought, with a great deal of stone-shot in her, of eighteen inches diameter, which was shot then in use: and afterwards meeting with Captain Perriman[4] and Mr. Castle at Half-way Tree, they tell me of stone-shot of thirty-six inches diameter, which they shot out of mortar-pieces.[5] Thence walked to Half-way Tree, and there stopt and talk with Mr. Castle and Captain Perriman, and so to Redriffe and took boat again, and so home, and there to write down my Journall, and so to supper and to read, and so to bed, mightily pleased with my reading of Boyle's book of colours to-day, only troubled that some part of it, indeed the greatest part, I am not able to understand for want of study. My wife this night troubled at my leaving her alone so much and keeping her within doors, which indeed I do not well nor wisely in.

29th. Up, being visited very early by Creed newly come from Hinchingbrooke, who went thither without my knowledge, and I believe only to save his being taxed by the Poll Bill. I did give him no very good countenance nor welcome, but took occasion to go forth and walked (he with me) to St. Dunstan's, and thence I to Sir W. Coventry's, where a good while with him, and I think he pretty kind, but that the nature of our present condition affords not matter for either of us to be pleased with any thing. We discoursed of Carcasse, whose Lord, he tells me, do make complaints that his clerk should be singled out, and my Lord Berkeley do take his part. So he

[1] "Experiments and Considerations touching Colours" was published by the Hon. Robert Boyle in 1664 (London).

[2] Jonas Shish, master builder at Deptford dockyard. See note, July 22nd, 1664.

[3] Captain John Cox, master attendant at Deptford.

[4] Among the State Papers is an "Account by Captain J. Perriman of work doing on and the movements of 13 ships named, lying in the Thames," dated April, 1667 ("Calendar," 1667, p. 66).

[5] At the passage of the Dardanelles, in 1807, a stone shot, fired by the Turks from the Castle of Sestos, entered the "Lion," of sixty-four guns, and killed and wounded a great many men. It weighed 770 pounds.—B.

advises we would sum up all we have against him and lay it before the Duke of York; he condemned my Lord Bruncker. Thence to Sir G. Carteret, and there talked a little while about office business, and thence by coach home, in several places paying my debts in order to my evening my accounts this month, and thence by and by to White Hall again to Sir G. Carteret to dinner, where very good company and discourse, and I think it my part to keep it there now more than ordinary because of the probability of my Lord's coming soon home. Our Commissioners for the treaty set out this morning betimes down the river.[1] Here I hear that the Duke of Cambridge,[2] the Duke of York's son, is very sick; and my Lord Treasurer very bad of the stone, and hath been so some days. After dinner Sir G. Carteret and I alone in his closet an hour or more talking of my Lord Sandwich's coming home, which, the peace being likely to be made here, he expects, both for my Lord's sake and his own (whose interest he wants) it will be best for him to be at home, where he will be well received by the King; he is sure of his service well accepted, though the business of Spain do fall by this peace. He tells me my Lord Arlington hath done like a gentleman by him in all things. He says, if my Lord [Sandwich] were here, he were the fittest man to be Lord Treasurer of any man in England; and he thinks it might be compassed; for he confesses that the King's matters do suffer through the inability of this man, who is likely to die, and he will propound him to the King. It will remove him from his place at sea, and the King will have a good place to bestow. He says to me, that he could wish, when my Lord comes, that he would think fit to forbear playing, as a thing below him, and which will lessen him, as it do my Lord St. Albans, in the King's esteem: and as a great secret tells me that he hath made a match for my Lord Hinchingbroke to a daughter[3] of my Lord Burlington's, where there is a great alliance, £10,000 portion; a civil family, and relation to my Lord Chancellor, whose son hath married one of the daughters;[4] and that my Lord Chancellor do take it with very great kindness, so that he do hold himself obliged by it. My Lord Sandwich hath referred it to my Lord Crew, Sir G. Carteret, and Mr. Montagu, to end it. My Lord Hinchingbroke and the lady know nothing yet of it. It will, I think, be very happy. Very glad of this discourse, I away mightily pleased with the confidence I have in this family, and so away, took up my wife, who was at her mother's, and so home, where I settled to my chamber about my accounts, both Tangier and private, and up at it till twelve at night, with good success, when news is brought me that there is a great fire in Southwarke: so we up to the leads, and then I and the

[1] See *ante*, April 10th.

[2] James Stuart, second son of the Duke of York, born July 12th, 1663; created Duke of Cambridge, August 23rd, 1664; died June 20th, 1667.

[3] Lady Mary Boyle, fourth daughter of Richard, first Earl of Burlington, married to Viscount Hinchingbroke, 1668.

[4] Lawrence Hyde, afterwards Earl of Rochester, married Lady Henrietta Boyle, fifth daughter of the Earl of Burlington, 1665.

boy down to the end of our lane, and there saw it, it seeming pretty great, but nothing to the fire of London, that it made me think little of it. We could at that distance see an engine play—that is, the water go out, it being moonlight. By and by, it begun to slacken, and then I home and to bed.

30th. Up, and Mr. Madden[1] come to speak with me, whom my people not knowing have made to wait long without doors, which vexed me. Then comes Sir John Winter to discourse with me about the forest of Deane, and then about my Lord Treasurer, and asking me whether, as he had heard, I had not been cut for the stone, I took him to my closet, and there shewed it to him, of which he took the dimensions and had some discourse of it, and I believe will shew my Lord Treasurer it. Thence to the office, where we sat all the morning, but little to do, and then to the 'Change, where for certain I hear, and the News book declares, a peace between France and Portugal. Met here with Mr. Pierce, and he tells me the Duke of Cambridge is very ill and full of spots about his body, that Dr. Frazier knows not what to think of it. Then home and to dinner, and then to the office, where all the afternoon; we met about Sir W. Warren's business and accounts, wherein I do rather oppose than forward him, but not in declared terms, for I will not be at enmity with him, but I will not have him find any friendship so good as mine. By and by rose and by water to White Hall, and then called my wife at Unthanke's. So home and to my chamber, to my accounts, and finished them to my heart's wishes and admiration, they being grown very intricate, being let alone for two months, but I brought them together all naturally, within a few shillings, but to my sorrow the Poll money I paid this month and mourning have made me £80 a worse man than at my last balance, so that I am worth now but £6,700, which is yet an infinite mercy to me, for which God make me thankful. So late to supper, with a glad heart for the evening of my accounts so well, and so to bed.

May 1st. Up, it being a fine day, and after doing a little business in my chamber I left my wife to go abroad with W. Hewer and his mother in a Hackney coach incognito to the Park, while I abroad to the Excise Office first, and there met the Cofferer and Sir Stephen Fox about our money matters there, wherein we agreed, and so to discourse of my Lord Treasurer, who is a little better than he was of the stone, having rested a little this night. I there did acquaint them of my knowledge of that disease, which I believe will be told my Lord Treasurer. Thence to Westminster; in the way meeting many milk-maids with their garlands upon their pails, dancing with a fiddler before them;[2] and saw pretty Nelly standing at her lodgings' door

[1] Probably John Madden, surveyor of the woods on this side Trent (see "Calendar of State Papers," 1667, p. 83).

[2] On the 1st of May milkmaids used to borrow silver cups, tankards, &c., to hang them round their milkpails, with the addition of flowers and ribbons, which they carried upon their heads, accompanied by a bagpipe or fiddle, and went from door to door, dancing before the houses of their customers, in order to obtain a small gratuity from each of them.

in Drury-lane[1] in her smock sleeves and bodice, looking upon one: she seemed a mighty pretty creature. To the Hall and there walked a while, it being term. I thence home to the Rose, and then had Doll Lane venir para me. . . . To my Lord Crew's, where I found them at dinner, and among others Mrs. Bocket, which I have not seen a long time, and two little dirty children, and she as idle a prating and impertinent woman as ever she was. After dinner my Lord took me along and walked with me, giving me an account of the meeting of the Commissioners for Accounts, whereof he is one. How some of the gentlemen, Garraway,[2] Littleton, and others, did scruple at their first coming there, being called thither to act, as Members of Parliament, which they could not do by any authority but that of Parliament, and therefore desired the King's direction in it, which was sent for by my Lord Bridgewater,[3] who brought answer, very short, that the King expected they should obey his Commission. Then they went on, and observed a power to be given them of administering and framing an oath, which they thought they could not do by any power but Act of Parliament; and the whole Commission did think fit to have the Judges' opinion in it; and so, drawing up their scruples in writing, they all attended the King, who told them he would send to the Judges to be answered, and did so; who have, my Lord tells me, met three times about it, not knowing what answer to give to it; and they have met this week, doing nothing but expecting the solution of the judges in this point. My Lord tells me he do believe this Commission will do more hurt than good; it may undo some accounts, if these men shall think fit; but it can never clear an account, for he must come into the Exchequer for all this. Besides, it is a kind of inquisition that hath seldom ever been granted in England; and he believes it will never, besides, give any

"In London thirty years ago,
When pretty milkmaids went about,
It was a goodly sight to see
Their May-day pageant all drawn out.

* * * * *

"Such scenes and sounds once blest my eyes
And charm'd my ears; but all have vanish'd,
On May-day now no garlands go,
For milkmaids and their dance are banish'd."

Hone's *Every-Day Book*, vol. i., pp. 569, 570.

May-day customs have nearly died out, but the editor saw a jack-in-the-green with men dressed as milkmaids dancing round it on May 1st of the present year (1895) in one of the streets near Primrose Hill. There has been a great revival of May-day decoration on cart-horses within the last few years.

[1] The old house in Drury Lane where Nell Gwyn is believed to have lived was pulled down in 1891. It was situated on the west side of the lane, nearly opposite Wych Street. There is a view of it in Peter Cunningham's "Story of Nell Gwyn."

[2] William Garway, M.P. for Chichester (see October 3rd, 1666). Timothy Littleton, or Lyttelton, Serjeant-at-Law, M.P. for Ludlow.

[3] John Egerton, second Earl of Bridgewater, Lord-Lieutenant of the counties of Bucks and Hertford, and High Steward of the University of Oxford. Died October 26th, 1686.

satisfaction to the People or Parliament, but be looked upon as a forced, packed business of the King, especially if these Parliament-men that are of it shall not concur with them: which he doubts they will not, and, therefore, wishes much that the King would lay hold of this fit occasion, and let the Commission fall. Then to talk of my Lord Sandwich, whom my Lord Crew hath a great desire might get to be Lord Treasurer if the present Lord should die,[1] as it is believed he will, in a little time; and thinks he can have no competitor but my Lord Arlington, who, it is given out, desires it: but my Lord thinks it is not so, for that the being Secretary do keep him a greater interest with the King than the other would do: at least, do believe, that if my Lord would surrender him his Wardrobe place, it would be a temptation to Arlington to assist my Lord in getting the Treasurer's. I did object to my Lord [Crew] that it would be no place of content, nor safety, nor honour for my Lord, the State being so indigent as it is, and the [King] so irregular, and those about him, that my Lord must be forced to part with any thing to answer his warrants; and that, therefore, I do believe the King had rather have a man that may be one of his vicious caball, than a sober man that will mind the publick, that so they may sit at cards and dispose of the revenue of the kingdom. This my Lord was moved at, and said he did not indeed know how to answer it, and bid me think of it; and so said he himself would also do. He do mightily cry out of the bad management of our monies, the King having had so much given him; and yet, when the Parliament do find that the King should have £900,000 in his purse by the best account of issues they have yet seen, yet we should report in the Navy a debt due from the King of £900,000; which, I did confess, I doubted was true in the first, and knew to be true in the last, and did believe that there was some great miscarriages in it: which he owned to believe also, saying, that at this rate it is not in the power of the kingdom to make a war, nor answer the King's wants. Thence away to the King's playhouse, by agreement met Sir W. Pen, and saw "Love in a Maze:"[2] but a sorry play: only Lacy's clowne's part, which he did most admirably indeed; and I am glad to find the rogue at liberty again. Here was but little, and that ordinary, company. We sat at the upper bench next the boxes; and I find it do pretty well, and have the advantage of seeing and hearing the great people, which may be pleasant when there is good store. Now was only Prince Rupert and my Lord Lauderdale, and my Lord ——,[3] the naming of whom puts me in mind of my seeing, at Sir Robert Viner's, two or three great silver flagons, made with inscriptions as gifts of the King to such and such persons of quality as did stay in town the late great plague, for the keeping things in order in the town,[4]

[1] The Earl of Southampton died May 16th, 1667.

[2] The second title of Shirley's play of "The Changes" (see May 22nd, 1662).

[3] Probably Craven.—B.

[4] In reference to this passage, Mr. R. Jacomb Hood wrote to "Notes and Queries" (4th series, vol. xii., p. 471), as follows: "I have an old silver tankard, which has been in my family for several generations, and which, from the inscription upon it, seems to

which is a handsome thing. But here was neither Hart, Nell, nor Knipp; therefore, the play was not likely to please me. Thence Sir W. Pen and I in his coach, Tiburne way, into the Park, where a horrid dust, and number of coaches, without pleasure or order. That which we, and almost all went for, was to see my Lady Newcastle; which we could not, she being followed and crowded upon by coaches all the way she went, that nobody could come near her; only I could see she was in a large black coach, adorned with silver instead of gold, and so white curtains, and every thing black and white, and herself in her cap, but other parts I could not make [out]. But that which I did see, and wonder at with reason, was to find Pegg Pen in a new coach, with only her husband's pretty sister[1] with her, both patched and very fine, and in much the finest coach in the park, and I think that ever I did see one or other, for neatness and richness in gold, and everything that is noble. My Lady Castlemayne, the King, my Lord St. Albans, nor Mr. Jermyn, have so neat a coach, that ever I saw. And, Lord! to have them have this, and nothing else that is correspondent, is to me one of the most ridiculous sights that ever I did see, though her present dress was well enough; but to live in the condition they do at home, and be abroad in this coach, astonishes me. When we had spent half an hour in the Park, we went out again, weary of the dust, and despairing of seeing my Lady Newcastle; and so back the same way, and to St. James's, thinking to have met my Lady Newcastle before she got home, but we staying by the way to drink, she got home a little before us: so we lost our labours, and then home; where we find the two young ladies come home, and their patches off, I suppose Sir W. Pen do not allow of them in his sight, and going out of town to-night, though late, to Walthamstow. So to talk a little at Sir W. Batten's, and then home to supper, where I find Mrs. Hewer and her son, who have been abroad with my wife in the Park, and so after supper to read and then to bed. Sir W. Pen did give me an account this afternoon of his design of buying Sir Robert Brooke's fine house at Wansted; which I so wondered at, and did give him reasons against it, which he allowed of: and told me that he did intend to pull down the house and build a less, and that he should get £1,500 by the old house, and I know not what fooleries. But I will never believe he ever intended to buy it, for my part;[2] though he troubled Mr. Gawden to go and look upon it, and advise him in it.

have been given by the king to Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey, who was murdered in 1678. The inscriptions show, not only that a tankard was given in 1665 for services during the Plague, but that the recipient was further knighted by the king in September, 1666, for his efforts to preserve order in the Great Fire. The tankard is quite plain, weighs 38 oz., and holds about two quarts." Mr. Hood adds, however, that "the hall mark appears from the trade register to belong to the years 1675–76, *i.e.*, at least eight years later than the notice by Pepys."

[1] Margaret Lowther, afterwards the wife of Captain Sir John Holmes.—B.

[2] Pepys's conjecture proved right. The house was not sold till Sir R. Brookes's death, when his heirs alienated it to Sir Josiah Child. Sir R. Child rebuilt it in 1715, and the Earl of Mornington took it down in 1823.

2nd. To the office, where all the morning. At noon home to dinner, and then abroad to my Lord Treasurer's, who continues so ill as not to be troubled with business. So Mr. Gawden and I to my Lord Ashly's and spoke with him, and then straight home, and there I did much business at the office, and then to my own chamber and did the like there, to my great content, but to the pain of my eyes, and then to supper and to bed, having a song with my wife with great pleasure, she doing it well.

3rd. Up, and with Sir J. Minnes, [Sir] W. Batten, and [Sir] W. Pen in the last man's coach to St. James's, and thence up to the Duke of York's chamber, which, as it is now fretted at the top, and the chimney-piece made handsome, is one of the noblest and best-proportioned rooms that ever, I think, I saw in my life, and when ready, into his closet and did our business, where, among other things, we had a proposition of Mr. Pierce's, for being continued in pay, or something done for him, in reward of his pains as Chyrurgeon-Generall; forasmuch as Troutbecke,[1] that was never a doctor before, hath got £200 a year settled on him for nothing but that one voyage with the Duke of Albemarle. The Duke of York and the whole company did shew most particular kindness to Mr. Pierce, every body moving for him, and the Duke himself most, that he is likely to be a very great man, I believe. Here also we had another mention of Carcasse's business, and we directed to bring in a report of our opinion of his case, which vexes us that such a rogue shall make us so much trouble. Thence I presently to the Excise Office, and there met the Cofferer and [Sir] Stephen Fox by agreement, and agreed upon a method for our future payments, and then we three to my Lord Treasurer, who continues still very ill. I had taken my stone with me on purpose, and Sir Philip Warwicke carried it in to him to see, but was not in a condition to talk with me about it, poor man. So I with them to Westminster by coach; the Cofferer[2] telling us odd stories how he was dealt with by the men of the Church at Westminster in taking a lease of them at the King's coming in,[3] and particularly the devilish covetousness of Dr. Bushby.[4] Sir

[1] John Troughtback (or Troutbeck) served as a surgeon in Lambert's army, but joined Monk in Scotland in 1659. He was appointed chief-surgeon to the king in 1660, was also surgeon to the Duke of Albemarle's troop of His Majesty's Life Guard, and was granted in 1667 a pension of £200 a year for his services. He married in 1665 (second wife), Frances Wray, widow of Sir Christopher Wray, fourth baronet of Glentworth (Dalton's "English Army Lists," 1661–1714, vol. i., p. 3).

[2] William Ashburnham (died 1679). See December 14th, 1666.

[3] The lease here mentioned was that of the famous Ashburnham House in the Cloisters. The lease was purchased by the Crown of John, Earl of Ashburnham, in 1730, and the Cottonian Library was deposited in the house. In 1731 the disastrous fire occurred there which consumed so many treasures, and injured others. Ashburnham House passed to Westminster School in 1881 in fee simple, in pursuance of the Public Schools Act, 31 and 32 Vict., cap. 118. A view of the fine staircase, still existing in old Ashburnham House, is given in Britton and Brayley's "Public Buildings."

[4] Richard Busby, D.D. (1606–1695), the famous head-master of Westminster School. In July, 1660, he was installed as Prebendary of Westminster, and in the following August he became canon residentiary and treasurer of Wells. It would be impossible to

Stephen Fox, in discourse, told him how he is selling some land he hath, which yields him not above three per cent., if so much, and turning it into money, which he can put out at ten per cent.; and, as times go, if they be like to continue, it is the best way for me to keep money going so, for aught I see. I to Westminster Hall, and there took a turn with my old acquaintance Mr. Pechell, whose red nose makes me ashamed to be seen with him, though otherwise a good-natured man. So away, I not finding of Mr. Moore, with whom I should have met and spoke about a letter I this day received from him from my Lord Hinchingbroke, wherein he desires me to help him to £1,900 to pay a bill of exchange of his father's, which troubles me much, but I will find some way, if I can do it, but not to bring myself in bonds or disbursements for it, whatever comes of it. So home to dinner, where my wife hath ceux là upon her and is very ill with them, and so forced to go to bed, and I sat by her a good while, then down to my chamber and made an end of Rycaut's History of the Turks, which is a very good book. Then to the office, and did some business, and then my wife being pretty well, by coach to little Michell's, and there saw my poor Betty and her little child, which slept so soundly we could hardly wake it in an hour's time without hurting it, and they tell me what I did not know, that a child (as this do) will hunt and hunt up and down with its mouth if you touch the cheek of it with your finger's end for a nipple, and fit its mouth for sucking, but this hath not sucked yet, she having no nipples. Here sat a while, and then my wife and I, it being a most curious clear evening, after some rain to-day, took a most excellent tour by coach to Bow, and there drank and back again, and so a little at the office, and home to read a little, and to supper and bed mightily refreshed with this evening's tour, but troubled that it hath hindered my doing some business which I would have done at the office. This day the newes is come that the fleete of the Dutch, of about 20 ships, which come upon our coast upon design to have intercepted our colliers, but by good luck failed, is gone to the Frith,[1] and there lies, perhaps to trouble the Scotch privateers, which have galled them of late very much, it may be more than all our last year's fleete.

find a more inappropriate expression to apply to Busby than "devilish covetousness." He was one of the most charitable of men; and as one instance of this out of many, Mr. J. Sargeaunt, Master at Westminster School, tells the editor that he finds from Busby's accounts that between February, 1656–57, and the end of the following October, out of a total expenditure of about £670, more than £200 went in direct charity and in repairing the school buildings and the houses which he occupied as prebendary and master. In another year he spent at least a tenth of total expenditure in direct charity. Mr. Sargeaunt adds, "His benefactions to Christ Church were large, and to Wells Cathedral not small. Some works in the Abbey he did at his own expense, as well as works at Willen and in other places. By his will he left practically the whole of his property for charitable uses." It must be remembered in respect to the Cofferer's scandalous charge that buyer and seller are seldom of one mind, and that the Dean and Chapter of Westminster Abbey might quite justly take a different view from that held by William Ashburnham.

[1] Frith of Forth. See 5th of this month.

4th. Up and to the office, where sat all the morning, among other things a great conflict I had with Sir W. Warren, he bringing a letter to the Board, flatly in words charging them with their delays in passing his accounts, which have been with them these two years, part of which I said was not true, and the other undecent. The whole Board was concerned to take notice of it, as well as myself, but none of them had the honour to do it, but suffered me to do it alone, only Sir W. Batten, who did what he did out of common spite to him. So I writ in the margin of the letter, "Returned as untrue," and, by consent of the Board, did give it him again, and so parted. Home to dinner, and there came a woman whose husband I sent for, one Fisher, about the business of Perkins and Carcasse, and I do think by her I shall find the business as bad as ever it was, and that we shall find Commissioner Pett a rogue, using foul play on behalf of Carcasse. After dinner to the office again, and there late all the afternoon, doing much business, and with great content home to supper and to bed.

5th (Lord's day). Up, and going down to the water side, I met Sir John Robinson, and so with him by coach to White Hall, still a vain, prating, boasting man as any I know, as if the whole City and Kingdom had all its work done by him. He tells me he hath now got a street ordered to be continued, forty feet broad, from Paul's through Cannon Street to the Tower, which will be very fine. He and others this day, where I was in the afternoon, do tell me of at least six or eight fires within these few days; and continually stirs of fires, and real fires there have been, in one place or other, almost ever since the late great fire, as if there was a fate sent people for fire. I walked over the Park to Sir W. Coventry's. Among other things to tell him what I hear of people being forced to sell their bills before September for 35 and 40 per cent. loss, and what is worst, that there are some courtiers that have made a knot to buy them, in hopes of some ways to get money of the King to pay them, which Sir W. Coventry is amazed at, and says we are a people made up for destruction, and will do what he can to prevent all this by getting the King to provide wherewith to pay them. We talked of Tangier, of which he is ashamed; also that it should put the King to this charge for no good in the world: and now a man going over that is a good soldier, but a debauched man, which the place need not to have. And so used these words: "That this place was to the King as my Lord Carnarvon[1] says of wood, that it is an excrescence of the earth provided by God for the payment of debts." Thence away to Sir G. Carteret, whom I find taking physic. I staid talking with him but a little, and so home to church, and heard a dull sermon, and most of the best women of our parish gone into the country, or at least not at church. So home, and find my boy not there, nor was at church, which vexed me, and when he come home I enquired, he tells me he went to

[1] Charles Dormer, second Earl of Carnarvon. Died, s. p., November 29th, 1709. His father, Robert, first earl, was killed at the battle of Newbury, September 20th, 1643, fighting under the royal banner.

see his mother. I send him back to her to send me some token that he was with her. So there come a man with him back of good fashion. He says he saw him with her, which pacified me, but I did soundly threaten him before him, and so to dinner, and then had a little scolding with my wife for not being fine enough to go to the christening to-day, which she excused by being ill, as she was indeed, and cried, but I was in an ill humour and ashamed, indeed, that she should not go dressed. However, friends by and by, and we went by water to Michell's, and there his little house full of his father and mothers and the kindred, hardly any else, and mighty merry in this innocent company, and Betty mighty pretty in bed, but, her head akeing, not very merry, but the company mighty merry, and I with them, and so the child was christened; my wife, his father, and her mother, the witnesses, and the child's name Elizabeth. So we had gloves and wine and wafers, very pretty, and talked and tattled, and so we away by water and up with the tide, she and I and Barker, as high as Barne Elmes, it being a fine evening, and back again to pass the bridges at standing water between 9 and 10 at night, and then home and to supper, and then to bed with much pleasure. This day Sir W. Coventry tells me the Dutch fleete shot some shot, four or five hundred, into Burnt-Island in the Frith, but without any hurt; and so are gone.[1]

6th. Up and angry with my mayds for letting in watermen, and I know not who, anybody that they are acquainted with, into my kitchen to talk and prate with them, which I will not endure. Then out and by coach to my Lord Treasurer's, who continues still very ill, then to Sir Ph. Warwicke's house, and there did a little business about my Tangier tallies, and so to Westminster Hall, and there to the Exchequer to consult about some way of getting our poor Creditors of the Navy (who served in their goods before the late Session of Parliament) paid out of the 11 months tax, which seems to relate only for goods to be then served in, and I think I have found out a way to bring them into the Act, which, if it do, I shall think a good service done. Thence by coach home with Captain Cocke, in our way talking of my Lord Bruncker and his Lady, who are mighty angry with us all of the office, about Carcasse's business, but especially with me, and in great confidence he bids me have a care of him, for he hath said that he would wound me with the person where my greatest interest is. I suppose he means Sir W. Coventry, and therefore I will beware of him, and am glad, though vexed to hear it.

[1] Burntisland, a seaport of Fife on the Frith of Forth, five miles north of Granton. April 30th, 1667: "The Dutch sounded the coast, but Gen. Dalziell cut the beacon at the extreme of Leith harbour, so that they were confused, and battered Burntisland with 1,000 shot, the town returned it from 20 pieces of cannon, and in less than two hours 10,000 were in arms at Burntisland, and as many at Leith, whither more than 6,000 citizens of Edinburgh are gone; the citadel is planted with 30 pieces of cannon, which fired to invite the enemy; the country came up in multitudes. The magistrates of Leith sunk a ship in the mouth of the harbour, and planted 20 cannon on high, whereby a fire-ship that tried to slip in was prevented. They are now gone, it is supposed to Shetland" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1667, p. 62).

So home to dinner, where Creed come, whom I vexed devilishly with telling him a wise man, and good friend of his and mine, did say that he lately went into the country to Hinchingbroke; and, at his coming to town again, hath shifted his lodgings, only to avoid paying to the Poll Bill, which is so true that he blushed, and could not in words deny it, but the fellow did think to have not had it discovered. He is so devilish a subtle false rogue, that I am really weary and afeard of his company, and therefore after dinner left him in the house, and to my office, where busy all the afternoon despatching much business, and in the evening to Sir R. Viner's to adjust accounts there, and so home, where some of our old Navy creditors come to me by my direction to consider of what I have invented for their help as I have said in the morning, and like it mighty well, and so I to the office, where busy late, then home to supper and sing with my wife, who do begin to give me real pleasure with her singing, and so to bed.

7th. Up betimes, and by coach to St. James's; but there find Sir W. Coventry gone out betimes this morning, on horseback, with the King and Duke of York, to Putney-heath, to run some horses, and so back again to the office, where some witnesses from Chatham which I sent for are come up, and do give shrewd testimonies against Carcasse, which put my Lord into a new flame, and he and I to high words, and so broke up. Then home to dinner, where W. Hewer dined with us, and he and I after dinner to discourse of Carcasse's business, wherein I apparently now do manage it wholly against my Lord Bruncker, Sir W. Pen, like a false rogue, shrinking out of the collar, Sir J. Minnes, a fool, being easily led either way, and Sir W. Batten, a malicious fellow that is not able to defend any thing, so that the whole odium must fall on me, which I will therefore beware how I manage that I may not get enemies to no purpose. It vexes me to see with what a company I am mixed, but then it pleases me to see that I am reckoned the chief mover among them, as they do confess and esteem me in every thing. Thence to the office, and did business, and then by coach to St. James's again, but [Sir] W. Coventry not within, so I wrote something to him, and then straight back again and to Sir W. Batten's, and there talked with him and [Sir] J. Minnes, who are mighty hot in Carcasse's business, but their judgment's not to be trusted. However, I will go through with it, or otherwise we shall be all slaves to my Lord Bruncker and his man's impudence. So to the office a little, and then home to supper and to bed, after hearing my wife sing, who is manifestly come to be more musical in her eare than ever I thought she could have been made, which rejoices me to the heart, for I take great delight now to hear her sing.

8th. Up pretty betimes and out of doors, and in Fen Church street met Mr. Lovett going with a picture to me, but I could not stand to discourse or see it, but on to the next hackney coach and so to Sir W. Coventry, where he and I alone a while discoursing of some businesses of the office, and then up to the Duke of York to his chamber with my fellow brethren who are come,

and so did our usual weekly business, which was but little to-day, and I was glad that the business of Carcasse was not mentioned because our report was not ready, but I am resolved it shall against the next coming to the Duke of York. Here was discourse about a way of paying our old creditors which did please me, there being hopes of getting them comprehended within the 11 months Tax, and this did give occasion for Sir G. Carteret's and my going to Sir Robert Long to discourse it, who do agree that now the King's Council do say that they may be included in the Act, which do make me very glad, not so much for the sake of the poor men as for the King, for it would have been a ruin to him and his service not to have had a way to have paid the debt. There parted with Sir G. Carteret and into Westminster Hall, where I met with Sir H. Cholmly, and he and I to Sir Ph. Warwicke's to speak a little about our Tangier business, but to little purpose, my Lord Treasurer being so ill that no business can be done. Thence with Sir H. Cholmly to find out Creed from one lodging to another, which he hath changed so often that there is no finding him, but at last do come to his lodging that he is entering into this day, and do find his goods unlading at the door, by Scotland Yard, and there I set down Sir H. Cholmly, and I away to the 'Change, where spoke about several things, and then going home did meet Mr. Andrews our neighbour, and did speak with him to enquire about the ground behind our house, of which I have a mind to buy enough to make a stable and coach-house; for I do see that my condition do require it, as well as that it is more charge to my purse to live as I do than to keep one, and therefore I am resolved before winter to have one, unless some extraordinary thing happens to hinder me. He promises me to look after it for me, and so I home to dinner, where I find my wife's flageolette master, and I am so pleased with her proceeding, though she hath lost time by not practising, that I am resolved for the encouragement of the man to learn myself a little for a month or so, for I do foresee if God send my wife and I to live, she will become very good company for me. He gone, comes Lovett with my little print of my dear Lady Castlemayne varnished, and the frame prettily done like gold, which pleases me well. He dined with me, but by his discourse I do still see that he is a man of good wit but most strange experience, and acquaintance with all manner of subtleties and tricks, that I do think him not fit for me to keep any acquaintance with him, lest he some time or other shew me a slippery trick. After dinner, he gone, I to the office, where all the afternoon very busy, and so in the evening to Sir R. Viner's, thinking to finish my accounts there, but am prevented, and so back again home, and late at my office at business, and so home to supper and sing a little with my dear wife, and so to bed.

9th. Up, and to the office, and at noon home to dinner, and then with my wife and Barker by coach, and left them at Charing Cross, and I to St. James's, and there found Sir W. Coventry alone in his chamber, and sat and talked with him more than I have done a great while of several things of the Navy, how our debts and wants do unfit us for doing any thing. He tells me

he hears stories of Commissioner Pett, of selling timber to the Navy under other names,[1] which I told him I believe is true, and did give him an instance. He told me also how his clerk Floyd [2] he hath put away for his common idlenesse and ill company, and particularly that yesterday he was found not able to come and attend him, by being run into the arme in a squabble, though he pretends it was done in the streets by strangers, at nine at night, by the Maypole in the Strand. Sir W. Coventry did write to me this morning to recommend him another, which I could find in my heart to do W. Hewer for his good; but do believe he will not part with me, nor have I any mind to let him go. I would my brother were fit for it, I would adventure him there. He insists upon an unmarried man, that can write well, and hath French enough to transcribe it only from a copy, and may write shorthand, if it may be. Thence with him to my Lord Chancellor at Clarendon House,[3] to a Committee for Tangier, where several things spoke of and proceeded on, and particularly sending Commissioners thither before the new Governor goes, which I think will signify as much good as any thing else that hath been done about the place, which is none at all. I did again tell them the badness of their credit by the time their tallies took before they become payable, and their spending more than their fund. They seem well satisfied with what I said, and I am glad that I may be remembered that I do tell them the case plain; but it troubled me that I see them hot upon it, that the Governor shall not be paymaster, which will force me either to the providing one there to do it (which I will never undertake), or leave the employment, which I had rather do. Mightily pleased with the nobleness of this house, and the brave furniture and pictures, which indeed is very noble, and, being broke up, I with Sir G. Carteret in his coach into Hide Park, to discourse of things, and spent an hour in this manner with great pleasure, telling me all his concernments, and how he is gone through with the purchase for my Lady Jemimah and her husband; how the Treasury is like to come into the hands of a Committee; but that not that, nor anything else, will do our business, unless the King himself will mind his business, and how his servants do execute their

[1] Commissioner Pett wrote from Chatham, on May 24th, to the Navy Commissioners in answer to some of these charges respecting the sale of timber ("Calendar of State Papers," 1667, p. 116).

[2] Phil. Lloyd styles himself servant to Sir William Coventry, April, 1667 ("Calendar," 1667, p. 10).

[3] See note, vol. i., p. 1049. "One unpopular act of his [Clarendon] is not to be forgot, because it had a great influence in a short time, and this was the building a very stately large house by the *Park*, called *Clarendon House*, which, in a little time, obtained the name of *Dunkirk House*, as though it had been built by the money taken for the sale of that place. This house was built in the Chancellor's absence in the plague year, principally at the charge of the Vintners' Company, who, designing to monopolize his favour, made it abundantly more large and magnificent than ever he intended or desired. And I have been asssured by an unquestionable hand, that when he came to see the case of that house, he rather submitted than consented, and, with a sigh, said, 'This house will one day be my ruin.' "—Echard, vol. iii., p. 192.

parts; he do fear an utter ruin in the state, and that in a little time, if the King do not mind his business soon; that the King is very kind to him, and to my Lord Sandwich, and that he doubts not but at his coming home, which he expects about Michaelmas, he will be very well received. But it is pretty strange how he began again the business of the intention of a marriage of my Lord Hinchingbroke to a daughter of my Lord Burlington's[1] to my Lord Chancellor, which he now tells me as a great secret, when he told it me the last Sunday but one; but it may be the poor man hath forgot, and I do believe he do make it a secret, he telling me that he has not told it to any but myself, and this day to his daughter my Lady Jemimah, who looks to lie down about two months hence. After all this discourse we turned back and to White Hall, where we parted, and I took up my wife at Unthanke's, and so home, and in our street, at the Three Tuns' Tavern[2] door, I find a great hubbub; and what was it but two brothers have fallen out, and one killed the other. And who should they be but the two Fieldings; one whereof, Bazill, was page to my Lady Sandwich; and he hath killed the other,[3] himself being very drunk, and so is sent to Newgate. I to the office and did as much business as my eyes would let me, and so home to supper and to bed.

10th. Up and to the office, where a meeting about the Victuallers' accounts all the morning, and at noon all of us to Kent's, at the Three Tuns' Tavern, and there dined well at Mr. Gawden's charge; and there the constable of the parish did show us the picklocks and dice that were found in the dead man's pocket, and but 18*d.* in money; and a table-book, wherein were entered the names of several places where he was to go; and among others Kent's house, where he was to dine, and did dine yesterday: and after dinner went into the church, and there saw his corpse with the wound in his left breast; a sad spectacle, and a broad wound, which makes my hand now shake to write of it. His brother intending, it seems, to kill the coachman, who did not please him, this fellow stepped in, and took away his sword; who thereupon took out his knife, which was of the fashion, with a falchion blade, and a little cross at the hilt like a dagger; and with that stabbed him. So to the office again, very busy, and in the evening to Sir Robert Viner's, and there took up all my notes and evened our balance to the 7th of this month, and saw it entered in their ledger, and took a receipt for the remainder of my money as the balance of an account then adjusted. Then to my Lord Treasurer's, but missed Sir Ph. Warwicke, and so back again, and drove hard towards Clerkenwell,[4] thinking to have overtaken my Lady Newcastle, whom I saw before

[1] See *ante*, April 29th.

[2] There are two tokens of "The Three Tuns Tavern in Crutched Friars" ("Boyne's Tokens," ed. Williamson, vol. i., p. 581).

[3] It was Basil who was killed. He was the fourth son of George Fielding, Earl of Desmond, whose eldest son William succeeded his father as second Earl of Desmond in 1666, and his uncle Basil as third Earl of Denbigh in 1675.

[4] At Newcastle House, Clerkenwell Close, the duke and duchess lived in great state. The house was divided, and let in tenements in the eighteenth century.

us in her coach, with 100 boys and girls running looking upon her: but I could not: and so she got home before I could come up to her. But I will get a time to see her. So to the office and did more business, and then home and sang with pleasure with my wife, and to supper and so to bed.

11th. Up, and being called on by Mr. Commander, he and I out to the ground behind Sir W. Pen's, where I am resolved to take a lease of some of it for a stable and coach [house], and so to keep a coach, unless some change come before I can do it, for I do see it is a greater charge to me now in hackneys, and I am a little dishonoured by going in them. We spoke with him that hath the letting it, and I do believe when I can tell how much it will be fit for me to have we shall go near to agree. So home, and there found my door open, which makes me very angry with Nell, and do think to put her away for it, though it do so go against me to part with a servant that it troubles me more than anything in the world. So to the office, where all the morning. At noon home to dinner, where Mr. Goodgroome and Creed, and I have great hopes that my wife will come to sing to my mind. After dinner my wife and Creed and I being entered a hackney coach to go to the other end of the town, we espied The. Turner coming in her coach to see us, which we were surprised at, and so 'light and took her and another young lady home, and there sat and talked with The., she being lately come out of the North after two or three years absence. She is come to put out her sister and brothers to school at Putney. After a little talk, I over Tower Hill with them to a lady's they go to visit, and so away with my wife, whose being dressed this day in fair hair did make me so mad, that I spoke not one word to her in our going, though I was ready to burst with anger. So to White Hall to the Committee of Tangier, where they were discoursing about laws for the civil government of the place, but so dull and so little to the purpose that I fell to slumber, when the fear of being seen by Sir W. Coventry did trouble me much afterwards, but I hope he did not. After that broke up. Creed and I into the Park, and walked, a most pleasant evening, and so took coach, and took up my wife, and in my way home discovered my trouble to my wife for her white locks,[1] swearing by God, several times, which I pray God forgive me for, and bending my fist, that I would not endure it. She, poor wretch,[2] was surprised with it, and made me no answer all the way home;

[1] Randle Holmes says the ladies wore "false locks set on wyres, to make them stand at a distance from the head," and accompanies the information with the figure of a lady "with a pair of locks and curls which were in great fashion in 1670" (Planché's "Cyclopædia of Costume," vol. i., p. 248).

[2] A new light is thrown upon this favourite expression of Pepys's when speaking of his wife by the following quotation from a Midland word-book: "Wretch, *n.*, often used as an expression of endearment or sympathy. *Old Woman to Young Master:* 'An' 'ow is the missis to-day, *poor wretch?*' Of a boy going to school a considerable distance off: 'I met 'im with a bit o' bread in 'is bag, *poor wretch*'" ("A Glossary of Words and Phrases used in S.E. Worcestershire," by Jesse Salisbury. Published by the English Dialect Society, 1894).

but there we parted, and I to the office late, and then home, and without supper to bed, vexed.

12th (Lord's day). Up, and to my chamber, to settle some accounts there, and by and by down comes my wife to me in her night-gown, and we begun calmly, that upon having money to lace her gown for second mourning, she would promise to wear white locks no more in my sight, which I, like a severe fool, thinking not enough, begun to except against, and made her fly out to very high terms and cry, and in her heat told me of keeping company with Mrs. Knipp, saying, that if I would promise never to see her more—of whom she hath more reason to suspect than I had heretofore of Pembleton—she would never wear white locks more. This vexed me, but I restrained myself from saying anything, but do think never to see this woman—at least, to have her here more, but by and by I did give her money to buy lace, and she promised to wear no more white locks while I lived, and so all very good friends as ever, and I to my business, and she to dress herself. Against noon we had a coach ready for us, and she and I to White Hall, where I went to see whether Sir G. Carteret was at dinner or no, our design being to make a visit there, and I found them set down, which troubled me, for I would not then go up, but back to the coach to my wife, and she and I homeward again, and in our way bethought ourselves of going alone, she and I, to go to a French house to dinner, and so enquired out Monsieur Robins, my perriwigg-maker, who keeps an ordinary, and in an ugly street in Covent Garden, did find him at the door, and so we in; and in a moment almost had the table covered, and clean glasses, and all in the French manner, and a mess of potage first, and then a couple of pigeons a la esterve, and then a piece of bœuf-a-la-mode, all exceeding well seasoned, and to our great liking; at least it would have been anywhere else but in this bad street, and in a perriwigg-maker's house; but to see the pleasant and ready attendance that we had, and all things so desirous to please, and ingenious in the people, did take me mightily. Our dinner cost us 6*s*., and so my wife and I away to Islington, it being a fine day, and thence to Sir G. Whitmore's house, where we 'light, and walked over the fields to Kingsland, and back again; a walk, I think, I have not taken these twenty years; but puts me in mind of my boy's time, when I boarded at Kingsland, and used to shoot with my bow and arrows in these fields. A very pretty place it is; and little did any of my friends think I should come to walk in these fields in this condition and state that I am. Then took coach again, and home through Shoreditch; and at home my wife finds Barker to have been abroad, and telling her so many lies about it that she struck her, and the wench said she would not stay with her: so I examined the wench, and found her in so many lies myself, that I was glad to be rid of her, and so resolved having her go away to-morrow. So my wife and W. Hewer and I to supper, and then he and I to my chamber to begin the draught of the report from this office to the Duke of York in the case of Mr. Carcasse, which I sat up till midnight to do, and then to bed, believing it

necessary to have it done, and to do it plainly, for it is not to be endured the trouble that this rascal hath put us to, and the disgrace he hath brought upon this office.

13th. Up, and when ready, to the office (my wife rising to send away Barker, according to our resolution last night, and she did do it with more clothes than have cost us £10, and 20*s.* in her purse, which I did for the respect I bear Mr. Falconbridge, otherwise she had not deserved half of it, but I am the more willing to do it to be rid of one that made work and trouble in the house, and had not qualities of any honour or pleasure to me or my family, but what is a strange thing did always declare to her mistress and others that she had rather be put to drudgery and to wash the house than to live as she did like a gentlewoman), and there I and Gibson all the morning making an end of my report against Carcasse, which I think will do our business, but it is a horrid shame such a rogue should give me and all of us this trouble. This morning come Sir H. Cholmly to me for a tally or two; and tells me that he hears that we are by agreement to give the King of France Nova Scotia, which he do not like: but I do not know the importance of it.[1] Then abroad with my wife to my Lord Treasurer's, and she to her tailor's. I find Sir Philip Warwicke, who I perceive do give over my Lord Treasurer for a man of this world, his pain being grown great again upon him, and all the rest he hath is by narcotiques, and now Sir Philip Warwicke do please himself, like a good man, to tell some of the good ejaculations of my Lord Treasurer concerning the little worth of this world, to buy it with so much pain, and other things fit for a dying man. So finding no business likely to be done here for Tangier, I having a warrant for tallies to be signed, I away to the New Exchange, and there staid a little, and then to a looking-glass shop to consult about covering the wall in my closet over my chimney, which is darkish, with looking-glasses, and then to my wife's tailor's, but find her not ready to go home, but got to buy things, and so I away home to look after my business and finish my report of Carcasse, and then did get Sir W. Batten, Sir J. Minnes, and [Sir] W. Pen together, and read it over with all the many papers relating to the business, which they do wonder at, and the trouble I have taken about it, and like the report, so as that they do unanimously resolve to sign it, and stand by it, and after a great deal of discourse of the strange deportment of my Lord Bruncker in this business to withstand the whole board in behalf of such an impudent rogue as this is, I parted, and home to my wife, and supped and talked with her, and then to bed, resolving to rise betimes to-morrow to write fair the report.

14th. Up by 5 o'clock, and when ready down to my chamber, and there

[1] Nova Scotia and the adjoining countries were called by the French Acadie. Pepys is not the only official personage whose ignorance of Nova Scotia is on record. A story is current of a prime minister [Duke of Newcastle] who was surprised at hearing Cape Breton was an island. "Egad, I'll go tell the King Cape Breton is an island!" Of the same it is said, that when told Annapolis was in danger, and ought to be defended: "Oh! certainly Annapolis must be defended,—where is Annapolis?"—B.

with Mr. Fist, Sir W. Batten's clerk, who writes mighty well, writing over our report in Mr. Carcasse's business, in which we continued till 9 o'clock, that the office met, and then to the office, where all the morning, and so at noon home to dinner, where Mr. Holliard come and eat with us, who among other things do give me good hopes that we shall give my father some ease as to his rupture when he comes to town, which I expect to-morrow. After dinner comes Fist, and he and I to our report again till 4 o'clock, and then by coach to my Lord Chancellor's, where I met Mr. Povy, expecting the coming of the rest of the Commissioners for Tangier. Here I understand how the two Dukes, both the only sons of the Duke of York, are sick even to danger, and that on Sunday last they were both so ill, as that the poor Duchess was in doubt which would die first: the Duke of Cambridge of some general disease; the other little Duke,[1] whose title I know not, of the convulsion fits, of which he had four this morning. Fear that either of them might be dead, did make us think that it was the occasion that the Duke of York and others were not come to the meeting of the Commission which was designed, and my Lord Chancellor did expect. And it was pretty to observe how, when my Lord sent down to St. James's to see why the Duke of York come not, and Mr. Povy, who went, returned, my Lord (Chancellor) did ask, not how the Princes or the Dukes do, as other people do, but "How do the children?" which methought was mighty great, and like a great man and grandfather. I find every body mightily concerned for these children, as a matter wherein the State is much concerned that they should live. At last it was found that the meeting did fail from no known occasion, at which my Lord Chancellor was angry, and did cry out against Creed that he should give him no notice. So Povy and I went forth, and staid at the gate of the house by the streete, and there stopped to talk about the business of the Treasury of Tangier, which by the badness of our credit, and the resolution that the Governor shall not be paymaster, will force me to provide one there to be my paymaster, which I will never do, but rather lose my place, for I will not venture my fortune to a fellow to be employed so far off, and in that wicked place. Thence home, and with Fist presently to the finishing the writing fair of our report. And by and by to Sir W. Batten's, and there he and I and [Sir] J. Minnes and [Sir] W. Pen did read and sign it with great good liking, and so away to the office again to look over and correct it, and then home to supper and to bed, my mind being pretty well settled, having this report done, and so to supper and to bed.

15th. [This morning my wife had some things brought home by a new woman of the New Exchange, one Mrs. Smith, which she would have me see for her fine hand, and indeed it is a fine hand, and the woman I observed is a mighty pretty looked woman.[2]] Up, and with Sir W. Batten and [Sir] J.

[1] Charles Stuart, third son of the Duke of York, born July 4th, 1666; created Duke of Kendal, October 31st, 1666; and died May 22nd, 1667.

[2] The passage between brackets is written in the margin of the MS.

Minnes to St. James's, and stopt at Temple Bar for Sir J. Minnes to go into the Devil's Taverne to shit, he having drunk whey, and his belly wrought. Being come, we up to the Duke of York's chamber, who, when ready, we to our usual business, and being very glad, we all that signed it, that is, Sir J. Minnes, W. Batten, W. Pen, and myself, and then Sir G. Carteret and [Sir] W. Coventry, Bruncker, and T. Harvy, and the officers of the Ordnance, Sir J. Duncombe, and Mr. Cholmely presented our report about Carcasse, and did afterwards read it with that success that the Duke of York was for punishing him, not only with turning him out of the office, but with what other punishment he could, which nobody did forward, and so he escaped, only with giving security to secure the King against double tickets of his and other things that he might have wronged the King or subject in before his dismission. Yet, Lord! to see how our silly Lord Bruncker would have stood to have justified this rogue, though to the reproach of all us who have signed, which I shall never forget to have been a most malicious or a most silly act, and I do think it is as much the latter as the other, for none but a fool could have done as this silly Lord hath done in this business. So the Duke of York did like our report, and ordered his being secured till he did give his security, which did fully content me, and will I hope vindicate the office. It happened that my Lord Arlington coming in by chance was at the hearing of all this, which I was not sorry for, for he did move or did second the Duke of York that this roguery of his might be put in the News-book that it might be made publique to satisfy for the wrong the credit of this office hath received by this rogue's occasion. So with utmost content I away with Sir G. Carteret to London, talking all the way; and he do tell me that the business of my Lord Hinchingbroke his marriage with my Lord Burlington's daughter is concluded on by all friends; and that my Lady is now told of it, and do mightily please herself with it; which I am mighty glad of. So home, and there I find that my wife hath been at my desire at the Inne, thinking that my father might be come up with the coach, but he is not come this week, poor man, but will be here the next. At noon to dinner, and then to Sir W. Batten's, where I hear the news how our Embassadors were but ill received at Flushing, nor at Bredah itself, there being only a house and no furniture provided for them, though it be said that they have as much as the French. Here we staid talking a little, and then I to the office about my business, and thence to the office, where busy about my own papers of my office, and by and by comes the office full to examine Sir W. Warren's account, which I do appear mighty fierce in against him, and indeed am, for his accounts are so perplexed that I am sure he cannot but expect to get many a £1,000 in it before it passes our hands, but I will not favour him, but save what I can to the King. At his accounts, wherein I very high against him, till late, and then we broke up with little done, and so broke up, and I to my office, where late doing of business, and then home to supper and to bed. News still that my Lord Treasurer is so ill as not to be any man of this world; and it is said

that the Treasury shall be managed by Commission. I would to God Sir G. Carteret, or my Lord Sandwich, be in it! But the latter is the more fit for it. This day going to White Hall, Sir W. Batten did tell me strange stories of Sir W. Pen, how he is already ashamed of the fine coach which his son-in-law and daughter have made, and indeed it is one of the most ridiculous things for people of their low, mean fashion to make such a coach that ever I saw. He tells me how his people come as they do to mine every day to borrow one thing or other, and that his Lady hath been forced to sell some coals (in the late dear time) only to enable her to pay money that she hath borrowed of Griffin to defray her family expense, which is a strange story for a rogue that spends so much money on clothes and other occasions himself as he do, but that which is most strange, he tells me that Sir W. Pen do not give £6,000, as is usually [supposed], with his daughter to him, and that Mr. Lowder is come to use the tubb, that is to bathe and sweat himself, and that his lady is come to use the tubb too, which he takes to be that he hath, and hath given her the pox, but I hope it is not so, but, says Sir W. Batten, this is a fair joynture, that he hath made her, meaning by that the costs the having of a bath.

16th. Up, and to the office, where we sat all the morning, and, among other things, comes in Mr. Carcasse, and after many arguings against it, did offer security as was desired, but who should this be but Mr. Powell, that is one other of my Lord Bruncker's clerks, and I hope good use will be made of it. But then he began to fall foul upon the injustice of the Board, which when I heard I threatened him with being laid by the heels, which my Lord Bruncker took up as a thing that I could not do upon the occasion he had given, but yet did own that it was ill said of him. I made not many words of it, but have let him see that I can say what I will without fear of him, and so we broke off, leaving the bond to be drawn by me, which I will do in the best manner I can. At noon, this being Holy Thursday, that is, Ascension Day, when the boys go on procession round the parish, we were to go to the Three Tuns' Tavern, to dine with the rest of the parish; where all the parish almost was, Sir Andrew Rickard and others; and of our house, J. Minnes, W. Batten, W. Pen, and myself; and Mr. Mills did sit uppermost at the table. Here we were informed that the report of our Embassadors being ill received in their way to Bredah is not true, but that they are received with very great civility, which I am glad to hear. But that that did vex me was that among all us there should come in Mr. Carcasse to be a guest for his money (5*s* a piece) as well as any of us. This did vex me, and I would have gone, and did go to my house, thinking to dine at home, but I was called away from them, and so we sat down, and to dinner. Among other things Sir John Fredericke[1] and Sir R. Ford did talk of Paul's School, which, they tell me, must be taken

[1] Alderman Sir John Frederick, elected M.P. for the City of London, March, 1662–63; Lord Mayor of London, 1662, and President of Christ's Hospital. His eldest son, John, was created a baronet, 1723.

away; and then I fear it will be long before another place, as they say is promised, is found; but they do say that the honour of their company[1] is concerned in the doing of it, and that it is a thing that they are obliged to do. Thence home, and to my office, where busy; anon at 7 at night I and my wife and Sir W. Pen in his coach to Unthanke's, my wife's tailor, for her to speak one word, and then we to my Lord Treasurer's, where I find the porter crying, and suspected it was that my Lord is dead; and; poor Lord! we did find that he was dead just now; and the crying of the fellow did so trouble me, that considering I was not likely to trouble him any more, nor have occasion to give any more anything, I did give him 3*s.*; but it may be, poor man, he hath lost a considerable hope by the death of his Lord, whose house will be no more frequented as before, and perhaps I may never come thither again about any business. There is a good man gone: and I pray God that the Treasury may not be worse managed by the hand or hands it shall now be put into; though, for certain, the slowness, though he was of great integrity, of this man, and remissness, have gone as far to undo the nation, as anything else that hath happened; and yet, if I knew all the difficulties that he hath lain under, and his instrument Sir Philip Warwicke, I might be brought to another mind. Thence we to Islington, to the Old House, and there eat and drank, and then it being late and a pleasant evening, we home, and there to my chamber, and to bed. It is remarkable that this afternoon Mr. Moore come to me, and there, among other things, did tell me how Mr. Moyer,[2] the merchant, having procured an order from the King and Duke of York and Council, with the consent of my Lord Chancellor, and by assistance of Lord Arlington, for the releasing out of prison his brother, Samuel Moyer, who was a great man in the late times in Haberdashers'-hall, and was engaged under hand and seal to give the man that obtained it so much in behalf of my Lord Chancellor; but it seems my Lady Duchess of Albemarle had before undertaken it for so much money, but hath not done it. The Duke of Albemarle did the next day send for this Moyer, to tell him, that notwithstanding this order of the King and Council's being passed for release of his brother, yet, if he did not consider the pains of some friends of his, he would stop that order. This Moyer being an honest, bold man, told him that he was engaged to the hand that had done the thing to give him a reward; and more he would not give, nor could own any kindness done by his Grace's interest; and so parted. The next day Sir Edward Savage did take the said Moyer in tax about it, giving ill words of this Moyer and his brother; which he not being able to bear, told him he would give to the person that had engaged

[1] The Mercers' Company, under whose superintendence St. Paul's School was placed by Dean Colet, the founder. The school remained in its old locality until 1880, when it was removed to West Kensington, and the schoolhouse pulled down.

[2] Lawrence Moyer, of Low Leyton, in Essex, whose son, of the same name, was afterwards Sir Samuel Moyer, Bart., and High Sheriff of Essex, in 1698. He had also been one of the Council of State. His widow, Rebecca, daughter of Alderman Sir William Joliffe, founded the well-known Lady Moyer's Lectures.—B.

him what he promised, and not any thing to any body else; and that both he and his brother were as honest men as himself, or any man else; and so sent him going, and bid him do his worst. It is one of the most extraordinary cases that ever I saw or understood; but it is true. This day Mr. Sheply is come to town and to see me, and he tells me my father is very well only for his pain, so that he is not able to stir, but is in great pain. I would to God that he were in town that I might have what help can be got for him, for it troubles me to have him live in that condition of misery if I can help it.

17th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning upon some accounts of Mr. Gawden's, and at noon to the Three Tuns to dinner with Lord Bruncker, Sir J. Minnes, W. Batten, W. Pen, and T. Harvy, where very merry, and my Lord Bruncker in appearance as good friends as ever, though I know he has a hatred to me in heart. After dinner to my house, where Mr. Sheply dined, and we drank and talked together. He, poor man, hath had his arm broke the late frost, slipping in going over Huntingdon Bridge. He tells me that Jasper Trice and Lewes Phillips and Mr. Ashfield are gone from Brampton, and he thinks chiefly from the height of Sir J. Bernard's carriage, who carries all things before him there, which they cannot bear with, and so leave the town, and this is a great instance of the advantage a man of the law hath over all other people, which would make a man to study it a little. Sheply being gone, there come the flageolet master, who having had a bad bargain of teaching my wife by the year, she not practising so much as she should do, I did think that the man did deserve some more consideration, and so will give him an opportunity of 20*s.* a month more, and he shall teach me, and this afternoon I begun, and I think it will be a few shillings well spent. Then to Sir R. Viner's with 600 pieces of gold to turn into silver, for the enabling me to answer Sir G. Carteret's £3,000; which he now draws all out of my hand towards the paying for a purchase he hath made for his son and my Lady Jemimah, in Northamptonshire,[1] of Sir Samuel Luke,[2] in a good place; a good house, and near all her friends; which is a very happy thing. Thence to St. James's, and there spoke with Sir W. Coventry, and give him some account of some things, but have little discourse with him, there being company with him, and so directly home again and then to my office, doing some business, and so to my house, and with my wife to practice on the flageolet a little, and with great pleasure I see she can readily hit her notes, but only want of practice makes her she cannot go through a whole tune readily. So to supper and to bed.

[1] An error for Bedfordshire. The place was Hawnes, which belonged to the Lukes of Cople, who, about 1654, had sold it to Sir Humphrey Winch, from whom, and not directly from Sir Samuel Luke, Sir George Carteret purchased it in 1667. The son by this marriage was created Lord Carteret of Hawnes in 1681.—B.

[2] Sir Samuel Luke, eldest son of Sir Oliver Luke, of Woodend, Beds. He belonged to the Presbyterian party, and appears to have been a stout soldier. He was referred to by a contemporary as "Great-spirited little Sir Samuel Luke." He was knighted in 1624, and died in 1670; buried at Cople, in Beds, on the 30th August. His fame has been injured by the supposed fact that he was the hero of "Hudibras."

18th. Up, and all the morning at the office, and then to dinner, and after dinner to the office to dictate some letters, and then with my wife to Sir W. Turner's to visit The., but she being abroad we back again home, and then I to the office, finished my letters, and then to walk an hour in the garden talking with my wife, whose growth in musique do begin to please me mightily, and by and by home and there find our Luce drunk, and when her mistress told her of it would be gone, and so put up some of her things and did go away of her accord, nobody pressing her to it, and the truth is, though she be the dirtiest, homeliest servant that ever I kept, yet I was sorry to have her go, partly through my love to my servants, and partly because she was a very drudging, working wench, only she would be drunk. But that which did a little trouble me was that I did hear her tell her mistress that she would tell her master something before she was aware of her that she would be sorry to have him know; but did it in such a silly, drunken manner, that though it trouble me a little, yet not knowing what to suspect she should know, and not knowing well whether she said it to her mistress or Jane, I did not much think of it. So she gone, we to supper and to bed, my study being made finely clean.

19th (Lord's day). Up, and to my chamber to set some papers in order, and then to church, where my old acquaintance, that dull fellow, Meriton, made a good sermon, and hath a strange knack of a grave, serious delivery, which is very agreeable. After church to White Hall, and there find Sir G. Carteret just set down to dinner, and I dined with them, as I intended, and good company, the best people and family in the world I think. Here was great talk of the good end that my Lord Treasurer made; closing his owne eyes and setting his mouth, and bidding adieu with the greatest content and freedom in the world; and is said to die with the cleanest hands that ever any Lord Treasurer did. After dinner Sir G. Carteret and I alone, and there, among other discourse, he did declare that he would be content to part with his place of Treasurer of the Navy upon good terms. I did propose my Lord Belasses as a man likely to buy it, which he listened to, and I did fully concur and promote his design of parting with it, for though I would have my father live, I would not have him die Treasurer of the Navy, because of the accounts which must be uncleared at his death, besides many other circumstances making it advisable for him to let it go. He tells me that he fears all will come to naught in the nation soon if the King do not mind his business, which he do not seem likely to do. He says that the Treasury will be managed for a while by a Commission, whereof he thinks my Lord Chancellor for the honour of it, and my Lord Ashly, and the two Secretaries will be, and some others he knows not. I took leave of him, and directly by water home, and there to read the life of Mr. Hooker, which pleases me as much as any thing I have read a great while, and by and by comes Mr. Howe to see us, and after him a little Mr. Sheply, and so we all to talk, and, Mercer being there, we some of us to sing, and so to supper, a great deal of silly talk.

Among other things, W. Howe told us how the Barristers and Students of Gray's Inne rose in rebellion against the Benchers the other day, who outlawed them, and a great deal of do; but now they are at peace again. They being gone, I to my book again, and made an end of Mr. Hooker's Life,[1] and so to bed.

20th. Up betimes, and comes my flagelette master to set me a new tune, which I played presently, and shall in a month do as much as I desire at it. He being gone, I to several businesses in my chamber, and then by coach to the Commissioners of Excise, and so to Westminster Hall, and there spoke with several persons I had to do with. Here among other news, I hear that the Commissioners for the Treasury were named by the King yesterday; but who they are nobody could tell: but the persons are the Lord Chancellor, the two Secretaries, Lord Ashly, and others say Sir W. Coventry and Sir John Duncomb, but all conclude the Duke of Albemarle; but reports do differ, but will be known in a day or two. Having done my business, I then homeward, and overtook Mr. Commander; so took him into a coach with me, and he and I into Lincoln's Inne Fields, there to look upon the coach-houses to see what ground is necessary for coach-house and horses, because of that that I am going about to do, and having satisfied myself in this he and I to Mr. Hide's to look upon the ground again behind our house, and concluded upon his going along with us to-morrow to see some stables, he thinking that we demand more than is necessary. So away home, and then, I, it being a broken day, and had power by my vows, did walk abroad, first through the Minorys, the first time I have been over the Hill to the postern-gate, and seen the place, since the houses were pulled down about that side of the Tower, since the fire, to find where my young mercer with my pretty little woman to his wife lives, who lived in Lumbard Streete, and I did espy them, but took no notice now of them, but may do hereafter. Thence down to the Old Swan, and there saw Betty Michell, whom I have not seen since her christening. But, Lord! how pretty she is, and looks as well as ever I saw her, and her child (which I am fain to seem very fond of) is pretty also, I think, and will be. Thence by water to Westminster Hall, and there walked a while talking at random with Sir W. Doyly, and so away to Mrs. Martin's lodging, who was gone before, expecting me, and there je hazer what je vellem cum her and drank, and so by coach home (but I have forgot that I did in the morning go to the Swan, and there tumbling of la little fille, son uncle did trouver her cum su neckcloth off, which I was ashamed of, but made no great matter of it, but let it pass with a laugh), and there spent the evening with my wife at our flagelets, and so to supper, and after a little reading to bed. My wife still troubled with her cold. I find it everywhere now to be a thing doubted whether we shall have peace or no, and the captain of one of our ships that went with the Embassadors do say, that the seamen of Holland to his hearing

[1] Izaac Walton's "Life of Mr. Richard Hooker," "London, by J. G. for Ric. Marriott," was first published in 1665.

did defy us, and called us English dogs, and cried out against peace, and that the great people there do oppose peace, though he says the common people do wish it.

21st. Up and to the office, where sat all the morning. At noon dined at home with my wife and find a new girle, a good big girle come to us, got by Payne to be our girle, and his daughter Nell we make our cook. This wench's name is Mary, and seems a good likely maid. After dinner I with Mr. Commander and Mr. Hide's brother to Lincolne's Inne Fields, and there viewed several coach-houses, and satisfied ourselves now fully in it, and then there parted, leaving the rest to future discourse between us. Thence I home; but, Lord! how it went against my heart to go away from the very door of the Duke's play-house, and my Lady Castlemayne's coach, and many great coaches there, to see "The Siege of Rhodes." I was very near making a forfeit, but I did command myself, and so home to my office, and there did much business to my good content, much better than going to a play, and then home to my wife, who is not well with her cold, and sat and read a piece of Grand Cyrus in English by her, and then to my chamber and to supper, and so to bed. This morning the Captain come from Holland did tell us at the board what I have said he reported yesterday. This evening after I come from the office Mrs. Turner come to see my wife and me, and sit and talk with us, and so, my wife not being well and going to bed, Mrs. Turner and I sat up till 12 at night talking alone in my chamber, and most of our discourse was of our neighbours. As to my Lord Bruncker, she says how Mrs. Griffin, our housekeeper's wife, hath it from his maid, that comes to her house often, that they are very poor; that the other day Mrs. Williams was fain to send a jewell to pawn; that their maid hath said herself that she hath got £50 since she come thither, and £17 by the payment of one bill; that they have a most lewd and nasty family here in the office, but Mrs. Turner do tell me that my Lord hath put the King to infinite charge since his coming thither in alterations, and particularly that Mr. Harper at Deptford did himself tell her that my Lord hath had of Foly, the ironmonger, £50 worth in locks and keys for his house, and that it is from the fineness of them, having some of £4 and £5 a lock, such as is in the Duke's closet; that he hath several of these; that he do keep many of her things from her of her own goods, and would have her bring a bill into the office for them; that Mrs. Griffin do say that he do not keep Mrs. Williams now for love, but need, he having another whore that he keeps in Covent Garden; that they do owe money everywhere almost for every thing, even Mrs. Shipman for her butter and cheese about £3, and after many demands cannot get it. Mrs. Turner says she do believe their coming here is only out of a belief of getting purchase by it, and that their servants (which was wittily said of her touching his clerks) do act only as privateers, no purchase, no pay. And in my conscience she is in the right. Then we fell to talk of Sir W. Pen, and his family and rise. She [Mrs. Turner] says that he was a pityfull [fellow] when she first knew them; that his lady was one of the sourest, dirty women, that ever she saw;

that they took two chambers, one over another, for themselves and child, in Tower Hill; that for many years together they eat more meals at her house than at their own; did call brothers and sisters the husbands and wives; that her husband was godfather to one, and she godmother to another (this Margaret) of their children, by the same token that she was fain to write with her own hand a letter to Captain Twiddy, to stand for a godfather for her; that she brought my Lady, who then was a dirty slattern, with her stockings hanging about her heels, so that afterwards the people of the whole Hill did say that Mrs. Turner had made Mrs. Pen a gentlewoman, first to the knowledge of my Lady Vane,[1] Sir Henry's lady, and him to the knowledge of most of the great people that then he sought to, and that in short his rise hath been his giving of large bribes, wherein, and she agrees with my opinion and knowledge before therein, he is very profuse. This made him General; this got him out of the Tower when he was in; and hath brought him into what he is now, since the King's coming in: that long ago, indeed, he would drink the King's health privately with Mr. Turner; but that when he saw it fit to turn Roundhead, and was offered by Mr. Turner to drink the King's health, he answered "No;" he was changed, and now he that would make him drink the King's health, or any health but the Protector's and the State's, or to that purpose, he would be the first man should sheath his sword in his guts. That at the King's coming in, he did send for her husband, and told him what a great man Sir W. Coventry was like to be, and that he having all the records in his hands of the Navy, if he would transcribe what was of most present use of the practice of the Navy, and give them him to give Sir W. Coventry from him, it would undoubtedly do his business of getting him a principal officer's place; that her husband was at £5 charge to get these presently writ; that Sir W. Pen did give them Sir W. Coventry as from himself, which did set him up with W. Coventry, and made him what he is, and never owned any thing of Mr. Turner in them; by which he left him in the lurch, though he did promise the Duke of Albemarle to do all that was possible, and made no question of Mr. Turner's being what he desired; and when afterwards, too, did propose to him the getting of the Purveyor's place for him, he did tell Mr. Turner it was necessary to present Sir W. Coventry 100 pieces, which he did, and W. Coventry took 80 of them: so that he was W. Coventry's mere broker, as Sir W. Batten and my Lady did once tell my Lady Duchess of Albemarle, in the case of Mr. Falconer, whom W. Pen made to give W. Coventry £200 for his place of Clerk of the Rope Yard of Woolwich, and to settle £80 a year upon his daughter Pegg, after the death of his wife, and a gold watch presently to his wife. Mrs. Turner do tell me that my Lady and Pegg have themselves owned to her that Sir W. Coventry and Sir W. Pen had private marks to write to one another by, that when they in appearance writ a fair letter in behalf of anybody, that they had a little mark to show they meant it only in shew: this, these silly people did

[1] Lady Vane was Frances, daughter of Sir Christopher Wray, Bart., of Ashby, Lincolnshire.—B.

confess themselves of him. She says that their son, Mr. William Pen, did tell her that his father did observe the commanders did make their addresses to me and applications, but they should know that his father should be the chief of the office, and that she hath observed that Sir W. Pen never had a kindness to her son, since W. Pen told her son that he had applied himself to me. That his rise hath been by her and her husband's means, and that it is a most inconceivable thing how this man can have the face to use her and her family with the neglect that he do them. That he was in the late war a most devilish plunderer, and that got him his estate, which he hath in Ireland, and nothing else, and that he hath always been a very liberal man in his bribes, that upon his coming into this part of the Controller's business wherein he is, he did send for T. Willson and told him how against his knowledge he was put in, and had so little wit as to say to him, "This will make the pot boyle, will it not, Mr. Willson? will it not make the pot boyle?" and do offer him to come in and do his business for him, and he would reward him. This Mr. Willson did come and tell her presently, he having been their servant, and to this day is very faithful to them. That her husband's not being forward to make him a bill for Rere Admirall's pay and Generall's pay both at the same time after he was first made Generall did first give him occasion of keeping a distance from him, since which they have never been great friends, Pen having by degrees been continually growing higher and higher, till now that he do wholly slight them and use them only as servants. Upon the whole, she told me stories enough to confirm me that he is the most false fellow that ever was born of woman, and that so she thinks and knows him to be.

22nd. Up, and by water to White Hall to Sir G. Carteret, who tells me now for certain how the Commission for the Treasury is disposed of: viz., to Duke of Albemarle, Lord Ashly, Sir W. Coventry, Sir John Duncomb,[1] and Sir

[1] Burnet says of Sir John Duncomb, that "he was a judicious man, but very haughty, and apt to raise enemies. He was an able Parliamentman, but could not go into all the designs of the Court; for he had a sense of religion, and a zeal for the liberty of his country" ("Own Time," vol. i., p. 437, ed. 1833). Duncomb's removal from the Ordnance to the Treasury is not overlooked by Marvell ("Works," vol. iii., p. 391):

> "*Southampton* dead, much of the treasure's care
> And place in council fell to *Duncomb's* share.
> All men admired, he to that pitch could fly,
> Powder ne'er blew man up so soon, so high;
> But, sure his late good husbandry in petre [saltpetre],
> Showed him to manage the Exchequer meeter;
> And who the forts would not vouchsafe a corn,
> To lavish the King's money more with scorn,
> Who hath no chimneys to give all is best;
> And ablest speaker who of law hath least,
> Who less estate for Treasurer most fit,
> And for a Chancellor he that has least wit.
> But the true cause was, that in's brother *May*,
> Th' exchequer might the privy-purse obey."—B.

Thomas Clifford: at which, he says, all the whole Court is disturbed; it having been once concluded otherwise into the other hands formerly mentioned in yesterday's notes, but all of a sudden the King's choice was changed, and these are to be the men; the first of which is only for a puppet to give honour to the rest. He do presage that these men will make it their business to find faults in the managment of the late Lord Treasurer, and in discouraging the bankers: but I am, whatever I in compliance do say to him, of another mind, and my heart is very glad of it, for I do expect they will do much good, and that it is the happiest thing that hath appeared to me for the good of the nation since the King come in. Thence to St. James's, and up to the Duke of York; and there in his chamber Sir W. Coventry did of himself take notice of this business of the Treasury, wherein he is in the Commission, and desired that I would be thinking of any thing fit for him to be acquainted with for the lessening of charge and bettering of our credit, and what our expence hath been since the King's coming home, which he believes will be one of the first things they shall enquire into: which I promised him, and from time to time, which he desires, will give him an account of what I can think of worthy his knowledge. I am mighty glad of this opportunity of professing my joy to him in what choice the King hath made, and the hopes I have that it will save the kingdom from perishing: and how it do encourage me to take pains again, after my having through despair neglected it! which he told me of himself that it was so with him, that he had given himself up to more ease than ever he expected, and that his opinion of matters was so bad, that there was no publick employment in the kingdom should have been accepted by him but this which the King hath now given him; and therein he is glad, in hopes of the service he may do therein; and in my conscience he will. So into the Duke of York's closet; and there, among other things, Sir W. Coventry did take notice of what he told me the other day, about a report of Commissioner Pett's dealing for timber in the Navy, and selling it to us in other names; and, besides his own proof, did produce a paper I had given him this morning about it, in the case of Widow Murford and Morecocke,[1] which was so handled, that the Duke of York grew very angry, and commanded us presently to fall into the examination of it, saying that he would not trust a man for his sake that lifts up the whites of his eyes. And it was declared that if he be found to have done so, he should be reckoned unfit to serve the Navy; and I do believe he will be turned out; and it was, methought, a worthy saying of Sir W. Coventry to the Duke of York, "Sir," says he, "I do not make this complaint out of any disrespect to Commissioner Pett, but because I do love to do these things fairly and openly." Thence I to Westminster Hall with Sir G. Carteret to the Chequer Chamber to hear our cause of the Lindeboome prize there before the Lords of Appeal, where

[1] Commissioner Pett, in his communication to the Navy Commissioners (May 24th), states that "Murford and Moorcock went two-thirds in Newhall timber" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1667, p. 117).

was Lord Ashly, Arlington, Barkely, and Sir G. Carteret, but the latter three signified nothing, the former only either minding or understanding what was said. Here was good pleading of Sir Walter Walker's and worth hearing, but little done in our business. Thence by coach to the Red Lyon, thinking to meet my father, but I come too soon, but my wife is gone out of town to meet him. I am in great pain, poor man, for him, lest he should come up in pain to town. So I staid not, but to the 'Change, and there staid a little, where most of the newes is that the Swedes are likely to fall out with the Dutch, which we wish, but how true I know not. Here I met my uncle Wight, the second day he hath been abroad, having been sick these two months even to death, but having never sent to me even in the greatest of his danger. I do think my Aunt had no mind I should come, and so I never went to see him, but neither he took notice of it to me, nor I made any excuse for it to him, but past two or three How do you's, and so parted and so home, and by and by comes my poor father, much better than I expected, being at ease by fits, according as his truss sits, and at another time in as much pain. I am mighty glad to see him come well to town. So to dinner, where Creed comes. After dinner my wife and father abroad, and Creed and I also by water, and parted at the Temple stairs, where I landed, and to the King's house, where I did give 18*d*., and saw the two last acts of "The Goblins," [1] a play I could not make any thing of by these two acts, but here Knipp spied me out of the tiring-room, and come to the pit door, and I out to her, and kissed her, she only coming to see me, being in a country-dress, she and others having, it seemed, had a country-dance in the play, but she no other part: so we parted, and I into the pit again till it was done. The house full, but I had no mind to be seen, but thence to my cutler's, and two or three other places on small errands, and so home, where my father and wife come home, and pretty well my father, who to supper and betimes to bed at his country hours. I to Sir W. Batten's, and there got some more part of my dividend of the prize-money. So home and to set down in writing the state of the account, and then to supper, and my wife to her flageolet, wherein she did make out a tune so prettily of herself, that I was infinitely pleased beyond whatever I expected from her, and so to bed. This day coming from Westminster with W. Batten, we saw at White Hall stairs a fisher-boat, with a sturgeon that he had newly catched in the River; which I saw, but it was but a little one; but big enough to prevent my mistake of that for a colt, if ever I become Mayor of Huntingdon.[2]

23rd. Up, and to the office, where we sat all the morning. At noon home.

[1] See January 23rd, 1666–67.

[2] During a very high flood in the meadows between Huntingdon and Godmanchester, something was seen floating, which the Godmanchester people thought was a black *pig*, and the Huntingdon folk declared it was a *sturgeon*; when rescued from the waters, it proved to be *a young donkey*. This mistake led to the one party being styled "Godmanchester black pigs," and the other "Huntingdon sturgeons," terms not altogether forgotten at this day. Pepys's *colt* must be taken to be the *colt of an ass*.—B.

and with my father dined, and, poor man! he hath put off his travelling-clothes to-day, and is mighty spruce, and I love to see him cheerful. After dinner I to my chamber, and my wife and I to talk, and by and by they tell Mrs. Daniel would speak with me, so I down to the parlour to her, and sat down together and talked about getting her husband a place. . . . I do promise, and mean to do what kindness I can to her husband. After having been there hasti je was ashamed de peur that my people pensait τὸ πρᾶγμα de it, or lest they might espy us through some trees, we parted and I to the office, and presently back home again, and there was asked by my wife, I know not whether simply or with design, how I come to look as I did, car ego was in much chaleur et de body and of animi, which I put off with the heat of the season, and so to other business, but I had some fear hung upon me lest alcuno had sidi decouvert. So to the office, and then to Sir R. Viner's about some part of my accounts now going on with him, and then home and ended my letters, and then to supper and my chamber to settle many things there, and then to bed. This noon I was on the 'Change, where I to my astonishment hear, and it is in the Gazette, that Sir John Duncomb is sworn yesterday a Privy-councillor. This day I hear also that last night the Duke of Kendall, second son of the Duke of York, did die; and that the other, Duke of Cambridge, continues very ill still. This afternoon I had opportunity para jouer with Mrs. Pen, tokendo her mammailles and baisando elle, being sola in the casa of her pater, and she fort willing.

24th. Up, and to the office, where, by and by, by appointment, we met upon Sir W. Warren's accounts, wherein I do appear in every thing as much as I can his enemy, though not so far but upon good conditions from him I may return to be his friend, but I do think it necessary to do what I do at present. We broke off at noon without doing much, and then home, where my wife not well, but yet engaged by invitation to go with Sir W. Pen. I got her to go with him by coach to Islington to the old house, where his lady and Madam Lowther, with her exceeding fine coach and mean horses, and her mother-in-law,[1] did meet us, and two of Mr. Lowther's brothers,[2] and here dined upon nothing but pigeon-pyes, which was such a thing for him to invite all the company to, that I was ashamed of it. But after dinner was all our sport, when there come in a juggler, who, indeed, did shew us so good tricks as I have never seen in my life, I think, of legerdemaine, and such as my wife hath since seriously said that she would not believe but that he did them by the help of the devil. Here, after a bad dinner, and but ordinary company, saving that I discern good parts in one of the sons, who, methought, did take

[1] Mary, widow of Morgan Davis, Esq., the third wife of Alderman Robert Lowther, was the lady here referred to.—B.

[2] According to Collins, Anthony Lowther had but one brother, John, a merchant at Dantzic, and one of the Commissioners of Revenue in Ireland. See Collins, vol. v., p. 702. Anthony Lowther, who married Margaret Penn, was the son of Elizabeth, daughter of William Holcroft, Esq., *second* wife of Robert Lowther, of Marske, co. York, and Alderman of London, who died 1655.—B.

me up very prettily in one or two things that I said, and I was so sensible of it as to be a caution to me hereafter how I do venture to speak more than is necessary in any company, though, as I did now, I do think them incapable to censure me. We broke up, they back to Walthamstow, and only my wife and I and Sir W. Pen to the King's playhouse, and there saw "The Mayden Queene," [1] which, though I have often seen, yet pleases me infinitely, it being impossible, I think, ever to have the Queen's part, which is very good and passionate, and Florimel's part, which is the most comicall that ever was made for woman, ever done better than they two are by young Marshall and Nelly. Home, where I spent the evening with my father and wife, and late at night some flagillette with my wife, and then to supper and to bed.

25th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning. At noon dined at home, and there come Mr. Pierce, the surgeon, and dined with me, telling me that the Duke of Cambridge continues very ill, so as they do despair of his living. So to the office again, where all the afternoon. About 4 o'clock comes Mrs. Pierce to see my wife, and I into them, and there find Pierce very fine, and in her own hair, which do become her, and so says my wife, ten times better than lighter hair, her complexion being mighty good. With them talked a little, and was invited by her to come with my wife on Wednesday next in the evening, to be merry there, which we shall do. Then to the office again, where dispatched a great deal of business till late at night, to my great content, and then home and with my wife to our flageolets a little, and so to supper and to bed, after having my chamber a little wiped up.

26th (Lord's day). Up sooner than usual on Sundays, and to walk, it being exceeding hot all night (so as this night I begun to leave off my waistcoat this year) and this morning, and so to walk in the garden till toward church time, when my wife and I to church, where several strangers of good condition come to our pew, where the pew was full. At noon dined at home, where little Michell come and his wife, who continues mighty pretty. After dinner I by water alone to Westminster, where, not finding Mrs. Martin within, did go towards the parish church,[2] and in the way did overtake her, who resolved to go into the church with her that she was going with (Mrs. Hargrave, the little crooked woman, the vintner's wife of the Dog) and then go out again, and so I to the church, and seeing her return did go out again myself, but met with Mr. Howlett, who, offering me a pew in the gallery, I had no excuse but up with him I must go, and then much against my will staid out the whole church in pain while she expected me at home, but I did entertain myself with my perspective glass up and down the church, by which I had the great pleasure of seeing and gazing at a great many very fine women; and what with that, and sleeping, I passed away the time till sermon was done, and then to Mrs. Martin, and there staid with her an hour or two, and there did what I would with her, and after been here so long

[1] See March 2nd, 1666–67.
[2] St. Margaret's.

I away to my boat, and up with it as far as Barne Elmes, reading of Mr. Evelyn's late new book against Solitude,[1] in which I do not find much excess of good matter, though it be pretty for a bye discourse. I walked the length of the Elmes, and with great pleasure saw some gallant ladies and people come with their bottles, and basket, and chairs, and form, to sup under the trees by the waterside, which was mighty pleasant. I to boat again and to my book, and having done that I took another book, Mr. Boyle's of Colours, and there read, where I laughed, finding many fine things worthy observation, and so landed at the Old Swan, and so home, where I find my poor father newly come out of an unexpected fit of his pain, that they feared he would have died. They had sent for me to White Hall and all up and down, and for Mr. Holliard also, who did come, but W. Hewer being here did I think do the business in getting my father's bowel, that was fallen down, into his body again, and that which made me more sensible of it was that he this morning did show me the place where his bowel did use to fall down and swell, which did trouble me to see. But above all things the poor man's patience under it and his good heart and humour, as soon as he was out of it, did so work upon me, that my heart was sad to think upon his condition, but do hope that a way will be found by a steel truss to relieve him. By and by to supper, all our discourse about Brampton, and my intentions to build there if I could be free of my engagement to my Uncle Thomas and his son, that they may not have what I have built, against my will, to them whether I will or no, in case of me and my brothers being without heirs male; which is the true reason why I am against laying out money upon that place, together with my fear of some inconvenience by being so near Hinchingbroke; being obliged to be a servant to that family, and subject to what expence they shall cost me; and to have all that I shall buy, or do, esteemed as got by the death of my uncle, when indeed what I have from him is not worth naming. After supper to read and then to bed.

27th. Up, and there comes Greeting my flagelette master, and I practised with him. There comes also Richardson, the bookbinder, with one of Ogilby's Bibles in quires for me to see and buy, it being Mr. Cade's, my stationer's; but it is like to be so big that I shall not use it, it being too great to stir up and down without much trouble, which I shall not like nor do intend it for. So by water to White Hall, and there find Sir G. Carteret at home, and talked with him a while, and find that the new Commissioners of the Treasury did meet this morning. So I to find out Sir W. Coventry, but missed, only I do hear that they have chosen Sir G. Downing for their Secretary; and I think in my conscience they have done a great thing in it; for he is a

[1] "15th February, 1666–67. My little book in answer to Sir George Mackenzie was now published, entitled, 'Public Employment and an Active Life, with its Appenages, preferred to Solitude.' "—Evelyn's *Diary*. Soon afterwards Evelyn wrote to Cowley, the poet, and excused himself for writing in this strain, and in truth his opinions were divided on this question.

business active man, and values himself upon having of things do well under his hand; so that I am mightily pleased in their choice. Here I met Mr. Pierce, who tells me that he lately met Mr. Carcasse, who do mightily inveigh against me, for that all that has been done against him he lays on me, and I think he is in the right and I do own it, only I find what I suspected, that he do report that Sir W. Batten and I, who never agreed before, do now, and since this business agree even more, which I did fear would be thought, and therefore will find occasion to undeceive the world in that particular by promoting something shortly against [Sir] W. Batten. So home, and there to sing with my wife before dinner, and then to dinner, and after dinner comes Carcasse to speak with me, but I would not give him way to enlarge on anything, but he would have begun to have made a noise how I have undone him and used all the wit I could in the drawing up of his report, wherein he told me I had taken a great deal of pains to undo him. To which I did not think fit to enter into any answer, but dismissed him, and so I again up to my chamber, vexed at the impudence of this rogue, but I think I shall be wary enough for him. So to my chamber, and there did some little business, and then abroad, and stopped at the Bear-garden-stairs,[1] there to see a prize fought. But the house so full there was no getting in there, so forced to go through an alehouse into the pit, where the bears are baited; and upon a stool did see them fight, which they did very furiously, a butcher and a waterman. The former had the better all along, till by and by the latter dropped his sword out of his hand, and the butcher, whether not seeing his sword dropped I know not, but did give him a cut over the wrist, so as he was disabled to fight any longer. But, Lord! to see how in a minute the whole stage was full of watermen to revenge the foul play, and the butchers to defend their fellow, though most blamed him; and there they all fell to it to knocking down and cutting many on each side. It was pleasant to see, but that I stood in the pit, and feared that in the tumult I might get some hurt. At last the rabble broke up, and so I away to White Hall and so to St. James's, but I found not Sir W. Coventry, so into the Park and took a turn or two, it being a most sweet day, and so by water home, and with my father and wife walked in the garden, and then anon to supper and to bed. The Duke of Cambridge very ill still.

28th. Up, and by coach to St. James's, where I find Sir W. Coventry, and he desirous to have spoke with me. It was to read over a draught of a letter which he hath made for his brother Commissioners and him to sign to us, demanding an account of the whole business of the Navy accounts; and I perceive, by the way he goes about it, that they will do admirable things. He tells me they have chosen Sir G. Downing their Secretary, who will be as fit a man as any in the world; and said, by the by, speaking of the bankers being fearful of Sir G. Downing's being Secretary, he being their enemy, that they did not intend to be ruled by their Secretary, but do the business

[1] At Bankside.

themselves. My heart is glad to see so great hopes of good to the nation as will be by these men; and it do me good to see Sir W. Coventry so cheerfull as he now is on the same score. Thence home, and there fell to seeing my office and closet there made soundly clean, and the windows cleaned. At which all the morning, and so at noon to dinner. After dinner my wife away down with Jane and W. Hewer to Woolwich, in order to a little ayre and to lie there to-night, and so to gather May-dew[1] to-morrow morning, which Mrs. Turner hath taught her as the only thing in the world to wash her face with; and I am contented with it. Presently comes Creed, and he and I by water to Fox-hall, and there walked in Spring Garden. A great deal of company, and the weather and garden pleasant: that it is very pleasant and cheap going thither, for a man may go to spend what he will, or nothing, all is one. But to hear the nightingale and other birds, and here fiddles, and there a harp, and here a Jew's trump, and here laughing, and there fine people walking, is mighty divertising. Among others, there were two pretty women alone, that walked a great while, which being discovered by some idle gentlemen, they would needs take them up; but to see the poor ladies how they were put to it to run from them, and they after them, and sometimes the ladies put themselves along with other company, then the other drew back; at last, the last did get off out of the house, and took boat and away. I was troubled to see them abused so; and could have found in my heart, as little desire of fighting as I have, to have protected the ladies. So by water, set Creed down at White Hall, and I to the Old Swan, and so home. My father gone to bed, and wife abroad at Woolwich, I to Sir W. Pen, where he and his Lady and Pegg and pretty Mrs. Lowther her sister-in-law at supper, where I sat and talked, and Sir W. Pen, half drunk, did talk like a fool and vex his wife, that I was half pleased and half vexed to see so much folly and rudeness from him, and so late home to bed.

29th. Up, and by coach to St. James's, where by and by up to the Duke of York, where, among other things, our parson Mills having the offer of another benefice[2] by Sir Robert Brookes, who was his pupil, he by my Lord Barkeley [of Stratton] is made one of the Duke's Chaplains, which qualifies him for two livings. But to see how slightly such things are done, the Duke of York only taking my Lord Barkeley's word upon saying, that we the officers of the Navy do say he is a good man and minister of our parish, and the Duke of York admits him to kiss his hand, but speaks not one word to him; but so a warrant will be drawn from the Duke of York to qualify him,

[1] If we are to credit the following paragraph, extracted from the "Morning Post" of May 2nd, 1791, the virtues of May dew were then still held in some estimation; for it records that "on the day preceding, according to annual and superstitious custom, a number of persons went into the fields, and bathed their faces with the dew on the grass, under the idea that it would render them beautiful" (Hone's "Every Day Book," vol. ii., p. 611). Aubrey speaks of May dew as "a great dissolvent" ("Miscellanies," p. 183).—B.

[2] The rectory of Wanstead, in Essex, to which he was presented.

and there's an end of it. So we into the Duke's closett, where little to do, but complaint for want of money and a motion of Sir W. Coventry's that we should all now bethink ourselves of lessening charge to the King, which he said was the only way he saw likely to put the King out of debt, and this puts me upon thinking to offer something presently myself to prevent its being done in a worse manner without me relating to the Victualling business, which, as I may order it, I think may be done and save myself something. Thence home, and there settle to some accounts of mine in my chamber I all the morning till dinner. My wife comes home from Woolwich, but did not dine with me, going to dress herself against night, to go to Mrs. Pierce's to be merry, where we are to have Knepp and Harris and other good people. I at my accounts all the afternoon, being a little lost in them as to reckoning interest. Anon comes down my wife, dressed in her second mourning, with her black moyre waistcoat, and short petticoat, laced with silver lace so basely that I could not endure to see her, and with laced lining, which is too soon, so that I was horrid angry, and went out of doors to the office and there staid, and would not go to our intended meeting, which vexed me to the blood, and my wife sent twice or thrice to me, to direct her any way to dress her, but to put on her cloth gown, which she would not venture, which made me mad: and so in the evening to my chamber, vexed, and to my accounts, which I ended to my great content, and did make amends for the loss of our mirth this night, by getting this done, which otherwise I fear I should not have done a good while else. So to bed.

30th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning. At noon dined at home, being without any words friends with my wife, though last night I was very angry, and do think I did give her as much cause to be angry with me. After dinner I walked to Arundell House, the way very nasty, the day of meeting of the Society being changed from Wednesday to Thursday, which I knew not before, because the Wednesday is a Council-day, and several of the Council are of the Society, and would come but for their attending the King at Council; where I find much company, indeed very much company, in expectation of the Duchesse of Newcastle,[1] who had desired to be invited to the Society; and was, after much debate, *pro* and *con.*, it seems many being against it; and we do believe the town will be full of ballads of it. Anon comes the Duchesse with her women attending her; among others, the Ferabosco,[2] of whom so much talk is that her lady would bid her show her

[1] May 30th. "The duchess of Newcastle coming in, the experiments appointed for her entertainment were made: first that of weighing the air . . . ; next were made several experiments of mixing colours; then two cold liquors by mixture made hot; then the experiments of making water bubble up in the rarefying engine, by drawing out the air, and that of making an empty bladder swell in the same engine; then the experiment of making a body swim in the middle of the water; and that of two well-wrought marbles, which were not separated but by the weight of forty-seven pounds."—Birch's *History of the Royal Society*, vol. ii., p. 178.

[2] This may either have been the wife or daughter of Alfonso Ferrabosco the younger or of John Ferrabosco.

face and kill the gallants. She is indeed black, and hath good black little eyes, but otherwise but a very ordinary woman I do think, but they say sings well. The Duchesse hath been a good, comely woman; but her dress so antick, and her deportment so ordinary, that I do not like her at all, nor did I hear her say any thing that was worth hearing, but that she was full of admiration, all admiration. Several fine experiments were shown her of colours, loadstones, microscopes, and of liquors: among others, of one that did, while she was there, turn a piece of roasted mutton into pure blood, which was very rare. Here was Mrs. Moore of Cambridge, whom I had not seen before, and I was glad to see her; as also a very pretty black boy that run up and down the room, somebody's child in Arundell House. After they had shown her many experiments, and she cried still she was full of admiration, she departed, being led out and in by several Lords that were there; among others Lord George Barkeley and Earl of Carlisle, and a very pretty young man, the Duke of Somerset.[1] She gone, I by coach home, and there busy at my letters till night, and then with my wife in the evening singing with her in the garden with great pleasure, and so home to supper and to bed.

31st. Up, and there came young Mrs. Daniel in the morning as I expected about business of her husband's. I took her into the office to discourse with her about getting some employment for him. . . . By water to White Hall to the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, the first time I ever was there and I think the second that they have met at the Treasury chamber there. Here I saw Duncomb look as big, and take as much state on him, as if he had been born a lord. I was in with him about Tangier, and at present received but little answer from them, they being in a cloud of business yet, but I doubt not but all will go well under them. Here I met with Sir H. Cholmly, who tells me that he is told this day by Secretary Morris that he believes we are, and shall be, only fooled by the French; and that the Dutch are very high and insolent, and do look upon us as come over only to beg a peace; which troubles me very much, and I do fear it is true. Thence to Sir G. Carteret at his lodgings; who, I perceive, is mightily displeased with this new Treasury; and he hath reason, for it will eclipse him; and he tells me that my Lord Ashly says they understand nothing; and he says he believes the King do not intend they shall sit long. But I believe no such thing, but that the King will find such benefit by them as he will desire to have them continue, as we see he hath done, in the late new Act that was so much decried about the King; but yet the King hath since permitted it, and found good by it. He says, and I believe, that a great many persons at Court are angry at the rise of this Duncomb,[2] whose father, he tells me, was a long-

[1] George, Lord Berkeley of Berkeley (created Earl of Berkeley in 1679), died October 10th, 1698. Charles Howard, first Earl of Carlisle, born 1629; died February 24th, 1685. William Seymour, third Duke of Somerset, born 1650; died December 12th, 1671. In the Paston MSS. he is described as "a youth of great beauty and hope."

[2] Sir John Duncombe. See November 8th, 1664. Mr. J. Biddulph Martin says, "The assertion that Duncombe's father had been a Long Parliament man is not confirmed by

Parliament-man, and a great Committee-man; and this fellow used to carry his papers to Committees after him: he was a kind of an atturny: but for all this, I believe this man will be a great man, in spite of all. Thence I away to Holborne to Mr. Gawden, whom I met at Bernard's Inn gate, and straight we together to the Navy Office, where we did all meet about some victualling business, and so home to dinner and to the office, where the weather so hot now-a-days that I cannot but sleep before I do any business, and in the evening home, and there, to my unexpected satisfaction, did get my intricate accounts of interest, which have been of late much perplexed by mixing of some moneys of Sir G. Carteret's with mine, evened and set right: and so late to supper, and with great quiet to bed; finding by the balance of my account that I am creditor £6,900,[1] for which the Lord of Heaven be praised!

June 1st. Up; and there comes to me Mr. Commander, whom I employ about hiring of some ground behind the office, for the building of me a stable and coach-house: for I do find it necessary for me, both in respect to honour and the profit of it also, my expense in hackney-coaches being now so great, to keep a coach, and therefore will do it. Having given him some instructions about it, I to the office, where we sat all the morning; where we have news that our peace with Spayne, as to trade, is wholly concluded, and we are to furnish him with some men for Flanders against the French. How that will agree with the French, I know not; but they say that he also hath liberty to get what men he pleases out of England. But for the Spaniard, I hear that my Lord Castlehaven is raising a regiment of 4,000 men, which he is to command there; and several young gentlemen are going over in commands with him: and they say the Duke of Monmouth is going over only as a traveller, not to engage on either side, but only to see the campagne, which will be becoming him much more than to live whoreing and rogueing as he now do. After dinner to the office, where, after a little nap, I fell to business, and did very much with infinite joy to myself, as it always is to me when I have dispatched much business, and therefore it troubles me to see how hard it is for me to settle to it sometimes when my mind is upon pleasure. So home late to supper and to bed.

2nd (Lord's day). Up betimes, and down to my chamber without trimming myself, or putting on clean linen, thinking only to keep to my chamber and do business to-day, but when I come there I find that without being shaved I am not fully awake, nor ready to settle to business, and so was fain to go up again and dress myself, which I did, and so down to my chamber, and fell roundly to business, and did to my satisfaction by dinner go far in the drawing up a state of my accounts of Tangier for the new Lords Commissioners. So to dinner, and then to my business again all the afternoon

reference to the roll of the Long Parliament" ("The Grasshopper in Lombard Street," 1892, p. 29).

[1] Pepys's Private Accounts, made up to May 31st, 1667, are amongst the Rawlinson MSS., A. 174 (Bodleian).

close, when Creed come to visit me, but I did put him off, and to my business, till anon I did make an end, and wrote it fair with a letter to the Lords to accompany my accounts, which I think will be so much satisfaction and so soon done (their order for my doing it being dated but May 30) as they will not find from any hand else. Being weary and almost blind with writing and reading so much to-day, I took boat at the Old Swan, and then up the river all alone as high as Putney almost, and then back again, all the way reading, and finishing Mr. Boyle's book of Colours, which is so chymical, that I can understand but little of it, but understand enough to see that he is a most excellent man. So back and home, and there to supper, and so to bed.

3rd. Up, and by coach to St. James's, and with Sir W. Coventry a great while talking about several businesses, but especially about accounts, and how backward our Treasurer is in giving them satisfaction, and the truth is I do doubt he cannot do better, but it is strange to say that being conscious of our doing little at this day, nor for some time past in our office for want of money, I do hang my head to him, and cannot be so free with him as I used to be, nor can be free with him, though of all men, I think, I have the least cause to be so, having taken so much more pains, while I could do anything, than the rest of my fellows. Parted with him, and so going through the Park met Mr. Mills, our parson, whom I went back with to bring him to [Sir] W. Coventry, to give him the form of a qualification for the Duke of York to sign to, to enable him to have two livings: which was a service I did, but much against my will, for a lazy, fat priest. Thence to Westminster Hall, and there walked a turn or two with Sir William Doyly, who did lay a wager with me, the Treasurership would be in one hand, notwithstanding this present Commission, before Christmas: on which we did lay a poll of ling, a brace of carps, and a pottle of wine; and Sir W. Pen and Mr. Scowen[1] to be at the eating of them. Thence down by water to Deptford, it being Trinity Monday, when the Master is chosen,[2] and there, finding them all at church, and thinking they dined, as usual, at Stepny, I turned back, having a good book in my hand, the Life of Cardinal Wolsey, wrote by his own servant,[3] and to Ratcliffe; and so walked to Stepny, and spent my time in the churchyard,[4] looking over the grave-stones, expecting when the company would

[1] Robert Scawen, at one time Receiver-General for the office of Receiver-General for Hants, Wilts, and Gloucestershire.

[2] Sir William Penn was elected Master of the Trinity House, Monday, June 3rd, 1667.

[3] George Cavendish (1500–61?), elder son of Thomas Cavendish, Clerk of the Pipe in the Exchequer. He entered the service of Cardinal Wolsey in 1526 or 1527 as gentleman-usher, and remained with his master till the latter's death, when he retired into private life, and lived quietly. He wrote the life of Wolsey in 1557, but it was not published, and remained long in MS. For some time there was uncertainty as to the authorship, and the book was attributed to William Cavendish. The question was settled in 1814, when the Rev. Joseph Hunter published his pamphlet entitled, "Who wrote Cavendish's Life of Wolsey." Singer published the life in 1815, and a second edition appeared in 1827. It has since been frequently reprinted.

[4] The churchyard of St. Dunstan's (Old Stepney Church) is referred to both in the

come by. Finding no company stirring, I sent to the house to see; and, it seems, they dine not there, but at Deptford: so I back again to Deptford, and there find them just sat down. And so I down with them; and we had a good dinner of plain meat, and good company at our table: among others, my good Mr. Evelyn, with whom, after dinner, I stepped aside, and talked upon the present posture of our affairs; which is, that the Dutch are known to be abroad with eighty sail of ships of war, and twenty fire-ships; and the French come into the Channell with twenty sail of men-of-war, and five fire-ships,[1] while we have not a ship at sea to do them any hurt with; but are calling in all we can, while our Embassadors are treating at Bredah; and the Dutch look upon them as come to beg peace, and use them accordingly; and all this through the negligence of our Prince, who hath power, if he would, to master all these with the money and men that he hath had the command of, and may now have, if he would mind his business. But, for aught we see, the Kingdom is likely to be lost, as well as the reputation of it is, for ever; notwithstanding so much reputation got and preserved by a rebell that went before him. This discourse of ours ended with sorrowful reflections upon our condition, and so broke up, and Creed and I got out of the room, and away by water to White Hall, and there he and I waited in the Treasury-chamber an hour or two, where we saw the Country Receivers and Accountants for money come to attend; and one of them, a brisk young fellow, with his hat cocked like a fool behind, as the present fashion among the blades is,[2] committed to the Serjeant. By and by, I, upon desire, was called in, and delivered in my report of my Accounts. Present, Lord Ashly, Clifford, and Duncomb, who, being busy, did not read it; but committed it to Sir George Downing, and so I was dismissed; but, Lord! to see how Duncomb do take upon him is an eyesore, though I think he deserves great honour, but only the suddenness of his rise, and his pride. But I do like the way of these lords, that they admit nobody to use many words, nor do they spend many words themselves, but in great state do hear what they see necessary, and say little themselves, but bid withdraw. Thence Creed and I by water up to Fox Hall, and over against it stopped, thinking to see some Cock-fighting; but it was just being done, and, therefore, back again to the

"Tatler" and the "Spectator." In the latter we read (No. 518), "I have made discovery of a churchyard in which I believe you might spend an afternoon with great pleasure to yourself and to the public."

[1] Richard Watts, writing from Deal to Williamson, June 3rd, says: "Governor Titus of Deal Castle is said to have received a packet from Whitehall at 3 a.m. that the Duke of Beaufort, with 60 sail, is at the Isle of Wight, and the Dutch, with 40 sail, at the Gunfleet. Preparations are made to receive the enemy if they attempt to land" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1667, p. 146).

[2] It was called the Monmouth cock, which, according to "The Spectator," No. 129, was still worn in the west of England by country squires in 1711: "During our progress through the most western parts of the kingdom, we fancied ourselves in King Charles the Second's reign, the people having made little variations in their dress since that time. The smartest of the country squires *appear still in the Monmouth cock*."—B.

other side, and to Spring Garden, and there eat and drank a little, and then to walk up and down the garden, reflecting upon the bad management of things now, compared with what it was in the late rebellious times, when men, some for fear, and some for religion, minded their business, which none now do, by being void of both. Much talk of this and other kinds, very pleasant, and so when it was almost night we home, setting him in at White Hall, and I to the Old Swan, and thence home, where to supper, and then to read a little, and so to bed.

4th. Up, and to the office, and there busy all the morning putting in order the answering the great letter sent to the office by the new Commissioners of the Treasury, who demand an account from the King's coming in to this day, which we shall do in the best manner we can. At noon home to dinner, and after dinner comes Mr. Commander to me and tells me, after all, that I cannot have a lease of the ground for my coach-house and stable, till a suit in law be ended, about the end of the old stable now standing, which they and I would have pulled down to make a better way for a coach. I am a little sorry that I cannot presently have it, because I am pretty full in my mind of keeping a coach; but yet, when I think on it again, the Dutch and French both at sea, and we poor, and still out of order, I know not yet what turns there may be, and besides, I am in danger of parting with one of my places, which relates to the Victualling, that brings me by accident in £800 a year, that is, £300 from the King and £500 from D. Gawden. I ought to be well contented to forbear awhile, and therefore I am contented. To the office all the afternoon, where I dispatched much business to my great content, and then home in the evening, and there to sing and pipe with my wife, and that being done, she fell all of a sudden to discourse about her clothes and my humours in not suffering her to wear them as she pleases, and grew to high words between us, but I fell to read a book (Boyle's Hydrostatiques[1]) aloud in my chamber and let her talk, till she was tired and vexed that I would not hear her, and so become friends, and to bed together the first night after 4 or 5 that she hath lain from me by reason of a great cold she had got.

5th. Up, and with Mr. Kenasten by coach to White Hall to the Commissioners of the Treasury about getting money for Tangier, and did come to, after long waiting, speak with them, and there I find them all sat; and, among the rest, Duncomb lolling, with his heels upon another chair, by that, that he sat upon, and had an answer good enough, and then away home, and (it being a most windy day, and hath been so all night, South West, and we have great hopes that it may have done the Dutch or French fleets some hurt) having got some papers in order, I back to St. James's, where we all met at Sir W. Coventry's chamber, and dined and talked of our business, he being a most excellent man, and indeed, with all his business, hath more of

[1] "Hydrostatical Paradoxes made out by New Experiments" was published by the Hon. Robert Boyle in 1666 (Oxford).

his employed upon the good of the service of the Navy, than all of us, that makes me ashamed of it. This noon Captain Perriman brings us word how the Happy Returne's[1] [crew] below in the Hope, ordered to carry the Portugal Embassador to Holland (and the Embassador, I think, on board), refuse to go till paid; and by their example two or three more ships are in a mutiny: which is a sad consideration, while so many of the enemy's ships are at this day triumphing in the sea. Here a very good and neat dinner, after the French manner, and good discourse, and then up after dinner to the Duke of York and did our usual business, and are put in hopes by Sir W. Coventry that we shall have money, and so away, Sir G. Carteret and I to my Lord Crew to advise about Sir G. Carteret's carrying his accounts to-morrow to the Commissioners appointed to examine them and all other accounts since the war, who at last by the King's calling them to him yesterday and chiding them will sit, but Littleton and Garraway much against their wills. The truth of it is, it is a ridiculous thing, for it will come to nothing, nor do the King nor kingdom good in any manner, I think. Here they talked of my Lord Hinchingbroke's match with Lord Burlington's daughter, which is now gone a pretty way forward, and to great content, which I am infinitely glad of. So from hence to White Hall, and in the streete Sir G. Carteret showed me a gentleman coming by in his coach, who hath been sent for up out of Lincolneshire, I think he says he is a justice of peace there, that the Council have laid by the heels here, and here lies in a messenger's hands, for saying that a man and his wife are but one person, and so ought to pay but 12*d.* for both to the Poll Bill; by which others were led to do the like: and so here he lies prisoner. To White Hall, and there I attended to speak with Sir W. Coventry about Lanyon's business, to get him some money out of the Prize Office from my Lord Ashly, and so home, and there to the office a little, and thence to my chamber to read, and supper, and to bed. My father, blessed be God! finds great ease by his new steel trusse, which he put on yesterday. So to bed. The Duke of Cambridge past hopes of living still.

6th. Up, and to the office all the morning, where (which he hath not done a great while) Sir G. Carteret come to advise with us for the disposing of £10,000, which is the first sum the new Lords Treasurers have provided us; but, unless we have more, this will not enable us to cut off any of the growing charge which they seem to give it us for, and expect we should discharge several ships quite off with it. So home and with my father and wife to Sir W. Pen's to dinner, which they invited us to out of their respect to

[1] Captain Francis Courtenay wrote to the Navy Commissioners ("Happy Return," Hope, June 3rd): "Hopes they will not account him too great an offender in stopping the incessant requests of some necessitated persons for relief of their families. Has granted tickets to 13 men named, and commends them to favour. Is setting sail with the Portugal Ambassador, who came on board this morning" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1667, p. 147). The "Happy Return" carried the Portuguese ambassador to Holland, and was back at Plymouth on the 14th June ("Calendar," p. 187).

my father, as a stranger; though I know them as false as the devil himself, and that it is only that they think it fit to oblige me; wherein I am a happy man, that all my fellow-officers are desirous of my friendship. Here as merry as in so false a place, and where I must dissemble my hatred, I could be, and after dinner my father and wife to a play, and I to my office, and there busy all the afternoon till late at night, and then my wife and I sang a song or two in the garden, and so home to supper and to bed. This afternoon comes Mr. Pierce to me about some business, and tells me that the Duke of Cambridge is yet living, but every minute expected to die, and is given over by all people, which indeed is a sad loss.

7th. Up, and after with my flageolet and Mr. Townsend, whom I sent for to come to me to discourse about my Lord Sandwich's business; for whom I am in some pain, lest the Accounts of the Wardrobe may not be in so good order as may please the new Lords Treasurers, who are quick-sighted, and under obligations of recommending themselves to the King and the world, by their finding and mending of faults, and are, most of them, not the best friends to my Lord, and to the office, and there all the morning. At noon home to dinner, my father, wife, and I, and a good dinner, and then to the office again, where busy all the afternoon, also I have a desire to dispatch all business that hath lain long on my hands, and so to it till the evening, and then home to sing and pipe with my wife, and then to supper and to bed, my head full of thoughts how to keep if I can some part of my wages as Surveyor of the Victualling, which I see must now come to be taken away among the other places that have been occasioned by this war, and the rather because I have of late an inclination to keep a coach. Ever since my drinking, two days ago, some very coole drink at Sir W. Coventry's table I have been full of wind and with some pain, and I was afraid last night that it would amount to much, but, blessed be God! I find that the worst is past, so that I do clearly see that all the indisposition I am liable to-day as to sickness is only the Colique. This day I read (shown me by Mr. Gibson) a discourse newly come forth of the King of France, his pretence to Flanders, which is a very fine discourse, and the truth is, hath so much of the Civil Law in it, that I am not a fit judge of it, but, as it appears to me, he hath a good pretence to it by right of his Queene. So to bed.

8th. Up, and to the office, where all the news this morning is, that the Dutch are come with a fleete of eighty sail to Harwich, and that guns were heard plain by Sir W. Rider's people at Bednall-greene, all yesterday even. So to the office; we all sat all the morning, and then home to dinner, where our dinner a ham of French bacon, boiled with pigeons, an excellent dish. Here dined with us only W. Hewer and his mother. After dinner to the office again, where busy till night, and then home and to read a little and then to bed. The news is confirmed that the Dutch are off of Harwich, but had done nothing last night. The King hath sent down my Lord of Oxford to raise the countries there; and all the Westerne barges are taken up to

make a bridge over the River, about the Hope, for horse to cross the River, if there be occasion.

9th (Lord's day). Up, and by water to White Hall, and so walked to St. James's, where I hear that the Duke of Cambridge, who was given over long since by the Doctors, is now likely to recover; for which God be praised! To Sir W. Coventry, and there talked with him a great while; and mighty glad I was of my good fortune to visit him, for it keeps in my acquaintance with him, and the world sees it, and reckons my interest accordingly. In comes my Lord Barkeley, who is going down to Harwich also to look after the militia there: and there is also the Duke of Monmouth, and with him a great many young Hectors, the Lord Chesterfield, my Lord Mandeville, and others: but to little purpose, I fear, but to debauch the country women thereabouts. My Lord Barkeley wanting some maps, and Sir W. Coventry recommending the six maps[1] of England that are bound up for the pocket, I did offer to present my Lord with them, which he accepted: and so I will send them him. Thence to White Hall, and there to the Chapel, where I met Creed, and he and I staid to hear who preached, which was a man who begun dully, and so we away by water and landed in Southwarke, and to a church in the street where we take water beyond the bridge, which was so full and the weather hot that we could not stand there. So to my house, where we find my father and wife at dinner, and after dinner Creed and I by water to White Hall, and there we parted, and I to Sir G. Carteret's, where, he busy, I up into the house, and there met with a gentleman, Captain Aldrige, that belongs to my Lord Barkeley, and I did give him the book of maps for my Lord, and so I to Westminster Church and there staid a good while, and saw Betty Michell there. So away thence, and after church time to Mrs. Martin's, and then hazer what I would with her, and then took boat and up, all alone, a most excellent evening, as high as Barne Elmes, and there took a turn; and then to my boat again, and home, reading and making an end of the book I lately bought—a merry satyr, called "The Visions," translated from Spanish[2] by L'Estrange, wherein there are many very pretty things; but the translation is, as to the rendering it into English expression, the best that ever I saw, it being impossible almost to conceive that it should be a translation. Being come home I find an order come for the getting some fire-ships presently to annoy the Dutch, who are in the King's Channel and expected up higher. So [Sir] W. Batten and [Sir] W. Pen being come this evening from their country houses to town we did issue orders about it, and then home to supper and to bed.

10th. Up; and news brought us that the Dutch are come up as high as

[1] This was Hollar's map, published in 1644, and entitled, "The Kingdom of England and Principality of Wales, exactly described with every Sheere, and the small towns in every one of them, in six maps." This is generally known as the Quartermasters' map.

[2] "The Visions of Quevedo, made English by Roger L'Estrange," was published in 1668, and reprinted 1671, 1673, 1689, 1702, 1710, 1715, 1795.

the Nore; and more pressing orders for fire-ships. W. Batten, W. Pen, and I to St. James's; where the Duke of York gone this morning betimes, to send away some men down to Chatham. So we three to White Hall, and met Sir W. Coventry, who presses all that is possible for fire-ships. So we three to the office presently; and thither comes Sir Fretcheville Hollis,[1] who is to command them all in some exploits he is to do with them on the enemy in the River. So we all down to Deptford, and pitched upon ships and set men at work: but, Lord! to see how backwardly things move at this pinch, notwithstanding that, by the enemy's being now come up as high as almost the Hope, Sir J. Minnes, who has gone down to pay some ships there, hath sent up the money; and so we are possessed of money to do what we will with. Yet partly ourselves, being used to be idle and in despair, and partly people that have been used to be deceived by us as to money, won't believe us; and we know not, though we have it, how almost to promise it; and our wants such, and men out of the way, that it is an admirable thing to consider how much the King suffers, and how necessary it is in a State to keep the King's service always in a good posture and credit. Here I eat a bit, and then in the afternoon took boat and down to Greenwich, where I find the stairs full of people, there being a great riding[2] there to-day for a man, the constable of the town, whose wife beat him. Here I was with much ado fain to press two watermen to make me a galley, and so to Woolwich to give order for the dispatch of a ship I have taken under my care to see dispatched, and orders being so given, I, under pretence to fetch up the ship, which lay

[1] Grandson of Fretcheville Hollis, of Grimsby. His father, Gervase Hollis, the antiquary, most of whose collections came into the British Museum, was an officer in the king's service. Sir Fretcheville Hollis, embracing the naval profession, lost an arm in the sea-fight of 1665, and afterwards served as Rear-Admiral under Sir Robert Holmes, when they attacked the Smyrna fleet. He fell in the battle of Southwold Bay, 1672, on board the "Cambridge." Although Pepys speaks slightly of him, he was a man of high spirit and enterprise, and is thus eulogized by Dryden in his "Annus Mirabilis":

> "Young Hollis on a Muse by Mars begot,
> Born, Cæsar-like, to write and act great deeds,
> Impatient to revenge his fatal shot,
> His right hand doubly to his left succeeds."—B.

[2] It was an ancient custom in Berkshire, when a man had beaten his wife, for the neighbours to parade in front of his house, for the purpose of serenading him with kettles, and horns and hand-bells, and every species of "rough music," by which name the ceremony was designated. Perhaps the *riding* mentioned by Pepys was a punishment somewhat similar. Malcolm ("Manners of London") quotes from the "Protestant Mercury," that a porter's lady, who resided near Strand Lane, beat her husband with so much violence and perseverance, that the poor man was compelled to leap out of the window to escape her fury. Exasperated at this virago, the neighbours made a "riding," *i.e.*, a pedestrian procession, headed by a drum, and accompanied by a chemise, displayed for a banner. The manual musician sounded the tune of "You round-headed cuckolds, come dig, come dig!" and nearly seventy coalheavers, carmen, and porters, adorned with large horns fastened to their heads, followed. The public seemed highly pleased with the nature of the punishment, and gave liberally to the vindicators of injured manhood (page 211, 4to ed., 1811).—B.

at Grays (the Golden Hand),[1] did do that in my way, and went down to Gravesend, where I find the Duke of Albemarle just come, with a great many idle lords and gentlemen, with their pistols and fooleries; and the bulwarke[2] not able to have stood half an hour had they come up; but the Dutch are fallen down from the Hope and Shell-haven as low as Sheernesse, and we do plainly at this time hear the guns play. Yet I do not find the Duke of Albemarle intends to go thither, but stays here to-night, and hath, though the Dutch are gone, ordered our frigates to be brought to a line between the two blockhouses; which I took then to be a ridiculous thing. So I away into the town and took a captain or two of our ships (who did give me an account of the proceedings of the Dutch fleete in the river) to the taverne, and there eat and drank, and I find the townsmen had removed most of their goods out of the town, for fear of the Dutch coming up to them; and from Sir John Griffen,[3] that last night there was not twelve men to be got in the town to defend it: which the master of the house tells me is not true, but that the men of the town did intend to stay, though they did indeed, and so had he, at the Ship, removed their goods. Thence went off to an Ostend man-of-war, just now come up, who met the Dutch fleete, who took three ships that he come convoying hither from him: says they are as low as the Nore, or thereabouts. So I homeward, as long as it was light reading Mr. Boyle's book of Hydrostatics, which is a most excellent book as ever I read, and I will take much pains to understand him through if I can, the doctrine being very useful. When it grew too dark to read I lay down and took a nap, it being a most excellent fine evening, and about one o'clock got home, and after having wrote to Sir W. Coventry an account of what I had done and seen (which is entered in my letter-book), I to bed.

11th. Up, and more letters still from Sir W. Coventry about more fireships, and so Sir W. Batten and I to the office, where Bruncker come to us, who is just now going to Chatham upon a desire of Commissioner Pett's, who is in a very fearful stink for fear of the Dutch, and desires help for God and the King and kingdom's sake. So Bruncker goes down, and Sir J. Minnes also, from Gravesend. This morning Pett writes us word that Sheernesse is lost last night, after two or three hours' dispute. The enemy hath

[1] The "Golden Hand" was to have been used for the conveyance of the Swedish Ambassador's horses and goods to Holland. In August, 1667, Frances, widow of Captain Douglas and daughter of Lord Grey, petitioned the king "for a gift of the prize ship Golden Hand, now employed in weighing the ships sunk at Chatham, where her husband lost his life in defence of the ships against the Dutch" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1667, p. 430).

[2] That is, the block-house. There were formerly considerable fortifications at Gravesend, and about the year 1778 they were greatly extended under the superintendence of Sir Thomas Hyde Page; a few years since, however, a great portion was dismantled, the ground was sold, and the "Terrace Pier," and other works *ejusdem generis* erected.—B.

[3] An error for Sir John Griffith, Governor of Gravesend and captain of West Tilbury Blockhouse, who was knighted at Whitehall, January 2nd, 1665. His name apears in the State Papers almost as often as Griffin as Griffith.

possessed himself of that place; which is very sad, and puts us into great fears of Chatham. Sir W. Batten and I down by water to Deptford, and there Sir W. Pen and we did consider of several matters relating to the dispatch of the fire-ships, and so [Sir] W. Batten and I home again, and there to dinner, my wife and father having dined, and after dinner, by W. Hewer's lucky advice, went to Mr. Fenn, and did get him to pay me above £400 of my wages, and W. Hewer received it for me, and brought it home this night. Thence I meeting Mr. Moore went toward the other end of the town by coach, and spying Mercer in the street, I took leave of Moore and 'light and followed her, and at Paul's overtook her and walked with her through the dusty street almost to home, and there in Lombard Street met The. Turner in coach, who had been at my house to see us, being to go out of town to-morrow to the Northward, and so I promised to see her to-morrow, and then home, and there to our business, hiring some fire-ships, and receiving every hour almost letters from Sir W. Coventry, calling for more fire-ships; and an order from Council to enable us to take any man's ships; and Sir W. Coventry, in his letter to us, says he do not doubt but at this time, under an invasion, as he owns it to be, the King may, by law, take any man's goods. At this business late, and then home; where a great deal of serious talk with my wife about the sad state we are in, and especially from the beating up of drums this night for the trainbands upon pain of death to appear in arms to-morrow morning with bullet and powder, and money to supply themselves with victuals for a fortnight; which, considering the soldiers drawn out to Chatham and elsewhere, looks as if they had a design to ruin the City and give it up to be undone; which, I hear, makes the sober citizens to think very sadly of things. So to bed after supper, ill in my mind. This afternoon Mrs. Williams sent to me to speak with her, which I did, only about news. I had not spoken with her many a day before by reason of Carcasse's business.

12th. Up very betimes to our business at the office, there hiring of more fire-ships; and at it close all the morning. At noon home, and Sir W. Pen dined with us. By and by, after dinner, my wife out by coach to see her mother; and I in another, being afraid, at this busy time, to be seen with a woman in a coach, as if I were idle, towards The. Turner's; but met Sir W. Coventry's boy; and there in his letter find that the Dutch had made no motion since their taking Sheernesse; and the Duke of Albemarle writes that all is safe as to the great ships against any assault, the boom and chaine[1] being so fortified; which put my heart into great joy. When I come to Sir.

[1] There had been correspondence with Pett respecting this chain in April and May. On the 10th May Pett wrote to the Navy Commissioners, "The chain is promised to be dispatched to-morrow, and all things are ready for fixing it." On the 11th June the Dutch "got twenty or twenty-two ships over the narrow part of the river at Chatham, where ships had been sunk; after two and a half hours' fighting one guard-ship after another was fired and blown up, and the enemy master of the chain" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1667, pp. 58, 87, 215).

W. Coventry's chamber, I find him abroad; but his clerk, Powell, do tell me that ill newes is come to Court of the Dutch breaking the Chaine at Chatham;[1] which struck me to the heart. And to White Hall to hear the truth of it; and there, going up the back-stairs, I did hear some lacquies speaking of sad newes come to Court, saying, that hardly anybody in the Court but do look as if he cried, and would not go into the house for fear of being seen, but slunk out and got into a coach, and to The. Turner's to Sir W. Turner's, where I met Roger Pepys, newly come out of the country. He and I talked aside a little, he offering a match for Pall, one Barnes, of whom we shall talk more the next time. His father married a Pepys; in discourse, he told me further that his grandfather, my great grandfather, had £800 per annum, in Queen Elizabeth's time, in the very town of Cottenham; and that we did certainly come out of Scotland with the Abbot of Crowland.[2] More talk I had, and shall have more with him, but my mind is so sad and head full of this ill news that I cannot now set it down. A short visit here, my wife coming to me, and took leave of The., and so home, where all our hearts do now ake; for the newes is true, that the Dutch have broken the chaine and burned our ships, and particularly "The Royal Charles:"[3] other particulars I know not, but most sad to be sure. And, the truth is, I do fear so much that the whole kingdom is undone, that I do this night resolve to study with my father and wife what to do with the little that I have in money by me, for I give [up] all the rest that I have in the King's hands, for Tangier, for lost. So God help us! and God knows what disorders we may fall into, and whether any violence on this office, or perhaps some severity on our persons, as being reckoned by the silly people, or perhaps may, by policy of State, be thought fit to be condemned by the King and Duke of York, and so put to trouble; though, God knows! I have, in my own person, done my full duty, I am sure. So having with much ado finished my business at the office, I home to consider with my father and wife of things, and then to supper and to bed with a heavy heart. The manner of my advising this night with my father was, I took him and my wife up to her chamber, and shut the door; and there told them the sad state of the times how we are like to be all undone; that I do fear some violence will be offered to this office, where all I have in the world is; and resolved upon sending it away—sometimes into the country—sometimes my father to lie in town, and have the gold with him at Sarah Giles's, and with that resolution went to bed full of fear and fright, hardly slept all night.

[1] The account of this national disgrace is very characteristic, in "Poems on State Affairs," vol. i., p. 48, in the "Advice to a Painter," ascribed to Sir John Denham.—B.

[2] Samuel's uncle William told him that William Pepys was born at Dunbar, in Scotland, brought up by the Abbot of Crowland, placed by him at Cottenham, and made "bayliffe of all his lands in Cambridgeshire." He died in 1519, leaving issue three sons and three daughters. There were, however, earlier Pepyses at Cottenham.

[3] Vandervelde's drawings of the conflagration of the English fleet, made by him on the spot, are in the British Museum.—B.

13th. No sooner up but hear the sad newes confirmed of the Royall Charles being taken by them, and now in fitting by them—which Pett should have carried up higher by our several orders, and deserves, therefore, to be hanged for not doing it—and turning several others; and that another fleete is come up into the Hope. Upon which newes the King and Duke of York have been below[1] since four o'clock in the morning, to command the sinking of ships at Barking-Creeke, and other places, to stop their coming up higher: which put me into such a fear, that I presently resolved of my father's and wife's going into the country; and, at two hours' warning, they did go by the coach this day, with about £1,300 in gold in their night-bag. Pray God give them good passage, and good care to hide it when they come home! but my heart is full of fear. They gone, I continued in fright and fear what to do with the rest. W. Hewer hath been at the banker's, and hath got £500 out of Backewell's hands of his own money; but they are so called upon that they will be all broke, hundreds coming to them for money: and their answer is, "It is payable at twenty days—when the days are out, we will pay you;" and those that are not so, they make tell over their money, and make their bags false, on purpose to give cause to retell it, and so spend time. I cannot have my 200 pieces of gold again for silver, all being bought up last night that were to be had, and sold for 24 and 25*s.* a-piece.[2] So I must keep the silver by me, which sometimes I think to fling into the house of office, and then again know not how I shall come by it, if we be made to leave the office. Every minute some one or other calls for this or that order; and so I forced to be at the office, most of the day, about the fire-ships which are to be suddenly fitted out: and it's a most strange thing that we hear nothing from any of my brethren at Chatham; so that we are wholly in the dark, various being the reports of what is done there; in so much that I sent Mr. Clapham[3] express thither to see how matters go. I did, about noon, resolve to send Mr. Gibson away after my wife with another 1,000 pieces, under colour of an express to Sir Jeremy Smith; who is, as I hear, with some ships at Newcastle; which I did really send to him, and may, possibly, prove of good use to the King; for it is possible, in the hurry of business, they may not think of it at Court, and the charge of an express is not considerable to the King. So though I intend Gibson no further than to Huntingdon I direct him to send the packet forward. My business the most of the afternoon is listening to every body that comes to the office, what news? which is variously related, some better, some worse, but nothing certain. The King and Duke of York up and down all the day here and there: some time on Tower Hill, where the City militia was; where the King did make a speech to them, that they should venture themselves no further than he would himself. I also

[1] Below London Bridge.

[2] After the Bank Restriction Act, in 1797, guineas were sold for 27*s.*—B.

[3] On June 14th John Clapham wrote from Chatham a letter to Pepys describing the doings of the Dutch fleet ("Calendar of State Papers," 1667, p. 185).

sent, my mind being in pain, Saunders after my wife and father, to overtake them at their night's lodgings, to see how matters go with them. In the evening, I sent for my cousin Sarah [Gyles] and her husband, who come; and I did deliver them my chest of writings about Brampton, and my brother Tom's papers, and my journalls, which I value much; and did send my two silver flaggons[1] to Kate Joyce's: that so, being scattered what I have, something might be saved. I have also made a girdle, by which, with some trouble, I do carry about me £300 in gold about my body, that I may not be without something in case I should be surprised: for I think, in any nation but our's, people that appear (for we are not indeed so) so faulty as we, would have their throats cut. In the evening comes Mr. Pelling, and several others, to the office, and tell me that never were people so dejected as they are in the City all over at this day; and do talk most loudly, even treason; as, that we are bought and sold—that we are betrayed by the Papists, and others, about the King; cry out that the office of the Ordnance hath been so backward as no powder to have been at Chatham nor Upnor Castle till such a time, and the carriages all broken; that Legg is a Papist; that Upnor, the old good castle built by Queen Elizabeth, should be lately slighted; that the ships at Chatham should not be carried up higher. They look upon us as lost, and remove their families and rich goods in the City; and do think verily that the French, being come down with his army to Dunkirke, it is to invade us, and that we shall be invaded. Mr. Clerke, the solicitor, comes to me about business, and tells me that he hears that the King hath chosen Mr. Pierpont[2] and Vaughan[3] of the West, Privy-councillors; that my Lord Chancellor was affronted in the Hall this day, by people telling him of his Dunkirke house;[4] and that there are regiments ordered to be got together, whereof to be commanders my Lord Fairfax, Ingoldsby, Bethell, Norton, and Birch, and other Presbyterians; and that Dr. Bates will have liberty to preach. Now, whether this be true or not, I know not; but do think that nothing but this will unite us together. Late at night comes Mr. Hudson, the cooper, my neighbour, and tells me that he come from Chatham this evening at five o'clock, and saw this afternoon "The Royal James," "Oake," and "London," burnt by the enemy with their fire-ships: that two or three men-of-war come up with them, and made no more of Upnor Castle's shoot-

[1] See July 28th, 1664, and January 11th, 1667.

[2] William Pierrepont, called "wise Pierrepont," younger son of the first Earl of Kingston, and brother to the Marquis of Dorchester. His grandson, Robert, succeeded as third Earl of Kingston.—B.

[3] See March 28th, 1664.

[4] See February 20th, 1664–65. Evelyn's "Diary," September 18th, 1683: "After dinner I walked to survey the sad demolition of Clarendon House, that costly and only sumptuous palace of the late Lord Chancellor Hyde. . . . The Chancellor gone, and dying in exile, the Earl his successor sold that which cost £50,000 building to the young Duke of Albemarle for £25,000. . . . He sold it to the highest bidder, and it fell to certain rich bankers and mechanics who gave for it and the ground about it £35,000; they design a new town, as it were, and a most magnificent piazza (*i.e.* square)."—B.

ing, than of a fly; that those ships lay below Upnor Castle, but therein, I conceive, he is in an error; that the Dutch are fitting out "The Royall Charles;" that we shot so far as from the Yard thither, so that the shot did no good, for the bullets grazed on the water; that Upnor played hard with their guns at first, but slowly afterwards, either from the men being beat off, or their powder spent.[1] But we hear that the fleete in the Hope is not come up any higher the last flood; and Sir W. Batten tells me that ships are provided to sink in the River, about Woolwich, that will prevent their coming up higher if they should attempt it. I made my will also this day, and did give all I had equally between my father and wife, and left copies of it in each of Mr. Hater and W. Hewer's hands, who both witnessed the will, and so to supper and then to bed, and slept pretty well, but yet often waking.

14th. Up, and to the office; where Mr. Fryer comes and tells me that there are several Frenchmen and Flemish ships in the River, with passes from the Duke of York for carrying of prisoners, that ought to be parted from the rest of the ships, and their powder taken, lest they do fire themselves when the enemy comes, and so spoil us; which is good advice, and I think I will give notice of it; and did so. But it is pretty odd to see how every body, even at this high time of danger, puts business off of their own hands! He says that he told this to the Lieutenant of the Tower, to whom I, for the same reason, was directing him to go; and the Lieutenant of the Tower bade him come to us, for he had nothing to do with it; and yesterday comes Captain Crew, of one of the fire-ships, and told me that the officers of the Ordnance would deliver his gunner's materials, but not compound them,[2] but that we must do it; whereupon I was forced to write to them about it; and one that like a great many come to me this morning by and by comes —Mr. Wilson,[3] and by direction of his, a man of Mr. Gawden's; who come

[1] The want of ammunition when the Dutch burnt the fleet, and the revenge of the deserter sailors, are well described by Marvell:

> "Our Seamen, whom no danger's shape could fright,
> Unpaid, refuse to mount their ships, for spite:
> Or to their fellows swim, on board the Dutch,
> Who show the tempting metal in their clutch.
> Oft had he [Monk] sent, of *Duncombe* and of *Legge,*
> Cannon and powder, but in vain, to beg;
> And *Upnor's Castle's ill-deserted wall,*
> *Now needful does for ammunition call,*
> He finds, where'er he succour might expect,
> Confusion, folly, treachery, fear, neglect."
>
> *Instructions to a Painter.*—B.

[2] Meaning, apparently, that the Ordnance would deliver the charcoal, sulphur, and saltpetre separately, but not mix them as gunpowder—a distinction which has been brought prominently forward lately in the war-rocket case.—B.

[3] Apparently Thomas Wilson, who was appointed gunner in Upnor Castle, July, 1667, "in consideration of his good service in defence of the river at Chatham against the late attempt of the Dutch" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1667, p. 322).

from Chatham last night, and saw the three ships burnt, they lying all dry, and boats going from the men-of-war and fire them. But that, that he tells me of worst consequence is, that he himself, I think he said, did hear many Englishmen on board the Dutch ships speaking to one another in English; and that they did cry and say, "We did heretofore fight for tickets; now we fight for dollars!" and did ask how such and such a one did, and would commend themselves to them: which is a sad consideration. And Mr. Lewes, who was present at this fellow's discourse to me, did tell me, that he is told that when they took "The Royall Charles," they said that they had their tickets signed, and showed some, and that now they come to have them paid, and would have them paid before they parted. And several seamen come this morning to me, to tell me that, if I would get their tickets paid, they would go and do all they could against the Dutch; but otherwise they would not venture being killed, and lose all they have already fought for: so that I was forced to try what I could do to get them paid. This man tells me that the ships burnt last night did lie above Upnor Castle, over against the Docke; and the boats come from the ships of war and burnt them: all which is very sad. And masters of ships, that we are now taking up, do keep from their ships all their stores, or as much as they can, so that we can despatch them, having not time to appraise them nor secure their payment; only some little money we have, which we are fain to pay the men we have with, every night, or they will not work. And indeed the hearts as well as affections of the seamen are turned away; and in the open streets in Wapping, and up and down, the wives have cried publickly, "This comes of your not paying our husbands; and now your work is undone, or done by hands that understand it not." And Sir W. Batten told me that he was himself affronted with a woman, in language of this kind, on Tower Hill publickly yesterday; and we are fain to bear it, and to keep one at the office door to let no idle people in, for fear of firing of the office and doing us mischief. The City is troubled at their being put upon duty: summoned one hour, and discharged two hours after; and then again summoned two hours after that; to their great charge as well as trouble. And Pelling, the Potticary, tells me the world says all over, that less charge than what the kingdom is put to, of one kind or other, by this business, would have set out all our great ships. It is said they did in open streets yesterday, at Westminster, cry, "A Parliament! a Parliament!" and I do believe it will cost blood to answer for these miscarriages. We do not hear that the Dutch are come to Gravesend; which is a wonder. But a wonderful thing it is that to this day we have not one word yet from Bruncker, or Peter Pett, or J. Minnes, of any thing at Chatham. The people that come hither to hear how things go, make me ashamed to be found unable to answer them: for I am left alone here at the office; and the truth is, I am glad my station is to be here, near my own home and out of danger, yet in a place of doing the King good service. I have this morning good news from Gibson; three letters from three several stages, that he was

safe last night as far as Royston, at between nine and ten at night. The dismay that is upon us all, in the business of the kingdom and Navy at this day, is not to be expressed otherwise than by the condition the citizens were in when the City was on fire, nobody knowing which way to turn themselves, while every thing concurred to greaten the fire; as here the easterly gale and spring-tides for coming up both rivers, and enabling them to break the chaine. D. Gawden did tell me yesterday, that the day before at the Council they were ready to fall together by the ears at the Council-table, arraigning one another of being guilty of the counsel that brought us into this misery, by laying up all the great ships. Mr. Hater tells me at noon that some rude people have been, as he hears, at my Lord Chancellor's, where they have cut down the trees before his house and broke his windows; and a gibbet either set up before or painted upon his gate, and these three words writ: "Three sights to be seen; Dunkirke, Tangier, and a barren Queene." [1] It gives great matter of talk that it is said there is at this hour, in the Exchequer, as much money as is ready to break down the floor. This arises, I believe, from Sir G. Downing's late talk of the greatness of the sum lying there of people's money, that they would not fetch away, which he shewed me and a great many others. Most people that I speak with are in doubt how we shall do to secure our seamen from running over to the Dutch; which is a sad but very true consideration at this day. At noon I am told that my Lord Duke of Albemarle is made Lord High Constable; the meaning whereof at this time I know not, nor whether it be true or no.[2] Dined, and Mr. Hater and W. Hewer with me; where they do speak very sorrowfully of the posture of the times, and how people do cry out in the streets of their being bought and sold; and both they, and every body that come to me, do tell me that people make nothing of talking treason in the streets openly: as, that we are bought and sold, and governed by Papists, and that we are betrayed by people about the King, and shall be delivered up to the French, and I know not what. At dinner we discoursed of Tom of the Wood, a fellow that lives like a hermit near Woolwich, who, as they say, and Mr. Bodham,[3] they tell me, affirms that he was by at the Justice's when some did accuse him there for it, did foretell the burning of the City, and now says that a greater desolation is at hand. Thence we read and laughed

[1] "Pride, Lust, Ambition, and the People's Hate,
The kingdom's broker, ruin of the State,
Dunkirk's sad loss, divider of the fleet,
Tangier's compounder for a barren sheet:
This shrub of gentry, married to the crown,
His daughter to the heir, is tumbled down."
Poems on State Affairs, vol. i., p. 253.—B.

[2] The report was not true. The Lord High Constable at the coronation of Charles II. in 1661 was Algernon, Earl of Northumberland. The next holder of this office was Henry, Duke of Grafton, who officiated at the coronation of James II. in 1685.

[3] William Bodham was attached to Woolwich Ropeyard.

at Lilly's prophecies this month, in his Almanack this year.[1] So to the office after dinner; and thither comes Mr. Pierce, who tells me his condition, how he cannot get his money, about £500, which, he says, is a very great part of what he hath for his family and children, out of Viner's hand: and indeed it is to be feared that this will wholly undo the bankers. He says he knows nothing of the late affronts to my Lord Chancellor's house, as is said, nor hears of the Duke of Albemarle's being made High Constable; but says that they are in great distraction at White Hall, and that every where people do speak high against Sir W. Coventry:[2] but he agrees with me, that he is the best Minister of State the King hath, and so from my heart I believe. At night come home Sir W. Batten and W. Pen, who only can tell me that they have placed guns at Woolwich and Deptford, and sunk some ships below Woolwich and Blackewall, and are in hopes that they will stop the enemy's coming up. But strange our confusion! that among them that are sunk they have gone and sunk without consideration "The Franakin,"[3] one of the King's ships, with stores to a very considerable value, that hath been long loaden for supply of the ships; and the new ship at Bristoll, and much wanted there; and nobody will own that they directed it, but do lay it on Sir W. Rider. They speak also of another ship, loaden to the value of £80,000, sunk with the goods in her, or at least was mightily contended for by him, and a foreign ship, that had the faith of the nation for her security: this Sir R. Ford tells us. And it is too plain a truth, that both here and at Chatham the ships that we have sunk have many, and the first of them, been ships completely fitted for fire-ships at great charge. But most strange the backwardness and disorder of all people, especially the King's people in pay, to do any work, Sir W. Pen tells me, all crying out for money; and it was so at Chatham, that this night comes an order from Sir W. Coventry to stop the pay of the wages of that Yard; the Duke of Albemarle having related, that not above three of 1,100 in pay there did attend to do any work there. This evening having sent a messenger to Chatham on purpose, we have received a dull letter from my Lord Bruncker and Peter Pett, how matters have gone

[1] Probably the following prognostications amused Pepys and his friends: "The several lunations of this month do rather portend sea-fights, wars, &c., than give hopes of peace, particularly the several configurations do very much threaten Holland with a most strange and unusual loss at sea, if they shall dare to fight His Majesty's forces. Still poor Poland is threatened either by the Muscovites or wandering Cossacks. Strange rumours dispersed in London, some vain people abuse His Majesty's subjects with untruths and ill-grounded suggestions. Much division in London about building; perhaps that may occasion those vain and idle reports. Strange news out of Holland, as if all were in an uproar; we believe they are now in a sad and fearful condition."—B.

[2] Evelyn ("Diary," July 29th, 1667) says it was owing to Sir W. Coventry that no fleet was sent out in 1667: "It is well known who of the Commissioners of the Treasury gave advice that the charge of setting forth a fleet this year might be spared, Sir W. C. (William Coventry) by name."

[3] The "Franakin" was raised, and soon afterwards restored to its former state ("Calendar of State Papers," 1667, pp. 401, 436).

there this week; but not so much, or so particularly, as we knew it by common talk before, and as true. I doubt they will be found to have been but slow men in this business; and they say the Duke of Albemarle did tell my Lord Bruncker to his face that his discharging of the great ships there was the cause of all this; and I am told that it is become common talk against my Lord Bruncker. But in that he is to be justified, for he did it by verbal order from Sir W. Coventry, and with good intent; and it was to good purpose, whatever the success be, for the men would have but spent the King so much the more in wages, and yet not attended on board to have done the King any service; and as an evidence of that, just now, being the 15th day in the morning that I am writing yesterday's passages, one is with me, Jacob Bryan, Purser of "The Princesse," who confesses to me that he hath about 180 men borne at this day in victuals and wages on that ship lying at Chatham, being lately brought in thither; of which 180 there was not above five appeared to do the King any service at this late business. And this morning also, some of the Cambridge's men come up from Portsmouth, by order from Sir Fretcheville Hollis, who boasted to us the other day that he had sent for 50, and would be hanged if 100 did not come up that would do as much as twice the number of other men: I say some of them, instead of being at work at Deptford, where they were intended, do come to the office this morning to demand the payment of their tickets; for otherwise they would, they said, do no more work; and are, as I understand from every body that has to do with them, the most debauched, damning, swearing rogues that ever were in the Navy, just like their prophane commander. So to Sir W. Batten's to sit and talk a little, and then home to my flageolet, my heart being at pretty good ease by a letter from my wife, brought by Saunders, that my father and wife got well last night to their Inne and out again this morning, and Gibson's being got safe to Caxton[1] at twelve last night. So to supper, and then to bed. No news to-day of any motion of the enemy either upwards towards Chatham or this way.

15th. All the morning at the office. No newes more than last night; only Purser Tyler[2] comes and tells me that he being at all the passages in this business at Chatham, he says there have been horrible miscarriages, such as we shall shortly hear of: that the want of boats hath undone us; and it is commonly said, and Sir J. Minnes under his hand tells us, that they were employed by the men of the Yard to carry away their goods; and I hear that Commissioner Pett will be found the first man that began to remove; he is much spoken against, and Bruncker is complained of and reproached for discharging the men of the great ships heretofore. At noon Mr. Hater dined with me; and tells me he believes that it will hardly be the want of money alone that will excuse to the Parliament the neglect of not setting out a fleete, it having never been done in our greatest straits, but however unlikely it ap-

[1] Caxton is a town in Cambridgeshire, nine and a half miles west of Cambridge.
[2] Richard Tyler.

peared, yet when it was gone about, the State or King did compass it; and there is something in it. In like manner all the afternoon busy, vexed to see how slowly things go on for want of money. At night comes, unexpectedly so soon, Mr. Gibson, who left my wife well, and all got down well with them, but not with himself, which I was afeard of, and cannot blame him, but must myself be wiser against another time. He had one of his bags broke, through his breeches, and some pieces dropped out, not many, he thinks, but two, for he 'light, and took them up, and went back and could find no more. But I am not able to tell how many, which troubles me, but the joy of having the greatest part safe there makes me bear with it, so as not to afflict myself for it. This afternoon poor Betty Michell, whom I love, sent to tell my wife her child was dying, which I am troubled for, poor girle. At night home and to my flageolet. Played with pleasure, but with a heavy heart, only it pleased me to think how it may please God I may live to spend my time in the country with plainness and pleasure, though but with little glory. So to supper and to bed.

16th (Lord's day). Up, and called on by several on business of the office. Then to the office to look out several of my old letters to Sir W. Coventry in order to the preparing for justifying this office in our frequent foretelling the want of money. By and by comes Roger Pepys and his son Talbot, whom he had brought to town to settle at the Temple, but, by reason of our present stirs, will carry him back again with him this week. He seems to be but a silly lad. I sent them to church this morning, I staying at home at the office, busy. At noon home to dinner, and much good discourse with him, he being mighty sensible of our misery and mal-administration. Talking of these straits we are in, he tells me that my Lord Arlington did the last week take up £12,000 in gold, which is very likely, for all was taken up that could be. Discoursing afterwards with him of our family he told me, that when I come to his house he will show me a decree in Chancery, wherein there was twenty-six men all housekeepers in the town of Cottenham, in Queene Elizabeth's time, of our name. He to church again in the afternoon, I staid at home busy, and did show some dalliance to my maid Nell, speaking to her of her sweetheart which she had, silly girle. After sermon Roger Pepys comes again. I spent the evening with him much troubled with the thoughts of the evils of our time, whereon we discoursed. By and by occasion offered for my writing to Sir W. Coventry a plain bold letter touching lack of money; which, when it was gone, I was afeard might give offence: but upon two or three readings over again the copy of it, I was satisfied it was a good letter; only Sir W. Batten signed it with me, which I could wish I had done alone. Roger Pepys gone, I to the garden, and there dallied a while all alone with Mrs. Markham, and then home to my chamber and to read and write, and then to supper and to bed.

17th. Up, and to my office, where busy all the morning, particularly setting my people to work in transcribing pieces of letters publique and private,

which I do collect against a black day to defend the office with and myself. At noon dined at home, Mr. Hater with me alone, who do seem to be confident that this nation will be undone, and with good reason. Wishes himself at Hambrough, as a great many more, he says, he believes do, but nothing but the reconciling of the Presbyterian party will save us, and I am of his mind. At the office all the afternoon, where every moment business of one kind or other about the fire-ships and other businesses, most of them vexatious for want of money, the commanders all complaining that, if they miss to pay their men a night, they run away; seamen demanding money of them by way of advance, and some of Sir Fretcheville Hollis's men, that he so bragged of, demanding their tickets to be paid, or they would not work: this Hollis, Sir W. Batten and W. Pen say, proves a very . . . , as Sir W. B. terms him, and the other called him a conceited, idle, prating, lying fellow. But it was pleasant this morning to hear Hollis give me the account what, he says, he told the King in Commissioner Pett's presence, whence it was that his ship was fit sooner than others, telling the King how he dealt with the several Commissioners and agents of the Ports where he comes, offering Lanyon to carry him a Ton or two of goods to the streights, giving Middleton an hour or two's hearing of his stories of Barbadoes, going to prayer with Taylor, and standing bare and calling, "If it please your Honour," to Pett, but Sir W. Pen says that he tells this story to every body, and believes it to be a very lie. At night comes Captain Cocke to see me, and he and I an hour in the garden together. He tells me there have been great endeavours of bringing in the Presbyterian interest, but that it will not do. He named to me several of the insipid lords that are to command the armies that are to be raised. He says the King and Court are all troubled, and the gates of the Court were shut up upon the first coming of the Dutch to us, but they do mind the business no more than ever: that the bankers, he fears, are broke as to ready-money, though Viner had £100,000 by him when our trouble begun: that he and the Duke of Albemarle have received into their own hands, of Viner, the former £10,000, and the latter £12,000, in tallies or assignments, to secure what was in his hands of their's; and many other great men of our masters have done the like; which is no good sign, when they begin to fear the main. He and every body cries out of the office of the Ordnance, for their neglects, both at Gravesend and Upnor, and everywhere else. He gone, I to my business again, and then home to supper and to bed. I have lately played the fool much with our Nell, in playing with her breasts. This night, late, comes a porter with a letter from Monsieur Pratt, to borrow £100 for my Lord Hinchingbroke, to enable him to go out with his troop in the country, as he is commanded; but I did find an excuse to decline it. Among other reasons to myself, this is one, to teach him the necessity of being a good husband, and keeping money or credit by him.

18th. Up, and did this morning dally with Nell . . . which I was afterward troubled for. To the office, and there all the morning. Peg Pen come to

see me, and I was glad of it, and did resolve to have tried her this afternoon, but that there was company with elle at my home, whither I got her. Dined at home, W. Hewer with me, and then to the office, and to my Lady Pen's, and did find occasion for Peg to go home with me to my chamber, but there being an idle gentleman with them, he went with us, and I lost my hope. So to the office, and by and by word was brought me that Commissioner Pett is brought to the Tower,[1] and there laid up close prisoner; which puts me into a fright, lest they may do the same with us as they do with him. This puts me upon hastening what I am doing with my people, and collecting out of my papers our defence. Myself got Fist, Sir W. Batten's clerk, and busy with him writing letters late, and then home to supper and to read myself asleep, after piping, and so to bed. Great newes to-night of the blowing up of one of the Dutch greatest ships, while a Council of War was on board: the latter part, I doubt, is not so, it not being confirmed since; but the former, that they had a ship blown up, is said to be true. This evening comes Sir G. Carteret to the office, to talk of business at Sir W. Batten's; where all to be undone for want of money, there being none to pay the Chest at their publique pay the 24th of this month, which will make us a scorn to the world. After he had done there, he and I into the garden, and walked; and the greatest of our discourse is, his sense of the requisiteness of his parting with his being Treasurer of the Navy, if he can, on any good terms. He do harp upon getting my Lord Bruncker to take it on half profit, but that he is not able to secure him in paying him so much. But the thing I do advise him to do by all means, and he resolves on it, being but the same counsel which I intend to take myself. My Lady Jem goes down to Hinchingbroke to lie down, because of the troubles of the times here. He tells me he is not sure that the King of France will not annoy us this year, but that the Court seems [to] reckon upon it as a thing certain, for that is all that I and most people are afeard of this year. He tells me now the great question is, whether a Parliament or no Parliament; and says the Parliament itself cannot be thought able at present to raise money, and therefore it will be to no purpose to call one. I hear this day poor Michell's child is dead.

19th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning busy with Fist again, beginning early to overtake my business in my letters, which for a post or two have by the late and present troubles been interrupted. At noon comes Sir W. Batten and [Sir] W. Pen, and we to [Sir] W. Pen's house, and there discoursed of business an hour, and by and by comes an order from Sir R. Browne, commanding me this afternoon to attend the Council-board, with

[1] "June 17th. This day, Commissioner Pett, to whom was committed the care of the Yard at Chatham, with the affairs of the Navy there, was committed close prisoner to the Tower, in order to his farther examination."—*The London Gazette*, No. 166. "Warrants to [John] Bradley to seize [Peter] Pett, Commissioner at Chatham, and bring him to the Tower; and to the Lieutenant of the Tower to keep him close prisoner, for dangerous practices and misdemeanours," dated June 16th ("Calendar of State Papers," 1667, p. 196).

all my books and papers touching the Medway. I was ready [to fear] some mischief to myself, though it appears most reasonable that it is to inform them about Commissioner Pett. I eat a little bit in haste at Sir W. Batten's, without much comfort, being fearful, though I shew it not, and to my office and get up some papers, and found out the most material letters and orders in our books, and so took coach and to the Council-chamber lobby, where I met Mr. Evelyn, who do miserably decry our follies that bring all this misery upon us. While we were discoursing over our publique misfortunes, I am called in to a large Committee of the Council: present the Duke of Albemarle, Anglesey, Arlington, Ashly, Carteret, Duncomb, Coventry, Ingram, Clifford, Lauderdale, Morrice, Manchester, Craven, Carlisle, Bridgewater. And after Sir W. Coventry's telling them what orders His Royal Highness had made for the safety of the Medway, I told them to their full content what we had done, and showed them our letters. Then was Peter Pett called in, with the Lieutenant of the Tower. He is in his old clothes, and looked most sillily. His charge was chiefly the not carrying up of the great ships, and the using of the boats in carrying away his goods; to which he answered very sillily, though his faults to me seem only great omissions. Lord Arlington and Coventry very severe against him; the former saying that, if he was not guilty, the world would think them all guilty.[1] The latter urged, that

[1] Pett was made a scapegoat. This is confirmed by Marvell:

"After this loss, to relish discontent,
Some one must be accused by Parliament;
All our miscarriages on Pett must fall,
His name alone seems fit to answer all.
Whose counsel first did this mad war beget?
Who all commands sold through the Navy? *Pett.*
Who would not follow when the Dutch were beat?
Who treated out the time at Bergen? *Pett.*
Who the Dutch fleet with storms disabled met,
And, rifling prizes, them neglected? *Pett.*
Who with false news prevented the Gazette,
The fleet divided, writ for *Rupert*? *Pett.*
Who all our seamen cheated of their debt?
And all our prizes who did swallow? *Pett.*
Who did advise no navy out to set?
And who the forts left unprepared? *Pett.*
Who to supply with powder did forget
Languard, Sheerness, Gravesend, and Upnor? Pett.
Who all our ships exposed in Chatham net?
Who should it be but the fanatick *Pett*?
Pett, the sea-architect, in making ships,
Was the first cause of all these naval slips.
Had he not built, none of these faults had been;
If no creation, there had been no sin:
But his great crime, one boat away he sent,
That lost our fleet, and did our flight prevent."

Instructions to a Painter.—B.

there must be some faults, and that the Admiral must be found to have done his part. I did say an unhappy word, which I was sorry for, when he complained of want of oares for the boats: and there was, it seems, enough, and good enough, to carry away all the boats with from the King's occasions. He said he used never a boat till they were all gone but one; and that was to carry away things of great value, and these were his models of ships; which, when the Council, some of them, had said they wished that the Dutch had had them instead of the King's ships, he answered, he did believe the Dutch would have made more advantage of the models than of the ships, and that the King had had greater loss thereby; this they all laughed at. After having heard him for an hour or more, they bid him withdraw. I all this while showing him no respect, but rather against him, for which God forgive me! for I mean no hurt to him, but only find that these Lords are upon their own purgation, and it is necessary I should be so in behalf of the office. He being gone, they caused Sir Richard Browne[1] to read over his minutes; and then my Lord Arlington moved that they might be put into my hands to put into form, I being more acquainted with such business; and they were so. So I away back with my books and papers; and when I got into the Court it was pretty to see how people gazed upon me, that I thought myself obliged to salute people and to smile, lest they should think I was a prisoner too; but afterwards I found that most did take me to be there to bear evidence against P. Pett; but my fear was such, at my going in, of the success of the day, that at my going in I did think fit to give T. Hater, whom I took with me, to wait the event, my closet-key and directions where to find £500 and more in silver and gold, and my tallys, to remove, in case of any misfortune to me. Thence to Sir G. Carteret's to take my leave of my Lady Jem, who is going into the country to-morrow; but she being now at prayers with my Lady and family, and hearing here by Yorke, the carrier, that my wife is coming to towne, I did make haste home to see her, that she might not find me abroad, it being the first minute I have been abroad since yesterday was se'ennight. It is pretty to see how strange it is to be abroad to see people, as it used to be after a month or two's absence, and I have brought myself so to it, that I have no great mind to be abroad, which I could not have believed of myself. I got home, and after being there a little, she come, and two of her fellow-travellers with her, with whom we drunk: a couple of merchant-like men, I think, but have friends in our country. They being gone, I and my wife to talk, who did give me so bad an account of her and my father's method in burying of our gold, that made me mad: and she herself is not pleased with it, she believing that my sister knows of it. My father and she did it on Sunday, when they were gone to church, in open daylight, in the midst of the garden; where, for aught they knew, many eyes might see them: which put me into such trouble, that I was almost mad about it, and presently cast about, how to have it back again to secure it here, the

[1] Clerk of the Council.

times being a little better now; at least at White Hall they seem as if they were, but one way or other I am resolved to free them from the place if I can get them. Such was my trouble at this, that I fell out with my wife, that though new come to towne, I did not sup with her, nor speak to her to-night, but to bed and sleep.

20th. Up, without any respect to my wife, only answering her a question or two, without any anger though, and so to the office, where all the morning busy, and among other things Mr. Barber come to me (one of the clerks of the Ticket office) to get me to sign some tickets, and told me that all the discourse yesterday, about that part of the town where he was, was that Mr. Pett and I were in the Tower; and I did hear the same before. At noon, home to dinner, and there my wife and I very good friends; the care of my gold being somewhat over, considering it was in their hands that have as much cause to secure it as myself almost, and so if they will be mad, let them. But yet I do intend to send for it away. Here dined Mercer with us, and after dinner she cut my hair, and then I into my closet and there slept a little, as I do now almost every day after dinner; and then, after dallying a little with Nell, which I am ashamed to think of, away to the office. Busy all the afternoon; in the evening did treat with, and in the end agree, but by some kind of compulsion, with the owners of six merchant ships, to serve the King as men-of-war. But, Lord! to see how against the hair it is with these men and every body to trust us and the King; and how unreasonable it is to expect they should be willing to lend their ships, and lay out 2 or £300 a man to fit their ships for new voyages, when we have not paid them half of what we owe them for their old services! I did write so to Sir W. Coventry this night. At night my wife and I to walk and talk again about our gold, which I am not quiet in my mind to be safe, and therefore will think of some way to remove it, it troubling me very much. So home with my wife to supper and to bed, miserable hot weather all night it was.

21st. Up and by water to White Hall, there to discourse with [Sir] G. Carteret and Mr. Fenn about office business. I found them all aground, and no money to do anything with. Thence homewards, calling at my Tailor's to bespeak some coloured clothes, and thence to Hercules Pillars, all alone, and there spent 6*d*. on myself, and so home and busy all the morning. At noon to dinner, home, where my wife shows me a letter from her father, who is going over sea, and this afternoon would take his leave of her. I sent him by her three Jacobuses in gold, having real pity for him and her. So I to my office, and there all the afternoon. This day comes news from Harwich that the Dutch fleete are all in sight, near 100 sail great and small, they think, coming towards them; where, they think, they shall be able to oppose them; but do cry out of the falling back of the seamen, few standing by them, and those with much faintness. The like they write from Portsmouth, and their letters this post are worth reading. Sir H. Cholmly come to me this day, and tells me the Court is as mad as ever; and that the night the Dutch burned

our ships the King did sup with my Lady Castlemayne, at the Duchess of Monmouth's, and they were all mad in hunting a poor moth. All the Court afraid of a Parliament; but he thinks nothing can save us but the King's giving up all to a Parliament. Busy at the office all the afternoon, and did much business to my great content. In the evening sent for home, and there I find my Lady Pen and Mrs. Lowther, and Mrs. Turner and my wife eating some victuals, and there I sat and laughed with them a little, and so to the office again, and in the evening walked with my wife in the garden, and did give Sir W. Pen at his lodgings (being just come from Deptford from attending the dispatch of the fire-ships there) an account of what passed the other day at Council touching Commissioner Pett, and so home to supper and to bed.

22nd. Up, and to my office, where busy, and there comes Mrs. Daniel. . . . At the office I all the morning busy. At noon home to dinner, where Mr. Lewes Phillips, by invitation of my wife, comes, he coming up to town with her in the coach this week, and she expected another gentleman, a fellow-traveller, and I perceive the feast was for him, though she do not say it, but by some mistake he come not, so there was a good dinner lost. Here we had the two Mercers, and pretty merry. Much talk with Mr. Phillips about country business, among others that there is no way for me to purchase any severall lands in Brampton, or making any severall that is not so, without much trouble and cost, and, it may be, not do it neither, so that there is no more ground to be laid to our Brampton house. After dinner I left them, and to the office, and thence to Sir W. Pen's, there to talk with Mrs. Lowther, and by and by we hearing Mercer and my boy singing at my house, making exceeding good musique, to the joy of my heart, that I should be the master of it, I took her to my office and there merry a while, and then I left them, and at the office busy all the afternoon, and sleepy after a great dinner. In the evening come Captain Hart [1] and Haywood to me about the six merchant-ships now taken up for men-of-war; and in talk they told me about the taking of 'The Royal Charles;" that nothing but carelessness lost the ship, for they might have saved her the very tide that the Dutch come up, if they would have but used means and had had but boats: and that the want of boats plainly lost all the other ships. That the Dutch did take her with a boat of nine men, who found not a man on board her, and her laying so near them was a main temptation to them to come on; and presently a man went up and struck her flag and jacke, and a trumpeter sounded upon her "Joan's placket is torn:" [2] that they did carry her down at a time, both for tides and wind, when the best pilot in Chatham would not have under-

[1] The warrant of the Earl of Sandwich, appointing John Hart captain of the "Revenge," September 13th, 1665, is among the loose papers in Rawlinson, A. 289.—B.

[2] This was the earliest notice of the air so named that Mr. William Chappell had come across. He was unable to discover the original words. ("Popular Music of the Olden Time," p. 518.)

taken it, they heeling her on one side to make her draw little water: and so carried her away safe. They being gone, by and by comes Sir W. Pen home, and he and I together talking. He hath been at Court; and in the first place, I hear the Duke of Cambridge is dead;[1] which is a great loss to the nation, having, I think, never an heyre male now of the King's or Duke's to succeed to the Crown. He tells me that they do begin already to damn the Dutch, and call them cowards at White Hall, and think of them and their business no better than they used to do; which is very sad. The King did tell him himself, which is so, I was told, here in the City, that the City hath lent him £10,000, to be laid out towards securing of the River of Thames; which, methinks, is a very poor thing, that we should be induced to borrow by such mean sums. He tells me that it is most manifest that one great thing making it impossible for us to have set out a fleete this year, if we could have done it for money or stores, was the liberty given the beginning of the year for the setting out of merchant-men, which did take up, as is said, above ten, if not fifteen thousand seamen: and this the other day Captain Cocke tells me appears in the Council-books, that is the number of seamen required to man the merchant ships that had passes to go abroad. By and by, my wife being here, they sat down and eat a bit of their nasty victuals, and so parted and we to bed.

23rd (Lord's day). Up to my chamber, and there all the morning reading in my Lord Coke's Pleas of the Crowne,[2] very fine noble reading. After church time comes my wife and Sir W. Pen his lady and daughter, and Mrs. Markham and Captain Harrison (who come to dine with them), by invitation and dined with me, they as good as inviting themselves. I confess I hate their company and tricks, and so had no great pleasure in [it], but a good dinner lost. After dinner they all to church, and I by water alone to Woolwich, and there called on Mr. Bodham: and he and I to see the batterys newly raised; which, indeed, are good works to command the River below the ships that are sunk, but not above them. Here I met with Captain Cocke and Matt. Wren, Fenn, and Charles Porter, and Temple and his wife. Here I fell in with these, and to Bodham's with them, and there we sat and laughed and drank in his arbour, Wren making much and kissing all the day of Temple's wife. It is a sad sight to see so many good ships there sunk in the River, while we would be thought to be masters of the sea. Cocke says the bankers cannot, till peace returns, ever hope to have credit again; so that they can pay no more money, but people must be contented to take publick security such as they can give them; and if so, and they do live to receive the money thereupon, the bankers will be happy men. Fenn read me an order of council passed the 17th instant, directing all the Treasurers of any part

[1] He died on June 20th at Richmond.

[2] "The Third Part of the Institutes of the Laws of England concerning High Treason and other Pleas of the Crown and Criminall Cases," by Sir Edward Coke; London, 1644, folio.

of the King's revenue to make no payments but such as shall be approved by the present Lords Commissioners; which will, I think, spoil the credit of all his Majesty's service, when people cannot depend upon payment any where. But the King's declaration[1] in behalf of the bankers, to make good their assignments for money, is very good, and will, I hope, secure me. Cocke says, that he hears it is come to it now, that the King will try what he can soon do for a peace; and if he cannot, that then he will cast all upon the Parliament to do as they see fit: and in doing so, perhaps, he may save us all. The King of France, it is believed, is engaged for this year;[2] so that we shall be safe as to him. The great misery the City and kingdom is like to suffer for want of coals[3] in a little time is very visible, and, is feared, will breed a mutiny; for we are not in any prospect to command the sea for our colliers to come, but rather, it is feared, the Dutch may go and burn all our colliers at Newcastle; though others do say that they lie safe enough there. No news at all of late from Bredagh[4] what our Treaters do. By and by, all by water in three boats to Greenwich, there to Cocke's, where we supped well, and then late, Wren, Fenn, and I home by water, set me in at the Tower, and they to White Hall, and so I home, and after a little talk with my wife to bed.

24th. Up, and to the office, where much business upon me by the coming of people of all sorts about the dispatch of one business or other of the fireships, or other ships to be set out now. This morning Greeting come, and I with him at my flageolet. At noon dined at home with my wife alone, and

[1] "I shall draw towards a conclusion of this section with a case of very recent memory and of singular notoriety throughout the whole kingdom. I mean that of the conflagration of our ships by the Dutch (June, 1667) not many years past in the river of Chatham. There prevailed at that time an universal jealousie among the people that upon this occasion some suddain stop might be put upon the Exchequer, and thereupon the Bankers were exercised with restless solicitations for the speedy payment of their debts. The king for the sedation of these fears and apprehensions is advised (and to the eternal honour of the persons who gave the advice I write it) to issue forthwith his declaration (see the Declaration at the end of this treatise), to preserve inviolate the course of payments in the Exchequer, which was accordingly done" ("The Case of the Bankers and their Creditors Stated and Examined; the third impression with additions amounting to a third part more than hath been at any time before printed," London, 1675, 8vo., pp. 105, 106). This curious little work, written to show the enormity of shutting up the Exchequer, is composed by Thomas Turner, as appears by the preliminary letter and by the postscript at the end. The "Declaration" alluded to, which was issued in 1667, is printed in pp. 135–137.—Buckle's *Miscel. and Posth. Works*, vol. ii., p. 215.—M. B.

[2] Louis XIV. was at this time in Flanders, with his queen, his mistresses, and all his Court. Turenne commanded under him. Whilst Charles was hunting moths at Lady Castlemaine's, and the English fleet was burning, Louis was carrying on the campaign with vigour. Armentières was taken on the 28th May; Charleroi on the 2nd June, St. Winox on the 6th, Furnes on the 12th, Ath on the 16th, Tournay on the 24th; the Escarpe on the 6th July, Courtray on the 18th, Audenarde on the 31st; and Lisle on the 27th August.—B.

[3] See June 26th, *post*.

[4] See August 9th, *post*.

then in the afternoon all the day at my office. Troubled a little at a letter from my father, which tells me of an idle companion, one Coleman, who went down with him and my wife in the coach, and come up again with my wife, a pensioner of the King's Guard, and one that my wife, indeed, made the feast for on Saturday last, though he did not come; but if he knows nothing of our money I will prevent any other inconvenience. In the evening comes Mr. Povy about business; and he and I to walk in the garden an hour or two, and to talk of State matters. He tells me his opinion that it is out of possibility for us to escape being undone, there being nothing in our power to do that is necessary for the saving us: a lazy Prince, no Council, no money, no reputation at home or abroad. He says that to this day the King do follow the women as much as ever he did; that the Duke of York hath not got Mrs. Middleton, as I was told the other day: but says that he wants not her, for he hath others, and hath always had, and that he [Povy] hath known them brought through the Matted Gallery at White Hall into his [the Duke's] closet; nay, he hath come out of his wife's bed, and gone to others laid in bed for him: that Mr. Bruncker is not the only pimp, but that the whole family is of the same strain, and will do any thing to please him: that, besides the death of the two Princes lately, the family is in horrible disorder by being in debt by spending above £60,000 per annum, when he hath not £40,000: that the Duchesse is not only the proudest woman in the world, but the most expensefull; and that the Duke of York's marriage with her hath undone the kingdom, by making the Chancellor so great above reach, who otherwise would have been but an ordinary man, to have been dealt with by other people; and he would have been careful of managing things well, for fear of being called to account; whereas, now he is secure, and hath let things run to rack, as they now appear. That at a certain time Mr. Povy did carry him an account of the state of the Duke of York's estate, showing in faithfullness how he spent more than his estate would bear, by above £20,000 per annum, and asked my Lord's opinion of it; to which he answered that no man that loved the King or kingdom durst own the writing of that paper; at which Povy was startled, and reckoned himself undone for this good service, and found it necessary then to show it to the Duke of York's Commissioners;[1] who read, examined, and approved of it, so as to cause it to be put into form, and signed it, and gave it the Duke. Now the end of the Chancellor was, for fear that his daughter's ill housewifery should be condemned. He [Povy] tells me that the other day, upon this ill newes of the Dutch being upon us, White Hall was shut up, and the Council called and sat close; and, by the way, he do assure me, from the mouth of some Privy-councillors, that at this day the Privy-council in general do know no more what the state of the kingdom as to peace and war is, than he or I; nor

[1] The Commissioners for regulating the Duke of York's affairs, in May, 1667, were John, Lord Berkeley of Stratton, Colonel Robert Werden, and Colonel Anthony Eyre. —*Household Book*, at Audley-End.—B.

knows who manages it, nor upon whom it depends; and there my Lord Chancellor did make a speech to them, saying that they knew well that he was no friend to the war from the beginning, and therefore had concerned himself little in, nor could say much to it; and a great deal of that kind, to discharge himself of the fault of the war. Upon which my Lord Anglesey rose up and told his Majesty that he thought their coming now together was not to enquire who was, or was not, the cause of the war, but to enquire what was, or could be, done in the business of making a peace, and in whose hands that was, and where it was stopped or forwarded; and went on very highly to have all made open to them: and, by the way, I remember that Captain Cocke did the other day tell me that this Lord Anglesey hath said, within few days, that he would willingly give £10,000 of his estate that he was well secured of the rest, such apprehensions he hath of the sequel of things, as giving all over for lost. He tells me, speaking of the horrid effeminacy of the King, that the King hath taken ten times more care and pains in making friends between my Lady Castlemayne and Mrs. Stewart, when they have fallen out, than ever he did to save his kingdom; nay, that upon any falling out between my Lady Castlemayne's nurse and her woman, my Lady hath often said she would make the King to make them friends, and they would be friends and be quiet; which the King hath been fain to do; that the King is, at this day, every night in Hyde Park with the Duchesse of Monmouth, or with my Lady Castlemayne: that he [Povy] is concerned of late by my Lord Arlington in the looking after some buildings that he is about in Norfolke,[1] where my Lord is laying out a great deal of money; and that he, Mr. Povy, considering the unsafeness of laying out money at such a time as this, and, besides, the enviousness of the particular county, as well as all the kingdom, to find him building and employing workmen, while all the ordinary people of the country are carried down to the sea-sides for securing the land, he thought it becoming him to go to my Lord Arlington (Sir Thomas Clifford by), and give it as his advice to hold his hands a little; but my Lord would not, but would have him go on, and so Sir Thomas Clifford advised also, which one would think, if he were a statesman worth a fart should be a sign of his foreseeing that all shall do well. But I do forbear concluding any such thing from them. He tells me that there is not so great confidence between any two men of power in the nation at this day, that he knows of, as between my Lord Arlington and Sir Thomas Clifford; and that it arises by accident only, there being no relation nor acquaintance between them, but only Sir Thomas Clifford's coming to him, and applying himself to him for favours, when he come first up to town to be a Parliament-man. He tells me

[1] At Euston Hall, in Suffolk, on the borders of Norfolk, which afterwards came into the Grafton family by the marriage of the first duke with Lord Arlington's only child. Among Pepys's papers (Rawlinson, A. 195, fol. 58) is a document, entitled "Considerations touching the purchase of the Park and Woods near Euston, drawn and presented by Mr. Povy, as his advice to my Lord Arlington, at this time (Oct. 28, 1668) in treaty for the purchase of Euston."—B.

that he do not think there is anything in the world for us possibly to be saved by but the King of France's generousnesse to stand by us against the Dutch, and getting us a tolerable peace, it may be, upon our giving him Tangier and the islands he hath taken, and other things he shall please to ask. He confirms me in the several grounds I have conceived of fearing that we shall shortly fall into mutinys and outrages among ourselves, and that therefore he, as a Treasurer, and therefore much more myself, I say, as being not only a Treasurer but an officer of the Navy, on whom, for all the world knows, the faults of all our evils are to be laid, do fear to be seized on by some rude hands as having money to answer for, which will make me the more desirous to get off of this Treasurership as soon as I can, as I had before in my mind resolved. Having done all this discourse, and concluded the kingdom in a desperate condition, we parted; and I to my wife, with whom was Mercer and Betty Michell, poor woman, come with her husband to see us after the death of her little girle. We sat in the garden together a while, it being night, and then Mercer and I a song or two, and then in (the Michell's home,) my wife, Mercer, and I to supper, and then parted and to bed.

25th. Up, and with Sir W. Pen in his new chariot (which indeed is plain, but pretty and more fashionable in shape than any coach he hath, and yet do not cost him, harness and all, above £32) to White Hall; where staid a very little: and thence to St. James's to [Sir] W. Coventry, whom I have not seen since before the coming of the Dutch into the river, nor did indeed know how well to go to see him, for shame either to him or me, or both of us, to find ourselves in so much misery. I find that he and his fellow-Treasurers are in the utmost want of money, and do find fault with Sir G. Carteret, that, having kept the mystery of borrowing money to himself so long, to the ruin of the nation, as [Sir] W. Coventry said in words to [Sir] W. Pen and me, he should now lay it aside and come to them for money for every penny he hath, declaring that he can raise no more: which, I confess, do appear to me the most like ill-will of any thing that I have observed of [Sir] W. Coventry, when he himself did tell us, on another occasion at the same time, that the bankers who used to furnish them money are not able to lend a farthing, and he knows well enough that that was all the mystery [Sir] G. Carteret did use, that is, only his credit with them. He told us the masters and owners of the two ships that I had complained of, for not readily setting forth their ships, which we had taken up to make men-of-war, had been yesterday with the King and Council, and had made their case so well understood, that the King did owe them for what they had earned the last year, that they could not set them out again without some money or stores out of the King's Yards; the latter of which [Sir] W. Coventry said must be done, for that they were not able to raise money for them, though it was but £200 a ship: which do shew us our condition to be so bad, that I am in a total despair of ever having the nation do well. After talking awhile, and all out of heart with stories of want of seamen, and seamen's running away, and

their demanding a month's advance, and our being forced to give seamen 3*s*. a-day to go hence to work at Chatham, and other things that show nothing but destruction upon us; for it is certain that, as it now is, the seamen of England, in my conscience, would, if they could, go over and serve the King of France or Holland rather than us. Up to the Duke of York to his chamber, where he seems to be pretty easy, and now and then merry; but yet one may perceive in all their minds there is something of trouble and care, and with good reason. Thence to White Hall, and with Sir W. Pen, by chariot; and there in the Court met with my Lord Anglesey: and he to talk with [Sir] W. Pen, and told him of the masters of ships being with the Council yesterday, and that we were not in condition, though the men were willing, to furnish them with £200 of money, already due to them as earned by them the last year, to enable them to set out their ships again this year for the King: which he is amazed at; and when I told him, "My Lord, this is a sad instance of the condition we are in," he answered, that it was so indeed, and sighed: and so parted: and he up to the Council-chamber, where I perceive they sit every morning, and I to Westminster Hall, where it is Term time. I met with none I knew, nor did desire it, but only past through the Hall and so back again, and by coach home to dinner, being weary indeed of seeing the world, and thinking it high time for me to provide against the foul weather that is certainly coming upon us. So to the office, and there [Sir] W. Pen and I did some business, and then home to dinner, where my wife pleases me mightily with what she can do upon the flageolet, and then I to the office again, and busy all the afternoon, and it is worth noting that the King and Council, in their order of the 23rd instant, for unloading three merchant-ships taken up for the King's service for men-of-war, do call the late coming of the Dutch "an invasion." I was told, yesterday, that Mr. Oldenburg,[1] our Secretary at Gresham College, is put into the Tower, for writing newes to a virtuoso in France, with whom he constantly corresponds in philosophical matters; which makes it very unsafe at this time to write, or almost do any thing. Several captains come to the office yesterday and to-day, complaining that their men come and go when they will, and will not be commanded, though they are paid every night, or may be. Nay, this afternoon comes Harry Russell from Gravesend, telling us that the money carried down yesterday for the Chest at Chatham had like to have been seized upon yesterday, in the barge by seamen, who did beat our watermen: and what men should these be but the boat's crew of Sir Fretcheville Hollis, who used to brag so much of the goodness and order of his men, and his command over them. Busy all the afternoon at the office. Towards night I with Mr. Kinaston to White Hall about a Tangier order, but lost our labour, only met Sir H. Cholmly there, and he tells me great newes; that this day in Council the King hath declared that he will call his Parliament in thirty days: which is the best newes

[1] Henry Oldenburgh, secretary to the Royal Society. The warrant for his arrest is dated June 20th, 1667. The warrant for his discharge is dated August 26th.

I have heard a great while, and will, if any thing, save the kingdom. How the King come to be advised to this, I know not; but he tells me that it was against the Duke of York's mind flatly, who did rather advise the King to raise money as he pleased; and against the Chancellor's, who told the King that Queen Elizabeth did do all her business in eighty-eight without calling a Parliament, and so might he do, for anything he saw. But, blessed be God! it is done; and pray God it may hold, though some of us must surely go to the pot, for all must be flung up to them, or nothing will be done. So back home, and my wife down by water, I sent her, with Mrs. Hewer and her son, W. Hewer, to see the sunk ships, while I staid at the office, and in the evening was visited by Mr. Roberts the merchant by us about the getting him a ship cleared from serving the King as a man of war, which I will endeavour to do. So home to supper and to bed.

26th. Up, and in dressing myself in my dressing chamber comes up Nell, and I did play with her. . . . So being ready I to White Hall by water, and there to the Lords Treasurers' chamber, and there wait, and here it is every body's discourse that the Parliament is ordered to meet the 25th of July, being, as they say, St. James's day; which every creature is glad of. But it is pretty to consider how, walking to the Old Swan from my house, I met Sir Thomas Harvy, whom, asking the newes of the Parliament's meeting, he told me it was true, and they would certainly make a great rout among us. I answered, I did not care for my part, though I was ruined, so that the Commonwealth might escape ruin by it. He answered, that is a good one, in faith; for you know yourself to be secure, in being necessary to the office; but for my part, says he, I must look to be removed; but then, says he, I doubt not but I shall have amends made me; for all the world knows upon what terms I come in, which is a saying that a wise man would not unnecessarily have said, I think, to any body, meaning his buying his place of my Lord Barkely [of Stratton]. So we parted, and I to White Hall, as I said before, and there met with Sir Stephen Fox and Mr. Scawen, who both confirm the news of the Parliament's meeting. Here I staid for an order for my Tangier money, £30,000, upon the 11 months' tax, and so away to my Lord Arlington's office, and there spoke to him about Mr. Lanyon's business, and received a good answer, and thence to Westminster Hall and there walked a little, and there met with Colonell Reames, who tells me of a letter come last night, or the day before, from my Lord St. Albans, out of France, wherein he says, that the King of France did lately fall out with him, giving him ill names, saying that he had belied him to our King, by saying that he had promised to assist our King, and to forward the peace; saying that indeed he had offered to forward the peace at such a time, but it was not accepted of, and so he thinks himself not obliged, and would do what was fit for him; and so made him to go out of his sight in great displeasure: and he hath given this account to the King, which, Colonell Reymes tells me, puts them into new melancholy at Court, and he believes hath forwarded the resolu-

tion of calling the Parliament. Wherewith for all this I am very well contented, and so parted and to the Exchequer, but Mr. Burgess was not in his office; so alone to the Swan, and thither come Mr. Kingston to me, and he and I into a room and there drank and discoursed, and I am mightily pleased with him for a most diligent and methodical man in all his business. By and by to Burgess, and did as much as we could with him about our Tangier order, though we met with unexpected delays in it, but such as are not to be avoided by reason of the form of the Act and the disorders which the King's necessities do put upon it, and therefore away by coach, and at White Hall spied Mr. Povy, who tells me, as a great secret, which none knows but himself, that Sir G. Carteret hath parted with his place of Treasurer of the Navy, by consent, to my Lord Anglesey, and is to be Treasurer of Ireland in his stead; but upon what terms it is I know not, but Mr. Povy tells it is so, and that it is in his power to bring me to as great a friendship and confidence in my Lord Anglesey as ever I was with [Sir] W. Coventry, which I am glad of, and so parted, and I to my tailor's about turning my old silk suit and cloak into a suit and vest, and thence with Mr. Kinaston (whom I had set down in the Strand and took up again at the Temple gate) home, and there to dinner, mightily pleased with my wife's playing on the flageolet, and so after dinner to the office. Such is the want already of coals, and the despair of having any supply, by reason of the enemy's being abroad, and no fleete of ours to secure, that they are come, as Mr. Kinaston tells me, at this day to £5 10*s*. per chaldron. All the afternoon busy at the office. In the evening with my wife and Mercer took coach and to Islington to the Old House, and there eat and drank and sang with great pleasure, and then round by Hackney home with great pleasure, and when come home to bed, my stomach not being well pleased with the cream we had to-night.

27th. Wakened this morning, about three o'clock, by Mr. Griffin with a letter from Sir W. Coventry to W. Pen, which W. Pen sent me to see, that the Dutch are come up to the Nore again, and he knows not whether further or no, and would have, therefore, several things done—ships sunk, and I know not what—which Sir W. Pen (who it seems is very ill this night, or would be thought so) hath directed Griffin to carry to the Trinity House; so he went away with the letter, and I tried and with much ado did get a little sleep more, and so up about six o'clock, full of thought what to do with the little money I have left and my plate, wishing with all my heart that that was all secured. So to the office, where much business all the morning, and the more by my brethren being all out of the way; Sir W. Pen this night taken so ill cannot stir; [Sir] W. Batten ill at Walthamstow; Sir J. Minnes the like at Chatham, and my Lord Bruncker there also upon business. Horrible trouble with the backwardness of the merchants to let us have their ships, and seamen's running away, and not to be got or kept without money. It is worth turning to our letters this day to Sir W. Coventry about these matters. At noon to dinner, having a haunch of venison boiled; and all my clerks at

dinner with me; and mightily taken with Mr. Gibson's discourse of the faults of this war in its management compared [with] that in the last war, which I will get him to put into writing. Thence, after dinner, to the office again, and there I saw the proclamations[1] come out this day for the Parliament to meet the 25th of next month; for which God be praised! and another to invite seamen to bring in their complaints, of their being ill-used in the getting their tickets and money, there being a Committee of the Council appointed to receive their complaints. This noon W. Hewer and T. Hater both tell me that it is all over the town, and Mr. Pierce tells me also, this afternoon coming to me, that for certain Sir G. Carteret hath parted with his Treasurer's place, and that my Lord Anglesey is in it upon agreement and change of places, though the latter part I do not think. This Povy told me yesterday, and I think it is a wise act of [Sir] G. Carteret. Pierce tells me that he hears for certain fresh at Court, that France and we shall agree; and more, that yesterday was damned at the Council, the Canary Company; and also that my Lord Mordaunt hath laid down his Commission, both good things to please the Parliament, which I hope will do good. Pierce tells me that all the town do cry out of our office, for a pack of fools and knaves; but says that everybody speaks either well, or at least the best of me, which is my great comfort, and think I do deserve it, and shall shew I have; but yet do think, and he also, that the Parliament will send us all going; and I shall be well contented with it, God knows! But he tells me how Matt. Wren should say that he was told that I should say that W. Coventry was guilty of the miscarriage at Chatham, though I myself, as he confesses, did tell him otherwise, and that it was wholly Pett's fault. This do trouble me, not only as untrue, but as a design in some [one] or other to do me hurt; for, as the thing is false, so it never entered into my mouth or thought, nor ever shall. He says that he hath rectified Wren in his belief of this, and so all is well. He gone, I to business till the evening, and then by chance home, and find the fellow that come up with my wife, Coleman, last from Brampton, a silly rogue, but one that would seem a gentleman; but I did not stay with him. So to the office, where late, busy, and then to walk a little in the garden, and so home to supper and to bed. News this tide, that about 80 sail of the Dutch, great and small, were seen coming up the river this morning; and this tide some of them to the upper end of the Hope.

28th. Up, and hear Sir W. Batten is come to town: I to see him; he is very ill of his fever, and come to town only for advice. Sir J. Minnes, I hear also, is very ill all this night, worse than before. Thence I going out met at the gate Sir H. Cholmly coming to me, and I to him in the coach, and both of us presently to St. James's, by the way discoursing of some Tangier business

[1] A proclamation by the Privy Council "Concerning the Pay of the Navy and Army" was issued on June 25th, 1667, and a proclamation for "Reassembling of Parliament" on June 26th, 1667 ("Bibliotheca Lindesiana," "Hand List of Proclamations," vol. i., 1893).

about money, which the want of I see will certainly bring the place into a bad condition. We find the Duke of York and [Sir] W. Coventry gone this morning, by two o'clock, to Chatham, to come home to-night: and it is fine to observe how both the King and Duke of York have, in their several late journeys to and again, done them in the night for coolnesse. Thence with him to the Treasury Chamber, and then to the Exchequer to inform ourselves a little about our warrant for £30,000 for Tangier, which vexes us that it is so far off in time of payment. Having walked two or three turns with him in the Hall we parted, and I home by coach, and did business at the office till noon, and then by water to White Hall to dinner to Sir G. Carteret, but he not at home, but I dined with my Lady and good company, and good dinner. My Lady and the family in very good humour upon this business of his parting with his place of Treasurer of the Navy, which I perceive they do own, and we did talk of it with satisfaction. They do here tell me that the Duke of Buckingham hath surrendered himself to Secretary Morrice, and is going to the Tower. Mr. Fenn, at the table, says that he hath been taken by the watch two or three times of late, at unseasonable hours, but so disguised that they could not know him: and when I come home, by and by, Mr. Lowther tells me that the Duke of Buckingham do dine publickly this day at Wadlow's, at the Sun Tavern; and is mighty merry, and sent word to the Lieutenant of the Tower, that he would come to him as soon as he had dined. Now, how sad a thing it is, when we come to make sport of proclaiming men traitors, and banishing them, and putting them out of their offices, and Privy Council, and of sending to and going to the Tower: God have mercy on us! At table, my Lady and Sir Philip Carteret have great and good discourse of the greatness of the present King of France—what great things he hath done, that a man may pass, at any hour in the night, all over that wild city [Paris], with a purse in his hand and no danger: that there is not a beggar to be seen in it, nor dirt lying in it; that he hath married two of Colbert's daughters to two of the greatest princes of France, and given them portions—bought the greatest dukedom in France, and given it to Colbert; [1] and ne'er a prince in France dare whisper against it, whereas here our King cannot do any such thing, but everybody's mouth is open against him for it, and the man that hath the favour also. That to several commanders that had not money to set them out to the present campagne, he did of his own accord send them £1,000 sterling a-piece, to equip themselves. But then they did enlarge upon the slavery of the people—that they

[1] The Carterets appear to have mystified Pepys, who eagerly believed all that was told him. At this time Paris was notoriously unsafe, infested with robbers and beggars, and abominably unclean. Colbert had three daughters, of whom the eldest was just married when Pepys wrote, viz., Jean Marie Therèse, to the Duc de Chevreuse, on the 3rd February, 1667. The second daughter, Henriette Louise, was not married to the Duc de St. Aignan till January 21st, 1671; and the third, Marie Anne, to the Duc de Mortemart, February 14th, 1679. Colbert himself was never made a duke. His highest title was Marquis de Seignelay.—B.

are taxed more than the real estates they have; nay, it is an ordinary thing for people to desire to give the King all their land that they have, and themselves become only his tenants, and pay him rent to the full value of it: so they may have but their earnings. But this will not be granted; but he shall give the value of his rent, and part of his labour too. That there is not a petty governor of a province—nay, of a town, but he will take the daughter from the richest man in the town under him, that hath got anything, and give her to his footman for a wife if he pleases, and the King of France will do the like to the best man in his kingdom—take his daughter from him, and give her to his footman, or whom he pleases. It is said that he do make a sport of us now; and says, that he knows no reason why his cozen, the King of England, should not be as willing to let him have his kingdom, as that the Dutch should take it from him, which is a most wretched thing that ever we should live to be in this most contemptible condition. After dinner Sir G. Carteret come in, and I to him and my Lady, and there he did tell me that the business was done between him and my Lord Anglesey; that himself is to have the other's place of Deputy Treasurer of Ireland, which is a place of honour and great profit, being far better, I know not for what reason, but a reason there is, than the Treasurer's, my Lord of Corke's,[1] and to give the other his, of Treasurer of the Navy; that the King, at his earnest entreaty, did, with much unwillingness, but with owning of great obligations to him, for his faithfulness and long service to him and his father, and therefore was willing to grant his desire. That the Duke of York hath given him the same kind words, so that it is done with all the good manner that could be, and he I perceive do look upon it, and so do I, I confess, as a great good fortune to him to meet with one of my Lord Anglesey's quality willing to receive it at this time. Sir W. Coventry he hath not yet made acquainted with it, nor do intend it, it being done purely to ease himself of the many troubles and plagues which he thinks the perverseness and unkindness of Sir W. Coventry and others by his means have and is likely every day to bring upon him, and the Parliaments' envy, and lastly to put himself into a condition of making up his accounts, which he is, he says, afeard he shall never otherwise be. My Lord Chancellor, I perceive, is his friend in it. I remember I did in the morning tell Sir H. Cholmly of this business: and he answered me, he was sorry for it; for, whatever Sir G. Carteret was, he is confident my Lord Anglesey is one of the greatest knaves in the world, which is news to me, but I shall make my use of it. Having done this discourse with Sir G. Carteret, and signified my great satisfaction in it, which they seem to look upon as something, I went away and by coach home, and there find my wife making of tea; a drink which Mr. Pelling, the Potticary, tells her is good for her cold and defluxions. I to the office (whither come Mr. Carcasse to me to sue

[1] Richard Boyle, eldest son of the great Earl of Cork (1612–1698), succeeded his father as second Earl of Cork in 1643, created Baron Clifford of Lanesborough in 1644, and Earl of Burlington in 1664.

for my favour to him), and Sir W. Pen's, where I find Mr. Lowther come to town after the journey, and after a small visit to him, I to the office to do much business, and then in the evening to Sir W. Batten's, to see how he did; and he is better than he was. He told me how Mrs. Lowther had her train held up yesterday by her page,[1] at his house in the country; which is so ridiculous a piece of pride as I am ashamed of. He told me also how he hears by somebody that my Lord Bruncker's maid hath told that her lady Mrs. Williams had sold her jewels and clothes to raise money for something or other; and indeed the last night a letter was sent from her to me, to send to my Lord, with about five pieces of gold in it, which methought at the time was but a poor supply. I then to Sir W. Pen, who continues a little ill, or dissembles it, the latter of which I am apt to believe. Here I staid but little, not meaning much kindness in it; and so to the office, and dispatched more business; and then home at night, and to supper with my wife, and who should come in but Mr. Pelling, and supped with us, and told us the news of the town; how the officers of the Navy are cried out upon, and a great many greater men; but do think that I shall do well enough; and I think, if I have justice, I shall. He tells me of my Lord Duke of Buckingham, his dining to-day at the Sun, and that he was mighty merry; and, what is strange, tells me that really he is at this day a very popular man, the world reckoning him to suffer upon no other account than that he did propound in Parliament to have all the questions that had to do with the receipt of the taxes and prizes; but they must be very silly that do think he can do any thing out of good intention. After a great deal of tittle-tattle with this honest man, he gone we to bed. We hear that the Dutch are gone down again; and thanks be to God! the trouble they give us this second time is not very considerable.

29th. Up, having had many ugly dreams to-night of my father and my sister and mother's coming to us, and meeting my wife and me at the gate of the office going out, they all in laced suits, and come, they told me, to be with me this May day. My mother told me she lacked a pair of gloves, and I remembered a pair of my wife's in my chamber, and resolved she should have them, but then recollected how my mother come to be here when I was in mourning for her, and so thinking it to be a mistake in our thinking her all this while dead, I did contrive that it should be said to any that enquired that it was my mother-in-law, my wife's mother, that was dead, and we in mourning for. This dream troubled me and I waked. . . . These dreams did trouble me mightily all night. Up, and by coach to St. James's, and there find Sir W. Coventry and Sir W. Pen above stairs, and then we to discourse about making up our accounts against the Parliament; and Sir W. Coventry did give us the best advice he could for us to provide for our own justification, believing, as everybody do, that they will fall heavily upon us all, though he lay all upon want of money, only a little, he says

[1] See July 14th, *post*.

(if the Parliament be in any temper), may be laid upon themselves for not providing money sooner, they being expressly and industriously warned thereof by him, he says, even to the troubling them, that some of them did afterwards tell him that he had frighted them. He says he do prepare to justify himself, and that he hears that my Lord Chancellor, my Lord Arlington, the Vice Chamberlain and himself are reported all up and down the Coffee houses to be the four sacrifices that must be made to atone the people. Then we to talk of the loss of all affection and obedience now in the seamen, so that all power is lost. He told us that he do concur in thinking that want of money to do the most of it, but that that is not all, but the having of gentlemen Captains, who discourage all Tarpaulins, and have given out that they would in a little time bring it to that pass that a Tarpaulin should not dare to aspire to more than to be a Boatswain or a gunner. That this makes the Sea Captains to lose their own good affections to the service, and to instil it into the seamen also, and that the seamen do see it themselves and resent it; and tells us that it is notorious, even to his bearing of great ill will at Court, that he hath been the opposer of gentlemen Captains; and Sir W. Pen did put in, and said that he was esteemed to have been the man that did instil it into Sir W. Coventry, which Sir W. Coventry did owne also, and says that he hath always told the Gentlemen Captains his opinion of them, and that himself who had now served to the business of the sea 6 or 7 years should know a little, and as much as them that had never almost been at sea, and that yet he found himself fitter to be a Bishop or Pope than to be a Sea-Commander, and so indeed he is. I begun to tell him of the experience I had of the great brags made by Sir F. Hollis the other day, and the little proof either of the command or interest he had in his men, which Sir W. Pen seconded by saying Sir Fr. Hollis had told him that there was not a pilot to be got the other day for his fire-ships, and so was forced to carry them down himself, which Sir W. Coventry says, In my conscience, he knows no more to do and understand the River no more than he do Tiber or Ganges. Thence I away with Sir W. Pen to White Hall, to the Treasury Chamber, but to no purpose, and so by coach home, and there to my office to business, and then home to dinner, and to pipe with my wife, and so to the office again, having taken a resolution to take a turn to Chatham to-morrow, indeed to do business of the King's, but also to give myself the satisfaction of seeing the place after the Dutch have been here. I have sent to and got Creed to go with me by coach betimes to-morrow morning. After having done my business at the office I home, and there I found Coleman come again to my house, and with my wife in our great chamber, which vexed me, there being a bed therein. I staid there awhile, and then to my study vexed, showing no civility to the man. But he comes on a compliment to receive my wife's commands into the country, whither he is going, and it being Saturday my wife told me there was no other room for her to bring him in, and so much is truth. But I staid vexed in my closet till by and by my cozen Thomas

Pepys,[1] of Hatcham, come to see me, and he up to my closet, and there sat talking an hour or two of the sad state of the times, whereof we did talk very freely, and he thinks nothing but a union of religious interests will ever settle us; and I do think that, and the Parliament's taking the whole management of things into their hands, and severe inquisitions into our miscarriages, will help us. After we had bewailed ourselves and the kingdom very freely one to another (wherein I do blame myself for my freedom of speech to anybody), he gone, and Coleman gone also before, I to the office, whither Creed come by my desire, and he and I to my wife, to whom I now propose the going to Chatham, who, mightily pleased with it, sent for Mercer to go with her, but she could not go, having friends at home, which vexed my wife and me; and the poor wretch would have had anybody else to have gone, but I would like nobody else, so was contented to stay at home, on condition to go to Epsum next Sunday, which I will do, and so I to the office to dispatch my business, and then home to supper with Creed, and then Creed and I together to bed, very pleasant in discourse. This day talking with Sir W. Batten, he did give me an account how ill the King and Duke of York was advised to send orders for our frigates and fire-ships to come from Gravesend, soon as ever news come of the Dutch being returned into the river, wherein no seamen, he believes, was advised with; for, says he, we might have done just as Warwicke[2] did, when he, W. Batten,[3] come with the King and the like fleete, in the late wars, into the river: for Warwicke did not run away from them, but sailed before them when they sailed, and come to anchor when they come to anchor, and always kept in a small distance from them: so as to be able to take any opportunity of any of their ships running aground, or change of wind, or any thing else, to his advantage. So might we have done with our fire-ships, and we have lost an opportunity of taking or burning a good ship of their's, which was run aground about Holehaven, I think he said, with the wind so as their ships could not get her away; but we might have done what we would with her, and, it may be, done them mischief, too, with the wind. This seems very probable, and I believe was not considered.

30th (Lord's day). Up about three o'clock, and Creed and I got ourselves ready, and took coach at our gate, it being very fine weather, and the cool of the morning, and with much pleasure, without any stop, got to Rochester about ten of the clock, all the way having mighty pleasant talk of the fate that is over all we do, that it seems as if we were designed in every thing, by land by sea, to undo ourselves. At the foot of Rochester bridge, at the landing-place, I met my Lord Bruncker and my Lord Douglas,[4] and

[1] See May 12th, 1665.

[2] Robert Rich, Earl of Warwick, Lord High Admiral 1643–45, 1648–49.

[3] See May 25th, 1660. Clarendon's assertion that Batten was an "obscure fellow," there quoted, is disputed by Professor Laughton in the "Dictionary of National Biography."

[4] James, second Marquis of Douglas, and nephew to the Duke of Hamilton.—B.

all the officers of the soldiers in the town, waiting there for the Duke of York, whom they heard was coming thither this day; by and by comes my Lord Middleton, the first time I remember to have seen him, well mounted, who had been to meet him, but come back without him; he seems a fine soldier, and so every body says he is; and a man, like my Lord Teviott, and indeed most of the Scotch gentry, as I observe, of few words. After staying here by the water-side and seeing the boats come up from Chatham, with them that rowed with bandeleeres about their shoulders, and muskets in their boats, they being the workmen of the Yard, who have promised to redeem their credit, lost by their deserting the service when the Dutch were there, my Lord Bruncker went with Lord Middleton to his inne, the Crowne, to dinner, which I took unkindly, but he was slightly invited. So I and Creed down by boat to Chatham-yard (our watermen having their bandeleeres about them all the way), and to Commissioner Pett's house, where my Lord Bruncker told me that I should meet with his dinner two dishes of meat, but did not, but however by the help of Mr. Wiles had some beer and ale brought me, and a good piece of roast beef from somebody's table, and eat well at two, and after dinner into the garden to shew Creed, and I must confess it must needs be thought a sorrowful thing for a man that hath taken so much pains to make a place neat to lose it as Commissioner Pett must now this. Thence to see the batteries made; which, indeed, are very fine, and guns placed so as one would think the River should be very secure. I was glad, as also it was new to me, to see so many fortifications as I have of late seen, and so up to the top of the Hill, there to look, and could see towards Sheerenesse, to spy the Dutch fleete, but could make [out] none but one vessel, they being all gone. But here I was told, that, in all the late attempt, there was but one man that they knew killed on shore: and that was a man that had laid himself upon his belly upon one of the hills, on the other side of the River, to see the action; and a bullet come, took the ground away just under his belly, and ripped up his belly, and so was killed. Thence back to the docke, and in my way saw how they are fain to take the deals of the rope-house to supply other occasions, and how sillily the country troopers look, that stand upon the passes there; and, methinks, as if they were more willing to run away than to fight, and it is said that the country soldiers did first run at Sheerenesse, but that then my Lord Douglas's men did run also; but it is excused that there was no defence for them towards the sea, that so the very beach did fly in their faces as the bullets come, and annoyed them, they having, after all this preparation of the officers of the ordnance, only done something towards the land, and nothing at all towards the sea. The people here everywhere do speak very badly of Sir Edward Spragge, as not behaving himself as he should have done in that business, going away with the first, and that old Captain Pyne, who, I am here told, and no sooner, is Master-Gunner of England, was the last that staid there. Thence by barge, it raining hard, down to the chaine; and in our way did

see the sad wrackes of the poor "Royall Oake," "James," and "London;" [1] and several other of our ships by us sunk, and several of the enemy's, whereof three men-of-war that they could not get off, and so burned. We did also see several dead bodies lie by the side of the water. I do not see that Upnor Castle hath received any hurt by them, though they played long against it; and they themselves shot till they had hardly a gun left upon the carriages, so badly provided they were: they have now made two batteries on that side, which will be very good, and do good service. So to the chaine, and there saw it fast at the end on Upnor side of the River; very fast, and borne up upon the several stages across the River; and where it is broke nobody can tell me. I went on shore on Upnor side to look upon the end of the chaine; and caused the link to be measured, and it was six inches and one-fourth in circumference. They have burned the Crane House that was to hawl it taught. It seems very remarkable to me, and of great honour to the Dutch, that those of them that did go on shore to Gillingham, though they went in fear of their lives, and were some of them killed; and, notwithstanding their provocation at Schelling,[2] yet killed none of our people nor plundered their houses, but did take some things of easy carriage, and left the rest, and not a house burned; and, which is to our eternal disgrace, that what my Lord Douglas's men, who come after them, found there, they plundered and took all away; and the watermen that carried us did further tell us, that our own soldiers are far more terrible to those people of the country-towns than the Dutch themselves. We were told at the batteries, upon my seeing of the field-guns that were there, that, had they come a day sooner, they had been able to have saved all; but they had no orders, and lay lingering upon the way, and did not come forward for want of direction. Commissioner Pett's house was all unfurnished, he having carried away all his goods. I met with no satisfaction whereabouts the chaine was broke, but do confess I met with nobody that I could well expect to have satisfaction [from], it being Sunday; and the officers of the Yard most of them abroad, or at the Hill house, at the pay of the Chest, which they did make use of to-day to do part in. Several complaints, I hear, of the Monmouth's coming away too soon from the chaine, where she was placed with the two guard-ships to secure it; and Captain Robert Clerke, my friend, is blamed for so doing there, but I hear nothing of him at London about it; but Captain Brookes's running aground with the "Sancta Maria," which was one of the three ships that were ordered to be sunk to have dammed up the River at the chaine, is mightily cried against, and with reason, he being the chief man to approve of the abilities of other men and the other two ships did get safe

[1] "The bottom of the 'Royal James' is got afloat, and those of the 'Loyal London' and 'Royal Oak' soon will be so. Many men are at work to put Sheerness in a posture of defence, and a boom is being fitted over the river by Upnor Castle, which with the good fortifications will leave nothing to fear."—*Calendar of State Papers*, 1667, p. 285.

[2] The island near the entrance of the Zuyder Zee, on which Sir Robert Holmes had landed. See August 15th, 1666.—B.

thither and he run aground; but yet I do hear that though he be blameable, yet if she had been there, she nor two more to them three would have been able to have commanded the river all over. I find that here, as it hath been in our river,[1] fire-ships, when fitted, have been sunk afterwards, and particularly those here at the Mussle,[2] where they did no good at all. Our great ships that were run aground and sunk are all well raised but the "Vanguard," which they go about to raise to-morrow. "The Henery," being let loose to drive up the river of herself, did run up as high as the bridge, and broke down some of the rails of the bridge, and so back again with the tide, and up again, and then berthed himself so well as no pilot could ever have done better; and Punnet says he would not, for his life, have undertaken to have done it, with all his skill. I find it is true that the Dutch did heele "The Charles" [3] to get her down, and yet run aground twice or thrice, and yet got her safe away, and have her, with a great many good guns in her, which none of our pilots would ever have undertaken. It is very considerable the quantity of goods, which the making of these platforms and batterys do take out of the King's stores: so that we shall have little left there, and, God knows! no credit to buy any; besides, the taking away and spending of (it is possible) several goods that would have been either rejected or abatement made for them before used. It is a strange thing to see that, while my Lords Douglas and Middleton do ride up and down upon single horses, my Lord Bruncker do go up and down with his hackney-coach and six horses at the King's charge, which will do, for all this time, and the time that he is likely to stay, must amount to a great deal. But I do not see that he hath any command over the seamen, he being affronted by three or four seamen before my very face, which he took sillily, methought; and is not able to do so much good as a good boatswain in this business. My Lord Bruncker, I perceive, do endeavour to speak well of Commissioner Pett, saying that he did exercise great care and pains while he was there, but do not undertake to answer for his not carrying up of the great ships. Back again to Rochester, and there walked to the Cathedral as they were beginning of the service, but would not be seen to stay to church there, besides had no mind, but rather to go to our inne, the White Hart, where we drank and were fain (the towne being so full of soldiers) to have a bed corded for us to lie in, I being unwilling to lie at the Hill house for one night, being desirous to be near our coach to be gone betimes to-morrow morning. Here in the streets, I did hear the Scotch march beat by the drums

[1] The Thames.

[2] Muscle Bank, in the Medway.

[3] John Conny, writing to Williamson from Chatham, June 17th, 1667, says: "The 'Royal Charles' is got away. The Dutch are all drawn down the river; there are not many within Sheerness, yet enough to secure their men, who are said to be fortifying the Ness. They have fired what they can of the ships sunk to prevent their approach, and cleared the river except weighing those vessels. The 'St. George' is got afloat. Hopes this high water to recover the 'Monmouth,' 'Rainbow,' 'Triumph,' 'Unicorn,' and 'Henry'" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1667, p. 200).

before the soldiers, which is very odde. Thence to the Castle, and viewed it with Creed, and had good satisfaction from him that showed it us touching the history of it. Then into the fields, a fine walk, and there saw Sir Francis Clerke's house, which is a pretty seat, and then back to our inne and bespoke supper, and so back to the fields and into the Cherry garden, where we had them fresh gathered, and here met with a young, plain, silly shopkeeper, and his wife, a pretty young woman, the man's name Hawkins, and I did kiss her, and we talked (and the woman of the house is a very talking bawdy jade), and eat cherries together, and then to walk in the fields till it was late, and did kiss her, and I believe had I had a fit time and place I might have done what I would with her. Walked back and left them at their house near our inne, and then to our inne, where, I hear, my Lord Bruncker hath sent for me to speak with me before I go: so I took his coach, which stands there with two horses, and to him and to his bedside, where he was in bed, and hath a watchman with a halbert at his door; and to him, and did talk a little, and find him a very weak man for this business that he is upon; and do pity the King's service, that is no better handled, and his folly to call away Pett before we could have found a better man to have staid in his stead. So took leave of him, and with Creed back again, it being now about 10 at night, and to our inne to supper, and then to bed, being both sleepy, but could get no sheets to our bed, only linen to our mouths, and so to sleep, merrily talking of Hawkins and his wife, and troubled that Creed did see so much of my dalliance, though very little.

July 1st, 1667.

Up betimes, about 4 o'clock, waked by a damned noise between a sow gelder and a cow and a dog, nobody after we were up being able to tell us what it was. After being ready we took coach, and, being very sleepy, droused most part of the way to Gravesend, and there 'light, and down to the new batterys, which are like to be very fine, and there did hear a plain fellow cry out upon the folly of the King's officers above, to spend so much money in works at Woolwich and Deptford, and sinking of good ships loaden with goods, when, if half the charge had been laid out here, it would have secured all that, and this place too, before now. And I think it is not only true in this, but that the best of the actions of us all are so silly, that the meanest people begin to see through them, and contemn them. Besides, says he, they spoil the river by it. Then informed ourselves where we might have some creame, and they guided us to one Goody Best's, a little out of the towne towards London road, and thither we went with the coach, and find it a mighty clean, plain house, and had a dish of very good creame to our liking, and so away presently very merry, and fell to reading of the several Advices to a Painter,[1] which made us good sport, and indeed are very witty, and Creed did also repeat to me some of the substance of letters of old Burleigh in Queen Elizabeth's time, which he hath of late read in the printed Cabbala,[2] which is a very fine style at this day and fit to be imitated. With this, and talking and laughing at the folly of our masters in the management of things at this day, we got home by noon, where all well, and then to dinner, and after dinner both of us laid down upon the couch and chairs and to sleep, which I did for an hour or two, and then to the office, where I am sorry to hear that Sir J. Minnes is likely to die this night, or to-morrow. I forgot to set down that we met this morning upon the road with Mrs. Williams going down to my Lord Bruncker; we bowed without speaking one to another, but I am ashamed at the folly of the man to have her down at this serious busy time, when the town and country is full of people and full of censure, and against him particularly. At Sir W. Batten's my Lady tells me that she hears for certain that my Lord's maid of his lodging here do give out that Mrs. Williams

[1] See note, *ante*, December 14th, 1666.

[2] "Cabala, Mysteries of State, in Letters of the great Ministers of King James and King Charles. . . ." London, 1654, 4to.; second edition, London, 1663, folio; third edition, London, 1691, folio.

hath been fain of late to sell her best clothes and jewels to get a little money upon, which is a sad condition. Thence to the office, and did write to my Lord Bruncker to give me a little satisfaction about the certainty of the chain's being broke, which I begin to doubt, and the more from Sir W. Pen's discourse. It is worth while to read my letter to him entered in my letter book. Home in the evening to supper, and so pretty betimes, about 10 o'clock, to bed, and slept well. This day letters are come that my sister is very ill.

2nd. Up, and put on my new silke camelott suit, made of my cloak, and suit now made into a vest. So to the office, where W. Pen and myself, and Sir T. Harvy met, the first time we have had a meeting since the coming of the Dutch upon this coast. Our only business (for we have little else to do, nobody being willing to trust us for anything) was to speak with the owners of six merchantmen which we have been taking up this fortnight, and are yet in no readiness, they not fitting their ships without money advanced to them, we owing them for what their ships have earned the last year. So every thing stands still for money, while we want money to pay for some of the most necessary things that we promised ready money for in the height of our wants, as grapnells, &c. At noon home to dinner, and after dinner my wife and Jane (mighty fine the girle) to go to see Jane's old mistress, who was to see her, and did see my wife the other day, and it is pleasant to hear with what kindness her old mistress speaks of this girle, and how she would still have her, and how the wench cried when she told her that she must come to her old mistress my wife. They gone, I to my chamber, and there dallied a little with my maid Nell . . . and so to the office where busy till night, and then comes Mrs. Turner, and walks with me in the garden to talk with me about her husband's business, and to tell me how she hears at the other end of the town how bad our office is spoken of by the King and Prince and Duke of Albemarle, and that there is not a good word said of any of us but of me, and me they all do speak mightily of, which, whether true or no, I am mighty glad to hear, but from all put together that I hear from other people, I am likely to pass as well as anybody. So, she gone, comes my wife and to walk in the garden, Sir J. Minnes being still ill and so keeping us from singing, and by and by Sir W. Pen come and walked with us and gave us a bottle of Syder, and so we home to supper and to bed. This day I am told that poor Tooker is dead,[1] a very painfull poor man as ever I knew.

3rd. Up, and within most of the morning, my tailor's boy coming to alter something in my new suit I put on yesterday. Then to the office and did business, and then (my wife being a little ill of those in bed) I to Sir W. Batten's and dined, and there comes in Sir Richard Ford, tells us how he hath been

[1] Captain William Upcher wrote to the Navy Commissioners on July 8th asking for the situation vacant by the death of John Tooker ("Calendar of State Papers," 1667, p. 276).

at the Sessions-house, and there it is plain that there is a combination of rogues in the town, that do make it their business to set houses on fire, and that one house they did set on fire in Aldersgate Streete last Easter; and that this is proved by two young men, whom one of them debauched by degrees to steal their fathers' plate and clothes, and at last to be of their company; and they had their places to take up what goods were flung into the streets out of the windows, when the houses were on fire; and this is like to be proved to a great number of rogues, whereof five are already found, and some found guilty this day. One of these boys is the son of a Montagu,[1] of my Lord Manchester's family; but whose son he could not tell me. This is a strange thing methinks, but I am glad that it is proved so true and discovered. So home, and to enter my Journall of my late journey to this hour, and then to the office, where to do a little business, and then by water to White Hall (calling at Michell's in my way, but the rogue would not invite me in, I having a mind para voir his wife), and there to the Council-chamber, to deliver a letter to their Lordships about the state of the six merchantmen which we have been so long fitting out. When I come, the King and the whole table full of Lords were hearing of a pitifull cause of a complaint of an old man, with a great grey beard, against his son, for not allowing him something to live on; and at last come to the ordering the son to allow his father £10 a-year. This cause lasted them near two hours; which, methinks, at this time to be the work of the Council-board of England, is a scandalous thing, and methought Sir W. Coventry to me did own as much. Here I find all the newes is the enemy's landing 3,000 men near Harwich,[2] and attacking Landguard Fort, and being beat off thence with our great guns, killing some of their men, and they leaving their ladders behind them; but we had no Horse in the way on Suffolk side, otherwise we might have gall'ed their Foot. The Duke of York is gone down thither this day, while the General[3] sat sleeping this afternoon at the Council-table. The news so much talked of this Exchange, of a peace, I find by Sir Richard Browne arises from a letter the Swedes' agent hath received from Bredah and shewed at Court to-day, that they are come very near it, but I do not find anybody here relying upon it. This cause being over, the Trinity House men, whom I did not expect to meet, were called in, and there Sir W. Pen made a formal speech in answer to a question of the King's, whether the lying of the sunk ships in the river would spoil the river. But, Lord! how gingerly he answered it, and with a deal of do that he did not know whether it would be safe as to the enemy to

[1] A son of James Montague, of Lackham, third son of the first Earl of Manchester, by his wife, Mary, daughter of Sir R. Baynard, of Lackham, Wilts.—B.

[2] Richard Browne, writing to Williamson from Aldeburgh, on July 2nd, says: "The Dutch fleet of 80 sail has anchored in the bay; they were expected to land, but they tacked about, and stood first northward and then southward, close by Orford light-house, and have now passed the Ness towards Harwich; they have fired no guns, but made false fires" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1667, p. 258).

[3] The Duke of Albemarle.

have them taken up, but that doubtless it would be better for the river to have them taken up. Methought the Council found them answer like fools, and it ended in bidding them think more of it, and bring their answer in writing. Thence I to Westminster Hall, and there hear how they talk against the present management of things, and against Sir W. Coventry for his bringing in of new commanders and casting out the old seamen, which I did endeavour to rectify Mrs. Michell and them in, letting them know that he hath opposed it all his life the most of any man in England. After a deal of this tittle tattle, I to Mrs. Martin's, and there she was gone in before, but when I come, contrary to my expectation, I find her all in trouble, and what was it for but that I have got her with child . . . and is in exceeding grief, and swears that the child is mine, which I do not believe, but yet do comfort her that either it cannot be so, or if it be that I will take care to send for her husband, though I do hardly see how I can be sure of that, the ship being at sea, and as far as Scotland, but however I must do it, and shall find some way or other of doing it, though it do trouble me not a little. Thence, not pleased, away to White Hall to Mr. Williamson, and by and by my Lord Arlington about Mr. Lanyon's business, and it is pretty to see how Mr. Williamson did altogether excuse himself that my business was not done when I come to my Lord and told him my business; "Why," says my Lord, "it hath been done, and the King signed it several days ago," and so it was and was in Mr. Williamson's hands, which made us both laugh, and I in innocent mirth, I remember, said, it is pretty to see in what a condition we are that all our matters now-a-days are undone, we know not how, and done we know not when. He laughed at it, but I have since reflected on it, and find it a severe speech as it might be taken by a chief minister of state, as indeed Mr. Williamson is, for he is indeed the Secretary. But we fell to other pleasant talk, and a fine gentleman he is, and so gave him £5 for his fee, and away home, and to Sir W. Batten's, to talk a little, and then to the office to do a little business, and so home to supper and read myself asleep, and then to bed.

4th. Up, and, in vain expecting Sir R. Ford's calling on me, I took coach and to the Sessions-house, where I have a mind to hear Bazill Fielding's case[1] tried; and so got up to the Bench, my Lord Chief-Justice Keeling[2] being Judge. Here I stood bare, not challenging, though I might well enough, to be covered. But here were several fine trials; among others, several brought in for making it their trade to set houses on fire merely to get plunder; and all proved by the two little boys spoken of yesterday by Sir R. Ford, who did give so good account of particulars that I never heard children in my life. And I confess, though I was unsatisfied with the force given to such little

[1] See May 9th, 1667.

[2] Sir John Kelyng, King's Serjeant, 1661; appointed a judge of the King's Bench in 1663, and Chief Justice of the King's Bench in 1665, and died at his house in Hatton Garden, May 9th, 1671. He was a very unpopular judge.

boys, to take away men's lives, yet, when I was told that my Lord Chief-Justice did declare that there was no law against taking the oath of children above twelve years old, and then heard from Sir R. Ford the good account which the boys had given of their understanding the nature and consequence of an oath, and now my own observation of the sobriety and readiness of their answers, further than of any man of any rank that come to give witness this day, though some men of years and learning, I was a little amazed, and fully satisfied that they ought to have as much credit as the rest. They proved against several, their consulting several times at a bawdy-house in Moore-Fields, called the Russia House, among many other rogueries, of setting houses on fire, that they might gather the goods that were flung into the streets; and it is worth considering how unsafe it is to have children play up and down this lewd town. For these two boys, one is my Lady Montagu's (I know not what Lady Montagu) son, and the other of good condition, were playing in Moore-Fields, and one rogue, Gabriel Holmes, did come to them and teach them to drink, and then to bring him plate and clothes from their fathers' houses, and carry him into their houses, and leaving open the doors for him, and at last were made of their conspiracy, and were at the very burning of this house in Aldersgate Street, on Easter Sunday at night last, and did gather up goods, as they had resolved before: and this Gabriel Holmes did advise to have had two houses set on fire, one after another, that, while they were quenching of one, they might be burning another. And it is pretty that G. Holmes did tell his fellows, and these boys swore it, that he did set fire to a box of linen in the Sheriffe, Sir Joseph Shelden's[1] house, while he was attending the fire in Aldersgate Street, and the Sheriffe himself said that there was a fire in his house, in a box of linen, at the same time, but cannot conceive how this fellow should do it. The boys did swear against one of them, that he had made it his part to pull the plug out of the engine while it was a-playing; and it really was so. And goods they did carry away, and the manner of the setting the house on fire was, that Holmes did get to a cockpit, where, it seems, there was a publick cockpit, and set fire to the straw in it, and hath a fire-ball at the end of the straw, which did take fire, and so it prevailed, and burned the house; and, among other things they carried away, he took six of the cocks that were at the cockpit; and afterwards the boys told us how they had one dressed, by the same token it was so hard they could not eat it. But that which was most remarkable was the impudence of this Holmes, who hath been arraigned often, and still got away; and on this business was taken and broke loose just at Newgate Gate; and was last night luckily taken about Bow, who got loose, and run into the river, and hid himself in the rushes; and they pursued him with a dog, and the dog got him and held him till he was taken. But the impudence of this fellow was such, that he denied he ever saw the boys before, or ever

[1] Sir Joseph Sheldon, Alderman of Farringdon Without, Sheriff in 1666–67, and Lord Mayor, 1675–76.

knew the Russia House, or that the people knew him; and by and by the mistress of the Russia House was called in, being indicted, at the same time, about another thing; and she denied that the fellow was of her acquaintance, when it was pretty to see how the little boys did presently fall upon her, and ask her how she durst say so, when she was always with them when they met at her house, and particularly when she come in in her smock before a dozen of them, at which the Court laughed, and put the woman away. Well, this fellow Holmes[1] was found guilty of the act of burning the house, and other things, that he stood indicted for. And then there were other good cases, as of a woman that come to serve a gentlewoman, and in three days run away, betimes in the morning, with a great deal of plate and rings, and other good things. It was time very well spent to be here. Here I saw how favourable the judge was to a young gentleman that struck one of the officers, for not making him room: told him he had endangered the loss of his hand, but that he hoped he had not struck him, and would suppose that he had not struck him. About that the Court rose, and I to dinner with my Lord Mayor and Sheriffs; where a good dinner and good discourse, the Judge being there. There was also tried this morning Fielding, which I thought had been Bazill[2]—but it proved the other, and Bazill was killed;—that killed his brother, who was found guilty of murder, and nobody pitied him. The Judge seems to be a worthy man, and able: and do intend, for these rogues that burned this house to be hung in some conspicuous place in the town, for an example. After dinner to the Court again, where I heard some more causes, but with so much trouble because of the hot weather that I had no pleasure in it. Anon the Court rose, and I walked to Fleet-streete for my belt at the beltmaker's, and so home and to the office, wrote some letters, and then home to supper and to bed.

5th. Up, and to the office, where Sir W. Batten, [Sir] W. Pen, [Sir] T. Harvy and I met upon Mr. Gawden's accounts, and was at it all the morning. This morning Sir G. Carteret did come to us, and walked in the garden. It was to talk with me about some thing of my Lord Sandwich's, but here he told us that the great seale is passed to my Lord Annesly [Anglesey] for Treasurer of the Navy: so that now he do no more belong to us: and I confess, for his sake, I am glad of it, and do believe the other will have little content in it. At noon I home to dinner with my wife, and after dinner to sing, and then to the office a little and Sir W. Batten's, where I am vexed to hear that Nan Wright, now Mrs. Markham, Sir W. Pen's mayde and whore, is come to sit in our pew at church, and did so while my Lady Batten was there. I confess I am very much vexed at it and ashamed. By and by out with [Sir] W. Pen to White Hall, where I staid not, but to the New Exchange to buy gloves and other little errands, and so home and to my

[1] According to Smith's "Obituary," Gabriel Holmes was hanged on the 11th July, 1667, and buried in the new churchyard of St. Giles's, Cripplegate.

[2] See *ante*, May 9th, 1667.

office busy till night, and then walked in the garden with my wife, and then to supper and to sing, and so to bed. No news, but that the Dutch are gone clear from Harwich northward, and have given out they are going to Yarmouth.

6th. Up, and to the office, where some of us sat busy all the morning. At noon home to dinner, whither Creed come to dine with us and brings the first word I hear of the news of a peace, the King having letters come to him this noon signifying that it is concluded on, and that Mr. Coventry is upon his way coming over for the King's satisfaction. The news was so good and sudden that I went with great joy to [Sir] W. Batten and then to [Sir] W. Pen to tell it them, and so home to dinner mighty merry, and light at my heart only on this ground, that a continuing of the war must undo us, and so though peace may do the like if we do not make good use of it to reform ourselves and get up money, yet there is an opportunity for us to save ourselves. At least, for my own particular, we shall continue well till I can get my money into my hands, and then I will shift for myself. After dinner away, leaving Creed there, by coach to Westminster, where to the Swan and drank, and then to the Hall, and there talked a little with great joy of the peace, and then to Mrs. Martin's, where I met with the good news que elle ne est con child, the fear of which she did give me the other day, had troubled me much. My joy in this made me send for wine, and thither come her sister and Mrs. Cragg, and I staid a good while there. But here happened the best instance of a woman's falseness in the world, that her sister Doll, who went for a bottle of wine, did come home all blubbering and swearing against one Captain Vandener, a Dutchman of the Rhenish Wine House, that pulled her into a stable by the Dog tavern, and there did tumble her and toss her, calling him all the rogues and toads in the world, when she knows that elle hath suffered me to do any thing with her a hundred times. Thence with joyful heart to White Hall to ask Mr. Williamson the news, who told me that Mr. Coventry is coming over with a project of a peace; which, if the States agree to, and our King, when their Ministers on both sides have shewed it them, we shall agree, and that is all: but the King, I hear, do give it out plain that the peace is concluded. Thence by coach home, and there wrote a few letters, and then to consult with my wife about going to Epsum to-morrow, sometimes designing to go and then again not; and at last it grew late and I bethought myself of business to employ me at home to-morrow, and so I did not go. This afternoon I met with Mr. Rolt, who tells me that he is going Cornett under Collonel Ingoldsby, being his old acquaintance, and Ingoldsby hath a troop now from under the King, and I think it is a handsome way for him, but it was an ominous thing, methought, just as he was bidding me his last adieu, his nose fell a-bleeding, which ran in my mind a pretty while after. This afternoon Sir Alexander Frazier, who was of council for Sir J. Minnes, and had given him over for a dead man, said to me at White Hall:—"What," says he, "Sir J. Minnes is dead." I

told him, "No! but that there is hopes of his life." Methought he looked very sillily after it, and went his way. Late home to supper, a little troubled at my not going to Epsum to-morrow, as I had resolved, especially having the Duke of York and [Sir] W. Coventry out of town, but it was my own fault and at last my judgment to stay, and so to supper and to bed. This day, with great satisfaction, I hear that my Lady Jemimah is brought to bed, at Hinchingbroke, of a boy.[1]

7th (Lord's day). Up, and to my chamber, there to settle some papers, and thither come Mr. Moore to me and talked till church time of the news of the times about the peace and the bad consequences of it if it be not improved to good purpose of fitting ourselves for another war. He tells me he heard that the discontented Parliament-men are fearful that the next sitting the King will put for a general excise, by which to raise him money, and then to fling off the Parliament, and raise a land-army and keep them all down like slaves; and it is gotten among them, that Bab. May, the Privy-purse, hath been heard to say that £300 a-year is enough for any country gentleman; which makes them mad, and they do talk of 6 or £800,000 gone into the Privy-purse this war, when in King James's time it arose but to £5,000, and in King Charles's but £10,000 in a year. He tells me that a goldsmith in town told him that, being with some plate with my Lady Castlemayne lately, she directed her woman (the great beauty), "Wilson," says she, "make a note for this, and for that, to the Privy-purse for money." He tells me a little more of the baseness of the courses taken at Court in the case of Mr. Moyer,[2] who is at liberty, and is to give £500 for his liberty; but now the great ones are divided, who shall have the money, the Duke of Albemarle on one hand, and another Lord on the other; and that it is fain to be decided by having the person's name put into the King's warrant for his liberty, at whose intercession the King shall own that he is set at liberty; which is a most lamentable thing, that we do professedly own that we do these things, not for right and justice sake, but only to gratify this or that person about the King. God forgive us all! Busy till noon, and then home to dinner, and Mr. Moore come and dined with us, and much more discourse at and after dinner of the same kind, and then, he gone, I to my office busy till the evening, and then with my wife and Jane over to Halfway house, a very good walk; and there drank, and in the cool of the evening back again, and sang with pleasure upon the water, and were mightily pleased in hearing a boatfull of Spaniards sing, and so home to supper and to bed. Jane of late mighty fine, by reason of a laced whiske her mistress hath given her, which makes her a very gracefull servant. But, above all, my wife and I were the most surprised in the beauty

[1] George Carteret, in 1681 created Baron Carteret of Hawnes, co. Bedford, in consideration of the eminent services rendered by his father and grandfather to Charles II. He married Lady Grace Granville, created Viscountess Carteret and Countess Granville in 1715. Their son John succeeded as second Baron Carteret in 1695, and as Earl Granville in 1744.

[2] See May 16th, 1667.

of a plain girle, which we met in the little lane going from Redriffe-stairs into the fields, one of the prettiest faces that we think we ever saw in our lives.

8th. Up, and to my chamber, and by and by comes Greeting, and to my flageolett with him with a pretty deal of pleasure, and then to the office, where [Sir] W. Batten, [Sir] W. Pen and I met about putting men to work for the weighing of the ships in the River sunk. Then home again, and there heard Mr. Cæsar play some very good things on the lute together with myself on the violl and Greeting on the viallin. Then with my wife abroad by coach, she to her tailor's, I to Westminster to Burges about my Tangier business, and thence to White Hall, where I spoke with Sir John Nicholas, who tells me that Mr. Coventry is come from Bredah, as was expected; but, contrary to expectation, brings with him two or three articles which do not please the King: as, to retrench the Act of Navigation, and then to ascertain what are contraband goods; and then that those exiled persons, who are or shall take refuge in their country, may be secure from any further prosecution. Whether these will be enough to break the peace upon, or no, he cannot tell; but I perceive the certainty of peace is blown over. So called on my wife and met Creed by the way, and they two and I to Charing Cross, there to see the great boy and girle that are lately come out of Ireland, the latter eight, the former but four years old, of most prodigious bigness for their age. I tried to weigh them in my arms, and find them twice as heavy as people almost twice their age; and yet I am apt to believe they are very young. Their father a little sorry fellow, and their mother an old Irish woman. They have had four children of this bigness, and four of ordinary growth, whereof two of each are dead. If, as my Lord Ormond certifies, it be true that they are no older, it is very monstrous. So home and to dinner with my wife and to pipe, and then I to the office, where busy all the afternoon till the evening, and then with my wife by coach abroad to Bow and Stratford, it being so dusty weather that there was little pleasure in it, and so home and to walk in the garden, and thither comes Pelling to us to talk, and so in and to supper, and then to bed. All the world being as I hear very much damped that their hopes of peace is become uncertain again.

9th. Up pretty betimes and to the office, where busy till office time, and then we sat, but nothing to do but receive clamours about money. This day my Lord Anglesey, our new Treasurer, come the first time to the Board, and there sat with us till noon; and I do perceive he is a very notable man, and understanding, and will do things regular, and understand them himself, not trust Fenn, as Sir G. Carteret did, and will solicit soundly for money, which I do fear was Sir G. Carteret's fault, that he did not do that enough, considering the age we live in, that nothing will do but by solicitation, though never so good for the King or Kingdom, and a bad business well solicited shall, for peace sake, speed when a good one shall not. But I do confess that I do think it a very bold act of him to take upon himself the place of Treasurer of the Navy at this time, but when I consider that a regular accountant

never ought to fear any thing nor have reason I then do cease to wonder. At noon home to dinner and to play on the flageolet with my wife, and then to the office, where very busy close at my office till late at night. At night walked and sang with my wife in the garden, and so home to supper and to bed. This evening news comes for certain that the Dutch are with their fleete before Dover, and that it is expected they will attempt something there. The business of the peace is quite dashed again, so as now it is doubtful whether the King will condescend to what the Dutch demand, it being so near the Parliament, it being a thing that will, it may be, recommend him to them when they shall find that the not having of a peace lies on his side by denying some of their demands. This morning Captain Clerke (Robin Clerke) was at the table, now commands the Monmouth, and did when the enemy passed the chaine at Chatham the other day, who said publickly at the table that he did admire at the order when it was brought him for sinking of the Monmouth (to the endangering of the ship, and spoiling of all her provisions) when her number of men were upon her that he could have carried her up the River whither he pleased, and have been a guard to the rest, and could have sunk her at any time. He did carry some 100 barrels of powder out of the ship to save it after the orders come for the sinking her. He knew no reason at all, he declares, that could lead them to order the sinking her, nor the rest of the great ships that were sunk, but above all admires they would burn them on shore and sink them there, when it had been better to have sunk them long way in the middle of the River, for then they would not have burned them so low as now they did.

10th. Up, and to the office betimes, and there all the morning very busy causing papers to be entered and sorted to put the office in order against the Parliament. At noon home to dinner, and then to the office again close all the afternoon upon the same occasion with great pleasure till late, and then with my wife and Mercer in the garden and sung, and then home and sung, and to supper with great content, and so to bed. The Duke of York is come back last night from Harwich, the news he brings I know not, nor hear anything to-day from Dover, whether the enemy have made any attempt there as was expected. This day our girle Mary, whom Payne helped us to, to be under his daughter, when she come to be our cook-mayde, did go away declaring that she must be where she might earn something one day, and spend it and play away the next. But a good civil wench, and one neither wife nor I did ever give angry word to, but she has this silly vanity that she must play.

11th. Up betimes and to my office, and there busy till the office (which was only Sir T. Harvy and myself) met, and did little business and then broke up. He tells me that the Council last night did sit close to determine of the King's answer about the peace, and that though he do not certainly know, yet by all discourse yesterday he do believe it is peace, and that the King had said it should be peace, and had bidden Alderman Backwell to

declare [it] upon the 'Change. It is high time for us to have peace that the King and Council may get up their credits and have time to do it, for that indeed is the bottom of all our misery, that nobody have any so good opinion of the King and his Council and their advice as to lend money or venture their persons, or estates, or pains upon people that they know cannot thrive with all that we can do, but either by their corruption or negligence must be undone. This indeed is the very bottom of every man's thought, and the certain ground that we must be ruined unless the King change his course, or the Parliament come and alter it. At noon dined alone with my wife. All the afternoon close at the office, very hard at gathering papers and putting things in order against the Parliament, and at night home with my wife to supper, and then to bed, in hopes to have all things in my office in good condition in a little time for any body to examine, which I am sure none else will.

12th. Up betimes and to my chamber, there doing business, and by and by comes Greeting and begun a new month with him, and now to learn to set anything from the notes upon the flageolet, but, Lord! to see how like a fool he goes about to give me direction would make a man mad. I then out and by coach to White Hall and to the Treasury chamber, where did a little business, and thence to the Exchequer to Burges, about Tangier business, and so back again, stepping into the Hall a little, and then homeward by coach, and met at White Hall with Sir H. Cholmly, and so into his coach, and he with me to the Excise Office, there to do a little business also, in the way he telling me that undoubtedly the peace is concluded; for he did stand yesterday where he did hear part of the discourse at the Council table, and there did hear the King argue for it. Among other things, that the spirits of the seamen were down, and the forces of our enemies are grown too great and many for us, and he would not have his subjects over-pressed; for he knew an Englishman would do as much as any man upon hopeful terms; but where he sees he is over-pressed, he despairs soon as any other; and, besides that, they have already such a load of dejection upon them, that they will not be in temper a good while again. He heard my Lord Chancellor say to the King, "Sir," says he, "the whole world do complain publickly of treachery, that things have been managed falsely by some of his great ministers." "Sir," says he, "I am for your Majesty's falling into a speedy enquiry into the truth of it, and, where you meet with it, punish it. But, at the same time, consider what you have to do, and make use of your time for having a peace; for more money will not be given without much trouble, nor is it, I fear, to be had of the people, nor will a little do it to put us into condition of doing our business." But Sir H. Cholmly tells me he [the Chancellor] did say the other day at his table, "Treachery!" says he; "I could wish we could prove there was anything of that in it; for that would imply some wit and thoughtfulness; but we are ruined merely by folly and neglect." And so Sir H. Cholmly tells me they did all argue for peace, and so he do believe that the King

hath agreed to the three points Mr. Coventry brought over, which I have mentioned before, and is gone with them back. He tells me further that the Duke of Buckingham was before the Council the other day, and there did carry it very submissively and pleasingly to the King; but to my Lord Arlington, who do prosecute the business, he was most bitter and sharp, and very slighting. As to the letter about his employing a man to cast the King's nativity, says he to the King, "Sir," says he, "this is none of my hand, and I refer it to your Majesty whether you do not know this hand." The King answered, that it was indeed none of his, and that he knew whose it was, but could not recall it presently. "Why," says he, "it is my sister of Richmond's,[1] some frolick or other of her's of some certain person; and there is nothing of the King's name in it, but it is only said to be his by supposition, as is said." The King, it seems, seemed not very much displeased with what the Duke had said; but, however, he is still in the Tower, and no discourse of his being out in haste, though my Lady Castlemayne hath so far solicited for him that the King and she are quite fallen out: he comes not to her, nor hath for some three or four days: and parted with very foul words, the King calling her a whore, and a jade that meddled with things she had nothing to do with at all: and she calling him fool; and told him if he was not a fool, he would not suffer his businesses to be carried on by fellows that did not understand them, and cause his best subjects, and those best able to serve him, to be imprisoned; meaning the Duke of Buckingham. And it seems she was not only for his liberty, but to be restored to all his places; which, it is thought, he will never be. While we were at the Excise office talking with Mr. Ball, it was computed that the Parliament had given the King for this war only, besides all prizes, and besides the £200,000 which he was to spend of his own revenue, to guard the sea above £5,000,000 and odd £100,000; which is a most prodigious sum. Sir H. Cholmly, as a true English gentleman, do decry the King's expenses of his Privy-purse, which in King James's time did not rise to above £5,000 a year, and in King Charles's to £10,000, do now cost us above £100,000, besides the great charge of the monarchy, as the Duke of York £100,000 of it, and other limbs of the Royal family, and the guards, which, for his part, says he, "I would have all disbanded, for the King is not the better by them, and would be as safe without them; for we have had no rebellions to make him fear anything." But, contrarily, he is now raising of a land-army, which this Parliament and kingdom will never bear; besides, the commanders they put over them are such as will never be able to raise or command them; but the design is, and the Duke of York, he says, is hot for it, to have a land-army, and so to make the government like that of France, but our princes have not brains, or at least care and forecast enough to do that. It is strange how he and every body do now-a-days reflect upon Oliver, and commend him, what brave things he did, and made all the neighbour princes fear him; while here a prince,

[1] Mary, Duchess of Richmond. See note, April 21st, 1662.

come in with all the love and prayers and good liking of his people, who have given greater signs of loyalty and willingness to serve him with their estates than ever was done by any people, hath lost all so soon, that it is a miracle what way a man could devise to lose so much in so little time. Thence he set me down at my Lord Crew's and away, and I up to my Lord, where Sir Thomas Crew was, and by and by comes Mr. Cæsar, who teaches my Lady's page upon the lute, and here Mr. Cæsar did play some very fine things indeed, to my great liking. Here was my Lord Hinchingbroke also, newly come from Hinchingbroke, where all well, but methinks I knowing in what case he stands for money by his demands to me and the report Mr. Moore gives of the management of the family, makes me, God forgive me! to contemn him, though I do really honour and pity them, though they deserve it not, that have so good an estate and will live beyond it. To dinner, and very good discourse with my Lord. And after dinner Sir Thomas Crew and I alone, and he tells me how I am mightily in esteem with the Parliament; there being harangues made in the House to the Speaker, of Mr. Pepys's readiness and civility to shew them every thing, which I am at this time very glad of. He tells me the news of the King and my Lady Castlemayne which I have wrote already this day, and the design of the Parliament to look into things very well before they give any more money, and I pray God they may. Thence, after dinner, to St. James's, but missed Sir W. Coventry, and so home, and there find my wife in a dogged humour for my not dining at home, and I did give her a pull by the nose and some ill words, which she provoked me to by something she spoke, that we fell extraordinarily out, insomuch, that I going to the office to avoid further anger, she followed me in a devilish manner thither, and with much ado I got her into the garden out of hearing, to prevent shame, and so home, and by degrees I found it necessary to calme her, and did, and then to the office, where pretty late, and then to walk with her in the garden, and so to supper, and pretty good friends, and so to bed with my mind very quiet.

13th. Up pretty betimes, it being mighty hot weather, I lying this night, which I have not done, I believe, since a boy, I am sure not since I had the stone before, with only a rugg and a sheet upon me. To my chamber, and my wife up to do something, and by chance we fell out again, but I to the office, and there we did at the board much business, though the most was the dividing of £5,000 (which the Lords Commissioners have with great difficulty found upon our letter to them this week that would have required £50,000) among a great many occasions. After rising, my Lord Anglesey, this being the second time of his being with us, did take me aside and asked me where I lived, because he would be glad to have some discourse with me. This I liked well enough, and told him I would wait upon him, which I will do, and so all broke up, and I home to dinner, where Mr. Pierce dined with us, who tells us what troubles me, that my Lord Buckhurst [1] hath got Nell away from

[1] Lord Buckhurst and Nell Gwyn, with the help of Sir Charles Sedley, kept "merry

the King's house, lies with her, and gives her £100 a year, so as she hath sent her parts to the house, and will act no more. And yesterday Sir Thomas Crew told me that Lacy lies a-dying of the pox, and yet hath his whore by him, whom he will have to look on, he says, though he can do no more; nor would receive any ghostly advice from a Bishop, an old acquaintance of his, that went to see him. He says there is a strangeness between the King and my Lady Castlemayne, as I was told yesterday. After dinner my wife and I to the New Exchange, to pretty maid Mrs. Smith's shop, where I left my wife, and I to Sir W. Coventry, and there had the opportunity of talk with him, who I perceive do not like our business of the change of the Treasurer's hand, and he tells me that he is entered the lists with this new Treasurer before the King in taking away the business of the Victualling money from his hand, and the Regiment, and declaring that he hath no right to the 3*d.* per £ by his patent, for that it was always heretofore given by particular Privy Seal, and that the King and Council just upon his coming in had declared £2,000 a year sufficient. This makes him angry, but Sir W. Coventry I perceive cares not, but do every day hold up his head higher and higher, and this day I have received an order from the Commissioners of the Treasury to pay no more pensions for Tangier, which I am glad of, and he tells me they do make bold with all things of that kind. Thence I to White Hall, and in the street I spied Mrs. Borroughs, and took a means to meet and salute her and talk a little, and then parted, and I home by coach, taking up my wife at the Exchange, and there I am mightily pleased with this Mrs. Smith, being a very pleasant woman. So home, and resolved upon going to Epsum to-morrow, only for ayre, and got Mrs. Turner to go with us, and so home and to supper (after having been at the office) and to bed. It is an odd and sad thing to say, that though this be a peace worse than we had before, yet every body's fear almost is, that the Dutch will not stand by their promise, now the King hath consented to all they would have. And yet no wise man that I meet with, when he comes to think of it, but wishes, with all his heart, a war; but that the King is not a man to be trusted with the management of it. It was pleasantly said by a man in this City, a stranger, to one that told him that the peace was concluded, "Well," says he, "and have you a peace?"—"Yes," says the other.—"Why, then," says he, "hold your peace!" partly reproaching us with the disgracefulness of it, that it is not yet to be mentioned; and next, that we are not able to make the Dutch keep it, when they have a mind to break it. Sir Thomas Crew yesterday, speaking of the King of France, how great a man he is, why, says he, all the world thought that when the last Pope died,[1] there would have been such bandying between the Crowns of France and Spain, whereas, when he was asked what he would have his ministers at Rome do, why, says he, let them choose who

house" at Epsom next door to the King's Head Inn (see Cunningham's "Story of Nell Gwyn," ed. 1892, p. 57).

[1] Alexander VII. He died May 22nd, 1667, N.S.

they will; if the Pope will do what is fit, the Pope and I will be friends. If he will not, I will take a course with him: therefore, I will not trouble myself; and thereupon the election[1] was despatched in a little time—I think in a day, and all ended.

14th (Lord's day). Up, and my wife, a little before four, and to make us ready; and by and by Mrs. Turner come to us, by agreement, and she and I staid talking below, while my wife dressed herself, which vexed me that she was so long about it keeping us till past five o'clock before she was ready. She ready; and, taking some bottles of wine, and beer, and some cold fowle with us into the coach, we took coach and four horses, which I had provided last night, and so away. A very fine day, and so towards Epsum, talking all the way pleasantly, and particularly of the pride and ignorance of Mrs. Lowther, in having of her train carried up.[2] The country very fine, only the way very dusty. We got to Epsum by eight o'clock, to the well; where much company, and there we 'light, and I drank the water: they did not, but do go about and walk a little among the women, but I did drink four pints, and had some very good stools by it. Here I met with divers of our town, among others with several of the tradesmen of our office, but did talk but little with them, it growing hot in the sun, and so we took coach again and to the towne, to the King's Head, where our coachman carried us, and there had an ill room for us to go into, but the best in the house that was not taken up. Here we called for drink, and bespoke dinner; and hear that my Lord Buckhurst and Nelly are lodged at the next house, and Sir Charles Sidly[3] with them: and keep a merry house. Poor girl! I pity her; but more the loss of her at the King's house. Here I saw Gilsthrop, Sir W. Batten's clerk that hath been long sick, he looks like a dying man,[4] with a consumption got, as is believed, by the pox, but God knows that the man is in a sad condition, though he finds himself much better since his coming thither, he says. W. Hewer rode with us, and I left him and the women, and myself walked to church, where few people, contrary to what I expected, and none I knew, but all the Houblons, brothers, and them after sermon I did salute, and walk with towards my inne, which was in their way to their lodgings. They come last night to see their elder brother, who stays here at the waters, and away to-morrow. James did tell me that I was the only happy man of the Navy, of whom, he says, during all this freedom the people have taken of speaking treason, he hath not heard one bad word of me, which is a great joy to me; for I hear the same of others, but do know that I have deserved as well as most. We parted to meet anon, and I to my women into a better room, which the people of the house borrowed for us,

[1] Of Clement IX., Giulio Rispogliosi, elected June 20th, 1667, N.S. He was succeeded by Clement X. in 1670.

[2] See June 28th (*ante*).

[3] See note, July 13th (*ante*).

[4] He died at the beginning of December of this year.

and there to dinner, a good dinner, and were merry, and Pendleton come to us, who happened to be in the house, and there talked and were merry. After dinner, he gone, we all lay down after dinner (the day being wonderful hot) to sleep, and each of us took a good nap, and then rose; and Tom Wilson come to see me, and sat and talked an hour; and I perceive he hath been much acquainted with Dr. Fuller (Tom) and Dr. Pierson, and several of the great cavalier parsons during the late troubles; and I was glad to hear him talk of them, which he did very ingeniously, and very much of Dr. Fuller's art of memory, which he did tell me several instances of. By and by he parted, and we took coach and to take the ayre, there being a fine breeze abroad; and I went and carried them to the well, and there filled some bottles of water to carry home with me; and there talked with the two women that farm the well, at £12 per annum, of the lord of the manor, Mr. Evelyn[1] (who with his lady, and also my Lord George Barkeley's lady,[2] and their fine daughter, that the King of France liked so well, and did dance so rich in jewells before the King at the Ball I was at, at our Court, last winter, and also their son,[3] a Knight of the Bath, were at church this morning). Here W. Hewer's horse broke loose, and we had the sport to see him taken again. Then I carried them to see my cozen Pepys's house, and 'light, and walked round about it, and they like it, as indeed it deserves, very well, and is a pretty place; and then I walked them to the wood hard by, and there got them in the thickets till they had lost themselves, and I could not find the way into any of the walks in the wood, which indeed are very pleasant, if I could have found them. At last got out of the wood again; and I, by leaping down the little bank, coming out of the wood, did sprain my right foot, which brought me great present pain, but presently, with walking, it went away for the present, and so the women and W. Hewer and I walked upon the Downes, where a flock of sheep was; and the most pleasant and innocent sight that ever I saw in my life—we find a shepherd and his little boy reading, far from any houses or sight of people, the Bible to him; so I made the boy read to me, which he did, with the forced tone that children do usually read, that was mighty pretty, and then I did give him something, and went to the father, and talked with him; and I find he had been a servant in my cozen Pepys's house, and told me what was become of their old servants. He did content himself mightily in my liking his boy's reading, and did bless God for him, the most like one of the old patriarchs that ever I saw in my life, and it brought those thoughts of the old age of the world in my mind

[1] This was probably Richard Evelyn, of Woodcote Park, near Epsom, and his wife Elizabeth, daughter and heir of George Mynne, Esq., of Horton, in Epsom, both of which places belonged to her.—B.

[2] Elizabeth, daughter and co-heir of John Massingberd. George, Lord Berkeley, was created Earl of Berkeley in 1679.

[3] Charles, eldest son, K. B. 1661, summoned to parliament as Baron Berkeley of Berkeley, *vitâ patris*, 1689. Died 1710; having succeeded his father in the earldom, 1698.—B.

for two or three days after. We took notice of his woolen knit stockings of two colours mixed, and of his shoes shod with iron shoes, both at the toe and heels, and with great nails in the soles of his feet, which was mighty pretty: and, taking notice of them, "Why," says the poor man, "the downes, you see, are full of stones, and we are faine to shoe ourselves thus; and these," says he, "will make the stones fly till they sing before me." I did give the poor man something, for which he was mighty thankful, and I tried to cast stones with his horne crooke. He values his dog mightily, that would turn a sheep any way which he would have him, when he goes to fold them: told me there was about eighteen scoare sheep in his flock, and that he hath four shillings a week the year round for keeping of them: so we posted thence with mighty pleasure in the discourse we had with this poor man, and Mrs. Turner, in the common fields here, did gather one of the prettiest nosegays that ever I saw in my life. So to our coach, and through Mr. Minnes's wood, and looked upon Mr. Evelyn's house; and so over the common, and through Epsum towne to our inne, in the way stopping a poor woman with her milk-pail, and in one of my gilt tumblers did drink our bellyfulls of milk, better than any creame; and so to our inne, and there had a dish of creame, but it was sour, and so had no pleasure in it; and so paid our reckoning, and took coach, it being about seven at night, and passed and saw the people walking with their wives and children to take the ayre, and we set out for home, the sun by and by going down, and we in the cool of the evening all the way with much pleasure home, talking and pleasing ourselves with the pleasure of this day's work, Mrs. Turner mightily pleased with my resolution, which, I tell her, is never to keep a country-house, but to keep a coach, and with my wife on the Saturday to go sometimes for a day to this place, and then quit to another place; and there is more variety and as little charge, and no trouble, as there is in a country-house. Anon it grew dark, and as it grew dark we had the pleasure to see several glow-wormes, which was mighty pretty, but my foot begins more and more to pain me, which Mrs. Turner, by keeping her warm hand upon it, did much ease; but so that when we come home, which was just at eleven at night, I was not able to walk from the lane's end to my house without being helped, which did trouble me, and therefore to bed presently, but, thanks be to God, found that I had not been missed, nor any business happened in my absence. So to bed, and there had a cere-cloth laid to my foot and leg alone, but in great pain all night long.

15th. So as I was not able to go to-day to wait on the Duke of York with my fellows, but was forced in bed to write the particulars for their discourse there, and kept my bed all day, and anon comes Mrs. Turner, and new-dressed my foot, and did it so, that I was at much ease presently, and so continued all day, so as I slept much and well in the daytime, and in the evening rose and eat something, where our poor Jane very sad for the death of her poor brother, who hath left a wife and two small children. I did give her 20*s*. in money, and what wine she needed, for the burying him. This

evening come to see me Pelling, and we did sing together, and he sings well indeed, and after supper I was willing to go to bed to ease my foot again, which I did, and slept well all night.

16th. In the morning I was able to put on a wide shoe on the foot, and to the office without much pain, and there sat all the morning. At noon home to dinner, where Creed to discourse of our Tangier business, which stands very bad in the business of money, and therefore we expect to have a committee called soon, and to acquaint them among other things with the order come to me for the not paying of any more pensions. We dined together, and after dinner I to the office, and there very late, very busy, doing much business indeed, and so with great comfort home to supper, and so to bed to ease my foot, which toward night began to ake.

17th. Up, and to my chamber to set down my Journall of Sunday last with much pleasure, and my foot being pretty well, but yet I am forced to limp. Then by coach, set my wife down at the New Exchange, and I to White Hall to the Treasury chamber, but to little purpose. So to Mr. Burges to as little. There to the Hall and talked with Mrs. Michell, who begins to tire me about doing something for her elder son, which I am willing to do, but know not what. Thence to White Hall again, and thence away, and took up my wife at Unthanke's, and left her at the 'Change, and so I to Bennet's to take up a bill for the last silk I had for my vest and coat, which I owe them for, and so to the Excise Office, and there did a little business, and so to Temple Bar and staid at my bookseller's till my wife calls me, and so home, where I am saluted with the news of Hogg's[1] bringing a rich Canary prize to Hull: and Sir W. Batten do offer me £1,000 down for my particular share, beside Sir Richard Ford's part, which do tempt me; but yet I would not take it, but will stand and fall with the company. He and two more, the Panther and Fanfan, did enter into consortship; and so they have all brought in each a prize, though our's worth as much as both their's, and more. However, it will be well worth having, God be thanked for it! This news makes us all very glad. I at Sir W. Batten's did hear the particulars of it; and there for joy he did give the company that were there a bottle or two of his own last year's wine,[2] growing at Walthamstow, than which the whole company said they never drank better foreign wine in their lives. Home, and to dinner, and by and by comes Mr. Pierce, who is interested in the Panther, for some advice, and then comes Creed, and he and I spent the whole afternoon till eight at night walking and talking of sundry things public and private in the garden, but most of all of the unhappy state

[1] Thomas Pointer to Samuel Pepys (Hull, July 15): "Capt. Hogg has brought in a great prize laden with Canary wine; also Capt. Reeves of the 'Panther,' and the 'Fanfan,' whose commander is slain, have come in with their prizes" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1667, p. 298).

[2] Grape wine was formerly largely made in England, and much of it was said to be of excellent quality.

of this nation at this time by the negligence of the King and his Council. The Duke of Buckingham is, it seems, set at liberty, without any further charge against him or other clearing of him, but let to go out; which is one of the strangest instances of the fool's play with which all publick things are done in this age, that is to be apprehended. And it is said that when he was charged with making himself popular—as indeed he is, for many of the discontented Parliament, Sir Robert Howard and Sir Thomas Meres, and others, did attend at the Council-chamber when he was examined—he should answer, that whoever was committed to prison by my Lord Chancellor or my Lord Arlington, could not want being popular. But it is worth considering the ill state a Minister of State is in, under such a Prince as our's is; for, undoubtedly, neither of those two great men would have been so fierce against the Duke of Buckingham at the Council-table the other day, had they [not] been assured of the King's good liking, and supporting them therein: whereas, perhaps at the desire of my Lady Castlemayne, who, I suppose, hath at last overcome the King, the Duke of Buckingham is well received again, and now these men delivered up to the interest he can make for his revenge. He told me over the story of Mrs. Stewart, much after the manner which I was told it long since, and have entered it in this book, told me by Mr. Evelyn; only he says it is verily believed that the King did never intend to marry her to any but himself, and that the Duke of York and Lord Chancellor were jealous of it; and that Mrs. Stewart might be got with child by the King, or somebody else, and the King own a marriage before his contract, for it is but a contract, as he tells me, to this day, with the Queene, and so wipe their noses of the Crown; and that, therefore, the Duke of York and Chancellor did do all they could to forward the match with my Lord Duke of Richmond, that she might be married out of the way; but, above all, it is a worthy part that this good lady hath acted. Thus we talked till night and then parted, and so I to my office and did business, and so home to supper, and there find my sister Michell [1] come from Lee[2] to see us; but do tattle so much of the late business of the Dutch coming thither that I was weary of it. Yet it is worth remembering what she says: that she hath heard both seamen and soldiers swear they would rather serve the Dutch than the King, for they should be better used.[3] She saw "The Royal Charles" brought into the river by them; and how they shot off their great guns for joy, when they got her out of Chatham River. I would not forget that this very day when we had nothing to do almost but five merchantmen to man in the River, which have now been about it some weeks, I was asked at Westminster, what the matter was that there was such ado kept in

[1] The wife of Balthazar St. Michel, Mrs. Pepys's brother.—B.

[2] Leigh, opposite to Sheerness.—B.

[3] Reference has already been made to Andrew Marvell's "Instructions to a Painter" (see June 13, 1667), in which the unpaid English sailors are described as swimming to the Dutch ships, where they received the money which was withheld from them on their own ships.

pressing of men, as it seems there is thereabouts at this day. So after supper we all to bed, my foot very well again, I thank God.

18th. Up and to the office, where busy all the morning, and most of our time taken up with Carcasse upon some complaints brought in against him, and many other petitions about tickets lost, which spends most of our time. Home to dinner, and then to the office again, where very well employed at the office till evening; and then being weary, took out my wife and Will Batelier by coach to Islington, but no pleasure in our going, the way being so dusty that one durst not breathe. Drank at the old house, and so home, and then to the office a little, and so home to supper and to bed.

19th. Up and comes the flageolet master, and brings me two new great Ivory pipes which cost me 32*s*., and so to play, and he being done, and Balty's wife taking her leave of me, she going back to Lee to-day, I to Westminster and there did receive £15,000 orders out of the Exchequer in part of a bigger sum upon the eleven months tax for Tangier, part of which I presently delivered to Sir H. Cholmly, who was there, and thence with Mr. Gawden to Auditor Woods and Beales to examine some precedents in his business of the Victualling on his behalf, and so home, and in my way by coach down Marke Lane, mightily pleased and smitten to see, as I thought, in passing, the pretty woman, the line-maker's wife that lived in Fenchurch Streete, and I had great mind to have gone back to have seen, but yet would correct my nature and would not. So to dinner with my wife, and then to sing, and so to the office, where busy all the afternoon late, and to Sir W. Batten's and to Sir R. Ford's, we all to consider about our great prize at Hull, being troubled at our being likely to be troubled with Prince Rupert, by reason of Hogg's consorting himself with two privateers of the Prince's, and so we study how to ease or secure ourselves. So to walk in the garden with my wife, and then to supper and to bed. One tells me that, by letter from Holland, the people there are made to believe that our condition in England is such as they may have whatever they will ask; and that so they are mighty high, and despise us, or a peace with us; and there is too much reason for them to do so. The Dutch fleete are in great squadrons everywhere still about Harwich, and were lately at Portsmouth; and the last letters say at Plymouth, and now gone to Dartmouth to destroy our Streights' fleete lately got in thither; but God knows whether they can do it any hurt, or no, but it was pretty news come the other day so fast, of the Dutch fleets being in so many places, that Sir W. Batten at table cried, "By God," says he, "I think the Devil shits Dutchmen."

20th. Up and to the office, where all the morning, and then towards the 'Change, at noon, in my way observing my mistake yesterday in Mark Lane, that the woman I saw was not the pretty woman I meant, the line-maker's wife, but a new-married woman, very pretty, a strong-water seller: and in going by, to my content, I find that the very pretty daughter at the Ship tavern, at the end of Billiter Lane, is there still, and in the bar: and,

I believe, is married to him that is new come, and hath new trimmed the house. Home to dinner, and then to the office, we having dispatched away Mr. Oviatt to Hull, about our prizes there; and I have wrote a letter of thanks by him to Lord Bellasses, who had writ to me to offer all his service for my interest there, but I dare not trust him. In the evening late walking in the garden with my wife, and then to bed.

21st (Lord's day.) Up betimes, and all the morning, and then to dinner with my wife alone, and then all the afternoon in like manner, in my chamber, making up my Tangier accounts and drawing a letter, which I have done at last to my full content, to present to the Lords Commissioners for Tangier to-morrow; and about seven at night, when finished my letter and weary, I and my wife and Mercer up by water to Barne Elmes, where we walked by moonshine, and called at Lambeth, and drank and had cold meat in the boat, and did eat, and sang, and down home, by almost twelve at night, very fine and pleasant, only could not sing ordinary songs with the freedom that otherwise I would. Here Mercer tells me that the pretty maid of the Ship tavern I spoke of yesterday is married there, which I am glad of. So having spent this night, with much serious pleasure to consider that I am in a condition to fling away an angell [1] in such a refreshment to myself and family, we home and to bed, leaving Mercer, by the way, at her own door.

22nd. Up, and with Sir W. Batten and [Sir] J. Minnes to St. James's, where the first time I have been there since the enemy's being with us, where little business but lack of money, which now is so professed by Sir W. Coventry as nothing is more, and the King's whole business owned to be at a stand for want of it. So up to my Lord Chancellor's, where was a Committee of Tangier in my Lord's roome, where he is to hear causes, where all the Judges' pictures hang up,[2] very fine. Here I read my letter to them, which was well received, and they did fall seriously to discourse the want of money and other particulars, and to some pretty good purpose. But to see how Sir W. Coventry did oppose both my Lord Chancellor and the Duke of York himself, about the Order of the Commissioners of the Treasury to me for not paying of pensions, and with so much reason, and eloquence so natural, was admirable. And another thing, about his pressing for the reduction of the charge of Tangier, which they would have put off to another time; "But," says he, "the King suffers so much by the putting off of the consideration of reductions of charge, that he is undone; and therefore I do pray you, sir," to his Royal Highness, "that when any thing offers of the kind, you will not let it escape you." Here was a great bundle of letters brought hither, sent up from sea, from a vessel of ours that hath taken them

[1] The angel coin was so called from the figure of the Archangel Michael in conflict with the dragon on the obverse. On the reverse was a representation of a ship with a large cross as a mast. The last angel coined was in Charles I.'s reign, and the value varied from 6*s.* 8*d.* to 10*s.*

[2] See Lady Theresa Lewis's "Friends and Contemporaries of Lord Chancellor Clarendon; illustrative of Portraits in his Gallery," 1852. 3 vols. 8vo.—B.

after they had been flung over by a Dutchman; wherein, among others, the Duke of York did read the superscription of one to De Witt, thus—"To the most wise, foreseeing and discreet, These, &c.;" which, I thought with myself, I could have been glad might have been duly directed to any one of them at the table, though the greatest men in this kingdom. The Duke of York, the Lord Chancellor, my Lord Duke of Albemarle, Arlington, Ashley, Peterborough, and Coventry (the best of them all for parts), I perceive they do all profess their expectation of a peace, and that suddenly, and do advise of things accordingly, and do all speak of it (and expressly, I remember, the Duke of Albemarle), saying that they hoped for it. Letters were read at the table from Tangier that Guiland is wholly lost, and that he do offer Arzill to us to deliver it to us. But Sir W. Coventry did declare his opinion that we should have nothing to do with it, and said that if Tangier were offered us now, as the King's condition is, he would advise against the taking it; saying, that the King's charge is too great, and must be brought down, it being, like the fire of this City, never to be mastered till you have brought it under you; and that these places abroad are but so much charge to the King, and we do rather hitherto strive to greaten them than lesser them; and then the King is forced to part with them, "as," says he, "he did with Dunkirke, by my Lord Tiviott's making it so chargeable to the King as he did that, and would have done Tangier, if he had lived." I perceive he is the only man that do seek the King's profit, and is bold to deliver what he thinks on every occasion. Having broke up here, I away with Mr. Gawden in his coach to the 'Change, and there a little, and then home and dined, and then to the office, and by and by with my wife to White Hall (she to Unthanke's), and there met Creed and did a little business at the Treasury chamber, and then to walk in Westminster Hall an hour or two, with much pleasure reflecting upon our discourse to-day at the Tangier meeting, and crying up the worth of Sir W. Coventry. Creed tells me of the fray between the Duke of Buckingham at the Duke's playhouse the last Saturday (and it is the first day I have heard that they have acted at either the King's or Duke's houses this month or six weeks) and Henry Killigrew, whom the Duke of Buckingham did soundly beat and take away his sword, and make a fool of, till the fellow prayed him to spare his life; and I am glad of it; for it seems in this business the Duke of Buckingham did carry himself very innocently and well, and I wish he had paid this fellow's coat well. I heard something of this at the 'Change to-day: and it is pretty to hear how people do speak kindly of the Duke of Buckingham, as one that will enquire into faults; and therefore they do mightily favour him. And it puts me in mind that, this afternoon, Billing, the Quaker, meeting me in the Hall, come to me, and after a little discourse did say, "Well," says he, "now you will be all called to an account;" meaning the Parliament is drawing near. This done I took coach and took up my wife, and so home, and after a little at the office I home to my chamber a while, and then to supper and to bed.

23rd. Up betimes and to the office, doing something towards our great account to the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, and anon the office sat, and all the morning doing business. At noon home to dinner, and then close to my business all the afternoon. In the evening Sir R. Ford is come back from the Prince and tells Sir W. Batten and me how basely Sir W. Pen received our letter we sent him about the prizes at Hull, and slily answered him about the Prince's leaving all his concerns to him, but the Prince did it afterward by letter brought by Sir R. Ford to us, which Sir W. Pen knows not of, but a very rogue he is. By and by comes sudden news to me by letter from the Clerke of the Cheque at Gravesend, that there were thirty sail of Dutch men-of-war coming up into the Hope this last tide: which I told Sir W. Pen of; but he would not believe it, but laughed, and said it was a fleete of Billanders,[1] and that the guns that were heard was the salutation of the Swede's Ambassador that comes over with them. But within half an hour comes another letter from Captain Proud,[2] that eight of them were come into the Hope, and thirty more following them, at ten this morning. By and by comes an order from White Hall to send down one of our number to Chatham, fearing that, as they did before, they may make a show first up hither, but then go to Chatham: so my Lord Bruncker do go, and we here are ordered to give notice to the merchant men-of-war, gone below the barricado at Woolwich, to come up again. So with much trouble to supper, home and to bed.

24th. Betimes this morning comes a letter from the Clerke of the Cheque at Gravesend to me, to tell me that the Dutch fleete did come all into the Hope yesterday noon, and held a fight with our ships from thence till seven at night; that they had burned twelve fire-ships, and we took one of their's, and burned five of our fire-ships. But then rising and going to Sir W. Batten, he tells me that we have burned one of their men-of-war, and another of their's is blown up: but how true this is, I know not. But these fellows are mighty bold, and have had the fortune of the wind easterly this time to bring them up, and prevent our troubling them with our fire-ships; and, indeed, have had the winds at their command from the beginning, and now do take the beginning of the spring, as if they had some great design to do. I to my office, and there hard at work all the morning, to my great content, abstracting the contract book into my abstract book, which I have by reason of the war omitted for above two years, but now am endeavouring to have all my books ready and perfect against the Parliament comes, that upon examination I may be in condition to value myself upon my perfect doing of my own duty. At noon home to dinner, where my wife mighty

[1] "Bilander. A small merchant vessel with two masts, particularly distinguished from other vessels with two masts by the form of her mainsail, which is bent to the whole length of her yard, hanging fore and aft, and inclined to the horizon at an angle of about 45°. Few vessels are now rigged in this manner, and the name is rather indiscriminately used."—Smyth's *Sailor's Word Book*.

[2] John Prowd.

musty,[1] but I took no notice of it, but after dinner to the office, and there with Mr. Harper did another good piece of work about my late collection of the accounts of the Navy presented to the Parliament at their last session, which was left unfinished, and now I have done it, which sets my mind at my ease, and so, having tired myself, I took a pair of oares about five o'clock, which I made a gally at Redriffe, and so with very much pleasure down to Gravesend, all the way with extraordinary content reading of Boyle's Hydrostatickes, which the more I read and understand, the more I admire, as a most excellent piece of philosophy; as we come nearer Gravesend, we hear the Dutch fleete and our's a-firing their guns most distinctly and loud. But before we got to Gravesend they ceased, and it grew darkish, and so I landed only (and the flood being come) and went up to the Ship and discoursed with the landlord of the house, who undeceives me in what I heard this morning about the Dutch having lost two men-of-war, for it is not so, but several of their fire-ships. He do say, that this afternoon they did force our ships to retreat, but that now they are gone down as far as Shield-haven:[2] but what the event hath been of this evening's guns they know not, but suppose not much, for they have all this while shot at good distance one from another. They seem confident of the security of this town and the River above it, if the enemy should come up so high; their fortifications being so good, and guns many. But he do say that people do complain of Sir Edward Spragg, that he hath not done extraordinary; and more of Sir W. Jenings, that he come up with his tamkins[3] in his guns. Having discoursed this a little with him, and eat a bit of cold venison and drank, I away, took boat, and homeward again, with great pleasure, the moon shining, and it being a fine pleasant cool evening, and got home by half-past twelve at night, and so to bed.

25th. Up, and to the office, where we sat all the morning. At noon home to dinner, and there sang with much pleasure with my wife, and so to the office again, and busy all the afternoon. At night Sir W. Batten, [Sir] W. Pen, and myself, and Sir R. Ford, did meet in the garden to discourse about our prizes at Hull. It appears that Hogg is the veriest rogue, the most observable embezzler, that ever was known. This vexes us, and made us very free and plain with Sir W. Pen, who hath been his great patron, and as very a rogue as he. But he do now seem to own that his opinion is changed of him, and that he will joyne with us in our strictest inquiries, and did sign to the letters we had drawn, which he had refused before, and so seemingly parted good friends, and then I demanded of Sir R. Ford and the rest, what passed to-day at the meeting of the Parliament: who told me that, contrary to all expectation by the King that there would be but a thin meeting, there met

[1] Dull, heavy, spiritless.

[2] Shellhaven, on the Essex coast, opposite to Cliffe, on the Kentish side.—B.

[3] Tamkin, or tampion, the wooden stopper of a cannon placed in the muzzle to exclude water or dust.

above 300 this first day, and all the discontented party; and, indeed, the whole House seems to be no other almost. The Speaker[1] told them, as soon as they were sat, that he was ordered by the King to let them know he was hindered by some important business to come to them and speak to them, as he intended; and, therefore, ordered him to move that they would adjourn themselves till Monday next, it being very plain to all the House that he expects to hear by that time of the sealing of the peace, which by letters, it seems, from my Lord Hollis, was to be sealed the last Sunday.[2] But before they would come to the question whether they would adjourn, Sir Thomas Tomkins steps up and tells them, that all the country is grieved at this new-raised standing army; and that they thought themselves safe enough in their trayn-bands; and that, therefore, he desired the King might be moved to disband them. Then rises Garraway and seconds him, only with this explanation, which he said he believed the other meant; that, as soon as peace should be concluded, they might be disbanded. Then rose Sir W. Coventry, and told them that he did approve of what the last gentleman said; but also, that at the same time he did no more than what, he durst be bold to say, he knew to be the King's mind, that as soon as peace was concluded he would do it of himself. Then rose Sir Thomas Littleton, and did give several reasons for the uncertainty of their meeting again but to adjourne, in case news comes of the peace being ended before Monday next, and the possibility of the King's having some about him that may endeavour to alter his own, and the good part of his Council's advice, for the keeping up of the land-army; and, therefore, it was fit that they did present it to the King as their desire, that, as soon as peace was concluded, the land-army might be laid down, and that this their request might be carried to the King by them of their House that were Privy-councillors; which was put to the vote, and carried *nemine contradicente*. So after this vote passed, they adjourned: but it is plain what the effects of this Parliament will be, if they be suffered to sit, that they will fall foul upon the faults of the Government; and I pray God they may be permitted to do it, for nothing else, I fear, will save the King and kingdom than the doing it betimes. They gone, I to walk with my wife in the garden, and then home to supper and to bed.

26th. Up, and betimes to the office, where Mr. Hater and I together all the morning about the perfecting of my abstract book of contracts and other things to my great content. At noon home to dinner, and then to the office again all the afternoon doing of other good things there, and being tired, I then abroad with my wife and left her at the New Exchange, while I by water thence to Westminster to the Hall, but shops were shut up, and so to White Hall by water, and thence took up my wife at Unthanke's, and so home, mightily tired with the dust in riding in a coach, it being mighty troublesome. So home and to my office, and there busy very late, and then to

[1] The Speaker was Sir Edward Turner.

[2] The peace was signed on the 31st. See August 9th, *post*.—B.

walk a little with my wife, and then to supper and to bed. No news at all this day what we have done to the enemy, but that the enemy is fallen down, and we after them, but to little purpose.

27th. Up and to the office, where I hear that Sir John Coventry[1] is come over from Bredah, a nephew, I think, of Sir W. Coventry's: but what message he brings I know not. This morning news is come that Sir Jos. Jordan is come from Harwich, with sixteen fire-ships and four other little ships of war: and did attempt to do some execution upon the enemy, but did it without discretion, as most do say, so as that they have been able to do no good, but have lost four of their fire-ships. They attempted [this], it seems, when the wind was too strong, that our grapplings could not hold: others say we come to leeward of them, but all condemn it as a foolish management. They are come to Sir Edward Spragg about Lee, and the Dutch are below at the Nore. At the office all the morning; and at noon to the 'Change, where I met Fenn; and he tells me that Sir John Coventry do bring the confirmation of the peace; but I do not find the 'Change at all glad of it, but rather the worse, they looking upon it as a peace made only to preserve the King for a time in his lusts and ease, and to sacrifice trade and his kingdoms only to his own pleasures: so that the hearts of merchants are quite down. He tells me that the King and my Lady Castlemayne are quite broke off, and she is gone away, and is with child, and swears the King shall own it;[2] and she will have it christened in the Chapel at White Hall so, and owned for the King's, as other Kings have done; or she will bring it into White Hall gallery, and dash the brains of it out before the King's face. He tells me that the King and Court were never in the world so bad as they are now for gaming, swearing, whoring, and drinking, and the most abominable vices that ever were in the world; so that all must come to nought. He told me that Sir G. Carteret was at this end of the town; so I went to visit him in Broad Street; and there he and I together: and he is mightily pleased with my Lady Jem's having a son; and a mighty glad man he is. He [Sir George Carteret] tells me, as to news, that the peace is now confirmed, and all that over. He says it was a very unhappy motion in the House the other day about the land-army; for, whether the King hath a mind of his own to do the thing desired or no, his doing it will be looked upon as a thing done only in fear of the Parliament. He says that the Duke of York is suspected to be the great man that is for

[1] Created K. B. at Charles II.'s coronation, and M. P. for Weymouth in several parliaments. He was the son of John Coventry, the eldest brother of Sir W. Coventry; and the outrage committed on his person, on the 21st December, 1670, by Sir Thomas Sandys, O'Bryan, and others, who cut his nose to the bone, gave rise to the passing of the Bill still known by the name of "The Coventry Act," under which persons so offending were to suffer death.—B.

[2] Charles owned only four children by Lady Castlemaine—Anne, Countess of Sussex, and the Dukes of Southampton, Grafton, and Northumberland. The last of these was born in 1665. The paternity of all her other children was certainly doubtful. See July 30th (*post*).—B.

raising of this army, and bringing things to be commanded by an army; but he believes that he is wronged, and says that he do know that he is wronged therein. He do say that the Court is in a way to ruin all for their pleasures; and says that he himself hath once taken the liberty to tell the King the necessity of having, at least, a show of religion in the Government, and sobriety; and that it was that, that did set up and keep up Oliver, though he was the greatest rogue in the world, and that it is so fixed in the nature of the common Englishman that it will not out of him. He tells me that while all should be labouring to settle the kingdom, they are at Court all in factions, some for and others against my Lord Chancellor, and another for and against another man, and the King adheres to no man, but this day delivers himself up to this, and the next to that, to the ruin of himself and business; that he is at the command of any woman like a slave, though he be the best man to the Queene in the world, with so much respect, and never lies a night from her: but yet cannot command himself in the presence of a woman he likes. Having had this discourse I parted, and home to dinner, and thence to the office all the afternoon to my great content very busy. It raining this day all day to our great joy, it having not rained, I think, this month before, so as the ground was everywhere so burned and dry as could be; and no travelling in the road or streets in London, for dust. At night late home to supper and to bed.

28th (Lord's day). Up and to my chamber, where all the morning close, to draw up a letter to Sir W. Coventry upon the tidings of peace, taking occasion, before I am forced to it, to resign up to his Royall Highness my place of the Victualling, and to recommend myself to him by promise of doing my utmost to improve this peace in the best manner we may, to save the kingdom from ruin. By noon I had done this to my good content, and then with my wife all alone to dinner, and so to my chamber all the afternoon to write my letter fair, and sent it away, and then to talk with my wife, and read, and so by daylight (the only time I think I have done it this year) to supper, and then to my chamber to read and so to bed, my mind very much eased after what I have done to-day.

29th. Up, and with Sir W. Batten to St. James's, to Sir W. Coventry's chamber; where, among other things, he come to me, and told me that he had received my yesterday's letters, and that we concurred very well in our notions; and that, as to my place which I had offered to resign of the Victualling, he had drawn up a letter at the same time for the Duke of York's signing for the like places in general raised during this war; and that he had done me right to the Duke of York, to let him know that I had, of my own accord, offered to resign mine. The letter do bid us to do all things, particularizing several, for the laying up of the ships, and easing the King of charge; so that the war is now professedly over. By and by up to the Duke of York's chamber; and there all the talk was about Jordan's[1] coming with so much

[1] Silas Taylor, writing to Williamson, July 25th, 1667, says: "Hearing the great guns

indiscretion, with his four little frigates and sixteen fire-ships from Harwich, to annoy the enemy. His failures were of several sorts, I know not which the truest: that he come with so strong a gale of wind, that his grapplings would not hold; that he did come by their lee; whereas if he had come athwart their hawse, they would have held; that they did not stop a tide, and come up with a windward tide, and then they would not have come so fast. Now, there happened to be Captain Jenifer[1] by, who commanded the Lily in this business, and thus says: that, finding the Dutch not so many as they expected, they did not know but that there were more of them above, and so were not so earnest to the setting upon these; that they did do what they could to make the fire-ships fall in among the enemy; and, for their lives, neither Sir J. Jordan nor others could, by shooting several times at them, make them go in; and it seems they were commanded by some idle fellows, such as they could of a sudden gather up at Harwich; which is a sad consideration that, at such a time as this, where the saving the reputation of the whole nation lay at stake, and after so long a war, the King had not credit to gather a few able men to command these vessels. He says, that if they had come up slower, the enemy would, with their boats and their great sloops, which they have to row with a great many men, they would, and did, come and cut up several of our fire-ships, and would certainly have taken most of them, for they do come with a great provision of these boats on purpose, and to save their men, which is bravely done of them, though they did, on this very occasion, shew great fear, as they say, by some men leaping overboard out of a great ship, as these were all of them of sixty and seventy guns a-piece, which one of our fire-ships laid on board, though the fire did not take. But yet it is brave to see what care they do take to encourage their men to provide great stores of boats to save them, while we have not credit to find one boat for a ship. And, further, he told us that this new way used by Deane, and this Sir W. Coventry observed several times, of preparing of fire-ships, do not do the work; for the fire, not being strong and quick enough to flame up, so as to take the rigging and sails, lies smothering a great while, half an hour before it flames, in which time they can get her off safely, though, which is uncertain, and did fail in one or two this bout, it do serve to burn our own ships. But what a shame it is to consider how two of our ships' companies did desert their ships for fear of being taken by their

from the Thames and knowing the Dutch stood that way, Sir Joseph Jordan resolved to make towards them with all the force he could muster, provided himself with 50 land-soldiers and what small vessels, frigates, and fire-ships were there, and set sail towards the Spitts, but could not get much beyond the Naze" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1667, p. 325).

[1] Thomas Page, James Jenifer, and George Coult petitioned the Navy Commissioners, September (?), 1667, for reimbursement of their expenses on the "Lily." This ship was lent them as a privateer, and they fitted her up at their own expense, but on June 11th she was recalled as a man-of-war, and so continued till the peace ("Calendar," 1667, p. 495).

boats, our little frigates being forced to leave them, being chased by their greater! And one more company did set their ship on fire, and leave her; which afterwards a Feversham fisherman come up to, and put out the fire, and carried safe into Feversham, where she now is, which was observed by the Duke of York, and all the company with him, that it was only want of courage, and a general dismay and abjectness of spirit upon all our men; and others did observe our ill management, and God Almighty's curse upon all that we have in hand, for never such an opportunity was of destroying so many good ships of their's as we now had. But to see how negligent we were in this business, that our fleete of Jordan's should not have any notice where Spragg was, nor Spragg of Jordan's, so as to be able to meet and join in the business, and help one another; but Jordan, when he saw Spragg's fleete above, did think them to be another part of the enemy's fleete! While, on the other side, notwithstanding our people at Court made such a secret of Jordan's design that nobody must know it, and even this Office itself must not know it; nor for my part I did not, though Sir W. Batten says by others' discourse to him he had heard something of it; yet De Ruyter, or he that commanded this fleete, had notice of it, and told it to a fisherman of our's that he took and released on Thursday last, which was the day before our fleete came to him. But then, that, that seems most to our disgrace, and which the Duke of York did take special and vehement notice of, is, that when the Dutch saw so many fire-ships provided for them, themselves lying, I think, about the Nore, they did with all their great ships, with a North-east wind, as I take it they said, but whatever it was, it was a wind that we should not have done it with, turn down to the Middle-ground; which the Duke of York observed, never was nor would have been undertaken by ourselves. And whereas some of the company answered, it was their great fear, not their choice that made them do it, the Duke of York answered, that it was, it may be, their fear and wisdom that made them do it; but yet their fear did not make them mistake, as we should have done, when we have had no fear upon us, and have run our ships on ground. And this brought it into my mind, that they managed their retreat down this difficult passage, with all their fear, better than we could do ourselves in the main sea, when the Duke of Albemarle run away from the Dutch, when the Prince was lost, and the Royal Charles and the other great ships come on ground upon the Galloper. Thus, in all things, in wisdom, courage, force, knowledge of our own streams, and success, the Dutch have the best of us, and do end the war with victory on their side. The Duke of York being ready, we into his closet, but, being in haste to go to the Parliament House, he could not stay. So we parted, and to Westminster Hall, where the Hall full of people to see the issue of the day, the King being come to speak to the House to-day. One thing extraordinary was, this day a man, a Quaker,[1] came naked

[1] In De Foe's "History of the Plague," he imagines a like case: "Another ran about naked, except a pair of drawers about his waist, crying day and night, like a man that

through the Hall, only very civilly tied about the privities to avoid scandal, and with a chafing-dish of fire and brimstone burning upon his head, did pass through the Hall, crying, "Repent! repent!" I up to the Painted Chamber, thinking to have got in to have heard the King's speech, but upon second thoughts did not think it would be worth the crowd, and so went down again into the Hall and there walked with several, among others my Lord Rutherford, who is come out of Scotland, and I hope I may get some advantage by it in reference to the business of the interest of the great sum of money I paid him long since without interest. But I did not now move him in it. But presently comes down the House of Commons, the King having made then a very short and no pleasing speech to them at all, not at all giving them thanks for their readiness to come up to town at this busy time; but told them that he did think he should have had occasion for them, but had none, and therefore did dismiss them to look after their own occasions till October; and that he did wonder any should offer to bring in a suspicion that he intended to rule by an army, or otherwise than by the laws of the land, which he promised them he would do; and so bade them go home and settle the minds of the country in that particular; and only added, that he had made a peace which he did believe they would find reasonable, and a good peace, but did give them none of the particulars thereof. Thus they are dismissed again to their general great distaste, I believe the greatest that ever Parliament was, to see themselves so fooled, and the nation in certain condition of ruin, while the King, they see, is only governed by his lust, and women, and rogues about him. The Speaker, they found, was kept from coming in the morning to the House on purpose, till after the King was come to the House of Lords, for fear they should be doing anything in the House of Commons to the further dissatisfaction of the King and his courtiers. They do all give up the kingdom for lost that I speak to; and do hear what the King says, how he and the Duke of York do do what they can to get up an army, that they may need no more Parliaments: and how my Lady Castlemayne hath, before the late breach between her and the King, said to the King that he must rule by an army, or all would be lost, and that Bab. May hath given the like advice to the King, to crush the English gentlemen, saying that £300 a-year was enough for any man but them that lived at Court. I am told that many petitions were provided for the Parliament, complaining of the wrongs they have received from the Court and courtiers, in city and country, if the Parliament had but sat: and I do perceive they all do resolve to have a good account

Josephus mentions, who cried, *Woe to Jerusalem!* a little before the destruction of that city. So this poor naked creature cried, *O, the great and the dreadful God!* and said no more, but repeated those words continually, with a voice and countenance full of horror, a swift pace, and nobody could ever find him to stop, or rest, or take any sustenance, at least that ever I could hear of. I met this poor creature several times in the streets, and would have spoke to him, but he would not enter into speech with me or any one else; but held on his dismal cries continually." De Foe had probably heard of the Quaker.—B.

of the money spent before ever they give a farthing more: and the whole kingdom is everywhere sensible of their being abused, insomuch that they forced their Parliament-men to come up to sit; and my cozen Roger told me that (but that was in mirth) he believed, if he had not come up, he should have had his house burned. The kingdom never in so troubled a condition in this world as now; nobody pleased with the peace, and yet nobody daring to wish for the continuance of the war, it being plain that nothing do nor can thrive under us. Here I saw old good Mr. Vaughan,[1] and several of the great men of the Commons, and some of them old men, that are come 200 miles, and more, to attend this session of Parliament; and have been at great charge and disappointments in their other private business; and now all to no purpose, neither to serve their country, content themselves, nor receive any thanks from the King. It is verily expected by many of them that the King will continue the prorogation in October, so as, if it be possible, never to have [this] Parliament more. My Lord Bristoll took his place in the House of Lords this day, but not in his robes; and when the King come in, he withdrew: but my Lord of Buckingham was there as brisk as ever, and sat in his robes; which is a monstrous thing, that a man proclaimed against, and put in the Tower, and all, and released without any trial, and yet not restored to his places. But, above all, I saw my Lord Mordaunt as merry as the best, that it seems hath done such further indignities to Mr. Taylor[2] since the last sitting of Parliament as would hang [him], if there were nothing else, would the King do what were fit for him; but nothing of that is now likely to be. After having spent an hour or two in the hall, my cozen Roger and I and Creed to the Old Exchange, where I find all the merchants sad at this peace and breaking up of the Parliament, as men despairing of any good to the nation, which is a grievous consideration; and so home, and there cozen Roger and Creed to dinner with me, and very merry: but among other things they told me of the strange, bold sermon of Dr. Creeton yesterday, before the King; how he preached against the sins of the Court, and particularly against adultery, over and over instancing how for that single sin in David, the whole nation was undone; and of our negligence in having our castles without ammunition and powder when the Dutch come upon us; and how we have no courage now-a-days, but let our ships be taken out of our harbour. Here Creed did tell us the story of the duell last night, in Covent-garden, between Sir H. Bellasses and Tom Porter. It is worth remembering the silliness of the quarrell, and is a kind of emblem of the general complexion of this whole kingdom at present. They two it seems dined yesterday at Sir Robert Carr's,[3] where it seems people do drink high, all that come. It happened that these two, the greatest friends in the world, were

[1] John Vaughan, M.P. for Cardiganshire.—B.

[2] See November 26th, 1666.

[3] Baronet, of Sleaford, Lincolnshire, and one of the proposed Knights of the Royal Oak for that county.—B.

talking together: and Sir H. Bellasses talked a little louder than ordinary to Tom Porter, giving of him some advice. Some of the company standing by said, "What! are they quarrelling, that they talk so high?" Sir H. Bellasses hearing it, said, "No!" says he: "I would have you know that I never quarrel, but I strike; and take that as a rule of mine!" "How?" says Tom Porter, "strike! I would I could see the man in England that durst give me a blow!" with that Sir H. Bellasses did give him a box of the eare; and so they were going to fight there, but were hindered. And by and by Tom Porter went out; and meeting Dryden the poet, told him of the business, and that he was resolved to fight Sir H. Bellasses presently; for he knew, if he did not, they should be made friends to-morrow, and then the blow would rest upon him; which he would prevent, and desired Dryden to let him have his boy to bring him notice which way Sir H. Bellasses goes. By and by he is informed that Sir H. Bellasses's coach was coming: so Tom Porter went down out of the Coffee-house where he stayed for the tidings, and stopped the coach, and bade Sir H. Bellasses come out. "Why," says H. Bellasses, "you will not hurt me coming out, will you?"—"No," says Tom Porter. So out he went, and both drew: and H. Bellasses having drawn and flung away his scabbard, Tom Porter asked him whether he was ready? The other answering him he was, they fell to fight, some of their acquaintance by. They wounded one another, and H. Bellasses so much that it is feared he will die: and finding himself severely wounded, he called to Tom Porter, and kissed him, and bade him shift for himself; "for," says he, "Tom, thou hast hurt me; but I will make shift to stand upon my legs till thou mayest withdraw, and the world not take notice of you, for I would not have thee troubled for what thou hast done." And so whether he did fly or no I cannot tell: but Tom Porter shewed H. Bellasses that he was wounded too: and they are both ill, but H. Bellasses to fear of life. And this is a fine example; and H. Bellasses a Parliament-man,[1] too, and both of them most extraordinary friends! Among other discourse, my cozen Roger told us a thing certain, that the Archbishop of Canterbury,[2] that now is, do keep a wench, and that he is as very a wencher as can be; and tells us it is a thing publickly known that Sir Charles Sidley

[1] Sir Henry Bellasys, K.B., was member for Great Grimsby, in which seat he was succeeded by Sir Fretcheville Holles.

[2] Gilbert Sheldon. It is difficult to deal in a short note with such an infamous charge as this. It is impossible to leave it unnoticed, and yet to acknowledge it as one necessary to be refuted almost seems an insult to the archbishop's memory. It will be observed that this is all pure gossip, and the mere scandal of those who hate to acknowledge that others are better than themselves. Archbishop Sheldon had bitter enemies, but there is no hint of immorality given by any of them. Professor Montagu Burrows has well vindicated Sheldon's character in his valuable work on the "Worthies of All Souls." He tells me that he overlooked the scandal recorded by Pepys, and therefore did not notice it in his book. He writes: "I know of nothing like a confirmation, nor did Pepys seem to have any proof whatever. In such cases we can only quote the character given by his friends and acquaintances, as you see I have done, without knowing this story. It is quite incredible."

had got away one of the Archbishop's wenches from him, and the Archbishop sent to him to let him know that she was his kinswoman, and did wonder that he would offer any dishonour to one related to him. To which Sir Charles Sidley is said to answer, "A pox take his Grace! pray tell his Grace that I believe he finds himself too old, and is afraid that I should outdo him among his girls, and spoil his trade." But he makes no more of doubt to say that the Archbishop is a wencher, and known to be so, which is one of the most astonishing things that I have heard of, unless it be, what for certain he says is true, that my Lady Castlemayne hath made a Bishop lately, namely, her uncle, Dr. Glenham,[1] who, I think they say, is Bishop of Carlisle; a drunken, swearing rascal, and a scandal to the Church; and do now pretend to be Bishop of Lincoln,[2] in competition with Dr. Raynbow,[3] who is reckoned as worthy a man as most in the Church for piety and learning: which are things so scandalous to consider, that no man can doubt but we must be undone that hears of them. After dinner comes W. How and a son of Mr. Pagett's to see me, with whom I drank, but could not stay, and so by coach with cozen Roger (who before his going did acquaint me in private with an offer made of his marrying of Mrs. Elizabeth Wiles, whom I know; a kinswoman of Mr. Honiwood's, an ugly old maid, but a good housewife, and is said to have £2,500 to her portion; but if I can find that she hath but £2,000, which he prays me to examine, he says he will have her, she being one he hath long known intimately, and a good housewife, and discreet woman; though I am against it in my heart, she being not handsome at all: and it hath been the very bad fortune of the Pepyses that ever I knew, never to marry an handsome woman, excepting Ned Pepys[4]) and Creed, set the former down at the Temple resolving to go to Cambridge to-morrow, and Creed and I to White Hall to the Treasury chamber there to attend, but in vain, only here, looking out of the window into the garden, I saw the King (whom I have not had any desire to see since the Dutch come upon the coast first to Sheerness, for shame that I should see him, or he me, methinks, after such a dishonour) come upon the garden; with him two or three idle Lords; and instantly after him, in another walk, my Lady Castlemayne, led by Bab. May: at which I was surprised, having but newly heard the stories of the King and her being parted for ever. So I took Mr. Povy, who was there, aside, and he told me all,—how imperious this woman is, and hectors the King to whatever she will. It seems she is with child, and the King says

[1] Henry Glenham, D.D., installed Dean of Bristol, 1660. He was elected Bishop of St. Asaph, February 7th, 1666–67, and died January 17th, 1669–70.

[2] Lincoln was vacant by the translation of Benjamin Laney to Ely, on the 24th of May, previously. William Fuller, Bishop of Limerick, was elected Bishop of Lincoln on the 17th September following.—B.

[3] Dr. Edward Rainbow was Bishop of Carlisle from 1664 to 1684.—B.

[4] Edward Pepys, of Broomsthorpe, who married Elizabeth Walpole. The author's own wife could not be included amongst the plain women whom the Pepyses married?—it is otherwise well for his domestic peace that he wrote in cipher.—B.

he did not get it: with that she made a slighting "puh" with her mouth, and went out of the house, and never come in again till the King went to Sir Daniel Harvy's to pray her; and so she is come to-day, when one would think his mind should be full of some other cares, having but this morning broken up such a Parliament, with so much discontent, and so many wants upon him, and but yesterday heard such a sermon against adultery. But it seems she hath told the King, that whoever did get it, he should own it; and the bottom of the quarrel is this:—She is fallen in love with young Jermin,[1] who hath of late lain with her oftener than the King, and is now going to marry my Lady Falmouth;[2] the King he is mad at her entertaining Jermin, and she is mad at Jermin's going to marry from her: so they are all mad; and thus the kingdom is governed! and they say it is labouring to make breaches between the Duke of Richmond and his lady that the King may get her to him. But he tells me for certain that nothing is more sure than that the King, and Duke of York, and the Chancellor, are desirous and labouring all they can to get an army, whatever the King says to the Parliament; and he believes that they are at last resolved to stand and fall all three together: so that he says in terms that the match of the Duke of York with the Chancellor's daughter hath undone the nation. He tells me also that the King hath not greater enemies in the world than those of his own family; for there is not an officer in the house almost but curses him for letting them starve, and there is not a farthing of money to be raised for the buying them bread. Having done talking with him I to Westminster Hall, and there talked and wandered up and down till the evening to no purpose, there and to the Swan, and so till the evening, and so home, and there to walk in the garden with my wife, telling her of my losing £300 a year by my place that I am to part with, which do a little trouble me, but we must live with somewhat more thrift, and so home to supper and to play on the flageolet, which do do very prettily, and so to bed. Many guns were heard this afternoon, it seems, at White Hall and in the Temple garden very plain; but what it should be nobody knows, unless the Dutch be driving our ships up the river. To-morrow we shall know.

30th. Up and to the office, where we sat busy all the morning. At noon home to dinner, where Daniel and his wife with us, come to see whether I could get him any employment. But I am so far from it, that I have the trouble upon my mind how to dispose of Mr. Gibson and one or two more I am concerned for in the Victualling business, which are to be now discharged. After dinner by coach to White Hall, calling on two or three tradesmen and paying their bills, and so to White Hall, to the Treasury-chamber, where I did speak with the Lords, and did my business about getting them

[1] Henry Jermyn, created Baron Dover of Dover in 1685, and Earl of Dover by James II. in 1689.

[2] Mary, Countess of Falmouth, re-married Charles, Lord Buckhurst, afterwards the sixth earl of Dorset. Jermyn married Jane, daughter of Sir Edward Poley.

to assent to 10 per cent. interest on the 11 months tax, but find them mightily put to it for money. Here I do hear that there are three Lords more to be added to them; my Lord Bridgewater,[1] my Lord Anglesey, and my Lord Chamberlaine.[2] Having done my business, I to Creed's chamber, and thence out with Creed to White Hall with him; in our way, meeting with Mr. Cooling, my Lord Chamberlain's secretary, on horseback, who stopped to speak with us, and he proved very drunk, and did talk, and would have talked all night with us, I not being able to break loose from him, he holding me so by the hand. But, Lord! to see his present humour, how he swears at every word, and talks of the King and my Lady Castlemayne in the plainest words in the world. And from him I gather that the story I learned yesterday is true—that the King hath declared that he did not get the child of which she is conceived at this time, he having not as he says lain with her this half year. But she told him, "God damn me, but you shall own it!"[3] It seems, he is jealous of Jermin, and she loves him so, that the thoughts of his marrying of my Lady Falmouth puts her into fits of the mother; and he, it seems, hath lain with her from time to time, continually, for a good while; and once, as this Cooling says, the King had like to have taken him a-bed with her, but that he was fain to creep under the bed into her closet. . . . But it is a pretty thing he told us how the King, once speaking of the Duke of York's being mastered by his wife, said to some of the company by, that he would go no more abroad with this Tom Otter[4] (meaning the Duke of York) and his wife. Tom Killigrew, being by, answered, "Sir," says he, "pray which is the best for a man, to be a Tom Otter to his wife or to his mistress?" meaning the King's being so to my Lady Castlemayne. Thus he went on; and speaking then of my Lord Sandwich, whom he professed to love exceedingly, says Creed, "I know not what, but he is a man, methinks, that I could love for himself, without other regards." . . . He talked very lewdly; and then took notice of my kindness to him on shipboard seven years ago, when the King was coming over, and how much he was obliged to me; but says, pray look upon this acknowledgement of a kindness in me to be a miracle; for, says he, "it is against the law at Court for a man that borrows money of me, even to buy his place with, to own it the next Sunday;" and then told us his horse was a bribe, and his boots a bribe; and told us he was made up of bribes, as an Oxford scholar is set out with other men's goods when he goes out of town, and that he makes every sort of tradesman to bribe him; and invited me home to his house, to taste of his bribe wine. I never heard so much vanity from a man in my life; so, being now weary of him, we

[1] John Egerton, second Earl of Bridgewater.

[2] Edward, second Earl of Manchester.

[3] See 27th of this month.

[4] In the play of "Epicene, or the Silent Woman," Mrs. Otter thus addresses her henpecked husband, *Thomas Otter*—"Is this according to the instrument when I married you, that I would be princess and reign in my own house, and you would be my subject, and obey me?"—(act ii., scene 1).—B.

parted, and I took coach, and carried Creed to the Temple. There set him down, and to my office, where busy late till my eyes begun to ake, and then home to supper: a pullet, with good sauce, to my liking, and then to play on the flageolet with my wife, which she now does very prettily, and so to bed.

31st. Up, and after some time with Greeting upon my flageolet I to my office, and there all the morning busy. Among other things, Sir W. Batten, [Sir] W. Pen, and myself did examine a fellow of our private man-of-war, who we have found come up from Hull, with near £500 worth of pieces of eight, though he will confess but 100 pieces. But it appears that there have been fine doings there. At noon dined at home, and then to the office, where busy again till the evening, when Major Halsey and Kinaston to adjust matters about Mrs. Rumbald's bill of exchange, and here Major Halsey, speaking much of my doing business, and understanding business, told me how my Lord Generall do say that I am worth them all, but I have heard that Halsey hath said the same behind my back to others. Then abroad with my wife by coach to Marrowbone,[1] where my Lord Mayor and Aldermen, it seem, dined to-day: and were just now going away, methought, in a disconsolate condition, compared with their splendour they formerly had, when the City was standing. Here my wife and I drank at the gate, not 'lighting, and then home with much pleasure, and so to my chamber, and my wife and I to pipe, and so to supper and to bed.

August 1st. Up, and all the morning at the office. At noon my wife and I dined at Sir W. Pen's, only with Mrs. Turner and her husband, on a damned venison pasty, that stunk like a devil. However, I did not know it till dinner was done. We had nothing but only this, and a leg of mutton, and a pullet or two. Mrs. Markham was here, with her great belly. I was very merry, and after dinner, upon a motion of the women, I was got to go to the play with them—the first I have seen since before the Dutch coming upon our coast, and so to the King's house, to see "The Custome of the Country." The house mighty empty—more than ever I saw it—and an ill play. After the play, we into the house, and spoke with Knepp, who went abroad with us by coach to the Neat Houses[2] in the way to Chelsy; and there, in a box in a tree,[3] we sat and sang, and talked and eat; my wife out

[1] The Lord Mayor's Banqueting House, where the Lord Mayor and Corporation dined after their periodical visits to the Bayswater and Paddington conduits and the Conduit Head adjacent to the Banqueting House. Stratford Place, Oxford Street, was built on the site about 1775.

[2] King Edward VI., on June 28th, 1 Edw. VI., granted the "House of Neate" to Sir Anthony Browne. Stow's Continuators describe this place as "a parcel of houses taken up by gardeners for planting of asparagus," &c. They were situated on the low ground by the Thames side west of Vauxhall Bridge. The ground was raised by the transportation of the soil from St. Catherine's when the docks were made, and now the parish of St. Gabriel's, Pimlico, occupies the site of the Neat Houses.

[3] Within the hollow of the trunk of Sir Philip Sidney's oak at Penshurst, celebrated by several of our poets, was a seat which contained five or six persons with ease and convenience. Pepys probably means a summer-house erected in the branches. A few years since one existed near Beckenham, in Kent.—B.

of humour, as she always is, when this woman is by. So, after it was dark, we home. Set Knepp down at home, who told us the story how Nell is gone from the King's house, and is kept by my Lord Buckhurst. Then we home, the gates of the City shut, it being so late: and at Newgate we find them in trouble, some thieves having this night broke open prison. So we through, and home; and our coachman was fain to drive hard from two or three fellows, which he said were rogues, that he met at the end of Blowbladder Street, next Cheapside. So set Mrs. Turner home, and then we home, and I to the Office a little; and so home and to bed, my wife in an ill humour still.

2nd. Up, but before I rose my wife fell into angry discourse of my kindness yesterday to Mrs. Knipp, and leading her, and sitting in the coach hand in hand, and my arm about her middle, and in some bad words reproached me with it. I was troubled, but having much business in my head and desirous of peace rose and did not provoke her. So she up and come to me and added more, and spoke basely of my father, who I perceive did do something in the country, at her last being there, that did not like her, but I would not enquire into anything, but let her talk, and when ready away to the Office I went, where all the morning I was, only Mr. Gawden come to me, and he and I home to my chamber, and there reckoned, and there I received my profits for Tangier of him, and £250 on my victualling score. He is a most noble-minded man as ever I met with, and seems to own himself much obliged to me, which I will labour to make him; for he is a good man also: we talked on many good things relating to the King's service, and, in fine, I had much matter of joy by this morning's work, receiving about £400 of him, on one account or other; and a promise that, though I lay down my victualling place, yet, as long as he continues victualler, I shall be the better by him. To the office again, and there evened all our business with Mr. Kinaston about Colonel Norwood's Bill of Exchange from Tangier, and I am glad of it, for though he be a good man, yet his importunity tries me. So home to dinner, where Mr. Hater with me and W. Hewer, because of their being in the way after dinner, and so to the office after dinner, where and with my Lord Bruncker at his lodgings all the afternoon and evening making up our great account for the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, but not so as pleased me yet. So at 12 at night home to supper and to bed, my wife being gone in an ill humour to bed before me. This noon my wife comes to me alone, and tells me she had those upon her and bid me remember it. I asked her why, and she said she had a reason. I do think by something too she said to-day, that she took notice that I had not lain with her this half-year, that she thinks that I have some doubt that she might be with child by somebody else. Which God knows never entered into my head, or whether my father observed any thing at Brampton with Coleman I know not. But I do not do well to let these beginnings of discontents take so much root between us.

3rd. Up, and to the office, where busy all the morning. Then at noon to dinner, and to the office again, there to enable myself, by finishing our great account, to give it to the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury; which I did, and there was called in to them, to tell them only the total of our debt of the Navy on the 25th of May last, which is above £950,000. Here I find them mighty hot in their answer to the Council-board about our Treasurer's three-pences of the Victualling, and also against the present farm of the Customes, which they do most highly inveigh against. So home again by coach, and there hard to work till very late and my eyes began to fail me, which now upon very little overworking them they do, which grieves me much. Late home, to supper, and to bed.

4th (Lord's day). Busy at my Office from morning till night, in writing with my own hand fair our large general account of the expence and debt of the Navy, which lasted me till night to do, that I was almost blind, and Mr. Gibson with me all day long, and dined with me, and excellent discourse I had with him, he understanding all the business of the Navy most admirably. To walk a little with my wife at night in the garden, it being very hot weather again, and so to supper and to bed.

5th. Up, and with Sir W. Batten in the morning to St. James's, where we did our ordinary business with the Duke of York, where I perceive they have taken the highest resolution in the world to become good husbands, and to retrench all charge; and to that end we are commanded to give him an account of the establishment in the seventh year of the late King's reign, and how offices and salaries have been increased since; and I hope it will end in the taking away some of our Commissioners, though it may be to the lessening of some of our salaries also. After done with the Duke of York, and coming out through his dressing-room, I there spied Signor Francisco[1] tuning his gittar, and Monsieur de Puy with him, who did make him play to me, which he did most admirably—so well as I was mightily troubled that all that pains should have been taken upon so bad an instrument. Walked over the Park with Mr. Gawden, and with him by coach home, and to the Exchange, where I hear the ill news of our loss lately of four rich ships, two from Guinea, one from Gallipoly, all with rich oyles; and the other from Barbadoes, worth, as is guessed, £80,000. But here is strong talk, as if Harman[2] had taken some of the Dutch East India ships, but I dare not

[1] Evelyn heard Signor Francisco play on the harpsichord on December 2nd, 1674. He wrote that the signor was "esteemed one of the most excellent masters in Europe on that instrument" (Diary).

[2] "Sept. 6, 1667. John Clarke to James Hickes. A vessel arrived from Harwich brings news that the English lost 600 to 700 men in the attempt on St. Christopher; that Sir John Harman was not then there, but going with 11 ships, and left a ketch at Barbadoes to bring more soldiers after him; that the ketch met a French sloop with a packet from St. Christopher to their fleet at Martinico, and took her, whereupon Sir John Harman sailed there and fell upon their fleet of 27 sail, 25 of which he sank, and burnt the others, save two which escaped; also that he left three of his fleet there, and

yet believe it, and brought them into Lisbon. Home, and dined with my wife at Sir W. Pen's, where a very good pasty of venison, better than we expected, the last stinking basely, and after dinner he and my wife and I to the Duke of York's house, and there saw "Love Trickes, or the School of Compliments;" [1] a silly play, only Mis's [Davis's] dancing in a shepherd's clothes did please us mightily. Thence without much pleasure home and to my Office, so home, to supper, and to bed. My wife mighty angry with Nell, who is turned a very gossip, and gads abroad as soon as our backs are turned, and will put her away to-morrow, which I am not sorry for.

6th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning very full of business. A full Board. Here, talking of news, my Lord Anglesey did tell us that the Dutch do make a further bogle with us about two or three things, which they will be satisfied in, he says, by us easily; but only in one, it seems, they do demand that we shall not interrupt their East Indiamen coming home, and of which they are in some fear; and we are full of hopes that we have 'light upon some of them, and carried them into Lisbon, by Harman; which God send! But they, which do shew the low esteem they have of us, have the confidence to demand that we shall have a cessation on our parts, and yet they at liberty to take what they will; which is such an affront, as another cannot be devised greater. At noon home to dinner, where I find Mrs. Wood, formerly Bab. Shelden, and our Mercer, who is dressed to-day in a paysan dress, that looks mighty pretty. We dined and sang and laughed mighty merry, and then I to the Office, only met at the door with Mrs. Martin and Mrs. Burroughs, who I took in and drank with, but was afraid my wife should see them, they being, especially the first, a prattling gossip, and so after drinking with them parted, and I to the Office, busy as long as my poor eyes would endure, which troubles me mightily, and then into the garden with my wife, and to Sir W. Batten's with [Sir] W. Pen and [Sir] J. Minnes, and there eat a melon and talked, and so home to supper and to bed. My wife, as she said last night, hath put away Nell to-day, for her gossiping abroad and telling of stories. Sir W. Batten did tell me to-night that the Council have ordered a hearing before them of Carcasse's business, which do vex me mightily, that we should be troubled so much by an idle rogue, a servant of our own, and all my thoughts to-night have been how to manage the matter before the Council.

7th. Up, and at the office very busy, and did much business all the morning. My wife abroad with her maid Jane and Tom all the afternoon, being gone forth to eat some pasties at "The Bottle of Hay," in St. John's Street, as you go to Islington, of which she is mighty fond, and I dined at home alone, and at the office close all the afternoon, doing much business to my

went with the rest to Nevis, to make another attempt on St. Christopher."—*Calendar of State Papers*, 1667, p. 447.

[1] A comedy by James Shirley, apparently acted at the Cock-pit in 1625, but not published till 1667.

great content. This afternoon Mr. Pierce, the surgeon, comes to me about business, and tells me that though the King and my Lady Castlemayne are friends again, she is not at White Hall, but at Sir D. Harvy's, whither the King goes to her; and he says she made him ask her forgiveness upon his knees, and promised to offend her no more so: that, indeed, she did threaten to bring all his bastards to his closet-door, and hath nearly hectored him out of his wits. I at my office till night, and then home to my pipe, my wife not coming home, which vexed me. I then into the garden, and there walked alone in the garden till 10 at night, when she come home, having been upon the water and could not get home sooner. So to supper, and to bed.

8th. Up, and all the morning at the office, where busy, and at noon home to dinner, where Creed dined with us, who tells me that Sir Henry Bellasses is dead of the duell he fought about ten days ago, with Tom Porter; and it is pretty to see how the world talk of them as a couple of fools, that killed one another out of love. After dinner to the office a while, and then with my wife to the Temple, where I 'light and sent her to her tailor's. I to my bookseller's; where, by and by, I met Mr. Evelyn, and talked of several things, but particularly of the times: and he tells me that wise men do prepare to remove abroad what they have, for that we must be ruined, our case being past relief, the kingdom so much in debt, and the King minding nothing but his lust, going two days a-week to see my Lady Castlemayne at Sir D. Harvy's. He gone, I met with Mr. Moore, who tells me that my Lord Hinchingbroke is now with his mistress, but not that he is married, as W. Howe come and told us the other day. So by coach to White Hall, and there staid a little, thinking to see Sir G. Carteret, but missed him, and so by coach took up my wife, and so home, and as far as Bow, where we staid and drank, and there, passing by Mr. Lowther and his lady, they stopped: and we talked a little with them, they being in their gilt coach, and so parted; and presently come to us Mr. Andrews, whom I had not seen a good while, who, as other merchants do, do all give over any hopes of things doing well, and so he spends his time here most, playing at bowles. After dining together at the coach-side, we with great pleasure home, and so to the office, where I despatched my business, and home to supper, and to bed.

9th. Up, and betimes with Sir H. Cholmly upon some accounts of Tangier, and then he and I to Westminster, to Mr. Burges, and then walked in the Hall, and he and I talked, and he do really declare that he expects that of necessity this kingdom will fall back again to a commonwealth, and other wise men are of the same mind: this family doing all that silly men can do, to make themselves unable to support their kingdom, minding their lust and their pleasure, and making their government so chargeable, that people do well remember better things were done, and better managed, and with much less charge under a commonwealth than they have been by this King, and do seem to resolve to wind up his businesses and get money in his hand against the turn do come. After some talk I by coach and there dined, and

with us Mr. Batelier by chance coming in to speak with me, and when I come home, and find Mr. Goodgroome, my wife's singing-master, there I did soundly rattle him for neglecting her so much as he hath done—she not having learned three songs these three months and more. After dinner my wife abroad with Mrs. Turner, and I to the office, where busy all the afternoon, and in the evening by coach to St. James's, and there met Sir W. Coventry; and he and I walked in the Park an hour. And then to his chamber, where he read to me the heads of the late great dispute between him and the rest of the Commissioners of the Treasury, and our new Treasurer of the Navy: where they have overthrown him the last Wednesday, in the great dispute touching his having the payment of the Victualler, which is now settled by Council that he is not to have it: and, indeed, they have been most just, as well as most severe and bold, in the doing this against a man of his quality; but I perceive he do really make no difference between any man. He tells me this day it is supposed the peace is ratified at Bredah,[1] and all that matter over. We did talk of many retrenchments of charge of the Navy which he will put in practice, and every where else; though, he tells me, he despairs of being able to do what ought to be done for the saving of the kingdom, which I tell him, as indeed all the world is almost in hopes of, upon the proceeding of these gentlemen for the regulating of the Treasury, it being so late, and our poverty grown so great, that they want where to set their feet, to begin to do any thing. He tells me how weary he hath for this year and a half been of the war; and how in the Duke of York's bedchamber, at Christ Church, at Oxford, when the Court was there, he did labour to persuade the Duke to fling off the care of the Navy, and get it committed to other hands; which, if he had done, would have been much to his honour, being just come home with so much honour from sea as he did. I took notice of the sharp letter he wrote, which he sent us to read yesterday, to Sir Edward Spragg,[2] where he is very plain about his leaving his charge of the ships at Gravesend, when the enemy come last up, and several other

[1] The peace was signed at Breda on the 31st July. There were three separate acts, or instruments—the first, between France and England, by which D'Estrades and Courtin agreed that all conquests made during the war should be mutually restored; the second, between England and Denmark; the third, between England and Holland. In this last it is to be observed that England retained the right of the flag.—B.

[2] "Aug. 1, 1667. Hope. Sir Edward Spragg to Williamson. It was his misfortune to go to London the Monday before the action in the Hope, on the King's affairs. Left directions with his lieutenant to carry his flag if he found opportunity of doing service, but if not, and if he retired, to strike it, which he very well observed; the gentleman that writes the Gazette has made a greater lie than the first, perhaps by the malice of some that durst not nor would do what the writer did. Was two hours aboard before he came to anchor, and then did so within gunshot of the enemy. Is sure he did the King and country service, and had he been one of the King's rebels, it would not have been forgotten. Gave many broadsides, and pressed them so much that he obliged them to quit and fire one of their fireships. Has come with his great squadron into the Hope, and brought a Swedish ship laden with deals, which the enemy quitted when pursued, aking their men out."—*Calendar of State Papers*, 1667, p. 351.

things: a copy whereof I have kept. But it is done like a most worthy man; and he says it is good, now and then, to tell these gentlemen their duties, for they need it. And it seems, as he tells me, all our Knights are fallen out one with another, he, and Jenings, and Hollis, and (his words were) they are disputing which is the coward among them; and yet men that take the greatest liberty of censuring others! Here, with him, very late, till I could hardly get a coach or link willing to go through the ruines; but I do, but will not do it again, being, indeed, very dangerous. So home and to supper, and bed, my head most full of an answer I have drawn this noon to the Committee of the Council to whom Carcasse's business is referred to be examined again.

10th. Up, and to the Office, and there finished the letter about Carcasse, and sent it away, I think well writ, though it troubles me we should be put to trouble by this rogue so much. At the office all the morning, and at noon home to dinner, where I sang and piped with my wife with great pleasure, and did hire a coach to carry us to Barnett to-morrow. After dinner I to the office, and there wrote as long as my eyes would give me leave, and then abroad and to the New Exchange, to the bookseller's[1] there, where I hear of several new books coming out—Mr. Spratt's History of the Royal Society,[2] and Mrs. Phillips's[3] poems. Sir John Denham's poems are going to be all printed together; and, among others, some new things; and among them he showed me a copy of verses of his upon Sir John Minnes's going heretofore to Bullogne to eat a pig.[4] Cowley, he tells me, is dead; who, it seems, was a mighty civil, serious man; which I did not know before.[5] Sev-

[1] To Herringman's, at the Blue Anchor, in the Lower Walk of the New Exchange. He published Mrs. Phillips's Poems, Cowley's Poems, Davenant's Works, and was the great predecessor of Jacob Tonson. He died rich, and is buried under a handsome monument at Chislehurst, in Kent.—B.

[2] The manuscript of Sprat's "History of the Royal Society" was seen by Oldenburgh in 1664, but the book was not presented to the society till the meeting of October 10th, 1667, when Dr. Wilkins submitted it (see August 16th, 1667). The Rev. Thomas Sprat, D.D., became Dean of Westminster in 1683 and Bishop of Rochester in 1684. He held both preferments till his death, May 20th, 1713 (when he was aged seventy-six). He was buried in the abbey.

[3] Catherine Fowler, wife of James Phillips, of Cardigan, and once celebrated as a distinguished poetess; best known as "the matchless Orinda." She died at the early age of thirty-three in 1664; but the praise of her contemporaries has not been sufficient tc preserve her works from oblivion.—B.

[4] The collected edition of Denham's poems is dated 1668. The verses referred to are inscribed "To Sir John Mennis being invited from Calice to Bologne to eat a pig," and two of the lines run:

"Little Admiral John
To Bologne is gone."

This occurrence took place before the Restoration.

[5] We have here a striking instance of the slow communication of intelligence. Cowley died on the 28th of July, at Chertsey; and Pepys, though in London, and at all times a great newsmonger, did not learn till the 10th of August that so distinguished a person was dead. Evelyn says that he attended Cowley's funeral on the 3rd of August, and the

eral good plays are likely to be abroad soon, as Mustapha and Henry the 5th. Here having staid and divertised myself a good while, I home again and to finish my letters by the post, and so home, and betimes to bed with my wife because of rising betimes to-morrow.

11th (Lord's day). Up by four o'clock, and ready with Mrs. Turner to take coach before five; which we did, and set on our journey, and got to the Wells at Barnett by seven o'clock, and there found many people a-drinking; but the morning is a very cold morning, so as we were very cold all the way in the coach. Here we met Joseph Batelier, and I talked with him, and here was W. Hewer also, and his uncle Steventon: so, after drinking three glasses and the women nothing, we back by coach to Barnett, where to the Red Lyon, where we 'light, and went up into the great Room, and there drank, and eat some of the best cheesecakes that ever I eat in my life, and so took coach again, and W. Hewer on horseback with us, and so to Hatfield, to the inn, next my Lord Salisbury's house, and there rested ourselves, and drank, and bespoke dinner; and so to church, it being just church-time, and there we find my Lord and my Lady Sands[1] and several fine ladies of the family, and a great many handsome faces and genteel persons more in the church, and did hear a most excellent good sermon, which pleased me mightily, and very devout; it being upon the signs of saving grace, where it is in a man, and one sign, which held him all this day, was, that where that grace was, there is also the grace of prayer, which he did handle very finely In this church lies the former Lord of Salisbury, Cecil,[2] buried in a noble tomb. So the church being done, we to our inn, and there dined very well, and mighty merry; and as soon as we had dined we walked out into the Park through the fine walk of trees, and to the Vineyard, and there shewed them that, which is in good order, and indeed a place of great delight; which, together with our fine walk through the Park, was of as much pleasure as could be desired in the world for country pleasure and good ayre. Being come back, and weary with the walk, for as I made it, it was pretty long, being come back to our inne, there the women had pleasure in putting on some straw hats, which are much worn in this country, and did become them mightily, but especially my wife. So, after resting awhile, we took coach again, and back to Barnett, where W. Hewer took us into his lodging, which is very handsome, and there did treat us very highly with cheesecakes, cream, tarts, and other good things; and then walked into the garden, which was pretty, and there filled my pockets full of filberts, and so with much pleasure. Among other things, I met in this house with a printed book of the Life of O. Cromwell,[3] to his honour as a soldier and politician, though as a

Registers of Westminster Abbey corroborate his statement (Chester's "Westminster Abbey Registers," p. 166). Cowley's corpse lay in state at Wallingford House, then the residence of the Duke of Buckingham.—B.

[1] William, sixth Baron Sandys of the Vine.

[2] Robert Cecil, the first Earl of Salisbury.

[3] "Flagellum: or the History of the Life and Death, Birth and Burial of Oliver Crom-

rebell, the first of that kind that ever I saw, and it is well done. Took coach again, and got home with great content, just at day shutting in, and so as soon as home eat a little and then to bed, with exceeding great content at our day's work.

12th. My wife waked betimes to call up her maids to washing, and so to bed again, whom I then hugged, it being cold now in the mornings. . . . Up by and by, and with Mr. Gawden by coach to St. James's, where we find the Duke gone a-hunting with the King, but found Sir W. Coventry within, with whom we discoursed, and he did largely discourse with us about our speedy falling upon considering of retrenchments in the expense of the Navy, which I will put forward as much as I can. So having done there I to Westminster Hall to Burges, and then walked to the New Exchange, and there to my bookseller's, and did buy Scott's Discourse of Witches;[1] and do hear Mr. Cowley mightily lamented his death, by Dr. Ward, the Bishop of Winchester,[2] and Dr. Bates,[3] who were standing there, as the best poet of our nation, and as good a man. Thence I to the printseller's, over against the Exchange towards Covent Garden, and there bought a few more prints of cittys, and so home with them, and my wife and maids being gone over the water to the whitster's[4] with their clothes, this being the first time of her trying this way of washing her linen, I dined at Sir W. Batten's, and after dinner, all alone to the King's playhouse, and there did happen to sit just before Mrs. Pierce, and Mrs. Knepp, who pulled me by the hair; and so I addressed myself to them, and talked to them all the intervals of the play, and did give them fruit. The play is "Brenoralt," which I do find but little in, for my part. Here was many fine ladies—among others, the German Baron, with his lady, who is envoyé from the Emperour, and their fine daughter, which hath travelled all Europe over with them, it seems; and is accordingly accomplished, and indeed, is a wonderful pretty woman. Here Sir Philip Frowde,[5] who sat next to me, did tell me how Sir H. Belasses is dead, and that the quarrel between him and Tom Porter, who is fled, did arise in the ridiculous fashion that I was first told it, which is a strange thing between two so good friends. The play being done, I took the women, and Mrs. Corbett, who was with them, by coach, it raining, to Mrs. Manuel's, the Jew's wife, formerly a player, who we heard sing with one of the Italians that was there; and, indeed, she sings mightily well, and just after the Italian man-

well, the late Usurper, by I [ames] H [eath], Gent. London, 1663," 4to., and frequently reprinted.

[1] "The Discoverie of Witchcraft," by Reginald Scot, Esq. London, 1584, 4to.; second edition, 1651; third edition, 1665.

[2] Dr. George Morley.

[3] See May 23rd, 1661.

[4] A bleacher of linen. "The whitsters of Datchet Mead" are referred to by Mrs. Ford ("Merry Wives of Windsor," act iii., sc. 3).

[5] Died August 6th, 1674. There is a monument to Sir Philip Frowde in Bath Abbey Church. See June 6th, 1666.—B.

ner, but yet do not please me like one of Mrs. Knepp's songs, to a good English tune, the manner of their ayre not pleasing me so well as the fashion of our own, nor so natural. Here I sat a little and then left them, and then by coach home, and my wife not come home, so the office a little and then home, and my wife come; and so, saying nothing where I had been, we to supper and pipe, and so to bed.

13th. Up, and to the office, where we sat busy all the morning. At noon home to dinner all alone, my wife being again at the whitster's. After dinner with Sir W. Pen to St. James's, where the rest come and attended the Duke of York, with our usual business; who, upon occasion, told us that he did expect this night or to-morrow to hear from Breda of the consummation of the peace. Thence Sir W. Pen and I to the King's house, and there saw "The Committee," which I went to with some prejudice, not liking it before, but I do now find it a very good play, and a great deal of good invention in it; but Lacy's part is so well performed that it would set off anything. The play being done, we with great pleasure home, and there I to the office to finish my letters, and then home to my chamber to sing and pipe till my wife comes home from her washing, which was nine at night, and a dark and rainy night, that I was troubled at her staying out so long. But she come well home, and so to supper and to bed.

14th. Up, and to the office, where we held a meeting extraordinary upon some particular business, and there sat all the morning. At noon, my wife being gone to the whitster's again to her clothes, I to dinner to Sir W. Batten's, where much of our discourse concerning Carcasse, who it seems do find success before the Council, and do everywhere threaten us with what he will prove against us, which do vex us to see that we must be subjected to such a rogue of our own servants as this is. By and by to talk of our prize at Hull, and Sir W. Batten offering, again and again, seriously how he would sell his part for £1,000, and I considering the knavery of Hogg and his company, and the trouble we may have with the Prince Rupert about the consort ship, and how we are linked with Sir R. Ford, whose son-in-law too is got thither, and there we intrust him with all our concern, who I doubt not is of the same trade with his father-in-law for a knave, and then the danger of the sea, if it shall be brought about, or bad debts contracted in the sale, but chiefly to be eased of my fears about all or any of this, I did offer my part to him for £700. With a little beating the bargain, we come to a perfect agreement for £666 13*s.* 4*d.*, which is two-thirds of £1,000, which is my proportion of the prize. I went to my office full of doubts and joy concerning what I had done; but, however, did put into writing the heads of our agreement, and returned to Sir W. Batten, and we both signed them; and Sir R. Ford, being come thither since, witnessed them. So having put it past further dispute I away, satisfied, and took coach and to the King's playhouse, and there saw "The Country Captain," [1] which is a very ordinary

[1] See October 26th, 1661.

play. Methinks I had no pleasure therein at all, and so home again and to my business hard till my wife come home from her clothes, and so with her to supper and to bed. No news yet come of the ratification of the peace which we have expected now every hour since yesterday.

15th. Up, and to the office betimes, where busy, and sat all the morning, vexed with more news of Carcasse's proceedings at the Council, insomuch as we four, [Sir] J. Minnes, [Sir] W. Batten, [Sir] W. Pen, and myself, did make an appointment to dine with Sir W. Coventry to-day to discourse it with him, which we did by going thither as soon as the office was up, and there dined, and very merry, and many good stories, and after dinner to our discourse about Carcasse, and how much we are troubled that we should be brought, as they say we shall, to defend our report before the Council-board with him, and to have a clerk imposed on us. He tells us in short that there is no intention in the Lords for the latter, but wholly the contrary. That they do not desire neither to do anything in disrespect to the Board, and he will endeavour to prevent, as he hath done, our coming to plead at the table with our clerk, and do believe the whole will amount to nothing at the Council, only what he shall declare in behalf of the King against the office, if he offers anything, will and ought to be received, to which we all shew a readiness, though I confess even that (though I think I am as clear as the clearest of them), yet I am troubled to think what trouble a rogue may without cause give a man, though it be only by bespattering a man, and therefore could wish that over, though I fear nothing to be proved. Thence with much satisfaction, and Sir W. Pen and I to the Duke's house, where a new play. The King and Court there: the house full, and an act begun. And so went to the King's, and there saw "The Merry Wives of Windsor:" which did not please me at all, in no part of it, and so after the play done we to the Duke's house, where my wife was by appointment in Sir W. Pen's coach, and she home, and we home, and I to my office, where busy till letters done, and then home to supper and to bed.

16th. Up, and at the office all the morning, and so at noon to dinner, and after dinner my wife and I to the Duke's playhouse, where we saw the new play acted yesterday, "The Feign Innocence, or Sir Martin Marr-all;" a play made by my Lord Duke of Newcastle, but, as every body says, corrected by Dryden.[1] It is the most entire piece of mirth, a complete farce from one end to the other, that certainly was ever writ. I never laughed so in all my life. I laughed till my head [ached] all the evening and night with the laughing; and at very good wit therein, not fooling. The house full, and in all things of mighty content to me. Thence to the New Exchange with my wife, where, at my bookseller's, I saw "The History of the Royall Society,"[2] which, I be-

[1] Downes says that the Duke gave this comedy to Dryden, who adapted it to the stage; but it is entered on the books of the Stationers Company as the production of his grace.—B.

[2] See 10th of this month.

lieve, is a fine book, and have bespoke one in quires. So home, and I to the office a little, and so to my chamber, and read the history of 88 [1] in Speede, in order to my seeing the play thereof acted to-morrow at the King's house. So to supper in some pain by the sudden change of the weather cold and my drinking of cold drink, which I must I fear begin to leave off, though I shall try it as long as I can without much pain. But I find myself to be full of wind, and my anus to be knit together as it is always with cold. Everybody wonders that we have no news from Bredah of the ratification of the peace; and do suspect that there is some stop in it. So to bed.

17th. Up, and all the morning at the office, where we sat, and my head was full of the business of Carcasse, who hath a hearing this morning before the Council and hath summonsed at least thirty persons, and which is wondrous, a great many of them, I hear, do declare more against him than for him, and yet he summonses people without distinction. Sure he is distracted. At noon home to dinner, and presently my wife and I and Sir W. Pen to the King's playhouse, where the house extraordinary full; and there was the King and Duke of York to see the new play, "Queen Elizabeth's Troubles, and the History of Eighty Eight." [2] I confess I have sucked in so much of the sad story of Queen Elizabeth, from my cradle, that I was ready to weep for her sometimes; but the play is the most ridiculous that sure ever come upon the stage; and, indeed, is merely a shew, only shews the true garbe of the Queen in those days, just as we see Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth painted: but the play is merely a puppet play, acted by living puppets. Neither the design nor language better; and one stands by and tells us the meaning of things: only I was pleased to see Knipp dance among the milkmaids, and to hear her sing a song to Queen Elizabeth; and to see her come out in her night-gowne with no lockes on, but her bare face and hair only tied up in a knot behind; which is the comeliest dress that ever I saw her in to her advantage. Thence home and went as far as Mile End with Sir W Pen, whose coach took him up there for his country-house; and after having drunk there, at the Rose and Crowne, a good house for Alderman Bide's[3] ale, we parted, and we home, and there I finished my letters, and then home to supper and to bed.

18th. (Lord's day.) Up, and being ready, walked up and down to Cree Church, to see it how it is; but I find no alteration there, as they say there was, for my Lord Mayor and Aldermen to come to sermon, as they do every

[1] 1588.

[2] Pepys here, as elsewhere, took the second title of the piece, as, perhaps, it appeared in the bills of the day. He alludes to the revival of a play by Thomas Heywood, originally printed in 1605, under the title of "If you know not me, you know nobody, or the Troubles of Queen Elizabeth," which especially relates to the defeat of the Armada in 1588. It was so popular that it went through eight or nine early editions. In 1667 it was no doubt brought out with some alterations, but probably not printed.—B.

[3] John Bide, brewer, Sheriff of London in 1647.—B.

Sunday, as they did formerly to Paul's.[1] Walked back home and to our own church, where a dull sermon and our church empty of the best sort of people, they being at their country houses, and so home, and there dined with me Mr. Turner and his daughter Betty.[2] Her mother should, but they were invited to Sir J. Minnes, where she dined and the others here with me. Betty is grown a fine lady as to carriage and discourse. I and my wife are mightily pleased with her. We had a good haunch of venison, powdered and boiled, and a good dinner and merry. After dinner comes Mr. Pelling the Potticary, whom I had sent for to dine with me, but he was engaged. After sitting an hour to talk we broke up, all leaving Pelling to talk with my wife, and I walked towards White Hall, but, being wearied, turned into St. Dunstan's Church, where I heard an able sermon of the minister[3] of the place; and stood by a pretty, modest maid, whom I did labour to take by the hand and the body; but she would not, but got further and further from me; and, at last, I could perceive her to take pins out of her pocket to prick me if I should touch her again—which seeing I did forbear, and was glad I did spy her design. And then I fell to gaze upon another pretty maid in a pew close to me, and she on me; and I did go about to take her by the hand, which she suffered a little and then withdrew. So the sermon ended, and the church broke up, and my amours ended also, and so took coach and home, and there took up my wife, and to Islington with her, our old road, but before we got to Islington, between that and Kingsland, there happened an odd adventure: one of our coach-horses fell sick of the staggers, so as he was ready to fall down. The coachman was fain to 'light, and hold him up, and cut his tongue to make him bleed, and his tail. The horse continued shaking every part of him, as if he had been in an ague, a good while, and his blood settled in his tongue, and the coachman thought and believed he would presently drop down dead; then he blew some tobacco in his nose, upon which the horse sneezed, and, by and by, grows well, and draws us the rest of our way, as well as ever he did; which was one of the strangest things of a horse I ever observed, but he says it is usual. It is the staggers. Staid and eat and drank at Islington, at the old house, and so home, and to my chamber to read, and then to supper and to bed.

19th. Up, and at the office all the morning very busy. Towards noon I to Westminster about some tallies at the Exchequer, and then straight home again and dined, and then to sing with my wife with great content, and then I to the office again, where busy, and then out and took coach and to the

[1] The church of St. Catherine Cree, having escaped the Fire, was resorted to by the Corporation after the destruction of St. Paul's and so many other ecclesiastical edifices; and Pepys probably expected to see alterations made for their accommodation.—B.

[2] Betty Turner, who is frequently mentioned after this date, appears to have been a daughter of Serjeant John Turner and his wife Jane, and younger sister of Theophila Turner (see January 4th, 6th, 1668–69).

[3] John Thompson was vicar of St. Dunstan's-in-the-West from 1662 to 1677, in which year he died.

Duke of York's house, all alone, and there saw "Sir Martin Marr-all" again, though I saw him but two days since, and do find it the most comical play that ever I saw in my life. Soon as the play done I home, and there busy till night, and then comes Mr. Moore to me only to discourse with me about some general things touching the badness of the times, how ill they look, and he do agree with most people that I meet with, that we shall fall into a commonwealth in a few years, whether we will or no; for the charge of a monarchy is such as the kingdom cannot be brought to bear willingly, nor are things managed so well now-a-days under it, as heretofore. He says every body do think that there is something extraordinary that keeps us so long from the news of the peace being ratified, which the King and the Duke of York have expected these six days. He gone, my wife and I and Mrs. Turner walked in the garden a good while till 9 at night, and then parted, and I home to supper and to read a little (which I cannot refrain, though I have all the reason in the world to favour my eyes, which every day grow worse and worse by over-using them), and then to bed.

20th. Up, and to my chamber to set down my journall for the last three days, and then to the office, where busy all the morning. At noon home to dinner, and then with my wife abroad, set her down at the Exchange, and I to St. James's, where find Sir W. Coventry alone, and fell to discourse of retrenchments; and thereon he tells how he hath already propounded to the Lords Committee of the Council [1] how he would have the Treasurer of the Navy a less man, that might not sit at the Board, but be subject to the Board. He would have two Controllers to do his work and two Surveyors, whereof one of each to take it by turns to reside at Portsmouth and Chatham by a kind of rotation; he would have but only one Clerk of the Acts. He do tell me he hath propounded how the charge of the Navy in peace shall come within £200,000, by keeping out twenty-four ships in summer, and ten in the winter. And several other particulars we went over of retrenchment: and I find I must provide some things to offer that I may be found studious to lessen the King's charge. By and by comes my Lord Bruncker, and then we up to the Duke of York, and there had a hearing of our usual business, but no money to be heard of—no, not £100 upon the most pressing service that can be imagined of bringing in the King's timber from Whittlewood,[2] while we have the utmost want of it, and no credit to provide it elsewhere, and as soon as we had done with the Duke of York, Sir W. Coventry did single [out] Sir W. Pen and me, and desired us to lend the King some money, out of the prizes we have taken by Hogg. He did not much press it, and we made but a merry answer thereto; but I perceive he did ask it seriously, and did tell us that there never was so much need of it in the world

[1] Sir William Coventry's proposal for reducing the charge of the navy was adopted by the king in council on March 16th, 1668–69. The order and the proposal are printed from the "Warrant Books" in Penn's "Memorials of Sir William Penn," vol. ii., p. 527.

[2] Whittlebury Forest, Northamptonshire.

as now, we being brought to the lowest straits that can be in the world. This troubled me much. By and by Sir W. Batten told me that he heard how Carcasse do now give out that he will hang me, among the rest of his threats of him and Pen, which is the first word I ever heard of the kind from him concerning me. It do trouble me a little, though I know nothing he can possibly find to fasten on me. Thence, with my Lord Bruncker to the Duke's Playhouse (telling my wife so at the 'Change, where I left her), and there saw "Sir Martin Marr-all" again, which I have now seen three times, and it hath been acted but four times, and still find it a very ingenious play, and full of variety. So home, and to the office, where my eyes would not suffer me to do any thing by candlelight, and so called my wife and walked in the garden. She mighty pressing for a new pair of cuffs, which I am against the laying out of money upon yet, which makes her angry. So home to supper and to bed.

21st. Up, and my wife and I fell out about the pair of cuffs, which she hath a mind to have to go to see the ladies dancing to-morrow at Betty Turner's school; and do vex me so that I am resolved to deny them her. However, by-and-by a way was found that she had them, and I well satisfied, being unwilling to let our difference grow higher upon so small an occasion and frowardness of mine. Then to the office, my Lord Bruncker and I all the morning answering petitions, which now by a new Council's order we are commanded to set a day in a week apart for, and we resolve to do it by turn, my Lord and I one week and two others another. At noon home to dinner, and then my wife and I mighty pleasant abroad, she to the New Exchange and I to the Commissioners of the Treasury, who do sit very close, and are bringing the King's charges as low as they can; but Sir W. Coventry did here again tell me that he is very serious in what he said to Sir W. Pen and me yesterday about our lending of money to the King; and says that people do talk that we had had the King's ships at his cost to take prizes, and that we ought to lend the King money more than other people. I did tell him I will consider it, and so parted; and do find I cannot avoid it. So to Westminster Hall and there staid a while, and thence to Mrs. Martin's, and there did take a little pleasure both with her and her sister. Here sat and talked, and it is a strange thing to see the impudence of the woman, that desires by all means to have her mari come home, only that she might be at liberty to have me para toker her, which is a thing I do not so much desire. Thence by coach, took up my wife, and home and out to Mile End, and there drank, and so home, and after some little reading in my chamber, to supper and to bed. This day I sent my cozen Roger a tierce of claret, which I give him. This morning come two of Captain Cooke's boys, whose voices are broke, and are gone from the Chapel, but have extraordinary skill; and they and my boy, with his broken voice, did sing three parts; their names were Blaew[1] and

[1] This could scarcely be the famous John Blow, as he would then have been nineteen years of age.

Loggings; but, notwithstanding their skill, yet to hear them sing with their broken voices, which they could not command to keep in tune, would make a man mad—so bad it was.

22nd. Up, and to the office; whence Lord Bruncker, J. Minnes, W. Pen, and I, went to examine some men that are put in there, for rescuing of men that were pressed into the service: and we do plainly see that the desperate condition that we put men into for want of their pay, makes them mad, they being as good men as ever were in the world, and would as readily serve the King again, were they but paid. Two men leapt overboard, among others, into the Thames, out of the vessel into which they were pressed, and were shot by the soldiers placed there to keep them, two days since; so much people do avoid the King's service! And then these men are pressed without money, and so we cannot punish them for any thing, so that we are forced only to make a show of severity[1] by keeping them in prison, but are unable to punish them. Returning to the office, did ask whether we might visit Commissioner Pett, to which, I confess, I have no great mind; and it was answered that he was close prisoner, and we could not; but the Lieutenant of the Tower would send for him to his lodgings, if we would: so we put it off to another time. Returned to the office, where we sat all the morning, and at noon to Captain Cocke's to dinner; where Lord Bruncker and his Lady, Matt. Wren, and Bulteale, and Sir Allen Apsly; the last of whom did make good sport, he being already fallen under the retrenchments of the new Committee, as he is Master Falconer;[2] which makes him mad, and swears that we are doing that the Parliament would have done—that is, that we are now endeavouring to destroy one another. But it was well observed by some at the table, that they do not think this retrenching of the King's charge will be so acceptable to the Parliament, they having given the King a revenue of so many £100,000's a-year more than his predecessors had, that he might live in pomp, like a king. After dinner with my Lord Bruncker and his mistress to the King's playhouse, and there saw "The Indian Emperour;" where I find Nell come again, which I am glad of; but was most infinitely displeased with her being put to act the Emperour's daughter; which is a great and serious part,[3] which she do most basely. The rest of the play, though pretty good, was not well acted by most of them, methought; so that I took no great

[1] Shooting the men was rather more than "a *show* of severity."—B.

[2] The post of Master Falconer was afterwards granted to Charles's son by Nell Gwyn, and it is still held by the Duke of St. Albans, as an hereditary office.—B.

[3] Nell Gwyn agreed with Pepys that serious parts were unsuited to her. In an Epilogue to the tragedy of the "Duke of Lerma," spoken by her, occur these lines:

"I know you, in your hearts,
Hate serious plays,—as I hate serious parts."

and in the Epilogue to "Tyrannical Love":

"I die
Out of my calling in a tragedy."

content in it. But that, that troubled me most was, that Knipp sent by Moll [1] to desire to speak to me after the play; and she beckoned to me at the end of the play, and I promised to come; but it was so late, and I forced to step to Mrs. Williams's lodgings with my Lord Bruncker and her, where I did not stay, however, for fear of her shewing me her closet, and thereby forcing me to give her something; and it was so late, that for fear of my wife's coming home before me, I was forced to go straight home, which troubled me. Home and to the office a little, and then home and to my chamber to read, and anon, late, comes home my wife, with Mr. Turner and Mrs. Turner, with whom she supped, having been with Mrs. Turner to-day at her daughter's school, to see her daughters dancing, and the rest, which she says is fine. They gone, I to supper and to bed. My wife very fine to-day, in her new suit of laced cuffs and perquisites. This evening Pelling comes to me, and tells me that this night the Dutch letters are come, and that the peace was proclaimed there the 19th inst., and that all is finished; which, for my life, I know not whether to be glad or sorry for, a peace being so necessary, and yet the peace is so bad in its terms.

23rd. Up, and Greeting comes, who brings me a tune for two flageolets, which we played, and is a tune played at the King's playhouse, which goes so well, that I will have more of them, and it will be a mighty pleasure for me to have my wife able to play a part with me, which she will easily, I find, do. Then abroad to White Hall in a hackney-coach with Sir W. Pen: and in our way, in the narrow street near Paul's, going the backway by Tower Street, and the coach being forced to put back, he was turning himself into a cellar,[2] which made people cry out to us, and so we were forced to leap out—he out of one, and I out of the other boote;[3] *Query,* whether a glass-coach would have permitted us to have made the escape? [4] neither of us getting any hurt; nor could the coach have got much hurt had we been in it; but, however, there was cause enough for us to do what we could to save ourselves. So being all dusty, we put into the Castle tavern, by the Savoy, and there brushed ourselves, and then to White Hall with our fellows to attend the Council, by order upon some proposition of my Lord Anglesey, we were called in. The

[1] Orange Moll, of the King's Playhouse.

[2] So much of London was yet in ruins.—B.

[3] The "boot" was originally a projection on each side of the coach, where the passengers sat with their backs to the carriage. Such a "boot" is seen in the carriage containing the attendants of Queen Elizabeth, in Hoefnagel's well-known picture of Nonsuch Palace, dated 1582. Taylor, the Water Poet, the inveterate opponent of the introduction of coaches, thus satirizes the one in which he was forced to take his place as a passenger: "It wears two boots and no spurs, sometimes having two pairs of legs in one boot; and oftentimes against nature most preposterously it makes fair ladies wear the boot. Moreover, it makes people imitate sea-crabs, in being drawn sideways, as they are when they sit in the boot of the coach." In course of time these projections were abolished, and the coach then consisted of three parts, viz., the body, the boot (on the top of which the coachman sat), and the baskets at the back.

[4] See note on introduction of glass coaches, September 23rd, 1667.

King there: and it was about considering how the fleete might be discharged at their coming in shortly (the peace being now ratified, and it takes place on Monday next, which Sir W. Coventry said would make some clashing between some of us twenty to one, for want of more warning, but the wind has kept the boats from coming over), whether by money or tickets, and cries out against tickets, but the matter was referred for us to provide an answer to, which we must do in a few days. So we parted, and I to Westminster to the Exchequer, to see what sums of money other people lend upon the Act; and find of all sizes from £1,000 to £100—nay, to £50, nay, to £20, nay, to £5: for I find that one Dr. Reade, Doctor of Law, gives no more, and others of them £20; which is a poor thing, methinks, that we should stoop so low as to borrow such sums. Upon the whole, I do think to lend, since I must lend, £300, though, God knows! it is much against my will to lend any, unless things were in better condition, and likely to continue so. Thence home and there to dinner, and after dinner by coach out again, setting my wife down at Unthanke's, and I to the Treasury-chamber, where I waited, talking with Sir G. Downing, till the Lords met. He tells me how he will make all the Exchequer officers, of one side and t'other, to lend the King money upon the Act; and that the least clerk shall lend money, and he believes the least will £100: but this I do not believe. He made me almost ashamed that we of the Navy had not in all this time lent any; so that I find it necessary I should, and so will speedily do it, before any of my fellows begin, and lead me to a bigger sum. By and by the Lords come; and I perceive Sir W. Coventry is the man, and nothing done till he comes. Among other things, I hear him observe, looking over a paper, that Sir John Shaw is a miracle of a man, for he thinks he executes more places than any man in England; for there he finds him a Surveyor of some of the King's woods, and so reckoned up many other places, the most inconsistent in the world. Their business with me was to consider how to assigne such of our commanders as will take assignements upon the Act for their wages; and the consideration thereof was referred to me to give them an answer the next sitting: which is a horrid poor thing: but they scruple at nothing of honour in the case. So away hence, and called my wife, and to the King's house, and saw "The Mayden Queene," which pleases us mightily; and then away, and took up Mrs. Turner at her door, and so to Mile End, and there drank, and so back to her house, it being a fine evening, and there supped. The first time I ever was there since they lived there; and she hath all things so neat and well done, that I am mightily pleased with her, and all she do. So here very merry, and then home and to bed, my eyes being very bad. I find most people pleased with their being at ease, and safe of a peace, that they may know no more charge or hazard of an ill-managed war: but nobody speaking of the peace with any content or pleasure, but are silent in it, as of a thing they are ashamed of; no, not at Court, much less in the City.

24th (St. Bartholomew's day). This morning was proclaimed the peace[1] between us and the States of the United Provinces, and also of the King of France and Denmarke; and in the afternoon the Proclamations were printed and come out; and at night the bells rung, but no bonfires that I hear of any where, partly from the dearness of firing, but principally from the little content most people have in the peace. All the morning at the office. At noon dined, and Creed with me, at home. After dinner we to a play, and there saw "The Cardinall" at the King's house, wherewith I am mightily pleased; but, above all, with Becke Marshall. But it is pretty to observe how I look up and down for, and did spy Knipp; but durst not own it to my wife that I see her, for fear of angering her, who do not like my kindness to her, and so I was forced not to take notice of her, and so homeward, leaving Creed at the Temple: and my belly now full with plays, that I do intend to bind myself to see no more till Michaelmas. So with my wife to Mile End, and there drank of Bide's ale, and so home. Most of our discourse is about our keeping a coach the next year, which pleases my wife mightily; and if I continue as able as now, it will save us money. This day comes a letter from the Duke of York to the Board to invite us, which is as much as to fright us, into the lending the King money; which is a poor thing, and most dishonourable, and shows in what a case we are at the end of the war to our neighbours. And the King do now declare publickly to give 10 per cent. to all lenders; which makes some think that the Dutch themselves will send over money, and lend it upon our publick faith, the Act of Parliament. So home and to my office, wrote a little, and then home to supper and to bed.

25th (Lord's day). Up, and to church, and thence home; and Pelling comes by invitation to dine with me, and much pleasant discourse with him. After dinner, away by water to White Hall, where I landed Pelling, who is going to his wife, where she is in the country, at Parson's Greene:[2] and myself to Westminster, and there at the Swan I did baiser Frank, and to the parish church, thinking to see Betty Michell; and did stay an hour in the crowd, thinking, by the end of a nose that I saw, that it had been her; but at last the head turned towards me, and it was her mother, which vexed me, and so I back to my boat, which had broke one of her oars in rowing, and had now fastened it again; and so I up to Putney, and there stepped into the church, to look upon the fine people there, whereof there is great store, and the young ladies; and so walked to Barne-Elmes, whither I sent Russel,[3] reading of Boyle's Hydrostatickes, which are of infinite delight. I walked in the Elmes a good while, and then to my boat, and leisurely home, with great pleasure to myself; and there supped, and W. Hewer with us, with whom a great deal of good talk touching the Office, and so to bed.

26th. Up, and Greeting come, and I reckoned with him for his teaching

[1] See August 9th.
[2] In the parish of Fulham, Middlesex.
[3] His waterman.

of my wife and me upon the flageolet to this day, and so paid him for having as much as he can teach us. Then to the Office, where we sat upon a particular business all the morning: and my Lord Anglesey with us: who, and my Lord Bruncker, do bring us news how my Lord Chancellor's seal is to be taken away from him to-day. The thing is so great and sudden to me, that it put me into a very great admiration what should be the meaning of it; and they do not own that they know what it should be: but this is certain, that the King did resolve it on Saturday, and did yesterday send the Duke of Albemarle, the only man fit for those works, to him for his purse: to which the Chancellor answered, that he received it from the King, and would deliver it to the King's own hand, and so civilly returned the Duke of Albemarle without it; and this morning my Lord Chancellor is to be with the King, to come to an end in the business. After sitting, we rose, and my wife being gone abroad with Mrs. Turner to her washing at the whitster's, I dined at Sir W. Batten's, where Mr. Boreman was, who come from White Hall; who tells us that he saw my Lord Chancellor come in his coach with some of his men, without his Seal, to White Hall to his chamber; and thither the King and Duke of York come and staid together alone, an hour or more: and it is said that the King do say that he will have the Parliament meet, and that it will prevent much trouble by having of him out of their enmity, by his place being taken away; for that all their enmity will be at him. It is said also that my Lord Chancellor answers, that he desires he may be brought to his trial, if he have done any thing to lose his office; and that he will be willing, and is most desirous, to lose that, and his head both together. Upon what terms they parted nobody knows: but the Chancellor looked sad, he says. Then in comes Sir Richard Ford, and says he hears that there is nobody more presses to reconcile the King and Chancellor than the Duke of Albemarle and Duke of Buckingham: the latter of which is very strange, not only that he who was so lately his enemy should do it, but that this man, that but the other day was in danger of losing his own head, should so soon come to be a mediator for others: it shows a wise Government. They all say that he [Clarendon] is but a poor man, not worth above £3,000 a-year in land; but this I cannot believe: and all do blame him for having built so great a house, till he had got a better estate. Having dined, Sir J. Minnes and I to White Hall, where we could be informed in no more than we were told before, nobody knowing the result of the meeting, but that the matter is suspended. So I walked to the King's playhouse, there to meet Sir W. Pen, and saw "The Surprizall,"[1] a very mean play, I thought: or else it was because I was out of humour, and but very little company in the house. But there Sir W. Pen and I had a great deal of discourse with Moll; who tells us that Nell is already left by my Lord Buckhurst, and that he makes sport of her, and swears she hath had all she could get of him; and

[1] See April 8th, 1667.

Hart,[1] her great admirer, now hates her; and that she is very poor, and hath lost my Lady Castlemayne, who was her great friend also: but she is come to the House, but is neglected by them all.[2] Thence with Sir W. Pen home, and I to the office, where late about business, and then home to supper, and so to bed.

27th. Up, and am invited betimes to be godfather to-morrow to Captain Poole's child with my Lady Pen and Lady Batten, which I accepted out of complaisance to them, and so to the office, where we sat all the morning. At noon dined at home, and then my wife and I, with Sir W. Pen, to the New Exchange, set her down, and he and I to St. James's, where Sir J. Minnes, [Sir] W. Batten, and we waited upon the Duke of York, but did little business, and he, I perceive, his head full of other business, and of late hath not been very ready to be troubled with any of our business. Having done with him, Sir J. Minnes, [Sir] W. Batten and I to White Hall, and there hear how it is like to go well enough with my Lord Chancellor; that he is like to keep his Seal, desiring that he may stand his trial in Parliament, if they will accuse him of any thing. Here Sir J. Minnes and I looking upon the pictures; and Mr. Chevins,[3] being by, did take us, of his own accord, into the King's closet, to shew us some pictures, which, indeed, is a very noble place, and exceeding great variety of brave pictures, and the best hands. I could have spent three or four hours there well, and we had great liberty to look: and Chevins seemed to take pleasure to shew us, and commend the pictures. Having done here, I to the Exchange, and there find my wife gone with Sir W. Pen. So I to visit Colonel Fitzgerald,[4] who hath been long sick at Woolwich, where most of the officers and soldiers quartered there, since the Dutch being in the river, have died or been sick, and he among the rest; and, by the growth of his beard and gray [hairs], I did not know him. His desire to speak with me was about the late command for my paying no more pensions for Tangier. Thence home, and there did business, and so in the evening home to supper and to bed. This day Mr. Pierce, the surgeon, was with me; and tells me how this business of my Lord Chancellor's was certainly designed in my Lady Castlemayne's chamber; and that, when he went from the King on Monday morning, she was in bed, though about twelve o'clock, and ran out in her smock into her aviary

[1] Charles Hart, great-nephew of Shakespeare, a favourite actor. He is credited with being Nell Gwyn's first lover (or Charles I., as the wits put it), and with having brought her on the stage. He died of stone, and was buried at Stanmore Magna, Middlesex, where he had a country house.

[2] Lord Buckhurst's *liaison* with Nell Gwyn probably came to an end about this time. We learn from Pepys that in January, 1667–68, the king sent several times for Nelly (see January 11th, 1667–68). Nell's eldest son by Charles II., Charles Beauclerc, was not born till May 8th, 1670. He was created Earl of Burford in 1676 and Duke of St. Albans in 1684.

[3] William Chiffinch (see *ante*, April 8th, 1666, and November 18th, 1666).

[4] Deputy-Governor of Tangier.

looking into White Hall garden; and thither her woman brought her her nightgown; and stood joying herself at the old man's going away: and several of the gallants of White Hall, of which there were many staying to see the Chancellor return, did talk to her in her birdcage; among others, Blancford,[1] telling her she was the bird of paradise.[2]

28th. Up; and staid undressed till my tailor's boy did mend my vest, in order to my going to the christening anon. Then out and to White Hall, to attend the Council, by their order, with an answer to their demands touching our advice for the paying off of the seamen, when the ships shall come in, which answer is worth seeing, shewing the badness of our condition. There, when I come, I was forced to stay till past twelve o'clock, in a crowd of people in the lobby, expecting the hearing of the great cause of Alderman Barker[3] against my Lord Deputy of Ireland, for his ill usage in his business of land there; but the King and Council sat so long, as they neither heard them nor me. So when they rose, I into the House, and saw the King and Queen at dinner, and heard a little of their viallins' musick, and so home, and there to dinner, and in the afternoon with my Lady Batten, Pen, and her daughter, and my wife, to Mrs. Poole's, where I mighty merry among the women, and christened the child, a girl, Elizabeth, which, though a girl, yet my Lady Batten would have me to give the name. After christening comes Sir W. Batten, [Sir] W. Pen, and Mr. Lowther, and mighty merry there, and I forfeited for not kissing the two godmothers presently after the christening, before I kissed the mother, which made good mirth; and so anon away, and my wife and I took coach and went twice round Bartholomew fayre; which I was glad to see again, after two years missing it by the plague, and so home and to my chamber a little, and so to supper and to bed.

29th. Up, and Mr. Moore comes to me, and among other things tells me that my Lord Crew and his friends take it very ill of me that my Lord Sandwich's sea-fee should be retrenched, and so reported from this Office, and I give them no notice of it. The thing, though I know to be false—at least, that nothing went from our office towards it—yet it troubled me, and therefore after the office rose I went and dined with my Lord Crew, and before dinner I did enter into that discourse, and laboured to satisfy him; but found, though he said little, yet that he was not yet satisfied; but after dinner did pray me to go and see how it was, whether true or no. Did tell me if I was not their friend, they could trust to nobody, and that he did not forget my service and love to my Lord, and adventures for him in dangerous times, and therefore would not willingly doubt me now; but yet asked my

[1] See note, February 3rd, 1664–65.

[2] Clarendon refers to this scene in the continuation of his Life (ed. 1827, vol. iii., p. 291), and Lister writes: "Lady Castlemaine rose hastily from her noontide bed, and came out into her aviary, anxious to read in the saddened air of her distinguished enemy some presage of his fall" ("Life of Clarendon," vol. ii., p. 412).

[3] William Barker, who married Martha, daughter of William Turner, and widow of Daniel Williams. His son William was created a baronet in 1676.—B.

pardon if, upon this news, he did begin to fear it. This did mightily trouble me: so I away thence to White Hall, but could do nothing. So home, and there wrote all my letters, and then, in the evening, to White Hall again, and there met Sir Richard Browne, Clerk to the Committee for retrenchments, who assures me no one word was ever yet mentioned about my Lord's salary. This pleased me, and I to Sir G. Carteret, who I find in the same doubt about it, and assured me he saw it in our original report, my Lord's name with a discharge against it. This, though I know to be false, or that it must be a mistake in my clerk, I went back to Sir R. Browne and got a sight of their paper, and find how the mistake arose, by the ill copying of it out for the Council from our paper sent to the Duke of York, which I took away with me and shewed Sir G. Carteret, and thence to my Lord Crew, and the mistake ended very merrily, and to all our contents, particularly my own, and so home, and to the office, and then to my chamber late, and so to supper and to bed. I find at Sir G. Carteret's that they do mightily joy themselves in the hopes of my Lord Chancellor's getting over this trouble; and I make them believe, and so, indeed, I do believe he will, that my Lord Chancellor is become popular by it. I find by all hands that the Court is at this day all to pieces, every man of a faction of one sort or other, so as it is to be feared what it will come to. But that, that pleases me is, I hear to-night that Mr. Bruncker is turned away yesterday by the Duke of York, for some bold words he was heard by Colonel Werden[1] to say in the garden, the day the Chancellor was with the King—that he believed the King would be hectored out of everything. For this the Duke of York, who all say hath been very strong for his father-in-law at this trial, hath turned him away: and every body, I think, is glad of it; for he was a pestilent rogue, an atheist, that would have sold his King and country for 6*d*. almost, so covetous and wicked a rogue he is, by all men's report. But one observed to me, that there never was the occasion of men's holding their tongues at Court and everywhere else as there is at this day, for nobody knows which side will be uppermost.

30th. Up, and to White Hall, where at the Council Chamber I hear Barker's business is like to come to a hearing to-day, having failed the last day. I therefore to Westminster to see what I could do in my 'Chequer business about Tangier, and finding nothing to be done, returned, and in the Lobby staid till almost noon expecting to hear Barker's business, but it was not called, so I come away. Here I met with Sir G. Downing, who tells me of Sir W. Pen's offering to lend £500; and I tell him of my £300, which he would have me to lend upon the credit of the latter part of the Act; saying, that by that means my 10 per cent. will continue to me the longer. But I understand better, and will do it upon the £380,000, which will come to

[1] Colonel Robert Werden afterwards held office under James II. and Queen Mary, and obtained the rank of major-general. His eldest son, John, was created a baronet in 1672. See note to June 24th, 1667.

be paid the sooner; there being no delight in lending money now, to be paid by the King two years hence. But here he and Sir William Doyly were attending the Council as Commissioners for sick and wounded, and prisoners: and they told me their business, which was to know how we shall do to release our prisoners; for it seems the Dutch have got us to agree in the treaty, as they fool us in anything, that the dyet of the prisoners on both sides shall be paid for, before they be released; which they have done, knowing ours to run high, they having more prisoners of ours than we have of theirs; so that they are able and most ready to discharge the debt of theirs, but we are neither able nor willing to do that for ours, the debt of those in Zealand only, amounting to above £5,000 for men taken in the King's own ships, besides others taken in merchantmen, which expect, as is usual, that the King should redeem them; but I think he will not, by what Sir G. Downing says. This our prisoners complain of there; and say in their letters, which Sir G. Downing shewed me, that they have made a good feat that they should be taken in the service of the King, and the King not pay for their victuals while prisoners for him. But so far they are from doing thus with their men, as we do to discourage ours, that I find in the letters of some of our prisoners there, which he shewed me, that they have with money got our men, that they took, to work and carry their ships home for them; and they have been well rewarded, and released when they come into Holland: which is done like a noble, brave, and wise people. Having staid out my time that I thought fit for me to return home, I home and there took coach and with my wife to Walthamstow, to Sir W. Pen's, by invitation, the first time I have been there, and there find him and all their guests (of our office only) at dinner, which was a very bad dinner, and everything suitable, that I never knew people in my life that make their flutter, that do things so meanly. I was sick to see it, but was merry at some ridiculous humours of my Lady Batten, who, as being an ill-bred woman, would take exceptions at anything any body said, and I made good sport at it. After dinner into the garden and wilderness, which is like the rest of the house, nothing in order, nor looked after. By and by comes newes that my Lady Viner was come to see Mrs. Lowther, which I was glad of, and all the pleasure I had here was to see her, which I did, and saluted her, and find she is pretty, though not so eminently so as people talked of her, and of very pretty carriage and discourse. I sat with them and her an hour talking and pleasant, and then slunk away alone without taking leave, leaving my wife there to come home with them, and I to Bartholomew fayre, to walk up and down; and there, among other things, find my Lady Castlemayne at a puppet-play, "Patient Grizill," [1] and the street full of people expecting her coming

[1] The well-known story, first told by Boccaccio, then by Petrarca, afterwards by Chaucer, and which has since become proverbial. Tom Warton, writing about 1770, says, "I need not mention that it is to this day represented in England, on a stage of the lowest species, and of the highest antiquity: I mean at a puppet show" ("Hist. of English Poetry," sect. xv.).—B.

out. I confess I did wonder at her courage to come abroad, thinking the people would abuse her; but they, silly people! do not know her work she makes, and therefore suffered her with great respect to take coach, and she away, without any trouble at all, which I wondered at, I confess. I only walked up and down, and, among others, saw Tom Pepys, the turner, who hath a shop, and I think lives in the fair when the fair is not. I only asked how he did as he stood in the street, and so up and down sauntering till late and then home, and there discoursed with my wife of our bad entertainment to-day, and so to bed. I met Captain Cocke to-day at the Council Chamber and took him with me to Westminster, who tells me that there is yet expectation that the Chancellor will lose the Seal, and that he is sure that the King hath said it to him who told it him, and he fears we shall be soon broke in pieces, and assures me that there have been high words between the Duke of York and Sir W. Coventry, for his being so high against the Chancellor; so as the Duke of York would not sign some papers that he brought, saying that he could not endure the sight of him: and that Sir W. Coventry answered, that what he did was in obedience to the King's commands; and that he did not think any man fit to serve a Prince, that did not know how to retire and live a country life. This is all I hear.

31st. At the office all the morning; where, by Sir W. Pen, I do hear that the Seal was fetched away to the King yesterday from the Lord Chancellor by Secretary Morrice; which puts me into a great horror, to have it done after so much debate and confidence that it would not be done at last. When we arose I took a turn with Lord Bruncker in the garden, and he tells me that he hath of late discoursed about this business with Sir W. Coventry, who he finds is the great man in the doing this business of the Chancellor's, and that he do persevere in it, though against the Duke of York's opinion, to which he says that the Duke of York was once of the same mind, and if he hath thought fit since, for any reason, to alter his mind, he hath not found any to alter his own, and so desires to be excused, for it is for the King's and kingdom's good. And it seems that the Duke of York himself was the first man that did speak to the King of this, though he hath since altered his mind; and that W. Coventry did tell the Duke of York that he was not fit to serve a Prince that did not know how to retire, and live a private life; and that he was ready for that, if it be his and the King's pleasure. After having wrote my letters at the office in the afternoon, I in the evening to White Hall to see how matters go, and there I met with Mr. Ball, of the Excise-office, and he tells me that the Seal is delivered to Sir Orlando Bridgeman;[1] the man of the whole nation that is the best spoken

[1] Sir Orlando Bridgman (1608–1674) was appointed Lord Keeper on August 30th, but no successor was appointed to take his place at the Common Pleas till May, 1668, when Sir John Vaughan became Chief Justice. During the interval Bridgman filled both offices.

of, and will please most people; and therefore I am mighty glad of it. He was then at my Lord Arlington's, whither I went, expecting to see him come out; but staid so long, and Sir W. Coventry coming thither, whom I had not a mind should see me there idle upon a post-night, I went home without seeing him; but he is there with his Seal in his hand. So I home, took up my wife, whom I left at Unthanke's, and so home, and after signing my letters to bed. This day, being dissatisfied with my wife's learning so few songs of Goodgroome, I did come to a new bargain with him to teach her songs at so much, viz., 10*s*. a song, which he accepts of, and will teach her.

September 1st (Lord's day). Up, and betimes by water from the Tower, and called at the Old Swan for a glass of strong water, and sent word to have little Michell and his wife come and dine with us to-day; and so, taking in a gentleman and his lady that wanted a boat, I to Westminster. Setting them on shore at Charing Cross, I to Mrs. Martin's, where I had two pair of cuffs which I bespoke, and there did sit and talk with her . . . and here I did see her little girle my goddaughter, which will be pretty, and there having staid a little I away to Creed's chamber, and when he was ready away to White Hall, where I met with several people and had my fill of talk. Our new Lord-keeper, Bridgeman, did this day, the first time, attend the King to chapel with his Seal. Sir H. Cholmly tells me there are hopes that the women will also have a rout, and particularly that my Lady Castlemayne is coming to a composition with the King to be gone; but how true this is, I know not. Blancfort is made Privy-purse to the Duke of York; the Attorney-general [1] is made Chief Justice, in the room of my Lord Bridgeman; the Solicitor-general [2] is made Attorney-general; and Sir Edward Turner made Solicitor-general. It is pretty to see how strange every body looks, nobody knowing whence this arises; whether from my Lady Castlemayne, Bab. May, and their faction; or from the Duke of York, notwithstanding his great appearance of defence of the Chancellor; or from Sir William Coventry, and some few with him. But greater changes are yet expected. So home and by water to dinner, where comes Pelling and young Michell and his wife, whom I have not seen a great while, poor girle, and then comes Mr. Howe, and all dined with me very merry, and spent all the afternoon, Pelling, Howe, and I, and my boy, singing of Lock's response to the Ten Commandments,[3] which he hath set very finely, and was a good while since sung before the King, and spoiled in the performance, which

[1] Sir Geoffrey Palmer continued to hold the office of Attorney-General until 1670.

[2] Sir Heneage Finch also continued as Solicitor-General till 1670, when he was succeeded by Sir Edward Turner.

[3] In a service which Lock wrote for the Chapel Royal he set each response to the commandments in a different way. He published his setting with a preface, in which he abused those who disapproved of his innovation, under the title, "Modern Church Musick, Pre-accused, Censur'd and Obstructed in its Performance before his Majesty, April 1st, 1666. Vindicated by the Author, Matt. Lock, Composer-in-Ordinary to His Majesty."

occasioned his printing them for his vindication, and are excellent good. They parted, in the evening my wife and I to walk in the garden and there scolded a little, I being doubtful that she had received a couple of fine pinners (one of point de Gesne),[1] which I feared she hath from some [one] or other of a present; but, on the contrary, I find she hath bought them for me to pay for them, without my knowledge. This do displease me much; but yet do so much please me better than if she had received them the other way, that I was not much angry, but fell to other discourse, and so to my chamber, and got her to read to me for saving of my eyes, and then, having got a great cold, I know not how, I to bed and lay ill at ease all the night.

2nd. This day is kept in the City as a publick fast for the fire this day twelve months: but I was not at church, being commanded, with the rest, to attend the Duke of York; and, therefore, with Sir J. Minnes to St. James's, where we had much business before the Duke of York, and observed all things to be very kind between the Duke of York and W. Coventry, which did mightily joy me. When we had done, Sir W. Coventry called me down with him to his chamber, and there told me that he is leaving the Duke of York's service, which I was amazed at. But he tells me that it is not with the least unkindness on the Duke of York's side, though he expects, and I told him he was in the right, it will be interpreted otherwise, because done just at this time; "but," says he, "I did desire it a good while since, and the Duke of York did, with much entreaty, grant it, desiring that I would say nothing of it, that he might have time and liberty to choose his successor, without being importuned for others whom he should not like:" and that he hath chosen Mr. Wren, which I am glad of, he being a very ingenious man; and so Sir W. Coventry says of him, though he knows him little; but particularly commends him for the book he writ in answer to "Harrington's Oceana," [2] which, for that reason, I intend to buy. He tells me the true reason is, that he, being a man not willing to undertake more business than he can go through, and being desirous to have his whole time to spend upon the business of the Treasury, and a little for his own ease, he did desire this of the Duke of York. He assures me that the kindness with which he goes away from the Duke of York is one of the greatest joys that ever he had in the world. I used some freedom with him, telling him how the world hath discoursed of his having offended the Duke of York, about the late business of the Chancellor. He do not deny it, but says that perhaps the Duke of York might have some reason for it, he opposing him in a thing wherein he was so earnest: but tells me, that, notwithstanding all that, the Duke of York does not now, nor can blame him; for he tells me that he was the man that did propose the removal of the Chancellor; and that he did still persist in it, and at this day publickly owns it, and is glad of it; but that

[1] The point laces of Genoa, which were so much prized in the seventeenth century, were all the work of the pillow (Planché's "Cyclopædia of Costume," Lace).

[2] See note, March 7th, 1666.

the Duke of York knows that he did first speak of it to the Duke of York, before he spoke to any mortal creature besides, which was fair dealing: and the Duke of York was then of the same mind with him, and did speak of it to the King; though since, for reasons best known to himself, he was afterwards altered. I did then desire to know what was the great matter that grounded his desire of the Chancellor's removal? He told me many things not fit to be spoken, and yet not any thing of his being unfaithful to the King; but, *instar omnium*, he told me, that while he was so great at the Council-board, and in the administration of matters, there was no room for any body to propose any remedy to what was amiss, or to compass any thing, though never so good for the kingdom, unless approved of by the Chancellor, he managing all things with that greatness which now will be removed, that the King may have the benefit of others' advice. I then told him that the world hath an opinion that he hath joined himself with my Lady Castlemayne's faction in this business; he told me, he cannot help it, but says they are in an errour: but for first he will never, while he lives, truckle under any body or any faction, but do just as his own reason and judgment directs: and, when he cannot use that freedom, he will have nothing to do in public affairs: but then he added, that he never was the man that ever had any discourse with my Lady Castlemayne, or with others from her, about this or any public business, or ever made her a visit, or at least not this twelvemonth, or been in her lodgings but when called on any business to attend the King there, nor hath had any thing to do in knowing her mind in this business. He ended all with telling me that he knows that he that serves a Prince must expect, and be contented to stand, all fortunes, and be provided to retreat, and that that he is most willing to do whenever the King shall please. And so we parted, he setting me down out of his coach at Charing Cross, and desired me to tell Sir W. Pen what he had told me of his leaving the Duke of York's service, that his friends might not be the last that know it. I took a coach and went homewards; but then turned again, and to White Hall, where I met with many people; and, among other things, do learn that there is some fear that Mr. Bruncker is got into the King's favour, and will be cherished there; which will breed ill will between the King and Duke of York, he lodging at this time in White Hall since he was put away from the Duke of York: and he is great with Bab. May, my Lady Castlemayne, and that wicked crew. But I find this denied by Sir G. Carteret, who tells me that he is sure he hath no kindness from the King; that the King at first, indeed, did endeavour to persuade the Duke of York from putting him away; but when, besides this business of his ill words concerning his Majesty in the business of the Chancellor, he told him that he hath had, a long time, a mind to put him away for his ill offices, done between him and his wife, the King held his peace, and said no more, but wished him to do what he pleased with him; which was very noble. I met with Fenn; and he tells me, as I do hear from some others, that the business of the

Chancellor's had proceeded from something of a mistake, for the Duke of York did first tell the King that the Chancellor had a desire to be eased of his great trouble; and that the King, when the Chancellor come to him, did wonder to hear him deny it, and the Duke of York was forced to deny to the King that ever he did tell him so in those terms: but the King did answer that he was sure that he did say some such thing to him; but, however, since it had gone so far, did desire him to be contented with it, as a thing very convenient for him as well as for himself (the King), and so matters proceeded, as we find. Now it is likely the Chancellor might, some time or other, in a compliment or vanity, say to the Duke of York, that he was weary of this burden, and I know not what; and this comes of it. Some people, and myself among them, are of good hope from this change that things are reforming; but there are others that do think but that it is a hit of chance, as all other our greatest matters are, and that there is no general plot or contrivance in any number of people what to do next, though, I believe, Sir W. Coventry may in himself have further designs; and so that, though other changes may come, yet they shall be accidental and laid upon [no] good principles of doing good. Mr. May[1] shewed me the King's new buildings, in order to their having of some old sails for the closing of the windows this winter. I dined with Sir G. Carteret, with whom dined Mr. Jack Ashburnham and Dr. Creeton, who I observe to be a most good man and scholar. In discourse at dinner concerning the change of men's humours and fashions touching meats, Mr. Ashburnham told us, that he remembers since the only fruit in request, and eaten by the King and Queen at table as the best fruit, was the Katharine payre,[2] though they knew at the time other fruits of France and our own country. After dinner comes in Mr. Townsend; and there I was witness of a horrid rateing, which Mr. Ashburnham, as one of the Grooms of the King's Bedchamber, did give him for want of linen for the King's person; which he swore was not to be endured, and that the King would not endure it, and that the King his father, would have hanged his Wardrobe-man should he have been served so: the King having at this day no handkerchers, and but three bands to his neck, he swore. Mr. Townsend answered want of money, and the owing of the linen-draper £5,000; and that he hath of late got many rich things made—beds, and sheets, and saddles, and all without money, and he can go no further: but still this old man, indeed, like an old loving servant, did cry out for the King's person to be neglected. But, when he was gone, Townsend told me that it is the grooms taking away the King's linen at the quarter's end, as

[1] Hugh May.

[2] A small variety of pear.

"For streaks of red were mingled there
Such as are on a Catherine pear,
The side that's next the sun."
Suckling.

their fees, which makes this great want: for, whether the King can get it or no, they will run away at the quarter's end with what he hath had, let the King get more as he can. All the company gone, Sir G. Carteret and I to talk: and it is pretty to observe how already he says that he did always look upon the Chancellor indeed as his friend, though he never did do him any service at all, nor ever got any thing by him, nor was he a man apt, and that, I think, is true, to do any man any kindness of his own nature; though I do know that he was believed by all the world to be the greatest support of Sir G. Carteret with the King of any man in England: but so little is now made of it! He observes that my Lord Sandwich will lose a great friend in him; and I think so too, my Lord Hinchingbroke being about a match calculated purely out of respect to my Lord Chancellor's family.[1] By and by Sir G. Carteret, and Townsend, and I, to consider of an answer to the Commissioners of the Treasury about my Lord Sandwich's profits in the Wardrobe; which seem, as we make them, to be very small, not £1,000 a-year; but only the difference in measure at which he buys and delivers out to the King, and then 6*d*. in the pound from the tradesmen for what money he receives for him; but this, it is believed, these Commissioners will endeavour to take away. From him I went to see a great match at tennis, between Prince Rupert and one Captain Cooke,[2] against Bab. May and the elder Chichly; where the King was, and Court; and it seems are the best players at tennis in the nation. But this puts me in mind of what I observed in the morning, that the King, playing at tennis, had a steele-yard carried to him, and I was told it was to weigh him after he had done playing; and at noon Mr. Ashburnham told me that it is only the King's curiosity, which he usually hath of weighing himself before and after his play, to see how much he loses in weight by playing: and this day he lost 4½ lbs. Thence home and took my wife out to Mile End Green, and there I drank, and so home, having a very fine evening. Then home, and I to Sir W. Batten and [Sir] W. Pen, and there discoursed of Sir W. Coventry's leaving the Duke of York, and Mr. Wren's succeeding him. They told me both seriously, that they had long cut me out for Secretary to the Duke of York, if ever [Sir] W. Coventry left him; which, agreeing with what I have heard from other hands heretofore, do make me not only think that something of that kind hath been thought on, but do comfort me to see that the world hath such an esteem of my qualities as to think me fit for any such thing. Though I am glad, with all my heart, that I am not so; for it would never please me to be forced to the attendance that that would require, and leave my wife and family to themselves, as I must do in such a case; thinking myself now in the best place that ever man was in to please his own mind in, and, therefore,

[1] See April 29th, 1667.

[2] Captain Thomas Cooke was master of the Tennis Court at Whitehall, which probably was a reproduction of the one at Hampton Court (Julian Marshall's "Annals of Tennis," 1878, p. 88).

I will take care to preserve it. So to bed, my cold remaining though not so much upon me. This day Nell, an old tall maid, come to live with us, a cook maid recommended by Mr. Batelier.

3rd. All the morning, business at the office, dined at home, then in the afternoon set my wife down at the Exchange, and I to St. James's, and there attended the Duke of York about the list of ships that we propose to sell: and here there attended Mr. Wren the first time, who hath not yet, I think, received the Duke of York's seal and papers. At our coming hither, we found the Duke and Duchesse all alone at dinner, methought melancholy; or else I thought so, from the late occasion of the Chancellor's fall, who, they say, however, takes it very contentedly. Thence I to White Hall a little, and so took up my wife at the 'Change, and so home, and at the office late, and so home to supper and to bed, our boy ill.

4th. By coach to White Hall to the Council-chamber; and there met with Sir W. Coventry going in, who took me aside, and told me that he was just come from delivering up his seal and papers to Mr. Wren; and told me he must now take his leave of me as a naval man, but that he shall always bear respect to his friends there,[1] and particularly to myself, with great kindness; which I returned to him with thanks, and so, with much kindness parted: and he into the Council. I met with Sir Samuel Morland, who shewed me two orders upon the Exchequer, one of £600, and another of £400, for money assigned to him, which he would have me lend him money upon, and he would allow 12 per cent. I would not meddle with them, though they are very good; and would, had I not so much money out already on public credit. But I see by this his condition all trade will be bad. I staid and heard Alderman Barker's case of his being abused by the Council of Ireland, touching his lands there: all I observed there is the silliness of the King, playing with his dog all the while, and not minding the business:[2] and what he said was mighty weak; but my Lord Keeper I observe to be a mighty able man. The business broke off without any end to it, and so I home, and thence with my wife and W. Hewer to Bartholomew fayre, and there Polichinelli, where we saw Mrs. Clerke and all her crew; and so to a private house, and sent for a side of pig, and eat it at an acquaintance of W. Hewer's, where there was some learned physic and chymical books, and among others, a natural "Herball" [3] very fine. Here we staid not, but to the Duke of York's play house, and there saw "Mustapha," which, the more I

[1] The officers of the Navy Board.

[2] Lord Rochester wrote:

"His very dog at council board
Sits grave and wise as any lord."

Poems, 1697, p. 150.

The king's dogs were constantly stolen from him, and he advertised for their return. Some of these amusing advertisements are printed in "Notes and Queries" (seventh series, vol. vii., p. 26).

[3] Evidently a *Hortus siccus*.—B.

see, the more I like; and is a most admirable poem, and bravely acted; only both Betterton and Harris could not contain from laughing in the midst of a most serious part, from the ridiculous mistake of one of the men upon the stage; which I did not like. Thence home, where Batelier and his sister Mary come to us and sat and talk, and so, they gone, we to supper and to bed.

5th. Up, and all the morning at the office, where we sat till noon, and then I home to dinner, where Mary Batelier and her brother dined with us, who grows troublesome in his talking so much of his going to Marseilles, and what commissions he hath to execute as a factor, and a deal of do of which I am weary. After dinner, with Sir W. Pen, my wife, and Mary Batelier to the Duke of York's house, and there saw "Heraclius," which is a good play; but they did so spoil it with their laughing, and being all of them out, and with the noise they made within the theatre, that I was ashamed of it, and resolve not to come thither again a good while, believing that this negligence, which I never observed before, proceeds only from their want of company in the pit, that they have no care how they act. My wife was ill, and so I was forced to go out of the house with her to Lincoln's Inn walks, and there in a corner she did her business, and was by and by well, and so into the house again, but sick of their real acting. So home and to the office, where busy late, then home to supper and to bed. This morning was told by Sir W. Batten, that he do hear from Mr. Grey, who hath good intelligence, that our Queen is to go into a nunnery, there to spend her days; and that my Lady Castlemayne is going into France, and is to have a pension of £4,000 a-year. This latter I do more believe than the other, it being very wise in her to do it, and save all she hath, besides easing the King and kingdom of a burden and reproach.

6th. Up, and to Westminster to the Exchequer, and then into the Hall, and there bought "Guillim's Heraldry" [1] for my wife, and so to the Swan, and thither come Doll Lane, and je did toucher her, and drank, and so away, I took coach and home, where I find my wife gone to Walthamstow by invitation with Sir W. Batten, and so I followed, taking up Mrs. Turner, and she and I much discourse all the way touching the baseness of Sir W. Pen and sluttishness of his family, and how the world do suspect that his son Lowther, who is sick of a sore mouth, has got the pox. So we come to Sir W. Batten's, where Sir W. Pen and his Lady, and we and Mrs. Shipman, and here we walked and had an indifferent good dinner, the victuals very good and cleanly dressed and good linen, but no fine meat at all. After dinner we

[1] John Guillim (1565–1621) published in 1610 his famous work, entitled, "A Display of Heraldry," which went through many editions. It has been asserted that Guillim's work was really written by the Rev. John Barkham, but assertions of this character are usually untrustworthy, and an inspection of Guillim's manuscript has proved that the charge is unjust. See "Dict. of Nat. Biog." (John Barkham and John Guillim). Scott well represents the use made of the "Heraldry" in many families, when he says old Sir Hildebrand Osbaldiston took up Guillim for Sunday reading.

went up and down the house, and I do like it very well, being furnished with a great deal of very good goods. And here we staid, I tired with the company, till almost evening, and then took leave, Turner and I together again, and my wife with [Sir] W. Pen. At Aldgate I took my wife into our coach, and so to Bartholomew fair, and there, it being very dirty, and now night, we saw a poor fellow, whose legs were tied behind his back, dance upon his hands with his arse above his head, and also danced upon his crutches, without any legs upon the ground to help him, which he did with that pain that I was sorry to see it, and did pity him and give him money after he had done. Then we to see a piece of clocke-work made by an Englishman—indeed, very good, wherein all the several states of man's age, to 100 years old, is shewn very pretty and solemne; and several other things more cheerful, and so we ended, and took a link, the women resolving to be dirty, and walked up and down to get a coach; and my wife, being a little before me, had been like to be taken up by one, whom we saw to be Sam Hartlib. My wife had her vizard on: yet we cannot say that he meant any hurt; for it was as she was just by a coach-side, which he had, or had a mind to take up; and he asked her, "Madam, do you go in this coach?" but, soon as he saw a man come to her (I know not whether he knew me) he departed away apace. By and by did get a coach, and so away home, and there to supper, and to bed.

7th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning. At noon home to dinner, where Goodgroome was teaching my wife, and dined with us, and I did tell him of my intention to learn to trill, which he will not promise I shall obtain, but he will do what can be done, and I am resolved to learn. All the afternoon at the office, and towards night out by coach with my wife, she to the 'Change, and I to see the price of a copper cisterne for the table, which is very pretty, and they demand £6 or £7 for one; but I will have one. Then called my wife at the 'Change, and bought a nightgown for my wife: cost but 24*s.*, and so out to Mile End to drink, and so home to the office to end my letters, and so home to supper and to bed.

8th (Lord's day). Up, and walked to St. James's; but there I find Sir W. Coventry gone from his chamber, and Mr. Wren not yet come thither. But I up to the Duke of York, and there, after being ready, my Lord Bruncker and I had an audience, and thence with my Lord Bruncker to White Hall, and he told me, in discourse, how that, though it is true that Sir W. Coventry did long since propose to the Duke of York the leaving his service, as being unable to fulfill it, as he should do, now he hath so much public business, and that the Duke of York did bid him to say nothing of it, but that he would take time to please himself in another to come in his place; yet the Duke's doing it at this time, declaring that he hath found out another, and this one of the Chancellor's servants, he cannot but think was done with some displeasure, and that it could not well be otherwise, that the Duke of York should keep one in that place, that had so eminently opposed him in the

defence of his father-in-law, nor could the Duchesse ever endure the sight of him, to be sure. But he thinks that the Duke of York and he are parted upon clear terms of friendship. He tells me he do believe that my Lady Castlemayne is compounding with the King for a pension, and to leave the Court; but that her demands are mighty high: but he believes the King is resolved, and so do every body else I speak with, to do all possible to please the Parliament; and he do declare that he will deliver every body up to them to give an account of their actions: and that last Friday, it seems, there was an Act of Council passed, to put out all Papists in office, and to keep out any from coming in. I went to the King's Chapel to the closet, and there I hear Cresset [1] sing a tenor part along with the Church musick very handsomely, but so loud that people did laugh at him, as a thing done for ostentation. Here I met Sir G. Downing, who would speak with me, and first to inquire what I paid for my kid's leather gloves I had on my hand, and shewed me others on his, as handsome, as good in all points, cost him but 12*d*. a pair, and mine me 2*s*. He told me he had been seven years finding out a man that could dress English sheepskin as it should be—and, indeed, it is now as good, in all respects, as kid, and he says will save £100,000 a-year, that goes out to France for kid's skins. Thus he labours very worthily to advance our own trade, but do it with mighty vanity and talking. But then he told me of our base condition, in the treaty with Holland and France, about our prisoners, that whereas before we did clear one another's prisoners, man for man, and we upon the publication of the peace did release all our's, 300 at Leith, and others in other places for nothing, the Dutch do keep theirs, and will not discharge them with[out] paying their debts according to the Treaty. That his instruments in Holland, writing to our Embassadors about this to Bredagh, they answer them that they do not know of any thing that they have done therein, but left it just as it was before. To which, when they answer, that by the treaty their Lordships had [not] bound our countrymen to pay their debts in prison, they answer they cannot help it, and we must get them off as cheap as we can. On this score, they demand £1,100 for Sir G. Ascue, and £5,000 for the one province of Zealand, for the prisoners that we have therein. He says that this is a piece of shame that never any nation committed, and that our very Lords here of the Council, when he related this matter to them, did not remember that they had agreed to this article; and swears that all their articles are alike, as the giving away Polleroon, and Surinam, and Nova Scotia, which hath a river 300 miles up the country, with copper mines more than Swedeland, and Newcastle coals[2] the only place in America that hath coals that we know

[1] This was most likely Francis Cresset, a Shropshire gentleman, whose father and brother had fallen in the king's service during the Civil War, and he was on that account strongly recommended to Charles II. at the Restoration (Kennet's "Register").—B.

[2] Nova Scotia is rich in minerals. The coalfields are valuable and productive, and there are immense deposits of bituminous shale. Gold is found in workable quantities, and iron abounds. Veins of copper, silver, lead, and galena also exist.

of; and that Cromwell did value those places, and would for ever have made much of them; but we have given them away for nothing, besides a debt to the King of Denmarke. But, which is most of all, they have discharged those very particular demands of merchants of the Guinny Company and others, which he, when he was there, had adjusted with the Dutch, and come to an agreement in writing, and they undertaken to satisfy, and that this was done in black and white under their hands; and yet we have forgiven all these, and not so much as sent to Sir G. Downing to know what he had done, or to confer with him about any one point of the treaty, but signed to what they would have, and we here signed to whatever in grosse was brought over by Mr. Coventry. And [Sir G. Downing] tells me, just in these words, "My Lord Chancellor had a mind to keep himself from being questioned by clapping up a peace upon any terms." When I answered that there was other privy-councillors to be advised with besides him, and that, therefore, this whole peace could not be laid to his charge, he answered that nobody durst say any thing at the council-table but himself, and that the King was as much afeard of saying any thing there as the meanest privy-councillor; and says more, that at this day the King, in familiar talk, do call the Chancellor "the insolent man," and says that he would not let him speak himself in Council: which is very high, and do shew that the Chancellor is like to be in a bad state, unless he can defend himself better than people think. And yet Creed tells me that he do hear that my Lord Cornbury[1] do say that his father do long for the coming of the Parliament, in order to his own vindication, more than any one of his enemies. And here it comes into my head to set down what Mr. Rawlinson, whom I met in Fenchurch Street on Friday last, looking over his ruins there, told me, that he was told by one of my Lord Chancellor's gentlemen lately (—— by name), that a grant coming to him to be sealed, wherein the King hath given her [Lady Castlemaine], or somebody by her means, a place which he did not like well of, he did stop the grant; saying, that he thought this woman would sell every thing shortly: which she hearing of, she sent to let him know that she had disposed of this place, and did not doubt, in a little time, to dispose of his. This Rawlinson do tell me my Lord Chancellor's own gentleman did tell him himself. Thence, meeting Creed, I with him to the Parke, there to walk a little, and to the Queen's Chapel and there hear their musique, which I liked in itself pretty well as to the composition, but their voices are very harsh and rough that I thought it was some instruments they had that made them sound so. So to White Hall, and saw the King and Queen at dinner; and observe (which I never did before), the formality, but it is but a formality, of putting a bit of bread wiped upon

[1] Henry Hyde, Viscount Cornbury, born June 2nd, 1638, eldest son of Lord Chancellor Clarendon, to whose title he succeeded in 1674. He was made Lord Privy Seal on the accession of James II., and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in December, 1685. He died 1709.

each dish into the mouth of every man that brings a dish;[1] but it should be in the sauce. Here were some Russes come to see the King at dinner: among others, the interpreter, a comely Englishman, in the Envoy's own clothes; which the Envoy, it seems, in vanity did send to show his fine clothes upon this man's back, which is one, it seems, of a comelier presence than himself: and yet it is said that none of their clothes are their own, but taken out of the King's own Wardrobe; and which they dare not bring back dirty or spotted, but clean, or are in danger of being beaten, as they say: insomuch that, Sir Charles Cotterell[2] says, when they are to have an audience they never venture to put on their clothes till he appears to come to fetch them; and, as soon as ever they come home, put them off again. I to Sir G. Carteret's to dinner; where Mr. Cofferer Ashburnham; who told a good story of a prisoner's being condemned at Salisbury for a small matter. While he was on the bench with his father-in-law, Judge Richardson,[3] and while they were considering to transport him to save his life, the fellow flung a great stone at the Judge, that missed him, but broke through the wainscoat. Upon this, he had his hand cut off, and was hanged presently.[4] Here was a gentleman, one Sheres, one come lately from my Lord Sandwich, with an express; but, Lord! I was almost ashamed to see him, lest he should know that I have not yet wrote one letter to my Lord since his going. I had no discourse with him, but after dinner Sir G. Carteret and I to talk about some business of his, and so I to Mrs. Martin, where was Mrs. Burroughs, and also fine Mrs. Noble, my partner in the christening of Martin's child, did come to see it, and there we sat and talked an hour, and then all broke up and I by coach home, and there find Mr. Pelling and Howe, and we to sing and good musique till late, and then to supper, and Howe lay at my house, and so after supper to bed with much content, only my mind a little troubled at my late breach of vowes, which however I will pay my forfeits, though the badness

[1] A vestige of the old custom of tasting, or assay.—B.

[2] Master of the Ceremonies from 1641 to 1686, when he resigned in favour of his son.—B.

[3] Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Sir Thomas Beaumont, of Staughton in Leicestershire, widow of Sir John Ashburnham, and mother of John Ashburnham and William Ashburnham, the Cofferer, re-married Sir Thomas Richardson, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. She was, in 1629, created Baroness Cramond, in Scotland, for her life only, *with remainder to the heirs male of her second husband by a former wife*. No reason is assigned for this strange limitation of the patent.

[4] This anecdote is confirmed in Chief Justice Treby's "Notes to Dyer's Reports," folio edition, P. 188, b. "Richardson, Ch. Just. de C. Banc. al Assises at Salisbury, in summer 1631, fuit assault per prisoner la condemne pur felony; que puis son condemnation, ject un brickbat a le dit Justice, qui narrowly mist; et pur ceo immediately fuit indictment drawn, per Noy [the Attorney General], onvers le prisoner, et son dexter manus ampute, and fix at gibbet, sur que luy meme immediatement hange in presence de Court." The Chief Justice happened to be leaning low on his elbow when the stone was thrown, so it flew too high, and only took off his hat. Soon after, some friends congratulating him on his escape, he replied (as his fashion was to make a jest of everything), "If I had been an *upright* Judge, I had been slain."—Thoms's *Anecdotes and Traditions*.—B.

of my eyes, making me unfit to read or write long, is my excuse, and do put me upon other pleasures and employment which I should refrain from in observation of my vowes.

9th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning, and at noon comes Creed to dine with me. After dinner, he and I and my wife to the Bear-Garden, to see a prize fought there. But, coming too soon, I left them there and went on to White Hall, and there did some business with the Lords of the Treasury; and here do hear, by Tom Killigrew and Mr. Progers, that for certain news is come of Harman's having spoiled nineteen of twenty-two French ships, somewhere about the Barbadoes, I think they said; but wherever it is, it is a good service, and very welcome. Here I fell in talk with Tom Killigrew about musick, and he tells me that he will bring me to the best musick in England (of which, indeed, he is master), and that is two Italians and Mrs. Yates, who, he says, is come to sing the Italian manner as well as ever he heard any: says that Knepp won't take pains enough, but that she understands her part so well upon the stage, that no man or woman in the House do the like! Thence I by water to the Bear-Garden, where now the yard was full of people, and those most of them seamen, striving by force to get in, that I was afeard to be seen among them, but got into the alehouse, and so by a back-way was put into the bull-house, where I stood a good while all alone among the bulls, and was afeard I was among the bears, too; but by and by the door opened, and I got into the common pit; and there, with my cloak about my face, I stood and saw the prize fought, till one of them, a shoemaker, was so cut in both his wrists that he could not fight any longer, and then they broke off: his enemy was a butcher. The sport very good, and various humours to be seen among the rabble that is there. Thence carried Creed to White Hall, and there my wife and I took coach and home, and both of us to Sir W. Batten's, to invite them to dinner on Wednesday next, having a whole buck come from Hampton Court, by the warrant which Sir Stephen Fox did give me. And so home to supper and to bed, after a little playing on the flageolet with my wife, who do outdo therein whatever I expected of her.

10th. Up, and all the morning at the Office, where little to do but bemoan ourselves under the want of money; and indeed little is, or can be done, for want of money, we having not now received one penny for any service in many weeks, and none in view to receive, saving for paying of some seamen's wages. At noon sent to by my Lord Bruncker to speak with him, and it was to dine with him and his Lady Williams (which I have not now done in many months at their own table) and Mr. Wren, who is come to dine with them, the first time he hath been at the office since his being the Duke of York's Secretary. Here we sat and eat and talked and of some matters of the office, but his discourse is as yet but weak in that matter, and no wonder, he being new in it, but I fear he will not go about understanding with the impatience that Sir W. Coventry did. Having dined, I away, and with

my wife and Mercer, set my wife down at the 'Change, and the other at White Hall, and I to St. James's, where we all met, and did our usual weekly business with the Duke of York. But, Lord! methinks both he and we are mighty flat and dull over what we used to be, when Sir W. Coventry was among us. Thence I into St. James's Park, and there met Mr. Povy; and he and I to walk an hour or more in the Pell Mell, talking of the times. He tells me, among other things, that this business of the Chancellor do breed a kind of inward distance between the King and the Duke of York, and that it cannot be avoided; for though the latter did at first move it through his folly, yet he is made to see that he is wounded by it, and is become much a less man than he was, and so will be: but he tells me that they are, and have always been, great dissemblers one towards another; and that their parting heretofore in France[1] is never to be thoroughly reconciled between them. He tells me that he believes there is no such thing like to be, as a composition with my Lady Castlemayne, and that she shall be got out of the way before the Parliament comes; for he says she is as high as ever she was, though he believes the King is as weary of her as is possible, and would give any thing to remove her, but he is so weak in his passion that he dare not do it; that he do believe that my Lord Chancellor will be doing some acts in the Parliament which shall render him popular; and that there are many people now do speak kindly of him that did not before; but that, if he do do this, it must provoke the King, and that party that removed him. He seems to doubt what the King of France will do, in case an accommodation shall be made between Spain and him for Flanders, for then he will have nothing more easy to do with his army than to subdue us. Parted with him at White Hall, and there I took coach and took up my wife and Mercer, and so home and I to the office, where ended my letters, and then to my chamber with my boy to lay up some papers and things that lay out of order against to-morrow, to make it clear against the feast that I am to have. Here Mr. Pelling come to sit with us, and talked of musique and the musicians of the town, and so to bed, after supper.

11th. Up, and with Mr. Gawden to the Exchequer. By the way, he tells me this day he is to be answered whether he must hold Sheriffe or no; for he would not hold unless he may keep it at his office, which is out of the city (and so my Lord Mayor must come with his sword down, whenever he comes thither), which he do, because he cannot get a house fit for him in the city, or else he will fine for it. Among others that they have in nomination for Sheriffe, one is little Chaplin,[2] who was his servant, and a very young man to undergo that place; but as the city is now, there is no great honour

[1] In 1652. See an account of it in Clarendon's "History of the Rebellion," book xiii., and of Sir John Berkeley's part in the matter, to which he is said to have owed his peerage.—B.

[2] Francis Chaplin, cloth-worker, son of Robert Chaplin of Bury St. Edmund's; Sheriff of London in 1668, knighted, Alderman of Vintry Ward, and Lord Mayor in 1677.

nor joy to be had, in being a public officer. At the Exchequer I looked after my business, and when done went home to the 'Change, and there bought a case of knives for dinner, and a dish of fruit for 5*s*., and bespoke other things, and then home, and here I find all things in good order, and a good dinner towards. Anon comes Sir W. Batten and his lady, and Mr. Griffith, their ward, and Sir W. Pen and his lady, and Mrs. Lowther, who is grown, either through pride or want of manners, a fool, having not a word to say almost all dinner; and, as a further mark of a beggarly, proud fool, hath a bracelet of diamonds and rubies about her wrist, and a sixpenny necklace about her neck, and not one good rag of clothes upon her back; and Sir John Chichly in their company, and Mrs. Turner. Here I had an extraordinary good and handsome dinner for them, better than any of them deserve or understand, saving Sir John Chichly and Mrs. Turner, and not much mirth, only what I by discourse made, and that against my genius. After dinner I took occasion to break up the company soon as I could, and all parted, Sir W. Batten and I by water to White Hall, there to speak with the Commissioners of the Treasury, who are mighty earnest for our hastening all that may be the paying off of the Seamen, now there is money, and are considering many other things for easing of charge, which I am glad of, but vexed to see that J. Duncomb should be so pressing in it as if none of us had like care with him. Having done there, I by coach to the Duke of York's playhouse, and there saw part of "The Ungratefull Lovers;" [1] and sat by Beck Marshall, who is very handsome near hand. Here I met Mrs. Turner and my wife as we agreed, and together home, and there my wife and I part of the night at the flageolet, which she plays now any thing upon almost at first sight and in good time. But here come Mr. Moore, and sat and discoursed with me of publique matters: the sum of which is, that he do doubt that there is more at the bottom than the removal of the Chancellor; that is, he do verily believe that the King do resolve to declare the Duke of Monmouth legitimate, and that we shall soon see it. This I do not think the Duke of York will endure without blows; but his poverty, and being lessened by having the Chancellor fallen and [Sir] W. Coventry gone from him, will disable him from being able to do any thing almost, he being himself almost lost in the esteem of people; and will be more and more, unless my Lord Chancellor, who is already begun to be pitied by some people, and to be better thought of than was expected, do recover himself in Parliament. He would seem to fear that this difference about the Crowne (if there be nothing else) will undo us. He do say that, that is very true, that my Lord [Chancellor] did lately make some stop of some grants of £2,000 a-year to my Lord Grandison,[2] which was only in his name, for the use of

[1] "The Ungrateful Lovers" is an odd title; and no play of that name has been traced. It probably is intended for Davenant's "Unfortunate Lovers," first published in 1643.

[2] George Villiers, fourth Viscount Grandison, and younger brother of Lady Castlemaine's father, who had died without issue male.—B.

my Lady Castlemaine's children; and that this did incense her, and she did speak very scornful words, and sent a scornful message to him about it He gone, after supper, I to bed, being mightily pleased with my wife's playing so well upon the flageolet, and I am resolved she shall learn to play upon some instrument, for though her eare be bad, yet I see she will attain any thing to be done by her hand.

12th. Up, and at the office all the morning till almost noon, and then I rode from the office (which I have not done five times I think since I come thither) and to the Exchequer for some tallies for Tangier; and that being done, to the Dog taverne, and there I spent half a piece upon the clerks, and so away, and I to Mrs. Martin's, but she not at home, but staid and drunk with her sister and landlady, and by that time it was time to go to a play, which I did at the Duke's house, where "Tu Quoque" [1] was the first time acted, with some alterations of Sir W. Davenant's; but the play is a very silly play, methinks; for I, and others that sat by me, Mr. Povy and Mr. Progers, were weary of it; but it will please the citizens. My wife also was there, I having sent for her to meet me there, and W. Hewer. After the play we home, and there I to the office and despatched my business, and then home, and mightily pleased with my wife's playing on the flageolet, she taking out any tune almost at first sight, and keeping time to it, which pleases me mightily. So to supper and to bed.

13th. Called up by people come to deliver in ten chaldron of coals, brought in one of our prizes from Newcastle. The rest we intend to sell, we having above ten chaldron between us. They sell at about 28*s.* or 29*s.* per chaldron; but Sir W. Batten hath sworn that he was a cuckold that sells under 30*s.*, and that makes us lay up all but what we have for our own spending, which is very pleasant; for I believe we shall be glad to sell them for less. To the office, and there despatched business till ten o'clock, and then with Sir W. Batten and my wife and Mrs. Turner by hackney-coach to Walthamstow, to Mr. Shipman's to dinner, where Sir W. Pen and my Lady and Mrs. Lowther (the latter of which hath got a sore nose, given her, I believe, from her husband, which made me I could not look upon her with any pleasure), and here a very good and plentifull wholesome dinner, and, above all thing, such plenty of milk meats, she keeping a great dairy, and so good as I never met with. The afternoon proved very foul weather, the morning fair. We staid talking till evening, and then home, and there to my flageolet with my wife, and so to bed without any supper, my belly being full and dinner not digested. It vexed me to hear how Sir W. Pen, who come alone from London, being to send his coachman for his wife and daughter, and bidding his coachman in much anger to go for them (he being vexed, like a rogue, to

[1] This play, which was called "Greene's Tu Quoque, or the City Gallant," on account of the celebrity of the actor, Thomas Greene, in the part of Bubble, was written by John Cooke, and first printed in 1614, having been edited by the well-known dramatist, Thomas Heywood. It is reprinted in all the editions of Dodsley's "Old Plays."

do anything to please his wife), his coachman Tom was heard to say a pox, or God rot her, can she walk hither? These words do so mad me that I could find in my heart to give him or my Lady notice of them.

14th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning busy. At noon comes Mr. Pierce and dined with me to advise about several matters of his relating to the office and his purse, and here he told me that the King and Duke of York and the whole Court is mighty joyful at the Duchesse of York's being brought to bed this day, or yesterday, of a son;[1] which will settle men's minds mightily. And he tells me that he do think that what the King do, of giving the Duke of Monmouth the command of his Guards, and giving my Lord Gerard £12,000 for it, is merely to find an employment for him upon which he may live, and not out of any design to bring him into any title to the Crowne; which Mr. Moore did the other day put me into great fear of. After dinner, he gone, my wife to the King's playhouse to see "The Northerne Castle,"[2] which I think I never did see before. Knipp acted in it, and did her part very extraordinary well; but the play is but a mean, sorry play; but the house very full of gallants. It seems, it hath not been acted a good while. Thence to the Exchange for something for my wife, and then home and to the office, and then home to our flageolet, and so to bed, being mightily troubled in mind at the liberty I give myself of going to plays upon pretence of the weakness of my eyes, that cannot continue so long together at work at my office, but I must remedy it.

15th (Lord's day). Up to my chamber, there to set some papers to rights. By and by to church, where I stood, in continual fear of Mrs. Markham's coming to church, and offering to come into our pew, to prevent which, soon as ever I heard the great door open, I did step back, and clap my breech to our pew-door, that she might be forced to shove me to come in; but as God would have it, she did not come. Mr. Mills preached, and after sermon, by invitation, he and his wife come to dine with me, which is the first time they have been in my house, I think, these five years, I thinking it not amiss, because of their acquaintance in our country, to shew them some respect. Mr. Turner and his wife, and their son the Captain, dined with me, and I had a very good dinner for them, and very merry, and after dinner, he [Mr. Mills] was forced to go, though it rained, to Stepney, to preach. We also to church, and then home, and there comes Mr. Pelling, with two men,[3] by promise, one Wallington and Piggott, the former whereof,

[1] Edgar Stuart, fourth son of James, Duke of York, born September 14th, 1667; created Baron of Dantrey and Earl and Duke of Cambridge, October 7th. He was the third son of James who had borne the title of Duke of Cambridge, and died June 8th, 1671.

[2] Nothing is known of this play except what is told us by Pepys.

[3] These three persons were members of the late Music Society, in the Old Jewry, to whom Playford dedicated his "Catch that Catch can; or the Metrical Companion." Some of Wallington's compositions are in that work, and in a collection called "New Ayres and Dialogues, composed for Voices and Vyols." London, 1678, 8vo.—B.

being a very little fellow, did sing a most excellent bass, and yet a poor fellow, a working goldsmith, that goes without gloves to his hands. Here we sung several good things, but I am more and more confirmed that singing with many voices is not singing, but a sort of instrumental musique, the sense of the words being lost by not being heard, and especially as they set them with Fuges of words, one after another, whereas singing properly, I think, should be but with one or two voices at most and the counterpoint. They supped with me, and so broke up, and then my wife and I to my chamber, where, through the badness of my eyes, she was forced to read to me, which she do very well, and was Mr. Boyle's discourse upon the style of the Scripture,[1] which is a very fine piece, and so to bed.

16th. Up, and several come to me, among others Mr. Yeabsly of Plymouth, to discourse about their matters touching Tangier, and by and by Sir H. Cholmly, who was with me a good while; who tells me that the Duke of York's child is christened, the Duke of Albemarle and the Marquis of Worcester[2] godfathers, and my Lady Suffolke godmother; and they have named it Edgar, which is a brave name. But it seems they are more joyful in the Chancellor's family, at the birth of this Prince, than in wisdom they should, for fear it should give the King cause of jealousy. Sir H. Cholmly do not seem to think there is any such thing can be in the King's intention as that of raising the Duke of Monmouth to the Crowne, though he thinks there may possibly be some persons that would, and others that would be glad to have the Queen removed to some monastery, or somewhere or other, to make room for a new wife; for they will all be unsafe under the Duke of York. He says the King and Parliament will agree; that is, that the King will do any thing that they will have him. We together to the Exchequer about our Tangier orders, and so parted at the New Exchange,[3] where I staid reading Mrs. Phillip's poems till my wife and Mercer called me to Mrs. Pierce's, by invitation to dinner, where I find her painted, which makes me loathe her, and the nastiest poor dinner that made me sick, only here I met with a Fourth Advice to the Painter upon the coming in of the Dutch to the River and end of the war, that made my heart ake to read, it being too sharp, and so true. Here I also saw a printed account of the examinations taken, touching the burning of the City of London, shewing the plot of the Papists therein; which, it seems, hath been ordered and to have been burnt by the hands of the hangman, in Westminster Palace. I will try to get one of them. After dinner she showed us her closet, which is pretty, with her

[1] The Hon. Robert Boyle's work, entitled, "Some Considerations touching the style of the Holy Scriptures," was published in 1661, and a fourth edition appeared in 1675. It was translated into Latin, and the translation published at Oxford in 1665, "Cogitationes de S. Scripturæ stylo."

[2] Henry, Lord Herbert, only son of Edward, second Marquis of Worcester, whom he succeeded in the title in April, 1667. He was created Duke of Beaufort on December 2nd, 1682, and died January 21st, 1699. He refused to take the oaths under William III.

[3] At Herringman's. See August 10th, 1667, *ante*.

James's picture done by Hales, but with a mighty bad hand, which is his great fault that he do do negligently, and the drapery also not very good. Being tired of being here, and sick of their damned sluttish dinner, my wife and Mercer and I away to the King's play-house, to see the "Scornfull Lady;" but it being now three o'clock there was not one soul in the pit; whereupon, for shame, we would not go in, but, against our wills, went all to see "Tu Quoque" again, where there is pretty store of company, and going with a prejudice the play appeared better to us. Here we saw Madam Morland,[1] who is grown mighty fat, but is very comely. But one of the best parts of our sport was a mighty pretty lady that sat behind us, that did laugh so heartily and constantly, that it did me good to hear her. Thence to the King's house, upon a wager of mine with my wife, that there would be no acting there to-day, there being no company: so I went in and found a pretty good company there, and saw their dance at the end of the play, and so to the coach again, and to the Cock alehouse, and there drank in our coach, and so home, and my wife read to me as last night, and so to bed vexed with our dinner to-day, and myself more with being convinced that Mrs. Pierce paints, so that henceforth to be sure I shall loathe her.

17th. Up, and at the office all the morning, where Mr. Wren come to us and sat with us, only to learn, and do intend to come once or twice a week and sit with us. In the afternoon I walked to the Old Swan, the way mighty dirty, and there called at Michell's, and there had opportunity para kiss su moher, but elle did receive it with a great deal of seeming regret, which did vex me. But however I do not doubt overcoming her as I did the moher of the monsieur at Deptford. So thence by water to Westminster, to Burgess, and there did receive my orders for £1,500 more for Tangier. Thence to the Hall, and there talked a little with Mrs. Michell, and so to Mrs. Martin's to pay for my cuffs and drink with her. . . . And by and by away by coach and met with Sir H. Cholmly, and with him to the Temple, and there in Playford's shop did give him some of my Exchequer orders and took his receipts, and so parted and home, and there to my business hard at the office, and then home, my wife being at Mrs. Turner's, who and her husband come home with her, and here staid and talked and staid late, and then went away and we to bed. But that which vexed me much this evening is that Captain Cocke and Sir W. Batten did come to me, and sat, and drank a bottle of wine, and told me how Sir W. Pen hath got an order for the "Flying Greyhound" [2] for himself, which is so false a thing, and the part of a knave, as nothing almost can be more. This vexed me; but I resolve to bring it before the Duke, and try a pull for it.

18th. Up betimes and to Captain Cocke, in his coach which he sent for me, and he not being ready I walked in the Exchange, which is now made

[1] Sir Samuel Morland's first wife, Susanna, daughter of Daniel de Milleville, Baron of Boissay in Normandy, whom he married in 1657.

[2] The "Flying Greyhound" is frequently mentioned in the Calendar of State Papers.

pretty, by having windows and doors before all their shops, to keep out the cold. By and by to him, and he being ready, he and I out in his coach to my Lord Chancellor's; there to Mr. Wren's chamber, who did tell us the whole of Sir W. Pen's having the order for this ship of ours, and we went with him to St. James's, and there I did see the copy of it, which is built upon a suggestion of his having given the King a ship of his, "The Prosperous," wherein is such a cheat as I have the best advantage in the world over him, and will make him do reason, or lay him on his back. This I was very glad of, and having done as far as I could in it we returned, and I home, and there at the office all the morning, and at noon with my Lord Bruncker to the Treasurer's office to look over the clerks who are there making up the books, but in such a manner as it is a shame to see. Then home to dinner, and after dinner, my mind mighty full of this business of Sir W. Pen's, to the office, and there busy all the afternoon. This evening Sir W. Batten and [Sir] W. Pen and I met at [Sir] W. Batten's house, and there I took an opportunity to break the business, at which [Sir] W. Pen is much disturbed, and would excuse it the most he can, but do it so basely, that though he do offer to let go his pretence to her, and resign up his order for her, and come in only to ask his share of her (which do very well please me, and give me present satisfaction), yet I shall remember him for a knave while I live. But thus my mind is quieted for the present more than I thought I should be, and am glad that I shall have no need of bidding him open defiance, which I would otherwise have done, and made a perpetual war between us. So to the office, and there busy pretty late, and so home and to supper with my wife, and so to bed.

19th. Up, and all the morning at the office. At noon home to dinner, W. Hewer and I and my wife, when comes my cozen, Kate Joyce, and an aunt of ours, Lettice, formerly Haynes, and now Howlett, come to town to see her friends, and also Sarah Kite, with her little boy in her armes, a very pretty little boy. The child I like very well, and could wish it my own. My wife being all unready, did not appear. I made as much of them as I could such ordinary company; and yet my heart was glad to see them, though their condition was a little below my present state, to be familiar with. She tells me how the lifeguard, which we thought a little while since was sent down into the country about some insurrection, was sent to Winchcombe,[1]

[1] Winchcombe St. Peter, a market-town in Gloucestershire. Tobacco was first cultivated in this parish, after its introduction into England, in 1583, and it proved a considerable source of profit to the inhabitants, till the trade was placed under restrictions. The cultivation was first prohibited during the Commonwealth, and various acts were passed in the reign of Charles II. for the same purpose. Among the king's pamphlets in the British Museum is a tract entitled "Harry Hangman's Honour, or Glostershire Hangman's Request to the Smokers and Tobacconists of London," dated June 11th, 1655. The author writes: "The very planting of tobacco hath proved the decay of my trade, for since it hath been planted in Glostershire, especially at Winchcomb, my trade hath proved nothing worth." He adds: "Then 'twas a merry world with me, for indeed

to spoil the tobacco there, which it seems the people there do plant contrary to law, and have always done, and still been under force and danger of having it spoiled, as it hath been oftentimes, and yet they will continue to plant it. The place, she says, is a miserable poor place. They gone, I to the office, where all the afternoon very busy, and at night, when my eyes were weary of the light, I and my wife to walk in the garden, and then home to supper and pipe, and then to bed.

20th. At the office doing business all the morning. At noon expected Creed to have come to dine with me and brought Mr. Sheres (the gentleman lately come from my Lord Sandwich) with him, but they come not, so there was a good dinner lost. After dinner my wife and Jane about some business of hers abroad, and then I to the office, where, having done my business, I out to pay some debts: among others to the taverne at the end of Billiter Lane, where my design was to see the pretty mistress of the house, which I did, and indeed is, as I always thought, one of the modestest, prettiest, plain women that ever I saw. Thence was met in the street by Sir W. Pen, and he and I by coach to the King's playhouse, and there saw "The Mad Couple," [1] which I do not remember that I have seen; it is a pretty pleasant play. Thence home, and my wife and I to walk in the garden, she having been at the same play with Jane, in the 18*d*. seat, to shew Jane the play, and so home to supper and to bed.

21st. All the morning at the office, dined at home, and expected Sheres again, but he did not come, so another dinner lost by the folly of Creed. After having done some business at the office, I out with my wife to Sheres's lodging and left an invitation for him to dine with me to-morrow, and so back and took up my wife at the Exchange, and then kissed Mrs. Smith's pretty hand, and so with my wife by coach to take some ayre (but the way very dirty) as far as Bow, and so drinking (as usual) at Mile End of Byde's ale, we home and there busy at my letters till late, and so to walk by moonshine with my wife, and so to bed. The King, Duke of York, and the men of the Court, have been these four or five days a-hunting at Bagshot.

22nd (Lord's day). At my chamber all the morning making up some accounts, to my great content. At noon comes Mr. Sheres, whom I find a good, ingenious man, but do talk a little too much of his travels. He left my Lord Sandwich well, but in pain to be at home for want of money, which comes very hardly. Most of the afternoon talking of Spain, and informing him against his return how things are here, and so spent most of the afternoon, and then he parted, and then to my chamber busy till my eyes were almost blind with writing and reading, and I was fain to get the boy to come

before tobacco was there planted, there being no kind of trade to employ men, and very small tillage, necessity compelled poor men to stand my friends by stealing of sheep and other cattel, breaking of hedges, robbing of orchards, and what not."

[1] "All Mistaken; or, the Mad Couple," a comedy by the Hon. James Howard, published in 1672. Hart and Nell Gwyn acted Philidor and Mirida, the mad couple.

and write for me, and then to supper, and Pelling come to me at supper, and then to sing a Psalm with him, and so parted and to bed, after my wife had read some thing to me (to save my eyes) in a good book. This night I did even my accounts of the house, which I have to my great shame omitted now above two months or more, and therefore am content to take my wife's and mayd's accounts as they give them, being not able to correct them, which vexes me; but the fault being my own, contrary to my wife's frequent desires, I cannot find fault, but am resolved never to let them come to that pass again. The truth is, I have indulged myself more in pleasure for these last two months than ever I did in my life before, since I come to be a person concerned in business; and I doubt, when I come to make up my accounts, I shall find it so by the expence.

23rd. Up, and walked to the Exchange, there to get a coach, but failed, and so was forced to walk a most dirty walk to the Old Swan, and there took boat, and so to the Exchange, and there took coach to St. James's and did our usual business with the Duke of York. Thence I walked over the Park to White Hall and took water to Westminster, and there, among other things, bought the examinations of the business about the Fire of London, which is a book that Mrs. Pierce tells me hath been commanded to be burnt.[1] The examinations indeed are very plain. Thence to the Excise office, and so to the Exchange, and did a little business, and so home and took up my wife, and so carried her to the other end, where I 'light at my Lord Ashly's,[2] by invitation, to dine there, which I did, and Sir H. Cholmly, Creed, and Yeabsly, upon occasion of the business of Yeabsly, who, God knows, do bribe him very well for it; and it is pretty to see how this great man do condescend to these things, and do all he can in his examining of his business to favour him, and yet with great cunning not to be discovered but by me that am privy to it. At table it is worth remembering that my Lord tells us that the House of Lords is the last appeal that a man can make, upon a poynt of interpretation of the law, and that therein they are above the Judges; and that he did assert this in the Lords' House upon the late occasion of the quarrel between my Lord Bristoll and the Chancellor, when the former did accuse the latter of treason, and the Judges did bring it in not to be treason: my Lord Ashly did declare that the judgment of the Judges was nothing in the presence of their Lordships, but only as far as they were the properest men to bring precedents; but not to interpret the law to their Lordships, but only the inducements of their persuasions: and this the Lords

[1] The tract alluded to was called "A True and Faithful Account of the several Informations exhibited to the Honourable Committee appointed by the Parliament to enquire into the late dreadful burning of the City of London," 1667. Reprinted in the "Antiquarian Repertory," vol. i., p. 123.—B.

[2] Lord Ashley (afterwards Earl of Shaftesbury) resided in a house on the east side of Aldersgate Street, which was built by Inigo Jones for the Earl of Thanet, and was long known as Thanet House.

did concur in. Another pretty thing was my Lady Ashly's[1] speaking of the bad qualities of glass-coaches; among others, the flying open of the doors upon any great shake: but another was, that my Lady Peterborough being in her glass-coach, with the glass up, and seeing a lady pass by in a coach whom she would salute, the glass was so clear, that she thought it had been open, and so ran her head through the glass, and cut all her forehead! [2] After dinner, before we fell to the examination of Yeabsly's business, we were put into my Lord's room before he could come to us, and there had opportunity to look over his state of his accounts of the prizes; and there saw how bountiful the King hath been to several people: and hardly any man almost, Commander of the Navy of any note, but hath had some reward or other out of it; and many sums to the Privy-purse, but not so many, I see, as I thought there had been: but we could not look quite through it. But several Bedchamber-men and people about the Court had good sums; and, among others, Sir John Minnes and Lord Bruncker have £200 a-piece for looking to the East India prizes, while I did their work for them. By and by my Lord come, and we did look over Yeabsly's business a little; and I find how prettily this cunning Lord can be partial and dissemble it in this case, being privy to the bribe he is to receive. This done, we away, and with Sir H. Cholmly to Westminster; who by the way told me how merry the King and Duke of York and Court were the other day, when they were abroad a-hunting. They come to Sir G. Carteret's house at Cranbourne, and there were entertained, and all made drunk; and that all being drunk, Armerer[3] did come to the King, and swore to him, "By God, Sir," says he, "you are not so kind to the Duke of York of late as you used to be."—"Not I?" says the King. "Why so?"—"Why," says he, "if you are, let us drink his health."—"Why, let us," says the King. Then he fell on his knees, and drank it; and having done, the King began to drink it. "Nay, Sir," says Armerer, "by God you must do it on your knees!" So he did, and then all the company: and having done it, all fell a-crying for joy, being all maudlin and kissing one another, the King the Duke of York, and the Duke of York the King: and in such a maudlin pickle as never people were: and so passed the day. But Sir H. Cholmly tells me, that the King hath this good luck, that the next day he hates to have any body mention what he had done the day before, nor will suffer any body to gain upon him that way; which is a good quality. Parted with Sir H. Cholmly at White Hall, and there I took coach and took up my wife at Unthanke's, and so out for ayre, it being a mighty pleasant day, as far as Bow, and so drank by the way, and home, and there

[1] Margaret, sixth daughter of William, second Lord Spencer of Wormleighton, was third wife of Lord Ashley. She died 1694. Dugdale mistakenly styles her his second wife.

[2] "Coaches with glasses were then a late invention, the ladies were afraid of being shut up in them: they greatly preferred the pleasure of showing almost their whole persons to the conveniences of modern coaches."—*Grammont Memoirs*, chap. vii.

[3] Sir William Armorer, Equerry to the King.

to my chamber till by and by comes Captain Cocke about business; who tells me that Mr. Bruncker is lost for ever, notwithstanding my Lord Bruncker hath advised with him, Cocke, how he might make a peace with the Duke of York and Chancellor, upon promise of serving him in the Parliament: but Cocke says that is base to offer, and will have no success neither. He says that Mr. Wren hath refused a present of Tom Wilson's for his place of Store-keeper of Chatham, and is resolved never to take any thing; which is both wise in him, and good to the King's service. He stayed with me very late, here being Mrs. Turner and W. Batelier drinking and laughing, and then to bed.

24th. Up, and to the Office, where all the morning very busy. At noon home, where there dined with me Anthony Joyce and his wife, and Will and his wife, and my aunt Lucett, that was here the other day, and Sarah Kite, and I had a good dinner for them, and were as merry as I could be in that company where W. Joyce is, who is still the same impertinent fellow that ever he was. After dinner I away to St. James's, where we had an audience of the Duke of York of many things of weight, as the confirming an establishment of the numbers of men on ships in peace and other things of weight, about which we stayed till past candle-light, and so Sir W. Batten and W. Pen and I fain to go all in a hackney-coach round by London Wall, for fear of cellars, this being the first time I have been forced to go that way this year, though now I shall begin to use it. We tired one coach upon Holborne-Conduit Hill, and got another, and made it a long journey home. Where to the office and then home, and at my business till twelve at night, writing in short hand the draught of a report to make to the King and Council to-morrow, about the reason of not having the book of the Treasurer made up. This I did finish to-night to the spoiling of my eyes, I fear. This done, then to bed. This evening my wife tells me that W. Batelier hath been here to-day, and brought with him the pretty girl he speaks of, to come to serve my wife as a woman, out of the school at Bow. My wife says she is extraordinary handsome, and inclines to have her, and I am glad of it—at least, that if we must have one, she should be handsome. But I shall leave it wholly to my wife, to do what she will therein.

25th. Up as soon as I could see and to the office to write over fair with Mr. Hater my last night's work, which I did by nine o'clock, and got it signed, and so with Sir H. Cholmly, who come to me about his business, to White Hall: and thither come also my Lord Bruncker: and we by and by called in, and our paper read; and much discourse thereon by Sir G. Carteret, my Lord Anglesey, Sir W. Coventry, and my Lord Ashly, and myself: but I could easily discern that they none of them understood the business; and the King at last ended it with saying lazily, "Why," says he, "after all this discourse, I now come to understand it; and that is, that there can nothing be done in this more than is possible," which was so silly as I never heard: "and therefore," says he, "I would have these gentlemen to do as much as

possible to hasten the Treasurer's accounts; and that is all." And so we broke up: and I confess I went away ashamed, to see how slightly things are advised upon there. Here I saw the Duke of Buckingham sit in Council again, where he was re-admitted, it seems, the last Council-day: and it is wonderful to see how this man is come again to his places, all of them, after the reproach and disgrace done him: so that things are done in a most foolish manner quite through. The Duke of Buckingham did second Sir W. Coventry in the advising the King that he would not concern himself in the owning or not owning any man's accounts, or any thing else, wherein he had not the same satisfaction that would satisfy the Parliament; saying, that nothing would displease the Parliament more than to find him defending any thing that is not right, nor justifiable to the utmost degree: but methought he spoke it but very poorly. After this, I walked up and down the Gallery till noon; and here I met with Bishop Fuller, who, to my great joy, is made, which I did not hear before, Bishop of Lincoln.[1] At noon I took coach, and to Sir G. Carteret's, in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, to the house that is my Lord's, which my Lord lets him have: and this is the first day of dining there. And there dined with him and his lady my Lord Privy-seale,[2] who is indeed a very sober man; who, among other talk, did mightily wonder at the reason of the growth of the credit of banquiers, since it is so ordinary a thing for citizens to break, out of knavery. Upon this we had much discourse; and I observed therein, to the honour of this City, that I have not heard of one citizen of London broke in all this war, this plague, this fire, and this coming up of the enemy among us; which he owned to be very considerable.[3] After dinner I to the King's playhouse, my eyes being so bad since last night's straining of them, that I am hardly able to see, besides the pain which I have in them. The play was a new play; and infinitely full: the King and all the Court almost there. It is "The Storme," a play of Fletcher's;[4] which is but so-so, methinks; only there is a most admirable dance at the end, of the ladies, in a military manner, which indeed did please me mightily. So, it being a mighty wet day and night, I with much ado got a coach, and, with twenty stops which he made, I got him to carry me quite through, and paid dear for it, and so home, and there comes my wife home from the Duke of York's playhouse, where she hath been with my aunt and Kate Joyce, and so to supper, and betimes to bed, to make amends for my last night's work and want of sleep.

26th. Up, and to my chamber, whither Jonas Moore comes, and, among other things, after our business done, discoursing of matters of the office, I

[1] See July 29th (*ante*).

[2] John, Lord Robartes. See August 21st, 1660.

[3] This remarkable fact is confirmed by Evelyn, in a letter to Sir Samuel Tuke, September 27th, 1666. See "Correspondence," vol. iii., p. 345, edit. 1879.

[4] "The Sea Voyage," a play borrowed from Shakespeare's "Tempest," and first acted in 1622. Published in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Comedies and Tragedies," 1647.

shewed him my varnished things, which he says he can outdo much, and tells me the mighty use of Napier's bones;[1] so that I will have a pair presently. To the office, where busy all the morning sitting, and at noon home to dinner, and then with my wife abroad to the King's playhouse, to shew her yesterday's new play, which I like as I did yesterday, the principal thing extraordinary being the dance, which is very good. So to Charing Cross by coach, about my wife's business, and then home round by London Wall, it being very dark and dirty, and so to supper, and, for the ease of my eyes, to bed, having first ended all my letters at the office.

27th. Up, and to the office, where very busy all the morning. While I was busy at the Office, my wife sends for me to come home, and what was it but to see the pretty girl which she is taking to wait upon her: and though she seems not altogether so great a beauty as she had before told me, yet indeed she is mighty pretty; and so pretty, that I find I shall be too much pleased with it, and therefore could be contented as to my judgement, though not to my passion, that she might not come, lest I may be found too much minding her, to the discontent of my wife. She is to come next week. She seems, by her discourse, to be grave beyond her bigness and age, and exceeding well bred as to her deportment, having been a scholar in a school at Bow these seven or eight years. To the office again, my head running on this pretty girl, and there till noon, when Creed and Sheres come and dined with me; and we had a great deal of pretty discourse of the ceremoniousness of the Spaniards, whose ceremonies are so many and so known, that, Sheres tells me, upon all occasions of joy or sorrow in a Grandee's family, my Lord Embassador is fain to send one with an *en hora buena*, if it be upon a marriage, or birth of a child, or a *pesa me*, if it be upon the death of a child, or so. And these ceremonies are so set, and the words of the compliment, that he hath been sent from my Lord, when he hath done no more than send in word to the Grandee that one was there from the Embassador; and he knowing what was his errand, that hath been enough, and he never spoken with him: nay, several Grandees having been to marry a daughter, have wrote letters to my Lord to give him notice, and out of the greatness of his wisdom to desire his advice, though people he never saw; and then my Lord he answers by commending the greatness of his discretion in making so good an alliance, &c., and so ends. He says that it is so far from dishonour to a man to give private revenge for an affront, that the contrary is a disgrace; they holding that he that receives an affront is not fit to appear in the sight of the world till he hath revenged himself; and therefore, that a gentleman there that receives an affront oftentimes never appears again in the world

[1] John Napier or Neper (1550–1617), laird of Merchiston (now swallowed up in the enlarged Edinburgh of to-day, although the old castle still stands), and the inventor of logarithms. He published his "Rabdologiæ seu numerationis per virgulas libri duo" in 1617, and the work was reprinted and translated into Italian (1623) and Dutch (1626). In 1667 William Leybourn published "The Art of Numbering by Speaking Rods, vulgarly termed Napier's Bones."

till he hath, by some private way or other, revenged himself: and that, on this account, several have followed their enemies privately to the Indys, thence to Italy, thence to France and back again, watching for an opportunity to be revenged. He says my Lord was fain to keep a letter from the Duke of York to the Queen of Spain a great while in his hands, before he could think fit to deliver it, till he had learnt whether the Queen would receive it, it being directed to his cozen. He says that many ladies in Spain, after they are found to be with child, do never stir out of their beds or chambers till they are brought to bed: so ceremonious they are in that point also. He tells me of their wooing by serenades at the window, and that their friends do always make the match; but yet that they have opportunities to meet at masse at church, and there they make love: that the Court there hath no dancing, nor visits at night to see the King or Queen, but is always just like a cloyster, nobody stirring in it: that my Lord Sandwich wears a beard now, turned up in the Spanish manner. But that which pleases me most indeed is, that the peace which he hath made with Spain is now printed here, and is acknowledged by all the merchants to be the best peace that ever England had with them: and it appears that the King thinks it so, for this is printed before the ratification is gone over; whereas that with France and Holland was not in a good while after, till copys come over of it in English out of Holland and France, that it was a reproach not to have it printed here. This I am mighty glad of; and is the first and only piece of good news, or thing fit to be owned, that this nation hath done several years. After dinner I to the office, and they gone, anon comes Pelling, and he and I to Gray's-Inne Fields, thinking to have heard Mrs. Knight [1] sing at her lodgings, by a friend's means of his; but we come too late; so must try another time. So lost our labour, and I by coach home, and there to my chamber, and did a great deal of good business about my Tangier accounts, and so with pleasure discoursing with my wife of our journey shortly to Brampton, and of this little girle, which indeed runs in my head, and pleases me mightily, though I dare not own it, and so to supper and to bed.

28th. Up, having slept not so much to-night as I used to do, for my thoughts being so full of this pretty little girle that is coming to live with us, which pleases me mightily. All the morning at the Office, busy upon an Order of Council, wherein they are mightily at a loss what to advise about our discharging of seamen by ticket, there being no money to pay their wages before January, only there is money to pay them since January, provided by the Parliament, which will be a horrid disgrace to the King and Crowne of England that no man shall reckon himself safe, but where the Parliament

[1] Mrs. Knight, a celebrated singer and mistress of Charles II. There is in Waller's "Poems" a song sung by her to the queen on her birthday. In her portrait, engraved by Faber, after Kneller, she is represented in mourning, and in a devout posture before a crucifix. Evelyn refers to her singing as incomparable, and adds that she had "the greatest reach of any English woman; she had been lately roaming in Italy, and was much improv'd in that quality" ("Diary," December 2nd, 1674).

takes care. And this did move Mr. Wren at the table to-day to say, that he did believe if ever there be occasion more to raise money, it will become here, as it is in Poland, that there are two treasurers—one for the King, and the other for the kingdom. At noon dined at home, and Mr. Hater with me, and Mr. Pierce, the surgeon, dropped in, who I feared did come to bespeak me to be godfather to his son, which I am unwilling now to be, having ended my liking to his wife, since I find she paints. After dinner comes Sir Fr. Hollis to me about business; and I with him by coach to the Temple, and there I 'light; all the way he telling me romantic lies of himself and his family, how they have been Parliament-men for Grimsby, he and his forefathers, this 140 years; and his father is now: and himself, at this day, stands for to be, with his father,[1] by the death of his fellow-burgess; and that he believes it will cost him as much as it did his predecessor, which was £300 in ale, and £52 in buttered ale; which I believe is one of his devilish lies. Here I 'light and to the Duke of York's playhouse, and there saw a piece of "Sir Martin Marrall," with great delight, though I have seen it so often, and so home, and there busy late, and so home to my supper and bed.

29th (Lord's day). Up, and put off first my summer's silk suit, and put on a cloth one. Then to church, and so home to dinner, my wife and I alone to a good dinner. All the afternoon talking in my chamber with my wife, about my keeping a coach the next year, and doing some things to my house, which will cost money—that is, furnish our best chamber with tapestry, and other rooms with pictures. In the evening read good books—my wife to me; and I did even my kitchen accounts. Then to supper, and so to bed.

30th. By water to White Hall, there to a committee of Tangier, but they not met yet, I went to St. James's, there thinking to have opportunity to speak to the Duke of York about the petition I have to make to him for something in reward for my service this war, but I did waive it. Thence to White Hall, and there a Committee met, where little was done, and thence to the Duke of York to Council, where we the officers of the Navy did attend about the business of discharging the seamen by tickets, where several of the Lords spoke and of our number none but myself, which I did in such manner as pleased the King and Council. Speaking concerning the difficulty of pleasing of seamen and giving them assurance to their satisfaction that they should be paid their arrears of wages, my Lord Ashly did move that an assignment for money on the Act might be put into the hands of the East India Company, or City of London, which he thought the seamen would believe. But this my Lord Anglesey did very handsomely oppose, and I think did carry it that it will not be: and it is indeed a mean thing that the King should so far own his own want of credit as to borrow their's in this manner. My Lord Anglesey told him that this was the way indeed to teach the

[1] He succeeded Sir Henry Bellassis, who had been returned for Grimsby on the death of Sir Adrian Scrope, and who had been killed in the duel with Porter.

Parliament to trust the King no more for the time to come, but to have a kingdom's Treasurer distinct from the King's. Home at noon to dinner, where I expected to have had our new girle, my wife's woman, but she is not yet come. I abroad after dinner to White Hall, and there among other things do hear that there will be musique to-morrow night before the King. So to Westminster, where to the Swan . . . and drank and away to the Hall, and thence to Mrs. Martin's to bespeak some linen, and there je did avoir all with her, and drank, and away, having first promised my god-daughter a new coat—her first coat. So by coach home, and there found our pretty girl Willet come, brought by Mr. Batelier, and she is very pretty, and so grave as I never saw a little thing in my life. Indeed I think her a little too good for my family, and so well carriaged as I hardly ever saw. I wish my wife may use her well. Now I begin to be full of thought for my journey the next week, if I can get leave, to Brampton. To-night come and sat with me Mr. Turner and his wife, and tell me of a design of sending their son Franke to the East Indy Companys' service if they can get him entertainment, which they are promised by Sir Andr. Rickard, which I do very well like of. So the company broke up and to bed.

October 1st. All the morning busy at the office, pleased mightily with my girle that we have got to wait on my wife. At noon dined with Sir G. Carteret and the rest of our officers at his house in Broad Street, they being there upon his accounts. After dinner took coach and to my wife, who was gone before into the Strand, there to buy a nightgown, where I found her in a shop with her pretty girle, and having bought it away home, and I thence to Sir G. Carteret's again, and so took coach alone, it now being almost night, to White Hall, and there in the Boarded-gallery did hear the musick with which the King is presented this night by Monsieur Grebus, the master of his musick; both instrumentall—I think twenty-four violins—and vocall; an English song upon Peace. But, God forgive me! I never was so little pleased with a concert of musick in my life. The manner of setting of words and repeating them out of order, and that with a number of voices, makes me sick, the whole design of vocall musick being lost by it. Here was a great press of people; but I did not see many pleased with it, only the instrumental musick he had brought by practice to play very just. So thence late in the dark round by the wall home by coach, and there to sing and sup with my wife, and look upon our pretty girle, and so to bed.

2nd. Up, and very busy all the morning, upon my accounts of Tangier, to present to the Commissioners of the Treasury in the afternoon, and the like upon the accounts of the office. This morning come to me Mr. Gawden about business, with his gold chain about his neck, as being Sheriffe of the City this year. At noon to the Treasury Office again, and there dined and did business, and then by coach to the New Exchange, and there met my wife and girl, and took them to the King's house to see "The Traytour," which still I like as a very good play; and thence, round by the wall, home, having

drunk at the Cock alehouse, as I of late have used to do, and so home and to my chamber to read, and so to supper and to bed.

3rd. Up, and going out of doors, I understand that Sir W. Batten is gone to bed on a sudden again this morning, being struck very ill, and I confess I have observed him for these last two months to look very ill and to look worse and worse. I to St. James's (though it be a sitting day) to the Duke of York, about the Tangier Committee, which met this morning, and he come to us, and the Charter for the City of Tangier was read and the form of the Court Merchant. That being done Sir W. Coventry took me into the gallery, and walked with me an hour, discoursing of Navy business, and with much kindness to, and confidence in, me still; which I must endeavour to preserve, and will do; and, good man! all his care how to get the Navy paid off, and that all other things therein may go well. He gone, I thence to my Lady Peterborough, who sent for me; and with her an hour talking about her husband's pension, and how she hath got an order for its being paid again; though, I believe, for all that order, it will hardly be; but of that I said nothing; but her design is to get it paid again: and how to raise money upon it, to clear it from the engagement which lies upon it to some citizens, who lent her husband money, without her knowledge, upon it, to vast loss. She intends to force them to take their money again, and release her husband of those hard terms. The woman is a very wise woman, and is very plain in telling me how her plate and jewels are at pawne for money, and how they are forced to live beyond their estate, and do get nothing by his being a courtier. The lady I pity, and her family. Having done with her, and drunk two glasses of her meade, which she did give me, and so to the Treasurer's Office, and there find my Lord Bruncker and [Sir] W. Pen at dinner with Sir G. Carteret about his accounts, where I dined and talked and settled some business, and then home, and there took out my wife and Willet, thinking to have gone to a play, but both houses were begun, and so we to the 'Change, and thence to my tailor's, and there, the coachman desiring to go home to change his horses, we went with him into a nasty end of all St. Giles's, and there went into a nasty room, a chamber of his, where he hath a wife and child, and there staid, it growing dark too, and I angry thereat, till he shifted his horses, and then home apace, and there I to business late, and so home, to supper, and walk in the garden with my wife and girle, with whom we are mightily pleased, and after talking and supping, to bed. This noon, going home, I did call on Will Lincolne[1] and agree with him to carry me to Brampton.

4th. Up, and to White Hall to attend the Council about Commissioner Pett's business, along with my Lord Bruncker and Sir W. Pen, and in the Robe-chamber the Duke of York come to us, the officers of the Navy, and there did meet together about Navy business, where Sir W. Coventry was with us, and among other things did recommend his Royal Highness, now

[1] Lincoln was a stable-keeper in Cow Lane.

the prizes were disposing, to remember Sir John Harman to the King, for some bounty, and also for my Lady Minnes, which was very nobly done of him. Thence all of us to attend the Council, where we were anon called on, and there was a long hearing of Commissioner Pett, who was there, and there were the two Masters Attendant [1] of Chatham called in, who do deny their having any order from Commissioner Pett about bringing up the great ships, which gives the lie to what he says; but, in general, I find him to be but a weak, silly man, and that is guilty of horrid neglect in this business all along. Here broke off without coming to an issue, but that there should be another hearing on Monday next. So the Council rose, and I staid walking up and down the galleries till the King went to dinner, and then I to my Lord Crew's to dinner; but he having dined, I took a very short leave, confessing I had not dined; and so to an ordinary hard by the Temple-gate, where I have heretofore been, and there dined—cost me 10*d*. And so to my Lord Ashly's, where after dinner Sir H. Cholmly, Creed and I, with his Lordship, about Mr. Yeabsly's business, where having come to agreement with him abating him £1,000 of what he demands for ships lost, I to Westminster, to Mrs. Martin's lodging, whither I sent for her, and there hear that her husband is come from sea, which is sooner than I expected; and here I staid and drank, and so did toucher elle and away, and so by coach to my tailor's, and thence to my Lord Crew's, and there did stay with him an hour till almost night, discoursing about the ill state of my Lord Sandwich, that he can neither be got to be called home, nor money got to maintain him there;[2] which will ruin his family. And the truth is, he do almost deserve it, for by all relation he hath, in a little more than a year and a half, spent £20,000 of the King's money, and the best part of £10,000 of his own; which is a most prodigious expence, more than ever Embassador spent there, and more than these Commissioners of the Treasury will or do allow. And they demand an account before they will give him any more money; which puts all his friends to a loss what to answer. But more money we must get him, or to be called home. I offer to speak to Sir W. Coventry about it; but my Lord will not advise to it, without consent of Sir G. Carteret. So home, and there to see Sir W. Batten, who fell sick yesterday morning. He is asleep: and so I could not see him; but in an hour after, word is brought me that he is so ill, that it is believed he cannot live till to-morrow, which troubles me and my wife mightily, partly out of kindness, he being a good neighbour —and partly because of the money he owes me, upon our bargain of the late prize.[3] So home and to supper and to bed.

5th. Up, and to the Office; and there all the morning; none but my Lord Anglesey and myself; but much surprized with the news of the death of Sir

[1] About this time Captain John Brooke and Captain William Rand were Masters Attendant at Chatham.

[2] In Spain.

[3] See August 14th (*ante*).

W. Batten, who died this morning, having been but two days sick. Sir W. Pen and I did dispatch a letter this morning to Sir W. Coventry, to recommend Colonel Middleton, who we think a most honest and understanding man, and fit for that place. Sir G. Carteret did also come this morning, and walked with me in the garden; and concluded not to concern [himself] or have any advice made to Sir W. Coventry, in behalf of my Lord Sandwich's business; so I do rest satisfied, though I do think they are all mad, that they will judge Sir. W. Coventry an enemy, when he is indeed no such man to any body, but is severe and just, as he ought to be, where he sees things ill done. At noon home, and by coach to Temple Bar to a India shop, and there bought a gown and sash, which cost me 26*s.*, and so she [Mrs. Pepys] and Willet away to the 'Change, and I to my Lord Crew, and there met my Lord Hinchingbroke and Lady Jemimah, and there dined with them and my Lord, where pretty merry, and after dinner my Lord Crew and Hinchingbroke and myself went aside to discourse about my Lord Sandwich's business, which is in a very ill state for want of money, and so parted, and I to my tailor's, and there took up my wife and Willet, who staid there for me, and to the Duke of York's playhouse, but the house so full, it being a new play, "The Coffee House," [1] that we could not get in, and so to the King's house: and there, going in, met with Knepp, and she took us up into the tireing-rooms: and to the women's shift, where Nell was dressing herself, and was all unready, and is very pretty, prettier than I thought. And so walked all up and down the house above, and then below into the scene-room, and there sat down, and she gave us fruit: and here I read the questions to Knepp, while she answered me, through all her part of "Flora's Figary's" [2] which was acted to-day. But, Lord! to see how they were both painted would make a man mad, and did make me loath them; and what base company of men comes among them, and how lewdly they talk! and how poor the men are in clothes, and yet what a shew they make on the stage by candle-light, is very observable. But to see how Nell cursed, for having so few people in the pit, was pretty; the other house carrying away all the people at the new play, and is said, now-a-days, to have generally most company, as being better players. By and by into the pit, and there saw the play, which is pretty good, but my belly was full of what I had seen in the house, and so, after the play done, away home, and there to the writing my letters, and so home to supper and to bed.

6th (Lord's day). Up, and dressed myself, and so walked out with the boy to Smithfield to Cow Lane, to Lincolne's, and there spoke with him, and agreed upon the hour to-morrow, to set out towards Brampton; but vexed that he is not likely to go himself, but sends another for him. Here

[1] "Tarugo's Wiles, or, The Coffee House," a comedy by Thomas St. Serfe; printed in 1668. Great part of the plot is founded on the Spanish comedy, "No puede ser." See the Earl of Dorset's lines on this play, printed in his "Works."

[2] See note, August 8th, 1664.

I took a hackney coach, and to White Hall, and there met Sir W. Coventry, and discoursed with him, and then with my Lord Bruncker, and many others, to end my matters in order to my going into the country to-morrow for five or six days, which I have not done for above three years. Walked with Creed into the Park a little, and at last went into the Queen's side, and there saw the King and Queen, and saw the ladies, in order to my hearing any news stirring to carry into the country, but met with none, and so away home by coach, and there dined, and W. How come to see me, and after dinner parted, and I to my writing to my Lord Sandwich, which is the greatest business I have to do before my going into the country, and in the evening to my office to set matters to rights there, and being in the garden Sir W. Pen did come to me, and fell to discourse about the business of "The Flying Greyhound," wherein I was plain to him and he to me, and at last concluded upon my writing a petition to the Duke of York for a certain ship, The Maybolt Gallyott,[1] and he offers to give me £300 for my success, which, however, I would not oblige him to, but will see the issue of it by fair play, and so I did presently draw a petition, which he undertakes to proffer to the Duke of York, and solicit for me, and will not seem to doubt of his success. So I wrote, and did give it him, and left it with him, and so home to supper, where Pelling comes and sits with me, and there tells us how old Mr. Batelier is dead this last night in the night, going to bed well, which I am mightily troubled for, he being a good man. Supper done, and he gone, I to my chamber to write my journal to this night, and so to bed.

7th. Up betimes, and did do several things towards the settling all matters both of house and office in order for my journey this day, and did leave my chief care, and the key of my closet, with Mr. Hater, with directions what papers to secure, in case of fire or other accident; and so, about nine o'clock, I, and my wife, and Willet, set out in a coach I have hired, with four horses; and W. Hewer and Murford rode by us on horseback; and so my wife and she in their morning gowns, very handsome and pretty, and to my great liking. We set out, and so out at Allgate, and so to the Green Man, and so on to Enfield, in our way seeing Mr. Lowther and his lady in a coach, going to Walthamstow; and he told us that he would overtake us at night, he being to go that way. So we to Enfield, and there bayted, it being but a foul, bad day, and there Lowther and Mr. Burford, an acquaintance of his, did overtake us, and there drank and eat together; and, by and by, we parted, we going before them, and very merry, my wife and girle and I talking, and telling tales, and singing, and before night come to Bishop Staf-

[1] Dinah Dunster wrote to the Navy Commissioners, September 13th, 1667, asking them "to send somebody to look after the Maybolt galliot, her husband the late master being dead, and the mate and seamen sick" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1667, p. 461). Captain Henry Southwood was in command of the "Maybolt" in November, 1667 ("Calendar of State Papers," 1667–68, pp. 31, 37).

ford,[1] where Lowther and his friend did meet us again, and carried us to the Raynedeere, where Mrs. Aynsworth,[2] who lived heretofore at Cambridge, and whom I knew better than they think for, do live. It was the woman that, among other things, was great with my cozen Barnston, of Cottenham, and did use to sing to him, and did teach me "Full forty times over," a very lewd song: a woman they are very well acquainted with, and is here what she was at Cambridge, and all the good fellows of the country come hither. Lowther and his friend stayed and drank, and then went further this night; but here we stayed, and supped, and lodged. But, as soon as they were gone, and my supper getting ready, I fell to write my letter to my Lord Sandwich, which I could not finish before my coming from London; so did finish it to my good content, and a good letter, telling him the present state of all matters, and did get a man to promise to carry it to-morrow morning, to be there, at my house, by noon, and I paid him well for it; so, that being done, and my mind at ease, we to supper, and so to bed, my wife and I in one bed, and the girl in another, in the same room, and lay very well, but there was so much tearing company in the house, that we could not see my landlady; so I had no opportunity of renewing my old acquaintance with her, but here we slept very well.

8th. Up pretty betimes, though not so soon as we intended, by reason of Murford's not rising, and then not knowing how to open our door, which, and some other pleasant simplicities of the fellow, did give occasion to us to call him Sir Martin Marrall,[3] and W. Hewer being his helper and counsellor, we did call him, all this journey, Mr. Warner, which did give us good occasion of mirth now and then. At last, rose, and up, and broke our fast, and then took coach, and away, and at Newport did call on Mr. Lowther, and he and his friend, and the master of the house, their friend, where they

[1] Bishops Stortford, a town of some antiquity in Hertfordshire, 32¼ miles N.N.E. of London.

[2] Elizabeth Aynsworth, here mentioned, was a noted procuress at Cambridge, banished from that town by the university authorities for her evil courses. She subsequently kept the Rein Deer Inn at Bishops Stortford, at which the Vice-Chancellor, and some of the heads of colleges, had occasion to sleep, in their way to London, and were nobly entertained, their supper being served off plate. The next morning their hostess refused to make any charge, saying, that she was still indebted to the Vice-Chancellor, who, by driving her out of Cambridge, had made her fortune. No tradition of this woman has been preserved at Bishops Stortford; but it appears, from the register of that parish, that she was buried there 26th of March, 1686. It is recorded in the "History of Essex," vol. iii., p. 130, 8vo., 1770, and in a pamphlet in the British Museum, entitled, "Boteler's Case," that she was implicated in the murder of Captain Wood, a Hertfordshire gentleman, at Manuden, in Essex, and for which offence a person named Boteler was executed at Chelmsford, September 10th, 1667, and that Mrs. Aynsworth, tried at the same time as an accessory before the fact, was acquitted for want of evidence; though in her way to the jail she endeavoured to throw herself into the river, but was prevented. See *postea*, May 25th, 1668.—B.

[3] From the Duke of Newcastle's play, which was altered and prepared for the stage by Dryden.

were, a gentleman, did presently get a-horseback and overtook us, and went with us to Audley-End, and did go along with us all over the house and garden: and mighty merry we were. The house indeed do appear very fine, but not so fine as it hath heretofore to me; particularly the ceilings[1] are not so good as I always took them to be, being nothing so well wrought as my Lord Chancellor's are; and though the figure of the house without be very extraordinary good, yet the stayre-case is exceeding poor; and a great many pictures, and not one good one in the house but one of Harry the Eighth, done by Holben;[2] and not one good suit of hangings in all the house, but all most ancient things, such as I would not give the hanging-up of in my house; and the other furniture, beds and other things, accordingly. Only the gallery is good, and, above all things, the cellars, where we went down and drank of much good liquor; and indeed the cellars are fine: and here my wife and I did sing to my great content. And then to the garden, and there eat many grapes, and took some with us: and so away thence, exceeding well satisfied, though not to that degree that, by my old esteem of the house, I ought and did expect to have done, the situation of it not pleasing me. Here we parted with Lowther and his friends, and away to Cambridge, it being foul, rainy weather, and there did take up at the Rose, for the sake of Mrs. Dorothy Drawwater, the vintner's daughter, which is mentioned in the play of Sir Martin Marrall. Here we had a good chamber, and bespoke a good supper; and then I took my wife, and W. Hewer, and Willet, it holding up a little, and shewed them Trinity College and St. John's Library, and went to King's College Chapel, to see the outside of it only; and so to our inne, and with much pleasure did this, they walking in their pretty morning gowns, very handsome, and I proud to find myself in condition to do this; and so home to our lodging, and there, by and by, to supper, with much good sport, talking with the Drawers concerning matters of the town, and persons whom I remember, and so, after supper, to cards; and then to bed, lying, I in one bed, and my wife and girl in another, in the same room, and

[1] Mr. George T. Robinson, F.S.A., in a paper on "Decorative Plaster-Work," read before the Society of Arts in April, 1891, refers to the ceilings at Audley End as presenting an excellent idea of the state of the stuccoer's art in the middle of James I.'s reign, and adds, "Few houses in England can show so fine a series of the same date. . . . The great hall has medallions in the square portions of the ceiling formed by its dividing timber beams. The large saloon on the principal floor—a room about 66 feet long by 30 feet wide—has a very remarkable ceiling of the pendentive type, which presents many peculiarities, the most notable of which, that these not only depend from the ceiling, but the outside ones spring from the walls in a natural and structural manner. This is a most unusual circumstance in the stucco-work of the time, the reason for the omission of this reasonable treatment evidently being the unwillingness of the stuccoer to omit his elaborate frieze in which he took such delight" ("Jour. Soc. of Arts," vol. xxxix., p. 449).

[2] This portrait of Henry VIII., and many other pictures formerly at Audley-End, passed into the hands of the Skeffington family; they were dispersed at the auction at Skeffington Hall, many years ago (see Nichols's "Leicestershire").—B.

very merry talking together, and mightily pleased both of us with the girl. Saunders, the only violin in my time, is, I hear, dead of the plague in the late plague there.

9th. Up, and got ready, and eat our breakfast; and then took coach: and the poor, as they did yesterday, did stand at the coach to have something given them, as they do to all great persons; and I did give them something: and the town musique did also come and play: but, Lord! what sad music they made! However, I was pleased with them, being all of us in very good humour, and so through the town, and observed at our College of Magdalene the posts new painted, and understand that the Vice-Chancellor[1] is there this year. And so away for Huntingdon mightily pleased all along the road to remember old stories; and come to Brampton at about noon, and there find my father and sister and brother all well: and here laid up our things, and up and down to see the garden with my father, and the house, and do altogether find it very pretty; especially the little parlour and the summer-houses in the garden, only the wall do want greens upon it, and the house is too low-roofed; but that is only because of my coming from a house with higher ceilings. But altogether is very pretty; and I bless God that I am like to have such a pretty place to retire to: and I did walk with my father without doors, and do find a very convenient way of laying out money there in building, which will make a very good seat, and the place deserves it, I think, very well. By and by to dinner, and after dinner I walked up to Hinchingbroke, where my Lady expected me; and there spent all the afternoon with her: the same most excellent, good, discreet lady that ever she was; and, among other things, is mightily pleased with the lady that is like to be her son Hinchingbroke's wife, which I am mightily glad of. By and by my wife comes with Willet, my wife in her velvett vest, which is mighty fine, and becomes her exceedingly. I am pleased with my Lady Paulina and Anne,[2] who both are grown very proper ladies, and handsome enough. But a thousand questions my Lady asked me, till she could think of no more almost, but walked up and down the house with me. But I do find, by her, that they are reduced to great straits for money, having been forced to sell her plate, 8 or £900 worth; and she is now going to sell a suit of her best hangings, of which I could almost wish to buy a piece or two, if the pieces will be broke. But the house is most excellently furnished, and brave rooms and good pictures, so that it do please me infinitely beyond Audley End. Here we staid till night walking and talking and drinking, and with mighty satisfaction my Lady with me alone most of the day talking of my Lord's bad condition to be kept in Spayne without money and at a great expense,

[1] John Howarth, D.D., Prebendary of Peterborough and Master of Magdalene, was Vice-Chancellor, 1666–67.

[2] She became the wife of Sir Richard Edgecumbe, and by him had a son, Richard, created an English baron in 1742. She married, secondly, the Hon. Christopher Montagu, elder brother of Charles, Lord Halifax.—B.

which (as we will save the family) we must labour to remove. Night being come, we took leave with all possible kindness, and so home, and there Mr. Shepley staid with us and supped, and full of good country discourse, and when supper done took his leave, and we all to bed, only I a little troubled that my father tells me that he is troubled that my wife shows my sister no countenance, and him but very little, but is as a stranger in the house; and I do observe she do carry herself very high; but I perceive there was some great falling out when she was here last, but the reason I have no mind to enquire after, for vexing myself, being desirous to pass my time with as much mirth as I can while I am abroad. So all to bed. My wife and I in the high bed in our chamber, and Willet in the trundle bed,[1] which she desired to lie in, by us.

10th. Waked in the morning with great pain of the collique, by cold taken yesterday, I believe, with going up and down in my shirt, but with rubbing my belly, keeping of it warm, I did at last come to some ease, and rose, and up to walk up and down the garden with my father, to talk of all our concernments: about a husband for my sister, whereof there is at present no appearance; but we must endeavour to find her one now, for she grows old and ugly: then for my brother; and resolve he shall stay here this winter, and then I will either send him to Cambridge for a year, till I get him some church promotion, or send him to sea as a chaplain, where he may study, and earn his living. Then walked round about our Greene, to see whether, in case I cannot buy out my uncle Thomas and his son's right in this house, that I can buy another place as good thereabouts to build on, and I do not see that I can. But this, with new building, may be made an excellent pretty thing, and I resolve to look after it as soon as I can, and Goody Gorum dies. By this time it was almost noon, and then my father and I and wife and Willet abroad, by coach round the towne of Brampton, to observe any other place as good as ours, and find none; and so back with great pleasure; and thence went all of us, my sister and brother, and W. Hewer, to dinner to Hinchingbroke, where we had a good plain country dinner, but most kindly used; and here dined the Minister of Brampton and his wife, who is reported a very good, but poor man. Here I spent alone with my Lady, after dinner, the most of the afternoon, and anon the two twins[2] were sent for from schoole, at Mr. Taylor's, to come to see me, and I took them into the garden, and there, in one of the summer-houses, did examine them,

[1] A low bedstead moving on wheels or castors, which ran in under the principal bed.

"With a chain and a trundle-bed following at th' heels,
And will they not cry then, the world runs a-wheels?"

Ben Jonson's *Vision of Delight.*

The same as truckle bed.

[2] The twins were the third and fourth sons of Lord Sandwich: Oliver Montagu, afterwards M.P. for Huntingdon, and in 1685 Solicitor-General to the Queen; he died unmarried in 1693: and John Montagu, made Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1683, and Dean of Durham, 1699, who also died a bachelor in 1728–29.—B.

and do find them so well advanced in their learning, that I was amazed at it: they repeating a whole ode without book out of Horace, and did give me a very good account of any thing almost, and did make me very readily very good Latin, and did give me good account of their Greek grammar, beyond all possible expectation; and so grave and manly as I never saw, I confess, nor could have believed; so that they will be fit to go to Cambridge in two years at most. They are both little, but very like one another, and well-looked children. Then in to my Lady again, and staid till it was almost night again, and then took leave for a great while again, but with extraordinary kindness from my Lady, who looks upon me like one of her own family and interest. So thence, my wife and people by the highway, and I walked over the park with Mr. Shepley, and through the grove, which is mighty pretty, as is imaginable, and so over their drawbridge to Nun's Bridge,[1] and so to my father's, and there sat and drank, and talked a little, and then parted. And he being gone, and what company there was, my father and I, with a dark lantern, it being now night, into the garden with my wife, and there went about our great work to dig up my gold. But, Lord! what a tosse I was for some time in, that they could not justly tell where it was; that I begun heartily to sweat, and be angry, that they should not agree better upon the place, and at last to fear that it was gone: but by and by poking with a spit, we found it, and then begun with a spudd to lift up the ground. But, good God! to see how sillily they did it, not half a foot under ground, and in the sight of the world from a hundred places, if any body by accident were near hand, and within sight of a neighbour's window, and their hearing also, being close by: only my father says that he saw them all gone to church before he begun the work, when he laid the money, but that do not excuse it to me. But I was out of my wits almost, and the more from that, upon my lifting up the earth with the spudd, I did discern that I had scattered the pieces of gold round about the ground among the grass and loose earth; and taking up the iron head-pieces wherein they were put, I perceive the earth was got among the gold, and wet, so that the bags were all rotten, and all the notes, that I could not tell what in the world to say to it, not knowing how to judge what was wanting, or what had been lost by Gibson in his coming down: which, all put together, did make me mad; and at last was forced to take up the head-pieces, dirt and all, and as many of the scattered pieces as I could with the dirt discern by the candle-light, and carry them up into my brother's chamber, and there locke them up till I had eat a little supper: and then, all people going to bed, W. Hewer and I did all alone, with several pails of water and basins, at last wash the dirt off of the pieces, and parted the pieces and the dirt, and then begun to tell [them]; and by a note which I had of the value of the whole in my pocket, do find that there was short

[1] Nun's Bridge is still in existence, and known by that name. It is at the foot of Hinchingbrooke Hill, and adjoining to some old ponds which belonged to the house when a nunnery.—B.

above a hundred pieces, which did make me mad; and considering that the neighbour's house was so near that we could not suppose we could speak one to another in the garden at the place where the gold lay—especially my father being deaf—but they must know what we had been doing on, I feared that they might in the night come and gather some pieces and prevent us the next morning; so W. Hewer and I out again about midnight, for it was now grown so late, and there by candle-light did make shift to gather forty-five pieces more. And so in, and to cleanse them: and by this time it was past two in the morning; and so to bed, with my mind pretty quiet to think that I have recovered so many. And then to bed, and I lay in the trundle-bed, the girl being gone to bed to my wife, and there lay in some disquiet all night, telling of the clock till it was daylight.

11th. And then rose and called W. Hewer, and he and I, with pails and a sieve, did lock ourselves into the garden, and there gather all the earth about the place into pails, and then sift those pails in one of the summer-houses, just as they do for dyamonds in other parts of the world; and there, to our great content, did with much trouble by nine o'clock (and by the time we emptied several pails and could not find one), we did make the last night's forty-five up seventy-nine: so that we are come to about twenty or thirty of what I think the true number should be; and perhaps within less; and of them I may reasonably think that Mr. Gibson might lose some: so that I am pretty well satisfied that my loss is not great, and do bless God that it is so well,[1] and do leave my father to make a second examination of the dirt, which he promises he will do, and, poor man, is mightily troubled for this accident, but I declared myself very well satisfied, and so indeed I am; and my mind at rest in it, being but an accident, which is unusual; and so gives me some kind of content to remember how painful it is sometimes to keep money, as well as to get it, and how doubtful I was how to keep it all night, and how to secure it to London: and so got all my gold put up in bags. And so having the last night wrote to my Lady Sandwich to lend me John Bowles to go along with me my journey, not telling her the reason, that it was only to secure my gold, we to breakfast, and then about ten o'clock took coach, my wife and I, and Willet, and W. Hewer, and Murford and Bowles (whom my Lady lent me), and my brother John on horseback; and with these four I thought myself pretty safe. But, before we went out, the Hunt-

[1] About the year 1842, in removing the foundation of an old wall, adjoining a mansion at Brampton, always considered the quondam residence of the Pepys family, an iron pot, full of silver coins, was discovered, and taken to the Earl of Sandwich, the owner of the house, in whose possession they still remain. The pot was so much corroded, that a small piece of it only could be preserved. The coins were chiefly half-crowns of Elizabeth and the two elder Stuarts, and all of a date anterior to the Restoration. Although Pepys states that the treasure which he caused to be buried was gold exclusively, it is very probable that, in the confusion, a pot full of silver money was packed up with the rest; but, at all events, the coincidence appeared too singular to pass over without notice.—B.

ingdon musick come to me and played, and it was better than that of Cambridge. Here I took leave of my father, and did give my sister 20*s*. She cried at my going; but whether it was at her unwillingness for my going, or any unkindness of my wife's, or no, I know not; but, God forgive me! I take her to be so cunning and ill-natured, that I have no great love for her; but only [she] is my sister, and must be provided for. My gold I put into a basket, and set under one of the seats; and so my work every quarter of an hour was to look to see whether all was well; and I did ride in great fear all the day, but it was a pleasant day, and good company, and I mightily contented. Mr. Shepley saw me beyond St. Neots, and there parted, and we straight to Stevenage, through Bald Lanes, which are already very bad; and at Stevenage we come well before night, and all sat, and there with great care I got the gold up to the chamber, my wife carrying one bag, and the girl another, and W. Hewer the rest in the basket, and set it all under a bed in our chamber, and then sat down to talk, and were very pleasant, satisfying myself, among other things, from John Bowles, in some terms of hunting, and about deere, bucks, and does. And so anon to supper, and very merry we were, and a good supper, and after supper to bed. Brecocke alive still, and the best host I know almost.

12th. Up, and eat our breakfast, and set out about nine o'clock, and so to Barnett, where we staid and baited, the weather very good all day and yesterday, and by five o'clock got home, where I find all well; and did bring my gold, to my heart's content, very safe home, having not this day carried it in a basket, but in our hands: the girl took care of one, and my wife another bag, and I the rest, I being afraid of the bottom of the coach, lest it should break, and therefore was at more ease in my mind than I was yesterday. At home we find that Sir W. Batten's burial was to-day carried from hence, with a hundred or two of coaches, to Walthamstow, and there buried. Here I hear by Mr. Pierce the surgeon, and then by Mr. Lewes, and also by Mr. Hater, that the Parliament hath met on Thursday last, and adjourned to Monday next. The King did make them a very kind speech,[1] promising them to leave all to them to do, and call to account what and whom they pleased; and declared by my Lord Keeper how many, thirty-six, actes he had done since he saw them; among others, disbanding the army, and putting all Papists out of employment, and displacing persons that had managed their business ill, that the Parliament is mightily pleased with the King's speech, and voted giving him thanks for what he said and hath done; and, among things, would by name thank him for displacing my Lord Chancellor, for which a great many did speak in the House, but it was opposed

[1] At the meeting of Parliament on October 10th, 1667, the king made a speech of about ten lines, in which he said, "The other reasons of that prorogation [eleven weeks before], and some other matters with which I would acquaint you, I have commanded my Lord Keeper to declare unto you" ("Journals of the House of Lords," vol. xii., p. 115).

by some, and particularly Harry Coventry, who got that it should be put to a Committee to consider what particulars to mention in their thanks to the King, saying that it was too soon to give thanks for the displacing of a man, before they knew or had examined what was the cause of his displacing. And so it rested; but this do shew that they are and will be very high; and Mr. Pierce do tell me that he fears, and do hear, that it hath been said among them, that they will move for the calling my Lord Sandwich home, to bring him to account; which do trouble me mightily; but I trust it will not be so. Anon comes home Sir W. Pen from the burial, and he and I to walk in the garden, where he did confirm the most of this news, and so to talk of our particular concernments, and among the rest he says that Lady Batten and her children-in-law are all broke in pieces, and that there is but £800 found in the world, of money; and is in great doubt what we shall do towards the doing ourselves right with them, about the prize-money. This troubles me, but we will fall to work upon that next week close. Then he tells me he did deliver my petition into the hands of Sir W. Coventry, who did take it with great kindness and promised to present it to the Duke of York, and that himself has since seen the Duke of York, but it was in haste, and thinks the Duke of York did tell him that the thing was done, but he is confident that it either is or will be done. This do please me mightily. So after a little talk more I away home to supper with John Bowles and brother and wife (who, I perceive, is already a little jealous of my being fond of Willet, but I will avoid giving her any cause to continue in that mind, as much as possible), and before that did go with Sir W. Pen to my Lady Batten, whom I had not seen since she was a widow, which she took unkindly, but I did excuse it; and the house being full of company, and of several factions, she against the children, and they against one another and her, I away, and home to supper, and after supper to bed.

13th (Lord's day). Up, and by water to White Hall, and thence walked to Sir W. Coventry's lodgings, but he was gone out, so I to St. James's, and there to the Duke of York's chamber: and there he was dressing; and many Lords and Parliament-men come to kiss his hands, they being newly come to town. And there the Duke of York did of himself call me to him, and tell me that he had spoke to the King, and that the King had granted me the ship I asked for; and did, moreover, say that he was mightily satisfied with my service, and that he would be willing to do anything that was in his power for me: which he said with mighty kindness; which I did return him thanks for, and departed with mighty joy, more than I did expect. And so walked over the Park to White Hall, and there met Sir H. Cholmly, who walked with me, and told me most of the news I heard last night of the Parliament; and thinks they will do all things very well, only they will be revenged of my Lord Chancellor; and says, however, that he thinks there will be but two things proved on him; and that one is, that he may have said to the King, and to others, words to breed in the King an ill opinion of

the Parliament—that they were factious, and that it was better to dissolve them: and this, he thinks, they will be able to prove; but what this will amount to, he knows not. And next, that he hath taken money for several bargains that have been made with the Crown; and did instance one that is already complained of: but there are so many more involved in it, that, should they unravel things of this sort, every body almost will be more or less concerned. But these are the two great points which he thinks they will insist on, and prove against him. Thence I to the Chapel, and there heard the sermon and a pretty good anthem, and so home by water to dinner, where Bowles and brother, and a good dinner, and in the afternoon to make good my journal to this day, and so by water again to White Hall, and thence only walked to Mrs. Martin's, and there sat with her and her sister and Borroughs . . . and there drank and talked and away by water home, and there walked with Sir W. Pen, and told him what the Duke of York told me to-day about the ship I begged; and he was knave enough, of his own accord, but, to be sure, in order to his own advantage, to offer me to send for the master of the vessel, "The Maybolt Galliott," and bid him to get her furnished as for a long voyage, and I to take no notice of it, that she might be the more worth to me: so that here he is a very knave to the King, and I doubt not his being the same to me on occasion. So in a doors and supped with my wife and brother, W. Hewer, and Willett, and so evened with W. Hewer for my expenses upon the road this last journey, and do think that the whole journey will cost me little less than £18 or £20, one way or other; but I am well pleased with it, and so after supper to bed.

14th. Up, and by water to White Hall, and thence walked to St. James's, and there to Mr. Wren's; and he told me that my business was done about my warrant on the Maybolt Galliott; which I did see, and though it was not so full in the reciting of my services as the other was in that of Sir W. Pen's, yet I was well pleased with it, and do intend to fetch it away anon. Thence with Sir Thomas Allen, in a little sorry coach which he hath set up of late, and Sir Jeremy Smith, to White Hall, and there I took water and went to Westminster Hall, and there hear that the House is this day again upon the business of giving the King the thanks of the House for his speech, and, among other things, for laying aside of my Lord Chancellor. Thence I to Mrs. Martin's, where by appointment comes to me Mrs. Howlett, which I was afraid was to have told me something of my freedom with her daughter, but it was not so, but only to complain to me of her son-in-law, how he abuses and makes a slave of her, and his mother is one that encourages him in it, so that they are at this time upon very bad terms one with another, and desires that I would take a time to advise him and tell him what it becomes him to do, which office I am very glad of, for some ends of my own also con sa fille, and there drank and parted, I mightily satisfied with this business, and so home by water with Sir W. Warren, who happened to be at Westminster, and there I pretty strange to him, and little discourse, and there at

the office Lord Bruncker, W. Pen, T. Hater and I did some business, and so home to dinner, and thence I out to visit Sir G. Carteret and ladies there; and from him do understand that the King himself (but this he told me as a great secret) is satisfied that this thanks which he expects from the House, for the laying aside of my Lord Chancellor, is a thing irregular; but, since it is come into the House, he do think it necessary to carry it on, and will have it, and hath made his mind known to be so, to some of the House. But Sir G. Carteret do say he knows nothing of what my Lord Bruncker told us to-day, that the King was angry with the Duke of York yesterday, and advised him not to hinder what he had a mind to have done, touching this business; which is news very bad, if true. Here I visited my Lady Carteret, who hath been sick some time, but now pretty well, but laid on her bed. Thence to my Lord Crew, to see him after my coming out of the country, and he seems satisfied with some steps they have made in my absence towards my Lord Sandwich's relief for money: and so I have no more to do, nor will trouble myself more about it till they send for me. He tells me also that the King will have the thanks of the House go on: and commends my Lord Keeper's speech for all but what he was forced to say, about the reason of the King's sending away the House so soon the last time, when they were met, but this he was forced to do. Thence to Westminster Hall, and there walked with Mr. Scowen, who tells me that it is at last carried in the House that the thanks shall be given to the King—among other things, particularly for the removal of my Lord Chancellor; but he tells me it is a strange act, and that which he thinks would never have been, but that the King did insist upon it, that, since it come into the House, it might not be let fall. After walking there awhile I took coach and to the Duke of York's House, and there went in for nothing into the pit, at the last act, to see Sir Martin Marrall, and met my wife, who was there, and my brother, and W. Hewer and Willett, and carried them home, still being pleased with the humour of the play, almost above all that ever I saw. Home, and there do find that John Bowles is not yet come thither. I suppose he is playing the good fellow in the town. So to the office a while, and then home to supper and to bed.

15th. Up, and to the office, where, Sir W. Pen being ill of the gout, we all of us met there in his parlour and did the business of the office, our greatest business now being to manage the pay of the ships in order and with speed to satisfy the Commissioners of the Treasury. This morning my brother set out for Brampton again, and is gone. At noon home to dinner, and thence my wife and I and Willet to the Duke of York's house, where, after long stay, the King and Duke of York come, and there saw "The Coffee-house," [1] the most ridiculous, insipid play that ever I saw in my life, and glad we were that Betterton had no part in it. But here, before the play begun, my wife begun to complain to me of Willet's confidence in sitting cheek by jowl by us, which was a poor thing; but I perceive she is already jealous

[1] See October 5th, 1667.

of my kindness to her, so that I begin to fear this girle is not likely to stay long with us. The play done, we home by coach, it being moonlight, and got well home, and I to my chamber to settle some papers, and so to supper and to bed.

16th. Up, and at home most of the morning with Sir H. Cholmly, about some accounts of his; and for news he tells me that the Commons and Lords have concurred, and delivered the King their thanks, among other things, for his removal of the Chancellor; who took their thanks very well, and, among other things, promised them, in these words, never, in any degree, to entertain the Chancellor any employment again. And he tells me that it is very true, he hath it from one that was by, that the King did give the Duke of York a sound reprimand; told him that he had lived with him with more kindness than ever any brother King lived with a brother, and that he lived as much like a monarch as himself, but advised him not to cross him in his designs about the Chancellor; in which the Duke of York do very wisely acquiesce, and will be quiet as the King bade him, but presently commands all his friends to be silent in the business of the Chancellor, and they were so: but that the Chancellor hath done all that is possible to provoke the King, and to bring himself to lose his head by enraging of people. He gone, I to the office, busy all the morning. At noon to Broad Street to Sir G. Carteret and Lord Bruncker, and there dined with them, and thence after dinner with Bruncker to White Hall, where the Duke of York is now newly come for this winter, and there did our usual business, which is but little, and so I away to the Duke of York's house, thinking as we appointed, to meet my wife there, but she was not; and more, I was vexed to see Young (who is but a bad actor at best) act Macbeth in the room of Betterton, who, poor man! is sick: but, Lord! what a prejudice it wrought in me against the whole play, and everybody else agreed in disliking this fellow. Thence home, and there find my wife gone home; because of this fellow's acting of the part, she went out of the house again. There busy at my chamber with Mr. Yeabsly, and then with Mr. Lewes, about public business late, and so to supper and to bed.

17th. Up, and being sent for by my Lady Batten, I to her, and there she found fault with my not seeing her since her being a widow,[1] which I excused as well as I could, though it is a fault, but it is my nature not to be forward in visits. But here she told me her condition, which is good enough, being sole executrix, to the disappointment of all her husband's children, and prayed my friendship about the accounts of the prizes, which I promised her. And here do see what creatures widows are in weeping for their husbands, and then presently leaving off; but I cannot wonder at it, the cares of the world taking place of all other passions. Thence to the office, where all the morning busy, and at noon home to dinner, where Mr. John Andrews and his wife come and dined with me, and pretty merry we were, only I out

[1] He seems to have forgotten his visit on the 12th.—B.

of humour the greatest part of the dinner, by reason that my people had forgot to get wine ready, I having none in my house, which I cannot say now these almost three years, I think, without having two or three sorts, by which we were fain to stay a great while, while some could be fetched. When it come I begun to be merry, and merry we were, but it was an odd, strange thing to observe of Mr. Andrews what a fancy he hath to raw meat, that he eats it with no pleasure unless the blood run about his chops, which it did now by a leg of mutton that was not above half boiled; but, it seems, at home all his meat is dressed so, and beef and all, and [he] eats it so at nights also. Here most of our discourse is of the business of the Parliament, who run on mighty furiously, having yesterday been almost all the morning complaining against some high proceedings of my Lord Chief Justice Keeling, that the gentlemen of the country did complain against him in the House, and run very high. It is the man that did fall out with my cozen Roger Pepys,[1] once, at the Assizes there, and would have laid him by the heels; but, it seems, a very able lawyer.[2] After dinner I to the office, where we all met with intent to proceed to the publique sale of several prize ships, but upon discourse my Lord Anglesey did discover (which troubled me that he that is a stranger almost should do more than we ourselves could) that the appraisements made by our officers were not above half of what he had been offered for one of them, and did make it good by bringing a gentleman to give us £700 for the Wildboare,[3] which they valued but at £276,

[1] "At the Cambridge Assizes, held before Justice Kelynge, March 9th, 1664, Roger Pepys, the Recorder, was bound over to his good behaviour for speaking slightly of Lord Chief Justice Hyde at the Town Sessions, on an appeal by Dr. Eade against a poor-rate."—Cooper's *Cambridge Annals*, vol. iii., p. 516. See *postea*, December 13th, 1667.—B.

[2] Sir John Kelyng, Sergeant, 1660, and engaged on the part of the crown to advise with the judges relative to the proceedings to be adopted against the regicides. Returned as Member of Parliament for Bedford in May, 1661, he prepared the Act of Uniformity passed in 1662. Appointed judge of the King's Bench in 1663 and Chief Justice in 1665. No special record of the "high proceedings" referred to by Pepys is to be found in the Parliamentary History; but his conduct was complained of, and the House of Commons voted his proceedings to be illegal and tending to the introduction of arbitrary government. His conduct as a judge was considered to be harsh and insulting. He died at his home in Hatton Garden, May 9th, 1671 (Foss's "Judges"). See December 13th.

[3] Captain Henry Nicoll petitioned the king, October 17th, 1667, "for an abatement in the price of the 'Sea Fortune,' of Amsterdam, and the 'Wild Boar,' which was purchased for £1,000, to bring timber from Ireland for the rebuilding of London" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1667, p. 531). Petition of Mayor Henry Nicoll to the king, "for a grant of the 'Golden Hand' flyboat, with all her furniture and apparel, at the same price as he paid for the 'Wildboar,' and for orders to the Duke of York and the Navy Commissioners to give him possession thereof forthwith, they taking the same security as was ordered for the 'Wildboar' . . . [he] asked for the 'Wildboar' prize-ship at a reasonable price and convenient time for payment, which was granted, but after being at great charge in rigging and setting her forth to sea, she foundered on her voyage, and 15 men perished in her, whereby he was deprived of the means of bringing over the timber, or of paying his debts" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1667–68, p. 110).

which made us all startle and stop the sale, and I did propose to acquaint the Duke of York with it, and accordingly we did agree on it, and I wrote a severe letter about it, and we are to attend him with it to-morrow about it. This afternoon my Lord Anglesey tells us that the House of Commons have this morning run into the inquiry in many things; as, the sale of Dunkirke, the dividing of the fleete the last year, the business of the prizes with my Lord Sandwich, and many other things; so that now they begin to fall close upon it, and God knows what will be the end of it, but a Committee they have chosen to inquire into the miscarriages of the war. Having done, and being a little tired, Sir W. Pen and I in his coach out to Mile End Green, and there drank a cup of Byde's ale, and so talking about the proceedings of Parliament, and how little a thing the King is become to be forced to suffer it, though I declare my being satisfied that things should be enquired into, we back again home, and I to my office to my letters, and so home to supper and to bed.

18th. Up, and by coach with Sir W. Pen to White Hall, and there attended the Duke of York; but first we find him to spend above an hour in private in his closet with Sir W. Coventry; which I was glad to see, that there is so much confidence between them. By and by we were called in and did our usual business, and complained of the business yesterday discovered of our officers abusing the King in the appraisement of the prizes. Here it was worth observing that the Duke of York, considering what third rate ships to keep abroad, the Rupert was thought on, but then it was said that Captain Hubbert[1] was Commander of her and that the King had a mind for Spragg to command the ship, which would not be well to be by turning out Hubbert, who is a good man, but one the Duke of York said he did not know whether he did so well conforme, as at this time to please the people and Parliament. Sir W. Coventry answered, and the Duke of York merrily agreed to it, that it was very hard to know what it was that the Parliament would call conformity at this time, and so it stopped, which I only observe to see how the Parliament's present temper do amuse them all. Thence to several places to buy a hat, and books, and neckcloths, and several errands I did before I got home, and, among others, bought me two new pair of spectacles of Turlington, who, it seems, is famous for them; and his daughter, he being out of the way, do advise me two very young sights, as that that will help me most, and promises me great ease from them, and I will try them. At the Exchange I met Creed, and took him home with me, and dined, and among other things he tells me that Sir Robert Brookes is the man that did mention the business in Parliament yesterday about my Lord Sandwich, but that it was seconded by nobody, but the matter will fall before the Committee for miscarriages. Thence, after dinner, my wife and he, and I, and Willet to the King's house, and saw "Brenoralt," which is a good tragedy, that I like well, and parted after the play, and so home, and there a little at

[1] Captain John Hubbard.

my office, and so to my chamber, and spent this night late in telling over all my gold, and putting it into proper bags and my iron chest, being glad with my heart to see so much of it here again, but cannot yet tell certainly how much I have lost by Gibson in his journey, and my father's burying of it in the dirt. At this late, but did it to my mind, and so to supper and to bed.

19th. At the office all the morning, where very busy, and at noon home to a short dinner, being full of my desire of seeing my Lord Orrery's new play this afternoon at the King's house, "The Black Prince," [1] the first time it is acted; where, though we come by two o'clock, yet there was no room in the pit, but we were forced to go into one of the upper boxes, at 4*s*. a piece, which is the first time I ever sat in a box in my life. And in the same box come, by and by, behind me, my Lord Barkeley [of Stratton] and his lady;[2] but I did not turn my face to them to be known, so that I was excused from giving them my seat; and this pleasure I had, that from this place the scenes do appear very fine indeed, and much better than in the pit. The house infinite full, and the King and Duke of York was there. By and by the play begun, and in it nothing particular but a very fine dance for variety of figures, but a little too long. But, as to the contrivance, and all that was witty (which, indeed, was much, and very witty), was almost the same that had been in his two former plays of "Henry the 5th" and "Mustapha," and the same points and turns of wit in both, and in this very same play often repeated, but in excellent language, and were so excellent that the whole house was mightily pleased with it all along till towards the end he comes to discover the chief of the plot of the play by the reading of a long letter,[3] which was so long and some things (the people being set already to think too long) so unnecessary that they frequently begun to laugh, and to hiss twenty times, that, had it not been for the King's being there, they had certainly hissed it off the stage. But I must confess that, as my Lord Barkeley says behind me, the having of that long letter was a thing so absurd, that he could not imagine how a man of his parts could possibly fall into it; or, if he did, if he had but let any friend read it, the friend would have told him of it; and, I must confess, it is one of the most remarkable instances that ever I did or expect to meet with in my life of a wise man's not being wise at all times, and in all things, for nothing could be more ridiculous than this, though the letter of itself at another time would be thought an excellent letter, and indeed an excellent Romance, but at the end of the play, when every body was weary of sitting, and were already possessed with the effect of the whole letter, to trouble them with a letter a quarter of an hour long, was a most absurd thing. After the play done, and nothing pleasing them from the

[1] "The Black Prince," by Roger, Earl of Orrery, is styled a tragedy, although the play ends happily. It was first published in 1669.

[2] Lady Berkeley was Christiana, daughter of Sir Andrew Rickard, and widow of Henry Rich, Lord Kensington.—B.

[3] It occurs in the fifth act, and is certainly very long. It was read by Hart, but was afterwards omitted in the acting. See October 23rd, 1667.—B.

time of the letter to the end of the play, people being put into a bad humour of disliking (which is another thing worth the noting), I home by coach, and could not forbear laughing almost all the way home, and all the evening to my going to bed, at the ridiculousness of the letter, and the more because my wife was angry with me, and the world, for laughing, because the King was there, though she cannot defend the length of the letter. So after having done business at the office, I home to supper and to bed.

20th (Lord's day). Up, and put on my new tunique of velvett; which is very plain, but good. This morning is brought to me an order for the presenting the Committee of Parliament to-morrow with a list of the commanders and ship's names of all the fleetes set out since the war, and particularly of those ships which were divided [1] from the fleete with Prince Rupert; which gives me occasion to see that they are busy after that business, and I am glad of it. So I alone to church, and then home, and there Mr. Deane comes and dines with me by invitation, and both at and after dinner he and I spent all the day till it was dark in discourse of business of the Navy and the ground of the many miscarriages, wherein he do inform me in many more than I knew, and I had desired him to put them in writing, and many indeed they are and good ones; and also we discoursed of the business of shipping, and he hath promised me a draught of the ship he is now building, wherein I am mightily pleased. This afternoon comes to me Captain O'Bryan,[2] about a ship that the King hath given him; and he and I to talk of the Parliament; and he tells me that the business of the Duke of York's slackening sail [3] in the first fight, at the beginning of the war, is brought into question, and Sir W. Pen and Captain Cox are to appear to-morrow about it; and it is thought will at last be laid upon Mr. Bruncker's giving orders from the Duke of York (which the Duke of York do not own) to Captain Cox to do it; but it seems they do resent this very highly, and are mad in going through all business, where they can lay any fault. I am glad to hear, that in the world I am as kindly spoke of as any body; for, for aught I see, there is

[1] This question of the division of the fleet in May, 1666, was one over which endless controversy as to responsibility was raised. When Prince Rupert, with twenty ships, was detached to prevent the junction of the French squadron with the Dutch, the Duke of Albemarle was left with fifty-four ships against eighty belonging to the Dutch. Albemarle's tactics are praised by Captain Mahan.

[2] Captain Ch. O'Brien. "Warrant to the Duke of York to deliver to Capt. O'Brian the prize-ship St. Mary of St. Jean de Luz, as a free gift in consideration of service, Nov. 20, 1667" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1667–68, p. 31).

[3] The slackening of sail owing to the directions of Henry Bruncker, in contravention of the Duke of York's order, is commented upon and discussed in the Rev. J. S. Clarke's "Life of James II." (1816, vol. i., pp. 415–17, 421). It is there stated that Bruncker's arguments to Cox and Harman were at first rejected, but Harman at last shortened sail, being imposed upon by Bruncker's false message from the duke. The duke was kept in ignorance of what had been done, and it is said that a strange concurrence of accidents kept the duke in ignorance. Bruncker was expelled from the House of Commons on account of his conduct, but he does not appear to have lost the favour of the king or of the duke.

bloody work like to be, Sir W. Coventry having been forced to produce a letter in Parliament wherein the Duke of Albemarle did from Sheernesse write in what good posture all things were at Chatham, and that the chain was so well placed that he feared no attempt of the enemy: so that, among other things, I see every body is upon his own defence, and spares not to blame another to defend himself, and the same course I shall take. But God knows where it will end! He gone, and Deane, I to my chamber for a while, and then comes Pelling the apothecary to see us, and sat and supped with me (my wife being gone to bed sick of the cholique), and then I to bed, after supper. Pelling tells me that my Lady Duchesse Albemarle was at Mrs. Turner's this afternoon, she being ill, and did there publickly talk of business, and of our Office; and that she believed that I was safe, and had done well; and so, I thank God! I hear every body speaks of me; and indeed, I think, without vanity, I may expect to be profited rather than injured by this inquiry, which the Parliament makes into business.

21st. Up, and betimes got a coach at the Exchange, and thence to St. James's, where I had forgot that the Duke of York and family were gone to White Hall, and thence to Westminster Hall, and there walked a little, finding the Parliament likely to be busy all this morning about the business of Mr. Bruncker for advising Cox and Harman to shorten sail when they were in pursuit of the Dutch after the first great victory. I went away to Mr. Creed's chamber, there to meet Sir H. Cholmly, about business of Mr. Yeabsly, where I was delivered of a great fear that they would question some of the orders for payment of money which I had got them signed at the time of the plague, when I was here alone, but all did pass. Thence to Westminster again, and up to the lobby, where many commanders of the fleete were, and Captain Cox, and Mr. Pierce, the Surgeon; the last of whom hath been in the House, and declared that he heard Bruncker advise, and give arguments to, Cox, for the safety of the Duke of York's person, to shorten sail,[1] that they might not be in the middle of the enemy in the

[1] The Duke of York's shortening sail in the Dutch fight is attributed, ironically, by Sir John Denham, to his Duchess's anxiety for his safety:

"She therefore the Duke's person recommends
To Brouncker, Pen, and Coventry, her friends;
To Pen much, Brouncker more, most Coventry;
For they, she knew, were all more 'fraid than he.
* * * * * *
When a sweet sleep began the Duke to drown,
And with soft diadems his temples crown:
And first he orders all the rest to watch,
And *they* the *foe*, whilst *he* a *nap* doth catch:
But lo, Brouncker, by a secret instinct,
Slept on, nor heeded; he all day had winked.
The *Duke* in bed, he then first draws his steel,
Whose virtue makes the misled compass wheel.
So ere *He* waked, both Fleets were innocent,
And *Brouncker* member is of Parliament."—B.

morning alone; and Cox denying to observe his advice, having received the Duke of York's commands over night to keep within cannon-shot (as they then were) of the enemy, Bruncker did go to Harman, and used the same arguments, and told him that he was sure it would be well pleasing to the King that care should be taken of not endangering the Duke of York; and, after much persuasion, Harman was heard to say, "Why, if it must be, then lower the topsail." And so did shorten sail, to the loss, as the Parliament will have it, of the greatest victory that ever was, and which would have saved all the expence of blood, and money, and honour, that followed; and this they do resent, so as to put it to the question, whether Bruncker should not be carried to the Tower: who do confess that, out of kindness to the Duke of York's safety, he did advise that they should do so, but did not use the Duke of York's name therein; and so it was only his error in advising it, but the greatest theirs in taking it, contrary to order. At last, it ended that it should be suspended till Harman comes home; and then the Parliament-men do all tell me that it will fall heavy, and, they think, be fatal to Bruncker or him. Sir W. Pen tells me he was gone to bed, having been all day labouring, and then not able to stand, of the goute, and did give order for the keeping the sails standing, as they then were, all night. But, which I wonder at, he tells me that he did not know the next day that they had shortened sail, nor ever did enquire into it till about ten days ago, that this begun to be mentioned; and, indeed, it is charged privately as a fault on the Duke of York, that he did not presently examine the reason of the breach of his orders, and punish it. But Cox tells me that he did finally refuse it; and what prevailed with Harman he knows not, and do think that we might have done considerable service on the enemy the next day, if this had not been done. Thus this business ended to-day, having kept them[1] till almost two o'clock; and then I by coach with Sir W. Pen as far as St. Clement's, talking of this matter, and there set down; and I walked to Sir G. Carteret's, and there dined with him and several Parliament-men, who, I perceive, do all look upon it as a thing certain that the Parliament will enquire into every thing, and will be very severe where they can find any fault. Sir W. Coventry, I hear, did this day make a speech, in apology for his reading the letter of the Duke of Albemarle, concerning the good condition which Chatham was in before the enemy come thither: declaring his simple intention therein, without prejudice to my Lord.[2] And I am told that he was also with the Duke of Albemarle yesterday to excuse it; but this day I do hear, by some of Sir W. Coventry's friends, that they think he hath done himself much injury by making this man, and his interest, so much his enemy. After dinner, I away to Westminster, and up to the Parliament-house, and there did wait with great patience, till seven at night, to be called in to the Committee, who sat all this afternoon, examining the business of Chatham; and at last

[1] The House of Commons.

[2] Sir William Coventry's speech is not printed in the reports of the Debates.

was called in, and told, that the least they expected from us Mr. Wren had promised them, and only bade me to bring all my fellow-officers thither to attend them to-morrow afternoon. Sir Robert Brookes in the chair: methinks a sorry fellow to be there, because a young man; and yet he seems to speak very well. I gone thence, my cozen Pepys comes out to me, and walks in the Hall with me, and bids me prepare to answer to every thing; for they do seem to lodge the business of Chatham upon the Commissioners of the Navy, and they are resolved to lay the fault heavy somewhere, and to punish it: and prays me to prepare to save myself, and gives me hints what to prepare against; which I am obliged to him for, and do begin to mistrust lest some unhappy slip or other after all my diligence and pains may not be found (which I can [not] foresee) that may prove as fatal to a man as the constant course of negligence and unfaithfulness of other men. Here we parted, and I to White Hall to Mr. Wren's chamber, there to advise with him about the list of ships and commanders which he is to present to the Parliament, and took coach (little Michell being with me, whom I took with me from Westminster Hall), and setting him down in Gracious street home myself, where I find my wife and the two Mercers and Willett and W. Batelier have been dancing, but without a fidler. I had a little pleasure in talking with these, but my head and heart full of thoughts between hope and fear and doubts what will become of us and me particularly against a furious Parliament. Then broke up and to bed, and there slept pretty well till about four o'clock, and from that time could not, but my thoughts running on speeches to the Parliament to excuse myself from the blame which by other men's negligence will 'light, it may be, upon the office. This day I did get a list of the fourteen particular miscarriages which are already before the Committee to be examined; wherein, besides two or three that will concern this Office much, there are those of the prizes, and that of Bergen, and not following the Dutch ships, against my Lord Sandwich; that, I fear, will ruine him, unless he hath very good luck, or they may be in better temper before he can come to be charged: but my heart is full of fear for him and his family. I hear that they do prosecute the business against my Lord Chief Justice Keeling with great severity.

22nd. Slept but ill all the last part of the night, for fear of this day's success in Parliament: therefore up, and all of us all the morning close, till almost two o'clock, collecting all we had to say and had done from the beginning, touching the safety of the River Medway and Chatham. And, having done this, and put it into order, we away, I not having time to eat my dinner; and so all in my Lord Bruncker's coach, that is to say, Bruncker, W. Pen, T. Harvy, and myself, talking of the other great matter with which they charge us, that is, of discharging men by ticket, in order to our defence in case that should be asked. We come to the Parliament-door, and there, after a little waiting till the Committee was sat, we were, the House being very full, called in: Sir W. Pen went in and sat as a Member; and my Lord

Bruncker would not at first go in, expecting to have a chair set for him, and his brother had bid him not go in, till he was called for; but, after a few words, I had occasion to mention him, and so he was called in, but without any more chair or respect paid him than myself: and so Bruncker, and T. Harvy, and I, were there to answer: and I had a chair brought me to lean my books upon: and so did give them such an account, in a series of the whole business that had passed the Office touching the matter, and so answered all questions given me about it, that I did not perceive but they were fully satisfied with me and the business as to our Office: and then Commissioner Pett (who was by at all my discourse, and this held till within an hour after candle-light, for I had candles brought in to read my papers by) was to answer for himself, we having lodged all matters with him for execution. But, Lord! what a tumultuous thing this Committee is, for all the reputation they have of a great council, is a strange consideration; there being as impertinent questions, and as disorderly proposed, as any man could make. But Commissioner Pett, of all men living, did make the weakest defence for himself: nothing to the purpose, nor to satisfaction, nor certain; but sometimes one thing and sometimes another, sometimes for himself and sometimes against him; and his greatest failure was, that I observed, from his [not] considering whether the question propounded was his part to answer or no, and the thing to be done was his work to do: the want of which distinction will overthrow him; for he concerns himself in giving an account of the disposal of the boats,[1] which he had no reason at all to do, or take any blame upon him for them. He charged the not carrying up of "The Charles" upon the Tuesday, to the Duke of Albemarle; but I see the House is mighty favourable to the Duke of Albemarle, and would give little weight to it. And something of want of armes he spoke, which Sir J. Duncomb answered with great imperiousness and earnestness; but, for all that, I do see the House is resolved to be better satisfied in the business of the unreadiness of Sherenesse, and want of armes and ammunition there and every where: and all their officers[2] were here to-day attending, but only one called in, about armes for boats, to answer Commissioner Pett. None of my brethren said anything but me there, but only two or three silly words my Lord Bruncker gave, in answer to one question about the number of men there were in the King's Yard at the time. At last, the House dismissed us, and shortly after did adjourne the debate till Friday next: and my cozen Pepys did come out and joy me in my acquitting myself so well, and so did several others, and my fellow-officers all very brisk to see themselves so well acquitted; which makes me a little proud, but yet not secure but we may yet meet with a back-blow which we see not. So, with our hearts very light, Sir W. Pen and I in his coach home, it being now near eight o'clock, and so to the office, and did a little business by the post, and so home, hungry, and eat a good supper,

[1] See *ante*, June 13th, 1667.
[2] Of the Ordnance.

and so, with my mind well at ease, to bed. My wife not very well of those.

23rd. Up, and Sir W. Pen and I in his coach to White Hall, there to attend the Duke of York; but come a little too late, and so missed it: only spoke with him, and heard him correct my Lord Barkeley, who fell foul on Sir Edward Spragg, who, it seems, said yesterday to the House, that if the Officers of the Ordnance had done as much work at Shereness in ten weeks as "The Prince" did in ten days, he could have defended the place against the Dutch: but the Duke of York told him that every body must have liberty, at this time, to make their own defence, though it be to the charging of the fault upon any other, so it be true; so I perceive the whole world is at work in blaming one another. Thence Sir W. Pen and I back into London; and there saw the King, with his kettle-drums and trumpets, going to the Exchange, to lay the first stone of the first pillar of the new building of the Exchange;[1] which, the gates being shut, I could not get in to see: but, with Sir W. Pen, to Captain Cocke's to drink a dram of brandy, and so he to the Treasury office about Sir G. Carteret's accounts, and I took coach and back again toward Westminster; but in my way stopped at the Exchange, and got in, the King being newly gone; and there find the bottom of the first pillar laid. And here was a shed set up, and hung with tapestry, and a canopy of state, and some good victuals and wine, for the King, who, it seems, did it;[2] and so a great many people, as Tom Killigrew, and others of the Court there, and there I did eat a mouthful and drink a little, and do find Mr. Gawden in his gowne as Sheriffe, and understand that the King hath this morning knighted him upon the place, which I am mightily pleased with; and I think the other Sheriffe, who is Davis,[3] the little fellow, my schoolfellow, the bookseller, who was one of Audley's[4] Executors, and now become Sheriffe; which is a strange turn, methinks. Here mighty merry (there being a good deal of good company) for a quarter of an hour, and so I away and to Westminster Hall, where I come just as the House rose; and there, in the Hall, met with Sir W. Coventry, who is in pain to defend himself in the busi-

[1] "Oct. 23, 1667. This day having been appointed for the laying of the foundation of the Royal Exchange in the place where it formerly stood, His Majesty was pleased to be present, and assisting at the solemnity; and accordingly went on horseback, attended by several persons of quality of the Court, to the place, where the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, the Sheriffs, and a Committee of the Mercers' Company, waited to receive him. His Majesty, with the usual ceremonies, placed the first stone, and was afterwards entertained on the place with an excellent treat, where he was pleased to confer the honour of knighthood on the two sheriffs, Mr. Dennis Gauden and Mr. Thomas Davis." —Rugge's *Diurnal*. This (the second) building for the Royal Exchange was designed by Edward Jarman. It was burnt January 10th, 1838.

[2] *i.e.* laid the stone.

[3] Thomas Davies (or Davis), bookseller, was son of John Davies, of London, and Lord Mayor in 1676–77. He was born in 1631, and educated at St. Paul's School. Died in 1679, and was buried in St. Sepulchre's Church, Snow Hill, where there is a monument to his memory (see note, November 23rd, 1662).

[4] Hugh Audley, the usurer. See November 23rd, 1662. He held an office in the Court of Wards, and is said to have lost £100,000 by its abolition.

ness of tickets, it being said that the paying of the ships at Chatham by ticket was by his direction, and he hath wrote to me to find his letters, and shew them him, but I find none; but did there argue the case with him, and I think no great blame can be laid on us for that matter, only I see he is fearfull. And he tells me his mistake in the House the other day, which occasions him much trouble, in shewing of the House the Duke of Albemarle's letter about the good condition of Chatham, which he is sorry for, and owns as a mistake, the thing not being necessary to have been done; and confesses that nobody can escape from such error, some times or other. He says the House was well satisfied with my Report yesterday; and so several others told me in the Hall that my Report was very good and satisfactory, and that I have got advantage by it in the House: I pray God it may prove so! And here, after the Hall pretty empty, I did walk a few turns with Commissioner Pett, and did give the poor weak man some advice for his advantage how to better his pleading for himself, which I think he will if he can remember and practise, for I would not have the man suffer what he do not deserve, there being enough of what he do deserve to lie upon him. Thence to Mrs. Martin's, and there staid till two o'clock, and drank and talked, and did give her £3 to buy my god-daughter her first new gowne . . . . and so away homeward, and in my way met Sir W. Pen in Cheapside, and went into his coach, and back again and to the King's playhouse, and there saw "The Black Prince" again: which is now mightily bettered by that long letter being printed, and so delivered to every body at their going in, and some short reference made to it in heart in the play, which do mighty well; but, when all is done, I think it the worst play of my Lord Orrery's. But here, to my great satisfaction, I did see my Lord Hinchingbroke and his mistress,[1] with her father and mother; and I am mightily pleased with the young lady, being handsome enough—and, indeed, to my great liking, as I would have her. I could not but look upon them all the play, being exceeding pleased with my good hap to see them, God bring them together! and they are now already mighty kind to one another, and he is as it were one of their family. The play done I home, and to the office a while, and then home to supper, very hungry, and then to my chamber, to read the true story, in Speed, of the Black Prince, and so to bed.[2] This day, it was moved in the House that a day might be appointed to bring in an impeachment against the Chancellor, but it was decried as being irregular; but that, if there was ground for complaint, it might be brought to the Committee for miscarriages, and, if they thought good, to present it to the House; and so it was carried. They did also vote this day thanks to be given to the Prince[3] and Duke of Albemarle, for their care and conduct in the last year's war, which is a strange act; but, I know not how, the blockhead Albemarle

[1] See April 29th, 1667.
[2] Speed's "Historie of Great Britaine," book ix., chap. xii.
[3] Rupert.

hath strange luck to be loved, though he be, and every man must know it, the heaviest man in the world, but stout and honest to his country. This evening late, Mr. Moore come to me to prepare matters for my Lord Sandwich's defence; wherein I can little assist, but will do all I can; and am in great fear of nothing but the damned business of the prizes, but I fear my Lord will receive a cursed deal of trouble by it.

24th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning very busy, and at noon took Mr. Hater home with me to dinner, and instantly back again to write what letters I had to write, that I might go abroad with my wife, who was not well, only to jumble her, and so to the Duke of York's playhouse; but there Betterton not being yet well, we would not stay, though since I hear that Smith[1] do act his part in "The Villaine," which was then acted, as well or better than he, which I do not believe; but to Charing Cross, there to see Polichinelli. But, it being begun, we in to see a Frenchman, at the house, where my wife's father last lodged, one Monsieur Prin, play on the trump-marine,[2] which he do beyond belief; and, the truth is, it do so far outdo a trumpet as nothing more, and he do play anything very true, and it is most admirable and at first was a mystery to me that I should hear a whole concert of chords together at the end of a pause, but he showed me that it was only when the last notes were 5ths or 3rds, one to another, and then their sounds like an Echo did last so as they seemed to sound all together. The instrument is open at the end, I discovered; but he would not let me look into it, but I was mightily pleased with it, and he did take great pains to shew me all he could do on it, which was very much, and would make an excellent concert, two or three of them, better than trumpets can ever do, because of their want of compass. Here we also saw again the two fat children come out of Ireland, and a brother and sister of theirs now come, which are of little ordinary growth, like other people. But, Lord! how strange it is to observe the difference between the same children, come out of the same little woman's belly! Thence to Mile-End Greene, and there drank, and so home, bringing home night with us, and so to the office a little, and then to bed.

25th. Up, and all the morning close till two o'clock, till I had not time to eat my dinner, to make our answer ready for the Parliament this after-

[1] William Smith was an actor with a commanding person. He occupied a prominent position on the stage, and retired between 1684 and 1688. Betterton's part in "The Villain" was Monsieur Brisac; Maligni, the villain, was taken by Sandford. See note, October 20th, 1662.

[2] The trumpet marine is a stringed instrument having a triangular-shaped body or chest and a long neck, a single string raised on a bridge and running along the body and neck. It was played with a bow. Hawkins refers very fully to the trumpet marine, and quotes an extract from the "London Gazette" (February 4th, 1674) giving an account of "a concert of four Trumpets marine, never heard of before in England." Pepys's reference proves this statement to be wrong. There is a paper on the musical notes of the trumpet and trumpet marine by Francis Roberts in the "Philosophical Transactions" (No. 193, 1692). The trumpet marine was a favourite instrument of Mons. Jourdain ("Bourgeois Gentilhomme").

noon, to shew how Commissioner Pett was singly concerned in the executing of all orders from Chatham, and that we did properly lodge all orders with him. Thence with Sir W. Pen to the Parliament Committee, and there we all met, and did shew, my Lord Bruncker and I, our commissions under the Great Seal in behalf of all the rest, to shew them our duties, and there I had no more matters asked me, but were bid to withdraw, and did there wait, I all the afternoon till eight at night, while they were examining several about the business of Chatham again, and particularly my Lord Bruncker did meet with two or three blurs that he did not think of. One from Spragg, who says that "The Unity" was ordered up contrary to his order, by my Lord Bruncker and Commissioner Pett. Another by Crispin, the waterman, who said he was upon "The Charles;" and spoke to Lord Bruncker coming by in his boat, to know whether they should carry up "The Charles," they being a great many naked men without armes, and he told them she was well as she was. Both these have little in them indeed, but yet both did stick close against him; and he is the weakest man in the world to make his defence, and so is like to have much fault laid on him therefrom. Spragg was in with them all the afternoon, and hath much fault laid on him for a man that minded his pleasure, and little else of his whole charge. I walked in the lobby, and there do hear from Mr. Chichly that they were (the Commissioners of the Ordnance) shrewdly put to it yesterday, being examined with all severity and were hardly used by them, much otherwise than we, and did go away with mighty blame; and I am told by every body that it is likely to stick mighty hard upon them: at which every body is glad, because of Duncomb's pride, and their expecting to have the thanks of the House; whereas they have deserved, as the Parliament apprehends, as bad as bad can be. Here is great talk of an impeachment brought in against my Lord Mordaunt, and that another will be brought in against my Lord Chancellor in a few days. Here I understand for certain that they have ordered that my Lord Arlington's letters, and Secretary Morrice's letters of intelligence, be consulted, about the business of the Dutch fleete's coming abroad, which is a very high point, but this they have done, but in what particular manner I cannot justly say, whether it was not with the King's leave first asked. Here late, as I have said, and at last they broke up, and we had our commissions again, and I do hear how Birch[1] is the high man that do examine and trouble every body with his questions, and they say that he do labour all he can to clear Pett, but it seems a witness has come in to-night, C. Millett, who do declare that

[1] Colonel John Birch, M.P. for Penryn (see note, August 21st, 1660). Burnet says of Birch: he "was a man of a peculiar character. He had been a carrier at first, and retained still, even to an affectation, the clownishness of his education. He got up in the progress of the war to be a colonel, and to be concerned in the excise. And at the Restoration he was found to be so useful in managing the excise that he was put in a good post. He was the roughest and boldest speaker in the house, and talked in the language and phrases of a carrier, but with a beauty and eloquence that was always acceptable. He spoke always with much life and heat, but judgment was not his talent."

he did deliver a message from the Duke of Albemarle time enough for him to carry up "The Charles," and he neglected it, which will stick very hard, it seems, on him. So Sir W. Pen and I in his coach home, and there to supper, a good supper, and so weary, and my eyes spent, to bed.

26th. Up, and we met all this morning at Sir W. Pen's roome, the office being fowle with the altering of our garden door. There very busy, and at noon home, where Mrs. Pierce and her daughter's husband and Mr. Corbet dined with me. I had a good dinner for them, and mighty merry. Pierce and I very glad at the fate of the officers of Ordnance, that they are like to have so much blame on them. Here Mrs. Pierce tells me that the two Marshalls at the King's house are Stephen Marshall's,[1] the great Presbyterian's daughters: and that Nelly[2] and Beck Marshall, falling out the other day, the latter called the other my Lord Buckhurst's whore. Nell answered then, "I was but one man's whore, though I was brought up in a bawdy-house to fill strong waters to the guests; and you are a whore to three or four, though a Presbyter's praying daughter!" which was very pretty. Mrs. Pierce is still very pretty, but paints red on her face, which makes me hate her, that I thank God I take no pleasure in her at all more. After much mirth and good company at dinner, I to the office and left them, and Pendleton also, who come in to see my wife and talk of dancing, and there I at the office all the afternoon very busy, and did much business, with my great content to see it go off of hand, and so home, my eyes spent, to supper and to bed.

27th (Lord's day). Up, and to my office, there, with W. Hewer, to dictate a long letter to the Duke of York, about the bad state of the office, it being a work I do think fit for the office to do, though it be to no purpose but for their vindication in these bad times; for I do now learn many things tending to our safety which I did not wholly forget before, but do find the fruits of, and would I had practised them more, as, among other things, to be sure to let our answers to orders bear date presently after their date, that we may be found quick in our execution. This did us great good the other day before the Parliament. All the morning at this, at noon home to dinner, with my own family alone. After dinner, I down to Deptford, the first time that I went to look upon "The Maybolt," which the King hath given me, and there she is; and I did meet with Mr. Uthwayte,[3] who do tell me that there are new sails ordered to be delivered her, and a cable, which I did not speak of at all to him. So, thereupon, I told him I would not be my own hindrance so much as to take her into my custody before she had them, which was all I said to

[1] Colonel Chester proved that this story was incorrect (see note, February 1st, 1663–64). Sir Peter Lycester, who married a daughter of Lord Gerard, of Bromley, observes, in his "History of Cheshire," that "the two famous women-actors in London" were daughters of —— Marshall, chaplain to Lord G., by Elizabeth, bastard daughter of John Dutton, of Dutton. Sir Peter being connected by marriage with the Duttons, ought to have known the fact.

[2] Nell Gwyn.

[3] J. Uthwat, Clerk of the Survey at Deptford.

him, but desired him to take a strict inventory of her, that I might not be cheated by the master nor the company, when they come to understand that the vessel is gone away, which he hath promised me, and so away back again home, reading all the way the book of the collection of oaths in the several offices of this nation, which is worth a man's reading, and so away home, and there my boy and I to sing, and at it all the evening, and to supper, and so to bed. This evening comes Sir J. Minnes to me, to let me know that a Parliament-man hath been with him, to tell him that the Parliament intend to examine him particularly about Sir W. Coventry's selling of places, and about my Lord Bruncker's discharging the ships at Chatham by ticket: for the former of which I am more particularly sorry that that business of [Sir] W. Coventry should come up again; though this old man tells me, and, I believe, that he can say nothing to it.

28th. Up, and by water to White Hall (calling at Michell's and drank a dram of strong water, but it being early I did not see his wife), and thence walked to Sir W. Coventry's lodging, but he was gone out, and so going towards St. James's I find him at his house which is fitting for him; and there I to him, and was with him above an hour alone, discoursing of the matters of the nation, and our Office, and himself. He owns that he is, at this day, the chief person aymed at by the Parliament—that is, by the friends of my Lord Chancellor, and also by the Duke of Albemarle, by reason of his unhappy shewing of the Duke of Albemarle's letter, the other day, in the House; but that he thinks that he is not liable to any hurt they can fasten on him for anything, he is so well armed to justify himself in every thing, unless in the old business of selling places, when he says every body did; and he will now not be forward to tell his own story, as he hath been; but tells me he is grown wiser, and will put them to prove any thing, and he will defend himself: besides that, he will dispute the statute, thinking that it will not be found to reach him. We did talk many things, which, as they come into my mind now, I shall set down without order: that he is weary of public employment; and neither ever designed, nor will ever, if his commission were brought to him wrapt in gold, would he accept of any single place in the State, as particularly Secretary of State; which, he says, the world discourses Morrice[1] is willing to resign, and he thinks the King might have thought of him, but he would not, by any means, now take it, if given him, nor anything, but in commission with others, who may bear part of the blame; for now he observes well, that whoever did do anything singly are now in danger,

[1] Sir William Morice (1602–1676) was related through his wife to the Duke of Albemarle, and helped him in bringing about the Restoration. In February, 1659–60, Charles II. bestowed upon Morice, with General Monk's approval, "the seal and signet of the secretary of state's office." According to Mr. W. P. Courtney ("Dict. Nat. Biog."), "his friends endeavoured in 1666 to make out that he was principal secretary of state, above Lord Arlington, but failed in their attempt, and at Michaelmas, 1668, Morice found his position so intolerable that he resigned his office and retired to his property, where he spent the rest of his days in collecting a fine library and in studying literature."

however honest and painful they were, saying that he himself was the only man, he thinks, at the council-board that spoke his mind clearly, as he thought, to the good of the King; and the rest, who sat silent, have nothing said to them, nor are taken notice of. That the first time the King did take him so closely into his confidence and ministry of affairs was upon the business of Chatham, when all the disturbances were there, and in the kingdom; and then, while everybody was fancying for himself, the King did find him to persuade him to call for the Parliament, declaring that it was against his own proper interest, forasmuch as [it was] likely they would find faults with him, as well as with others, but that he would prefer the service of the King before his own: and, thereupon, the King did take him into his special notice, and, from that time to this, hath received him so; and that then he did see the folly and mistakes of the Chancellor in the management of things, and saw that matters were never likely to be done well in that sort of conduct, and did persuade the King to think fit of the taking away the seals from the Chancellor, which, when it was done, he told me that he himself, in his own particular, was sorry for it; for, while he stood, there was he and my Lord Arlington to stand between him and harm: whereas now there is only my Lord Arlington, and he is now down, so that all their fury is placed upon him: but that he did tell the King, when he first moved it, that, if he thought the laying of him, W. Coventry, aside, would at all facilitate the removing of the Chancellor, he would most willingly submit to it, whereupon the King did command him to try the Duke of York about it, and persuade him to it, which he did, by the King's command, undertake, and compass, and the Duke of York did own his consent to the King, but afterwards was brought to be of another mind for the Chancellor, and now is displeased with him, and [so is] the Duchesse, so that she will not see him; but he tells me the Duke of York seems pretty kind, and hath said that he do believe that W. Coventry did mean well, and do it only out of judgment. He tells me that he never was an intriguer in his life, nor will be, nor of any combination of persons to set up this, or fling down that, nor hath, in his own business, this Parliament, spoke to three members to say any thing for him, but will stand upon his own defence, and will stay by it, and thinks that he is armed against all they can [say], but the old business of selling places, and in that thinks they cannot hurt him. However, I do find him mighty willing to have his name used as little as he can, and he was glad when I did deliver him up a letter of his to me, which did give countenance to the discharging of men by ticket at Chatham, which is now coming in question; and wherein, I confess, I am sorry to find him so tender of appearing, it being a thing not only good and fit, all that was done in it, but promoted and advised by him. But he thinks the House is set upon wresting anything to his prejudice that they can pick up. He tells me he did never, as a great many have, call the Chancellor rogue and knave, and I know not what; but all that he hath said, and will stand by, is, that his counsels were not good, nor the manner of his

managing of things. I suppose he means suffering the King to run in debt; for by and by the King walking in the parke, with a great crowd of his idle people about him, I took occasion to say that it was a sorry thing to be a poor King, and to have others to come to correct the faults of his own servants, and that this was it that brought us all into this condition. He answered that he would never be a poor King, and then the other would mend of itself. "No," says he, "I would eat bread and drink water first, and this day discharge all the idle company about me, and walk only with two footmen; and this I have told the King, and this must do it at last." I asked him how long the King would suffer this. He told me the King must suffer it yet longer, that he would not advise the King to do otherwise; for it would break out again worse, if he should break them up before the core be come up. After this, we fell to other talk, of my waiting upon him hereafter, it may be, to read a chapter in Seneca, in this new house, which he hath bought, and is making very fine, when we may be out of employment, which he seems to wish more than to fear, and I do believe him heartily. Thence home, and met news from Mr. Townsend of the Wardrobe that old Young, the yeoman taylor, whose place my Lord Sandwich promised my father, is dead. Upon which, resolving presently that my father shall not be troubled with it, but I hope I shall be able to enable him to end his days where he is, in quiet, I went forth thinking to tell Mrs. Ferrers (Captain Ferrers's wife), who do expect it after my father, that she may look after it, but upon second thoughts forbore it, and so back again home, calling at the New Exchange, and there buying "The Indian Emperour," newly printed, and so home to dinner, where I had Mr. Clerke, the solicitor, and one of the Auditor's clerks to discourse about the form of making up my accounts for the Exchequer, which did give me good satisfaction, and so after dinner, my wife, and Mercer, who grows fat, and Willett, and I, to the King's house, and there saw "The Committee," a play I like well, and so at night home and to the office, and so to my chamber about my accounts, and then to Sir W. Pen's to speak with Sir John Chichly, who desired my advice about a prize which he hath begged of the King, and there had a great deal of his foolish talk of ladies and love and I know not what, and so home to supper and to bed.

29th. Up, and at the office, my Lord Bruncker and I close together till almost 3 after noon, never stirring, making up a report for the Committee this afternoon about the business of discharging men by ticket, which it seems the House is mighty earnest in, but is a foolery in itself, yet gives me a great deal of trouble to draw up a defence for the Board, as if it was a crime; but I think I have done it to very good purpose. Then to my Lady Williams's, with her and my Lord, and there did eat a snapp of good victuals, and so to Westminster Hall, where we find the House not up, but sitting all this day about the method of bringing in the charge against my Lord Chancellor; and at last resolved for a Committee to draw up the heads, and so rose, and no Committee to sit to-night. Here Sir W. Coventry and Lord

Bruncker and I did in the Hall (between the two Courts at the top of the Hall) discourse about a letter of [Sir] W. Coventry's to Bruncker, whereon Bruncker did justify his discharging men by ticket, and insists on one word which Sir W. Coventry would not seem very earnest to have left out, but I did see him concerned, and did after labour to suppress the whole letter, the thing being in itself really impertinent, but yet so it is that [Sir] W. Coventry do not desire to have his name used in this business, and I have prevailed with Bruncker for it. Thence Bruncker and I to the King's House, thinking to have gone into a box above, for fear of being seen, the King being there, but the play being 3 acts done we would not give 4*s.*, and so away and parted, and I home, and there after a little supper to bed, my eyes ill, and head full of thoughts of the trouble this Parliament gives us.

30th. All the morning till past noon preparing over again our report this afternoon to the Committee of Parliament about tickets, and then home to eat a bit, and then with Sir W. Pen to White Hall, where we did a very little business with the Duke of York at our usual meeting, only I perceive that he do leave all of us, as the King do those about him, to stand and fall by ourselves, and I think is not without some cares himself what the Parliament may do in matters wherein his honour is concerned. Thence to the Parliament-house; where, after the Committee was sat, I was called in; and the first thing was upon the complaint of a dirty slut that was there, about a ticket which she had lost, and had applied herself to me for another. I did give them a short and satisfactory answer to that; and so they sent her away, and were ashamed of their foolery, in giving occasion to 500 seamen and seamen's wives to come before them, as there was this afternoon. But then they fell to the business of tickets, and I did give them the best answer I could, but had not scope to do it in the methodical manner which I had prepared myself for, but they did ask a great many broken rude questions about it, and were mightily hot whether my Lord Bruncker had any order to discharge whole ships by ticket, and because my answer was with distinction, and not direct, I did perceive they were not so fully satisfied therewith as I could wish they were. So my Lord Bruncker was called in, and they could fasten nothing on him that I could see, nor indeed was there any proper matter for blame, but I do see, and it was said publicly in the House by Sir T. Clerges that Sir W. Batten had designed the business of discharging men by ticket, and an order after the thing was done to justify my Lord Bruncker for having done it. But this I did not owne at all, nor was it just so, though he did indeed do something like it, yet had contributed as much to it as any man of the board by sending down of tickets to do it. But, Lord! to see that we should be brought to justify ourselves in a thing of necessity and profit to the King, and of no profit or convenience to us, but the contrary. We being withdrawn, we heard no more of it, but there staid late and do hear no more, only my cozen Pepys do tell me that he did hear one or two whisper as if they thought that I do bogle at the business of my Lord Bruncker, which is

a thing I neither did or have reason to do in his favour, but I do not think it fit to make him suffer for a thing that deserves well. But this do trouble me a little that anything should stick to my prejudice in any of them, and did trouble me so much that all the way home with Sir W. Pen I was not at good ease, nor all night, though when I come home I did find my wife, and Betty Turner, the two Mercers, and Mrs. Parker, an ugly lass, but yet dances well, and speaks the best of them, and W. Batelier, and Pembleton dancing; and here I danced with them, and had a good supper, and as merry as I could be, and so they being gone we to bed.

31st. Up, and all the morning at the office, and at noon Mr. Creed and Yeabsly dined with me (my wife gone to dine with Mrs. Pierce and see a play with her), and after dinner in comes Mr. Turner, of Eynsbury,[1] lately come to town, and also after him Captain Hill[2] of the "Coventry," who lost her at Barbadoes, and is come out of France, where he hath been long prisoner. After a great deal of mixed discourse, and then Mr. Turner and I alone a little in my closet, talking about my Lord Sandwich (who I hear is now ordered by the King to come home again), we all parted, and I by water, calling at Michell's, and saw and once kissed su wife, but I do think that he is jealous of her, and so she dares not stand out of his sight; so could not do more, but away by water to the Temple, and there, after spending a little time in my bookseller's shop, I to Westminster; and there at the lobby do hear by Commissioner Pett, to my great amazement, that he is in worse condition than before, by the coming in of the Duke of Albemarle's and Prince Rupert's Narratives[3] this day; wherein the former do most severely lay matters upon him, so as the House this day have, I think, ordered him to the Tower again, or something like it; so that the poor man is likely to be overthrown, I doubt, right or wrong, so infinite fond they are of any thing the Duke of Albemarle says or writes to them! I did then go down, and there

[1] John Turner, B.D., whose ancestors were of Hemel Hemsted, had been a Fellow of Magdalene College, Cambridge, and became rector of Eynesbury in 1649. He resigned the living, of which Lord Sandwich was the patron, to his son, Edward Turner, in 1689; and dying in 1705, aged eighty-four, had sepulture in the parish church.—B.

[2] Captain Edward Hill. "May 15th, 1667, M. Wren to the Navy Commissioners. Pray examine at once the men of the 'Coventry' as to the loss of that ship, as some of those are going on a voyage, and Captain Hill (formerly commander) will be in great distress, not knowing where to find others who were present at the loss of the ship" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1667–68, p. 24).

[3] "A Copy of y^e^ Duke of Albemarle's Narrative brought in to y^e^ House of Comons by Sir Robert Brooks, Octob. 21, 1667," commencing, "Being desired by the House of Comons to impart what I have observed or knowne of any miscarriages in the late Warr, and particularly concerning the devision of the Fleet in the year 1666, I shall herein relate all I can during my being at sea, with respect to the shortnesse of the time and the want of many of my papers occasioned by the losse of Sir William Clarke, who attended me in the sea service and was slaine in it;" and "A Copy of Prince Rupert's Narrative brought in to y^e^ House of Comons by the Lord Ancram, Octob. 31, 1667," will be found in Harl. MS. 7170 (Brit. Mus.). The narratives are printed in "Journals of the House of Commons," vol. ix., p. 11.

met with Colonel Reames and cozen Roger Pepys; and there they do tell me how the Duke of Albemarle and the Prince have laid blame on a great many, and particularly on our Office in general; and particularly for want of provision, wherein I shall come to be questioned again in that business myself; which do trouble me. But my cozen Pepys and I had much discourse alone: and he do bewail the constitution of this House, and says there is a direct caball and faction, as much as is possible between those for and those against the Chancellor, and so in other factions, that there is nothing almost done honestly and with integrity; only some few, he says, there are, that do keep out of all plots and combinations, and when their time comes will speak and see right done, if possible; and that he himself is looked upon to be a man that will be of no faction, and so they do shun to make him; and I am glad of it. He tells me that he thanks God he never knew what it was to be tempted to be a knave in his life, till he did come into the House of Commons, where there is nothing done but by passion, and faction, and private interest. Reames did tell me of a fellow last night (one Kelsy, a commander of a fire-ship, who complained for want of his money paid him) did say that he did see one of the Commissioners of the Navy bring in three waggon-loads of prize-goods into Greenwich one night; but that the House did take no notice of it, nor enquire; but this is me, and I must expect to be called to account, and answer what I did as well as I can. So thence away home, and in Holborne, going round, it being dark, I espied Sir D. Gawden's coach, and so went out of mine into his; and there had opportunity to talk of the business of victuals, which the Duke of Albemarle and Prince did complain that they were in want of the last year: but we do conclude we shall be able to show quite the contrary of that; only it troubles me that we must come to contend with these great persons, which will overrun us. So with some disquiet in my mind on this account I home, and there comes Mr. Yeabsly, and he and I to even some accounts, wherein I shall be a gainer about £200, which is a seasonable profit, for I have got nothing a great while; and he being gone, I to bed.

November 1st. Up betimes, and down to the waterside (calling and drinking a dram of the bottle at Michell's, but saw not Betty), and thence to White Hall and to Sir W. Coventry's lodging, where he and I alone a good while, where he gives me the full of the Duke of Albemarle's and Prince's narratives, given yesterday by the House, wherein they fall foul of him and Sir G. Carteret in something about the dividing of the fleete, and the Prince particularly charging the Commissioners of the Navy with negligence, he says the Commissioners of the Navy whereof Sir W. Coventry is one. He tells me that he is prepared to answer any particular most thoroughly, but the quality of the persons do make it difficult for him, and so I do see is in great pain, poor man, though he deserves better than twenty such as either of them, for his abilities and true service to the King and kingdom. He says there is incoherences, he believes, to be found between their two reports,

which will be pretty work to consider. The Duke of Albemarle charges W. Coventry that he should tell him, when he come down to the fleete with Sir G. Carteret, to consult about dividing the fleete,[1] that the Dutch would not be out in six weeks, which W. Coventry says is as false as is possible, and he can prove the contrary by the Duke of Albemarle's own letters. The Duke of Albemarle says that he did upon sight of the Dutch call a council of officers, and they did conclude they could not avoid fighting the Dutch; and yet we did go to the enemy, and found them at anchor, which is a pretty contradiction. And he tells me that Spragg did the other day say in the House, that the Prince, at his going from the Duke of Albemarle with his fleete, did tell him that if the Dutch should come on, the Duke was to follow him, the Prince, with his fleete, and not fight the Dutch. Out of all this a great deal of good might well be picked. But it is a sad consideration that all this picking of holes in one another's coats—nay, and the thanks of the House to the Prince and the Duke of Albemarle, and all this envy and design to ruin Sir W. Coventry—did arise from Sir W. Coventry's unfortunate mistake the other day, in producing of a letter from the Duke of Albemarle, touching the good condition of all things at Chatham just before the Dutch come up, and did us that fatal mischiefe; for upon this they are resolved to undo him, and I pray God they do not. He tells me upon my demanding it that he thinks the King do not like this their bringing these narratives, and that they give out that they would have said more but that the King hath hindered them, that I suppose is about my Lord Sandwich. He is getting a copy of the Narratives, which I shall then have, and so I parted from him and away to White Hall, where I met Mr. Creed and Yeabsly, and discoursed a little about Mr. Yeabsly's business and accounts, and so I to chapel and there staid, it being All-Hallows day, and heard a fine anthem, made by Pelham[2] (who is come over) in France, of which there was great expectation, and indeed is a very good piece of musique, but still I cannot call the Anthem anything but instrumentall musique with the voice, for nothing is made of the words at all. I this morning before chapel visited Sir G. Carteret, who is vexed to see how things are likely to go, but cannot help it, and yet seems to think himself mighty safe. I also visited my Lord Hinchingbroke, at his chamber at White Hall, where I found Mr. Turner, Moore, and Creed, talking of my Lord Sandwich, whose case I doubt is but bad, and, I fear, will not

[1] See April 4th and October 20th, 1667.

[2] Pelham Humfrey, who had been educated under Captain Henry Cooke, was admitted a Gentleman of the Chapel Royal in 1666, and distinguished himself so much as to excite the envy of his instructor, who is said to have died of discontent at his pupil's excelling him. Humfrey succeeded him as Master of the Children in 1672, but his career was very short; for he died at Windsor, July 14th, 1674, aged twenty-seven, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. He was sent abroad by Charles II. in 1664, and received from secret service moneys £200 in 1664, £100 in 1665, and £150 in 1666, "to defray the charge of his journey into France and Italy." In Paris he was instructed by Lully, whose methods he introduced into England.

escape being worse, though some of the company did say otherwise. But I am mightily pleased with my Lord Hinchingbroke's sobriety and few words. After chapel I with Creed to the Exchange, and after much talk he and I there about securing of some money either by land or goods to be always at our command, which we think a thing advisable in this critical time, we parted, and I to the Sun Taverne with Sir W. Warren (with whom I have not drank many a day, having for some time been strange to him), and there did put it to him to advise me how to dispose of my prize, which he will think of and do to my best advantage. We talked of several other things relating to his service, wherein I promise assistance, but coldly, thinking it policy to do so, and so, after eating a short dinner, I away home, and there took out my wife, and she and I alone to the King's playhouse, and there saw a silly play and an old one, "The Taming of a Shrew," [1] and so home and I to my office a little, and then home to supper and to bed.

2nd. Up, and to the office, where busy all the morning; at noon home, and after dinner my wife and Willett and I to the King's playhouse, and there saw "Henry the Fourth:" and contrary to expectation, was pleased in nothing more than in Cartwright's[2] speaking of Falstaffe's speech about "What is Honour?" The house full of Parliament-men, it being holyday with them: and it was observable how a gentleman of good habit, sitting just before us, eating of some fruit in the midst of the play, did drop down as dead, being choked; but with much ado Orange Moll did thrust her finger down his throat, and brought him to life again. After the play, we home, and I busy at the office late, and then home to supper and to bed.

3rd (Lord's day). Up, and with my wife to church, and thither comes Roger Pepys to our pew, and thence home to dinner, whither comes by invitation Mr. Turner, the minister, and my cozen Roger brought with him Jeffrys, the apothecary at Westminster, who is our kinsman, and we had much discourse of Cottenhamshire,[3] and other things with great pleasure. My cozen Roger did tell me of a bargain which I may now have in Norfolke, that my she-cozen, Nan Pepys, is going to sell, the title whereof is very good, and the pennyworth is also good enough; but it is out of the way so of my life, that I shall never enjoy it, nor, it may be, see it, and so I shall have nothing to do with it. After dinner to talk, and I find by discourse Mr. Turner to be a man mighty well read in the Roman history, which is very pleasant. By and by Roger went, and Mr. Turner spent an hour talking over my Lord Sandwich's condition as to this Parliament, which we fear may

[1] See note, April 9th, 1667.

[2] William Cartwright, actor, who became a bookseller in Turnstile Alley during the period of the Commonwealth. He was after the Restoration one of Killigrew's company, at the original establishment in Drury Lane. He died in December, 1687, and by his will, dated 1686, he left his books, pictures, and furniture to Dulwich College, where also his portrait still remains.

[3] We have already seen that Pepys's ancestors were seated at Cottenham, in Cambridgeshire, from which place a late Lord Chancellor of that name derived his title.—B.

be bad, and the condition of his family, which can be no better, and then having little to comfort ourselves but that this humour will not last always in the Parliament, and that [it] may well have a great many more as great men as he enquired into, and so we parted, and I to my chamber, and there busy all the evening, and then my wife and I to supper, and so to bed, with much discourse and pleasure one with another.

4th. Up betimes, and by water with Sir R. Ford (who is going to Parliament) to Westminster; and there landing at the New Exchange stairs, I to Sir W. Coventry: and there he read over to me the Prince's and the Duke of Albemarle's Narratives; wherein they are very severe against him and our Office. But [Sir] W. Coventry do contemn them; only that their persons and qualities are great, and so I do perceive [he] is afeard of them, though he will not confess it. But he do say that, if he can get out of these briars, he will never trouble himself with Princes nor Dukes again. He finds several things in their Narratives, which are both inconsistent and foolish, as well as untrue, especially as to what the Duke of Albemarle avers of his knowing of the enemy's being abroad sooner than he says it, which [Sir] W. Coventry will shew him his own letter against him, for I confess I do see so much, that, were I but well possessed of what I should have in the world, I think I could willingly retreat, and trouble myself no more with it. Thence home, and there met Sir H. Cholmly, and he and I to the Excise Office to see what tallies are paying, and thence back to the Old Exchange, by the way talking of news, and he owning Sir W. Coventry, in his opinion, to be one of the worthiest men in the nation, as I do really think he is. He tells me he do think really that they will cut off my Lord Chancellor's head, the Chancellor at this day showing as much pride as is possible to those few that venture their fortunes by coming to see him; and that the Duke of York is troubled much, knowing that those that fling down the Chancellor cannot stop there, but will do something to him, to prevent his having it in his power hereafter to avenge himself and father-in-law upon them. And this Sir H. Cholmly fears may be by divorcing the Queen and getting another, or declaring the Duke of Monmouth legitimate; which God forbid! He tells me he do verily believe that there will come in an impeachment of High Treason against my Lord of Ormond;[1] among other things, for ordering the quartering of soldiers in Ireland on free quarters; which, it seems, is High Treason in that country, and was one of the things that lost the Lord Strafford his head, and the law is not yet repealed; which, he says, was a mighty oversight of him not to have it repealed, which he might with ease have done, or have justified himself by an Act. From the Exchange I took a coach, and went to Turlington, the great spectacle-maker, for advice, who dissuades me from using old spectacles, but rather young ones, and do tell me that nothing can wrong

[1] The Duke of Buckingham was his enemy, and there was a design to impeach the Duke of Ormond, but this was abandoned. There was great dissatisfaction in Ireland at his removal from the Lord Lieutenantship.

my eyes more than for me to use reading-glasses, which do magnify much. Thence home, and there dined, and then abroad and left my wife and Willett at her tailor's, and I to White Hall, where the Commissioners of the Treasury do not sit, and therefore I to Westminster to the Hall, and there meeting with Col. Reames I did very cheaply by him get copies of the Prince's and Duke of Albemarle's Narratives, which they did deliver the other day to the House, of which I am mighty glad, both for my present information and for my future satisfaction. So back by coach, and took up my wife, and away home, and there in my chamber all the evening among my papers and my accounts of Tangier to my great satisfaction, and so to supper and to bed.

5th. Up, and all the morning at the office. At noon home to dinner, and thence out with my wife and girle, and left them at her tailor's, and I to the Treasury, and there did a little business for Tangier, and so took them up again, and home, and when I had done at the office, being post night, I to my chamber, and there did something more, and so to supper and to bed.

6th. Up, and to Westminster, where to the Parliament door, and there spoke with Sir G. Downing, to see what was done yesterday at the Treasury for Tangier, and it proved as good as nothing, so that I do see we shall be brought to great straits for money there. He tells me here that he is passing a Bill to make the Excise and every other part of the King's Revenue assignable on the Exchequer, which indeed will be a very good thing. This he says with great glee as an act of his, and how poor a thing this was in the beginning, and with what envy he carried it on, and how my Lord Chancellor could never endure him for it since he first begun it. He tells me that the thing the House is just now upon is that of taking away the charter from the Company of Woodmongers,[1] whose frauds, it seems, have been mightily laid before them. He tells me that they are like to fly very high against my Lord Chancellor. Thence I to the House of Lords, and there first saw Dr. Fuller, as Bishop of Lincoln, to sit among the Lords. Here I spoke with the Duke of York and the Duke of Albemarle about Tangier; but methinks both of them do look very coldly one upon another, and their discourse mighty cold, and little to the purpose about our want of money. Thence homeward, and called at Allestry's,[2] the bookseller, who is bookseller to the Royal Society, and there did buy three or four books, and find great variety of French and foreign books. And so home and to dinner, and after dinner with my wife to a play, and the girl—"Macbeth," which we still like mightily, though mighty short of the content we used to have when Betterton acted, who is

[1] The Fraternity of Woodmongers, or Fuellers, was incorporated by James I. on the 29th August, 1605, and the Woodmongers' Hall was situated in Duke's Place, Aldgate. In 1665 the company surrendered its charter, but by an act of the Common Council in 1694 it obtained the privilege of keeping one hundred and twenty carts. It is now merged in the Company of Carters. The House of Commons was much occupied about this time with the misdoings of the Woodmongers.

[2] James Allestry, bookseller, who lost his property in the Great Fire. His son Jacob Allestry was a poetical writer.

still sick. So home, troubled with the way and to get a coach, and so to supper and to bed. This day, in the Paynted-chamber, I met and walked with Mr. George Montagu, who thinks it may go hard with my Lord Sandwich, but he says the House is offended with Sir W. Coventry much, and that he do endeavour to gain them again in the most precarious manner in all things that is possible.

7th. Up, and at the office hard all the morning, and at noon resolved with Sir W. Pen to go see "The Tempest," an old play of Shakespeare's, acted, I hear, the first day; and so my wife, and girl, and W. Hewer by themselves, and Sir W. Pen and I afterwards by ourselves; and forced to sit in the side balcone over against the musique-room at the Duke's house, close by my Lady Dorset [1] and a great many great ones. The house mighty full; the King and Court there: and the most innocent play that ever I saw; and a curious piece of musique[2] in an echo of half sentences, the echo repeating the former half, while the man goes on to the latter; which is mighty pretty. The play [has] no great wit, but yet good, above ordinary plays. Thence home with [Sir] W. Pen, and there all mightily pleased with the play; and so to supper and to bed, after having done at the office.

8th. Called up betimes by Sir H. Cholmly, and he and I to good purpose most of the morning—I in my dressing-gown with him, on our Tangier accounts, and stated them well; and here he tells me that he believes it will go hard with my Lord Chancellor. Thence I to the office, where met on some special business; and here I hear that the Duke of York is very ill; and by and by word brought us that we shall not need to attend to-day the Duke of York, for he is not well, which is bad news. They being gone, I to my workmen, who this day come to alter my office, by beating down the wall, and making me a fayre window both there, and increasing the window of my closet, which do give me some present trouble; but will be mighty pleasant. So all the whole day among them to very late, and so home weary, to supper, and to bed, troubled for the Duke of York his being sick.

9th. Up, and to my workmen, who are at work close again, and I at the office all the morning, and there do hear by a messenger that Roger Pepys would speak with me, so before the office up I to Westminster, and there find the House very busy, and like to be so all day, about my Lord Chancellor's impeachment,[3] whether treason or not, where every body is mighty busy. I spoke with my cozen Roger, whose business was only to give me notice that

[1] Lady Frances Cranfield, daughter of Lionel, first Earl of Middlesex, and wife of Richard Sackville, fifth Earl of Dorset. She was mother of the celebrated Lord Buckhurst.

[2] Evidently the song sung by Ferdinand, wherein Ariel echoes "Go thy way" (act iii., sc. 4), from Davenant's and Dryden's adaptation of the "Tempest," published in 1674. The music was by Banister.—B.

[3] The "Heads of the Charges brought against Lord Clarendon in the House of Commons on the 26th day of October, 1667," are printed in "Journals of the House of Commons," vol. ix., p. 15, and in Lister's "Life of Clarendon," vol. iii., p. 530.

Carcasse hath been before the Committee; and to warn me of it, which is a great courtesy in him to do, and I desire him to continue to do so. This business of this fellow, though it may be a foolish thing, yet it troubles me, and I do plainly see my weakness that I am not a man able to go through trouble, as other men, but that I should be a miserable man if I should meet with adversity, which God keep me from! He desirous to get back into the House, he having his notes in his hand, the lawyers being now speaking to the point of whether treason or not treason, the article of advising the King to break up the Parliament, and to govern by the sword. Thence I down to the Hall, and there met Mr. King,[1] the Parliament-man for Harwich, and there he did shew, and let me take a copy of, all the articles against my Lord Chancellor, and what members they were that undertook to bring witnesses to make them good, of which I was mighty glad, and so away home, and to dinner and to my workmen, and in the afternoon out to get Simpson the joyner to come to work at my office, and so back home and to my letters by the post to-night, and there, by W. Pen, do hear that this article was overvoted in the House not to be a ground of impeachment of treason, at which I was glad, being willing to have no blood spilt, if I could help it. So home to supper, and glad that the dirty bricklayers' work of my office is done, and home to supper and to bed.

10th (Lord's day). Mighty cold, and with my wife to church, where a lazy sermon. Here was my Lady Batten in her mourning at church, but I took no notice of her. At noon comes Michell and his wife to dine with us, and pretty merry. I glad to see her still. After dinner Sir W. Pen and I to White Hall, to speak with Sir W. Coventry; and there, beyond all we looked for, do hear that the Duke of York hath got, and is full of, the small-pox; and so we to his lodgings; and there find most of the family going to St. James's, and the gallery doors locked up, that nobody might pass to nor fro: and a sad house, I am sure. I am sad to consider the effects of his death, if he should miscarry; but Dr. Frazier tells me that he is in as good condition as a man can be in his case. The eruption appeared last night; it seems he was let blood on Friday. Thence, not finding [Sir] W. Coventry, and going back again home, we met him coming with the Lord Keeper, and so returned and spoke with him in White Hall Garden, two or three turns, advising with him what he should do about Carcasse's bringing his letter into the Committee of Parliament, and he told us that the counsel he hath too late learned is, to spring nothing in the House, nor offer anything, but just what is drawn out of a man: that this is the best way of dealing with a Parliament, and that he hath paid dear, and knows not how much more he may pay, for not knowing it sooner, when he did unnecessarily produce the Duke of Albemarle's letter from Chatham, which if demanded would have come out with all the advantages in the world to Sir W. Coventry, but, as he brought it out himself, hath drawn much evil upon him. After some talk of thi

[1] Thomas King.

kind, we back home, and there I to my chamber busy all the evening, and then to supper and to bed, my head running all night upon our businesses in Parliament and what examinations we are likely to go under before they have done with us, which troubles me more than it should a wise man and a man the best able to defend himself, I believe, of our own whole office, or any other, I am apt to think.

11th. Up, and to Simpson at work in my office, and thence with Sir G. Carteret (who come to talk with me) to Broad Streete, where great crowding of people for money, at which he blamed himself. Thence with him and Lord Bruncker to Captain Cocke's (he out of doors), and there drank their morning draught, and thence [Sir] G. Carteret and I toward the Temple in coach together; and there he did tell me how the King do all he can in the world to overthrow my Lord Chancellor, and that notice is taken of every man about the King that is not seen to promote the ruine of the Chancellor; and that this being another great day in his business, he dares not but be there. He tells me that as soon as Secretary Morrice brought the Great Seale from my Lord Chancellor, Bab. May[1] fell upon his knees, and catched the King about the legs, and joyed him, and said that this was the first time that ever he could call him King of England, being freed from this great man: which was a most ridiculous saying. And he told me that, when first my Lord Gerard, a great while ago, come to the King, and told him that the Chancellor did say openly that the King was a lazy person and not fit to govern, which is now made one of the things in the people's mouths against the Chancellor, "Why," says the King, "that is no news, for he hath told me so twenty times, and but the other day he told me so;" and made matter of mirth at it: but yet this light discourse is likely to prove bad to him. I 'light at the Temple, and went to my tailor's and mercer's about a cloake, to choose the stuff, and so to my bookseller's and bought some books, and so home to dinner, and Simpson my joyner with me, and after dinner, my wife, and I, and Willett, to the King's play-house, and there saw "The Indian Emperour," a good play, but not so good as people cry it up, I think, though above all things Nell's ill speaking of a great part made me mad. Thence with great trouble and charge getting a coach (it being now and having been all this day a most cold and foggy, dark, thick day), we home, and there I to my office, and saw it made clean from top to bottom, till I feared I took cold in walking in a damp room while it is in washing, and so home to supper and to bed. This day I had a whole doe sent me by Mr. Hozier, which is a fine present, and I had the umbles of it for dinner. This day I hear Kirton, my bookseller, poor man, is dead, I believe, of grief for his losses by the fire.

12th. Up, and to the Office, where sat all the morning; and there hear

[1] Baptist May, born in 1629, and said to be the son of Sir Humphrey May, but this is doubtful. Keeper of the Privy Purse to Charles II., and Registrar in the Court of Chancery. He died May 2nd, 1698.

the Duke of York do yet do very well with his smallpox: pray God he may continue to do so! This morning also, to my astonishment, I hear that yesterday my Lord Chancellor, to another of his Articles, that of betraying the King's councils to his enemies, is voted to have matter against him for an impeachment of High Treason, and that this day the impeachment is to be carried up to the House of Lords: which is very high, and I am troubled at it; for God knows what will follow, since they that do this must do more to secure themselves against any that will revenge this, if it ever come in their power! At noon home to dinner, and then to my office, and there saw every thing finished, so as my papers are all in order again and my office twice as pleasant as ever it was, having a noble window in my closet and another in my office, to my great content, and so did business late, and then home to supper and to bed.

13th. Up, and down to the Old Swan, and so to Westminster; where I find the House sitting, and in a mighty heat about Commissioner Pett, that they would have him impeached, though the Committee have yet brought in but part of their Report: and this heat of the House is much heightened by Sir Thomas Clifford telling them, that he was the man that did, out of his own purse, employ people at the out-ports to prevent the King of Scots to escape after the battle of Worcester. The House was in a great heat all this day about it; and at last it was carried, however, that it should be referred back to the Committee to make further enquiry. I here spoke with Roger Pepys, who sent for me, and it was to tell me that the Committee is mighty full of the business of buying and selling of tickets, and to caution me against such an enquiry (wherein I am very safe), and that they have already found out Sir Richard Ford's son to have had a hand in it, which they take to be the same as if the father had done it, and I do believe the father may be as likely to be concerned in it as his son. But I perceive by him they are resolved to find out the bottom of the business if it be possible. By and by I met with Mr. Wren, who tells me that the Duke of York is in as good condition as is possible for a man, in his condition of the smallpox. He, I perceive, is mightily concerned in the business of my Lord Chancellor, the impeachment against whom is gone up to the House of Lords; and great differences there are in the Lords' House about it, and the Lords are very high one against another. Thence home to dinner, and as soon as dinner done I and my wife and Willet to the Duke of York's house, and there saw the Tempest again, which is very pleasant, and full of so good variety that I cannot be more pleased almost in a comedy, only the seamen's part a little too tedious. Thence home, and there to my chamber, and do begin anew to bind myself to keep my old vows, and among the rest not to see a play till Christmas but once in every other week, and have laid aside £10, which is to be lost to the poor, if I do. This I hope in God will bind me, for I do find myself mightily wronged in my reputation, and indeed in my purse and business, by my late following of my pleasure for so long time as I have done. So to

supper and then to bed. This day Mr. Chichly[1] told me, with a seeming trouble, that the House have stopped his son Jack (Sir John) his going to France, that he may be a witness against my Lord Sandwich: which do trouble me, though he can, I think, say little.

14th. At the office close all the morning. At noon, all my clerks with me to dinner, to a venison pasty; and there comes Creed, and dined with me, and he tells me how high the Lords were in the Lords' House about the business of the Chancellor, and that they are not yet agreed to impeach him. After dinner, he and I, and my wife and girl, the latter two to their tailor's, and he and I to the Committee of the Treasury, where I had a hearing, but can get but £6,000 for the pay of the garrison, in lieu of above £16,000; and this Alderman Backewell gets remitted there, and I am glad of it. Thence by coach took up my wife and girl, and so home, and set down Creed at Arundell House, going to the Royal Society, whither I would be glad to go, but cannot. Thence home, and to the Office, where about my letters, and so home to supper, and to bed, my eyes being bad again; and by this means, the nights, now-a-days, do become very long to me, longer than I can sleep out.

15th. Up, and to Alderman Backewell's,[2] and there discoursed with him about the remitting of this £6,000 to Tangier, which he hath promised to do by the first post, and that will be by Monday next, the 18th, and he and I agreed that I would take notice of it that so he may be found to have done his best upon the desire of the Lords Commissioners. From this we went to discourse of his condition, and he with some vain glory told me that the business of Sheernesse did make him quite mad, and indeed might well have undone him; but yet that he did the very next day pay here and got bills to answer his promise to the King for the Swedes Embassadors (who were then doing our business at the treaty at Breda), £7,000, and did promise the Bankers there, that if they would draw upon him all that he had of theirs and £10,000 more, he would answer it. He told me that Serjeant Maynard come to him for a sum of money that he had in his hands of his, and so did many others, and his answer was, What countrymen are you? And when they told him, why then, says he, here is a tally upon the Receiver of your country for so [much], and to yours for so much, and did offer to lay by

[1] Thomas Chicheley (1618–94), Master-General of Ordnance, father of Captain Sir John Chicheley. He was knighted in 1670.

[2] Edward Backwell, goldsmith and alderman of the City of London. He was a man of considerable wealth during the Commonwealth. After the Restoration he negotiated Charles II.'s principal money transactions. He was M.P. for Wendover in the parliament of 1679, and in the Oxford parliament of 1680. According to the writer of the life in the "Dict. of Nat. Biog." his heirs did not ultimately suffer any pecuniary loss by the closure of the Exchequer. Mr. Hilton Price stated that Backwell removed to Holland in 1676, and died there in 1679; but this is disproved by the pedigree in Lipscomb's "Hist. of Bucks," where the date of his death is given as 1683, as well as by the fact that he sat for Wendover in 1679 and 1680, as stated above.

tallies to the full value of all that he owed in the world, and £40,000 more for the security thereof, and not to touch a penny of his own till the full of what he owed was paid, which so pleased every body that he hath mastered all, so that he hath lent the Commissioners of the Treasury above £40,000 in money since that business, and did this morning offer to a lady who come to give him notice that she should need her money, £3,000, in twenty days, he bid her if she pleased send for it to-day and she should have it. Which is a very great thing, and will make them greater than ever they were, I am apt to think, in some time. Thence to Westminster, and there I walked with several, and do hear that there is to be a conference between the two Houses to-day; so I stayed: and it was only to tell the Commons that the Lords cannot agree to the confining or sequestering of the Earle of Clarendon from the Parliament, forasmuch as they do not specify any particular crime which they lay upon him and call Treason. This the House did receive, and so parted: at which, I hear, the Commons are like to grow very high, and will insist upon their privileges, and the Lords will own theirs, though the Duke of Buckingham, Bristoll, and others, have been very high in the House of Lords to have had him committed. This is likely to breed ill blood. Thence I away home, calling at my mercer's and tailor's, and there find, as I expected, Mr. Cæsar and little Pelham Humphreys, lately returned from France, and is an absolute Monsieur, as full of form, and confidence, and vanity, and disparages everything, and everybody's skill but his own. The truth is, every body says he is very able, but to hear how he laughs at all the King's musick here, as Blagrave[1] and others, that they cannot keep time nor tune, nor understand anything; and that Grebus,[2] the Frenchman, the King's master of the musick, how he understands nothing, nor can play on any instrument, and so cannot compose: and that he will give him a lift out of his place; and that he and the King are mighty great! and that he hath already spoke to the King of Grebus would make a man piss. I had a good dinner for them, as a venison pasty and some fowl, and after dinner we did play, he on the theorbo, Mr. Cæsar on his French lute, and I on the viol, but made but mean musique, nor do I see that this Frenchman do so much wonders on the theorbo, but without question he is a good musician, but his vanity do offend me. They gone, towards night, I to the office awhile, and then home and to my chamber, where busy till by and by comes Mr. Moore, and he staid and supped and talked with me about many things, and tells me his great fear that all things will go to ruin among us, for that the King hath, as he says

[1] Thomas Blagrave, Gentleman of the Chapel, Clerk of the Cheque, and one of Charles II.'s private band. A few of his songs are printed in "Select Ayres and Dialogues," folio, 1669. His portrait was in the Music School at Oxford. He died November 21st, 1688, and was buried in the north cloister of Westminster Abbey.

[2] "Warrant to pay to Lewis Grabu, master of the select band of violins, in place of John Bannister, £600 for himself and the band, with arrears to commence from Lady-day, 1667, with note that the whole establishment is to be made over again" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1667–68, p. 112).

Sir Thomas Crew told him, been heard to say that the quarrel is not between my Lord Chancellor and him, but his brother and him; which will make sad work among us if that be once promoted, as to be sure it will, Buckingham and Bristoll being now the only counsel the King follows, so as Arlington and Coventry are come to signify little. He tells me they are likely to fall upon my Lord Sandwich; but, for my part, sometimes I am apt to think they cannot do him much harm, he telling me that there is no great fear of the business of Resumption.[1] By and by, I got him to read part of my Lord Cooke's chapter of treason,[2] which is mighty well worth reading, and do inform me in many things, and for aught I see it is useful now to know what these crimes are. And then to supper, and after supper he went away, and so I got the girl to comb my head, and then to bed, my eyes bad. This day, Poundy, the waterman, was with me, to let me know that he was summonsed to bear witness against me to Prince Rupert's people (who have a commission to look after the business of prize-goods) about the business of the prize-goods I was concerned in: but I did desire him to speak all he knew, and not to spare me, nor did promise nor give him any thing, but sent him away with good words, to bid him say all he knew to be true. This do not trouble me much.

16th. At the office all the morning, and at noon took my Lord Bruncker into the garden, and there told him of his man Carcasse's proceedings against the Office in the House of Commons. I did [not] desire nor advise him any thing, but in general, that the end of this might be ruin to the Office, but that we shall be brought to fencing for ourselves, and that will be no profit to the office, but let it light where it would I thought I should be as well as any body. This I told him, and so he seeming to be ignorant of it, and not pleased with it, we broke off by Sir Thos. Harvy's coming to us from the Pay Office, whither we had sent a smart letter we had writ to him this morning about keeping the clerks at work at the making up the books, which I did to place the fault somewhere, and now I let him defend himself. He was mighty angry, and particularly with me, but I do not care, but do rather desire it, for I will not spare him, that we shall bear the blame, and such an idle fellow as he have £500 a year for nothing. So we broke off, and I home to dinner, and then to the office, and having spent the afternoon on letters, I took coach in the evening, and to White Hall, where there is to be a performance of musique of Pelham's before the King. The company not come; but I did go into the musique-room, where Captain Cocke and many others; and there I did hear the best and the smallest organ go that ever I saw in my

[1] Resumption in a law sense, signifies the taking again into the king's hands such lands or tenements as before, upon false suggestions, or other error, he had delivered to the heir, or granted by letters patent to any man. The Bill for effecting these objects was brought into the House of Commons, but never passed.—B.

[2] Part III. of Sir Edward Coke's "Institutes of the Laws of England" deals with "High treason and other pleas of the Crown and criminal causes."

life, and such a one as, by the grace of God, I will have the next year, if I continue in this condition, whatever it cost me. I never was so pleased in my life. Thence, it being too soon, I to Westminster Hall, it being now about 7 at night, and there met Mr. Gregory, my old acquaintance, an understanding gentleman; and he and I walked an hour together, talking of the bad prospect of the times; and the sum of what I learn from him is this: That the King is the most concerned in the world against the Chancellor, and all people that do not appear against him, and therefore is angry with the Bishops, having said that he had one Bishop on his side (Crofts[1]), and but one: that Buckingham and Bristoll are now his only Cabinet Council;[2] and that, before the Duke of York fell sick, Buckingham was admitted to the King of his Cabinet, and there stayed with him several hours, and the Duke of York shut out. That it is plain that there is dislike between the King and Duke of York, and that it is to be feared that the House will go so far against the Chancellor, that they must do something to undo the Duke of York, or will not think themselves safe. That this Lord Vaughan,[3] that is so great against the Chancellor, is one of the lewdest fellows of the age, worse than Sir Charles Sidly; and that he was heard to swear, God damn him, he would do my Lord Clarendon's business. That he do find that my Lord Clarendon hath more friends in both Houses than he believes he would have, by reason that they do see what are the hands that pull him down; which they do not like. That Harry Coventry was scolded at by the King severely the other day; and that his answer was that, if he must not speak what he thought in this business in Parliament, he must not come thither. And he says that by this very business Harry Coventry hath got more fame and common esteem

[1] Herbert Croft, Bishop of Hereford, 1662–91.

[2] The term *Cabinet Council*, as stated by Clarendon, originated thus, in 1640: "The bulk and burden of the state affairs lay principally upon the shoulders of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Earl of Strafford, and the Lord Cottington; some others being joined to them, as the Earl of Northumberland for ornament, the Bishop of London for his place, the two Secretaries, Sir H. Vane and Sir Francis Windebank, for service and communication of intelligence: only the Marquis of Hamilton, indeed, by his skill and interest, bore as great a part as he had a mind to do, and had the skill to meddle no further than he had a mind. These persons made up the committee of state, which was reproachfully after called the *junto*, and enviously then in the Court *the Cabinet Council*" ("History of the Rebellion," vol. i., p. 211, edit. 1849). Dr. Murray ("New English Dictionary") says that the expression "he is of the cabinet" is used of Vane by Roe, 1630. See *ante*, November 9th, 1664, and August 26th, 1666, where Pepys refers to the "Cabinet."

[3] John Vaughan, Lord Vaughan, eldest surviving son to Richard, Earl of Carberry, whom he succeeded. He was well versed in literature, and succeeded Pepys as President of the Royal Society, an office which he held from 1686 to 1689, and had been Governor of Jamaica. He was amongst Dryden's earliest patrons. Died January 16th, 1712–1713. Lord Clarendon in his Life draws an unflattering picture of Lord Vaughan. He writes: "A person of as ill a face as fame, his looks and his manner both extreme bad, asked for the paper that had been presented from the Committee, and with his own hand entered these words, 'That being a Privy Counsellor he [Clarendon] had betrayed the king's secrets to the enemy.'"

than any gentleman in England hath at this day, and is an excellent and able person. That the King, who not long ago did say of Bristoll, that he was a man able in three years to get himself a fortune in any kingdom in the world, and lose all again in three months, do now hug him, and commend his parts every where, above all the world. How fickle is this man [the King], and how unhappy we like to be! That he fears some furious courses will be taken against the Duke of York; and that he hath heard that it was designed, if they cannot carry matters against the Chancellor, to impeach the Duke of York himself, which God forbid! That Sir Edward Nicholas, whom he served while Secretary, is one of the best men in the world, but hated by the Queen-Mother, for a service he did the old King against her mind and her favourites; and that she and my Lady Castlemayne did make the King to lay him aside: but this man[1] says that he is one of the most perfect heavenly and charitable men in the whole world. That the House of Commons resolve to stand by their proceedings, and have chosen a Committee to draw up the reasons thereof to carry to the Lords; which is likely to breed great heat between them. That the Parliament, after all this, is likely to give the King no money; and, therefore, that it is to be wondered what makes the King give way to so great extravagancies, which do all tend to the making him less than he is, and so will, every day more and more: and by this means every creature is divided against the other, that there never was so great an uncertainty in England, of what would be the event of things, as at this day; nobody being at ease, or safe. Being full of his discourse, and glad of the rencontre, I to White Hall; and there got into the theater-room, and there heard both the vocall and instrumentall musick, where the little fellow[2] stood keeping time; but for my part, I see no great matter, but quite the contrary in both sorts of musique. The composition I believe is very good, but no more of delightfulness to the eare or understanding but what is very ordinary. Here was the King and Queen, and some of the ladies; among whom none more jolly than my Lady Buckingham,[3] her Lord being once more a great man. Thence by coach home and to my office, ended my letters, and then home to supper, and, my eyes being bad, to bed.

17th (Lord's day). Up, and to church with my wife. A dull sermon of Mr. Mills, and then home, without strangers to dinner, and then my wife to read, and I to the office, enter my journall to this day, and so home with great content that it is done, but with sorrow to my eyes. Then home, and got my wife to read to me out of Fuller's Church History, when by and by comes Captain Cocke, who sat with me all the evening, talking, and I find by him, as by all others, that we are like to expect great confusions, and most of our discourse was the same, and did agree with that the last night, particularly that about the difference between the King and the Duke of York which is

[1] Gregory.
[2] Pelham Humfrey.
[3] The daughter of Fairfax.

like to be. He tells me that he hears that Sir W. Coventry was, a little before the Duke of York fell sick, with the Duke of York in his closet, and fell on his knees, and begged his pardon for what he hath done to my Lord Chancellor; but this I dare not soon believe. But he tells me another thing, which he says he had from the person himself who spoke with the Duke of Buckingham, who, he says, is a very sober and worthy man, that he did lately speak with the Duke of Buckingham about his greatness now with the King, and told him—"But, sir, these things that the King do now, in suffering the Parliament to do all this, you know are not fit for the King to suffer, and you know how often you have said to me that the King was a weak man, and unable to govern, but to be governed, and that you could command him as you listed; why do you suffer him to go on in these things?" —"Why," says the Duke of Buckingham, "I do suffer him to do this, that I may hereafter the better command him." This he swears to me the person himself to whom the Duke of Buckingham said this did tell it him, and is a man of worth, understanding, and credit. He told me one odd passage by the Duke of Albemarle, speaking how hasty a man he is, and how for certain he would have killed Sir W. Coventry, had he met him in a little time after his shewing his letter in the House. He told me that a certain lady, whom he knows, did tell him that, she being certainly informed that some of the Duke of Albemarle's family did say that the Earl of Torrington[1] was a bastard, [she] did think herself concerned to tell the Duke of Albemarle of it, and did first tell the Duchesse, and was going to tell the old man, when the Duchesse pulled her back by the sleeve, and hindered her, swearing to her that if he should hear it, he would certainly kill the servant that should be found to have said it, and therefore prayed her to hold her peace. One thing more he told me, which is, that Garraway is come to town, and is thinking

[1] In 1652 General Monk was married, at the Church of St. George, Southwark, to Anne, daughter of his regimental farrier, John Clarges, and in the following year had by her a son, Christopher, the "Earl of Torrington" here mentioned. The child was suckled by Honour Mills, a vendor of apples and oysters, and succeeded his father as Duke of Albemarle in 1670; but dying in 1688, *s. p.*, all the honours and titles of the family became extinct. It came out, on a trial of trespass betweeen William Sherwen, plaintiff, and Sir Walter Clarges, Bart., and others, defendants, at the bar of the King's Bench, November 15th, 1702, that Anne Clarges had married for her first husband Thomas Ratford, in 1632, and was separated from him in 1649; but no certificate of his death had ever appeared. This fact would invalidate the legitimacy of the Earl of Torrington, and the suspicion is strengthened by the low origin and vulgar habits of the duchess, and the threats which she resorted to, to prevent the story being made public. One Pride, who, as the son of a daughter of an elder brother of George, Duke of Albemarle, claimed to be heir to Duke George, brought an ejectment against the Earl of Bath (who claimed under a deed from Duke Christopher) in the King's Bench, in Hilary Term, 6 William III., attempting to bastardize Duke Christopher, on the ground mentioned in the note. After a long trial, the jury, not being satisfied with the evidence, found for the Earl of Bath. This case, which is a different one from that given above, is reported in 1 Salkeld, 120, 3 Leving, 410, and Holt, 286. Leving was one of the counsel for the Earl of Bath.—B.

how to bring the House to mind the public state of the nation and to put off these particular piques against man and man, and that he propounding this to Sir W. Coventry, Sir W. Coventry did give no encouragement to it: which he says is that by their running after other men he may escape. But I do believe this is not true neither. But however I am glad that Garraway is here, and that he do begin to think of the public condition in reference to our neighbours that we are in, and in reference to ourselves, whereof I am mightily afeard of trouble. So to supper, and he gone and we to bed.

18th. Up, and all the morning at my office till 3 after noon with Mr. Hater about perfecting my little pocket market book of the office, till my eyes were ready to fall out of my head, and then home to dinner, glad that I had done so much, and so abroad to White Hall, to the Commissioners of the Treasury, and there did a little business with them, and so home, leaving multitudes of solicitors at their door, of one sort or other, complaining for want of such despatch as they had in my Lord Treasurer's time, when I believe more business was despatched, but it was in his manner to the King's wrong. Among others here was Gresham College coming about getting a grant of Chelsey College[1] for their Society, which the King, it seems, hath given them his right in; but they met with some other pretences, I think, to it, besides the King's. Thence took up my wife, whom I had left at her tailor's, and home, and there, to save my eyes, got my wife at home to read again, as last night, in the same book, till W. Batelier come and spent the evening talking with us, and supped with us, and so to bed.

19th. To the office, and thence before noon I, by the Board's direction, to the Parliament House to speak with Sir R. Brookes about the meaning of an order come to us this day to bring all the books of the office to the Committee. I find by him that it is only about the business of an order of ours for paying off the ships by ticket, which they think I on behalf of my Lord Bruncker do suppress, which vexes me, and more at its occasioning the bringing them our books. So home and to dinner, where Mr. Shepley with me, newly come out of the country, but I was at little liberty to talk to him, but after dinner with two contracts to the Committee, with Lord Bruncker and Sir T. Harvy, and there did deliver them, and promised at their command more, but much against my will. And here Sir R. Brookes did take me alone, and pray me to prevent their trouble, by discovering the order he would have. I told him I would suppress none, nor could, but this did not satisfy him, and so we parted, I vexed that I should bring on myself this suspicion. Here I did stand by unseen, and did hear their impertinent yet malicious examinations of some rogues about the business of Bergen, wherein they would wind in something against my Lord Sandwich (it was

[1] In 1667 "King Charles gave the ground and buildings of James's College at Chelsea" to the Royal Society, who sold them again to Sir Stephen Fox, for the Crown, in 1682, for £1,300.

plain by their manner of examining, as Sir Thomas Crew did afterwards observe to me, who was there), but all amounted to little I think. But here Sir Thomas Crew and W. Hewer, who was there also, did tell me that they did hear Captain Downing give a cruel testimony against my Lord Bruncker, for his neglect, and doing nothing, in the time of straits at Chatham, when he was spoke to, and did tell the Committee that he, Downing, did presently after, in Lord Bruncker's hearing, tell the Duke of Albemarle, that if he might advise the King, he should hang both my Lord Bruncker and Pett. This is very hard. Thence with W. Hewer and our messenger, Marlow, home by coach, and so late at letters, and then home to supper, and my wife to read and then to bed. This night I wrote to my father, in answer to a new match which is proposed (the executor of Ensum, my sister's former servant) for my sister, that I will continue my mind of giving her £500, if he likes of the match. My father did also this week, by Shepley, return me up a guinny, which, it seems, upon searching the ground, they have found since I was there. I was told this day that Lory Hide,[1] second son of my Lord Chancellor, did some time since in the House say, that if he thought his father was guilty but of one of the things then said against him, he would be the first that should call for judgement against him:[2] which Mr. Waller, the poet, did say was spoke like the old Roman, like Brutus, for its greatness and worthiness.

20th. Up, and all the morning at my office shut up with Mr. Gibson, I walking and he reading to me the order books of the office from the beginning of the war, for preventing the Parliament's having them in their hands before I have looked them over and seen the utmost that can be said against us from any of our orders, and to my great content all the morning I find none. So at noon home to dinner with my clerks, who have of late dined frequently with me, and I do purpose to have them so still, by that means I having opportunity to talk with them about business, and I love their company very well. All the morning Mr. Hater and the boy did shut up themselves at my house doing something towards the finishing the abstract book of our contracts for my pocket, which I shall now want very much. After

[1] Lawrence Hyde, second son of Lord Chancellor Clarendon (1641–1711). He held many important offices, and was First Lord of the Treasury, 1679–84; created Earl of Rochester in 1681, and K.G. 1685.

[2] On October 26th, during the proceedings relative to the impeachment of Lord Clarendon, Mr. Lawrence Hyde said: "I am sensible, the house may think me partial, but I shall endeavour to show myself not so much a son of the Earl of Clarendon as a member of this house, and I assure you that if he shall be found guilty, no man shall appear more against him than I; if not, I hope every one will be for him as much as I, let every man upon his conscience think what of this charge is true, for I believe that if one article be proved, he will own himself guilty of all" ("Parliamentary History of England," vol. iv., col. 374). Waller's speech is not reported in the Debates, although he was a frequent speaker. Burnet writes: "Waller was the delight of the house, and even at eighty he said the liveliest things of any among them. He was only concerned to say that which should make him be applauded."

dinner I stayed at home all the afternoon, and Gibson with me; he and I shut up till about ten at night. We went through all our orders, and towards the end I do meet with two or three orders for our discharging of two or three little vessels by ticket without money, which do plunge me; but, however, I have the advantage by this means to study an answer and to prepare a defence, at least for myself. So he gone I to supper, my mind busy thinking after our defence in this matter, but with vexation to think that a thing of this kind, which in itself brings nothing but trouble and shame to us, should happen before all others to become a charge against us. This afternoon Mr. Mills come and visited me, and stayed a little with me (my wife being to be godmother to his child to-morrow), and among other talk he told me how fully satisfactory my first Report was to the House in the business of Chatham: which I am glad to hear; and the more, for that I know that he is a great creature of Sir R. Brookes's.

21st. Up, and to the office, where all the morning, and at noon home, where my wife not very well, but is to go to Mr. Mills's child's christening, where she is godmother, Sir J. Minnes and Sir R. Brookes her companions. I left her after dinner (my clerks dining with me) to go with Sir J. Minnes, and I to the office, where did much business till after candlelight, and then my eyes beginning to fail me, I out and took coach to Arundell House, where the meeting of Gresham College was broke up; but there meeting Creed, I with him to the taverne in St. Clement's Churchyard, where was Deane Wilkins, Dr. Whistler, Dr. Floyd,[1] a divine admitted, I perceive, this day, and other brave men; and there, among other things of news, I do hear, that upon the reading of the House of Commons's Reasons of the manner of their proceedings in the business of my Lord Chancellor, the Reasons were so bad, that my Lord Bristoll himself did declare that he would not stand to what he had, and did still, advise the Lords to concur to, upon any of the Reasons of the House of Commons; but if it was put to the question whether it should be done on their Reasons, he would be against them; and indeed it seems the Reasons—however they come to escape the House of Commons, which shews how slightly the greatest matters are done in this world, and even in Parliaments—were none of them of strength, but the principle of them untrue; they saying, that where any man is brought before a Judge, accused of Treason in general, without specifying the particular, the Judge do there constantly and is obliged to commit him. Whereas the question being put by the Lords to my Lord Keeper, he said that quite the contrary was true: and then, in the Sixth Article (I will get a copy of them if I can) there are two or three things strangely asserted to the diminishing of the King's power, as is said, at least things that heretofore would not have been

[1] No Dr. Floyd, or Lloyd, was admitted into the Royal Society at this time. At the meeting on November 21st Mons. Leyonberg, resident from the King of Sweden, and Mr. Soame were elected and admitted, and Count Ubaldini, Sir Charles Berkeley, and Mr. Oudart were elected.

heard of. But then the question being put among the Lords, as my Lord Bristoll advised, whether, upon the whole matter and Reasons that had been laid before them, they would commit my Lord Clarendon, it was carried five to one against it; there being but three Bishops against him, of whom Cosens[1] and Dr. Reynolds[2] were two, and I know not the third.[3] This made the opposite Lords, as Bristoll and Buckingham, so mad, that they declared and protested against it,[4] speaking very broad that there was mutiny and rebellion in the hearts of the Lords, and that they desired they might enter their dissents, which they did do, in great fury. So that upon the Lords sending to the Commons, as I am told, to have a conference for them to give their answer to the Commons's Reasons, the Commons did desire a free conference: but the Lords do deny it; and the reason is, that they hold not the Commons any Court, but that themselves only are a Court, and the Chief Court of Judicature, and therefore are not to dispute the laws and method of their own Court with them that are none, and so will not submit so much as to have their power disputed. And it is conceived that much of this eagerness among the Lords do arise from the fear some of them have, that they may be dealt with in the same manner themselves, and therefore do stand upon it now. It seems my Lord Clarendon hath, as is said and believed, had his horses several times in his coach, ready to carry him to the Tower, expecting a message to that purpose; but by this means his case is like to be laid by. From this we fell to other discourse, and very good; among the rest they discourse of a man that is a little frantic, that hath been a kind of minister, Dr. Wilkins saying that he hath read for him in his church, that is poor and a debauched man, that the College[5] have hired for 20*s*. to have some of the blood of a sheep let into his body;[6] and it is to be done on Sat-

[1] John Cosin, Master of Peter House and Dean of Peterborough in the time of Charles I.; Bishop of Durham, 1660–72. Died January 13th, 1671–72, aged seventy-eight.

[2] Edward Reynolds, Bishop of Norwich, 1661–76. He died July 28th, 1676, aged seventy-six.

[3] Probably Herbert Croft. See November 16th.

[4] The protest made in the House of Lords (November 20th, 1667) to the negativing of the question for the committal of Lord Clarendon was signed by the Dukes of Buckingham and Albemarle and twenty-five other peers. Four reasons are given for the protest ("Protests of the Lords," ed. J. E. Thorold Rogers, 1875, vol. i., p. 34).

[5] The Royal Society, meeting at Gresham College.

[6] This was Arthur Coga, who had studied at Cambridge, and was said to be a bachelor of divinity. He was indigent, and "looked upon as a very freakish and extravagant man." Dr. King, in a letter to the Hon. Robert Boyle, remarks "that Mr. Coga was about thirty-two years of age; that he spoke Latin well, when he was in company, which he liked, but that his brain was sometimes a little too warm." The experiment was performed on November 23rd, 1667, by Dr. King, at Arundel House, in the presence of many spectators of quality, and four or five physicians. Coga wrote a description of his own case in Latin, and when asked why he had not the blood of some other creature, instead of that of a sheep, transfused into him, answered, "Sanguis ovis symbolicam quandam facultatem habet cum sanguine Christi, quia Christus est agnus Dei" (Birch's "History of the Royal Society," vol. ii., pp. 214–16). Coga was the first person in Eng-

urday next. They purpose to let in about twelve ounces; which, they compute, is what will be let in in a minute's time by a watch. They differ in the opinion they have of the effects of it; some think it may have a good effect upon him as a frantic man by cooling his blood, others that it will not have any effect at all. But the man is a healthy man, and by this means will be able to give an account what alteration, if any, he do find in himself, and so may be usefull. On this occasion, Dr. Whistler told a pretty story related by Muffet,[1] a good author, of Dr. Caius, that built Keys College; that, being very old, and living only at that time upon woman's milk, he, while he fed upon the milk of an angry, fretful woman, was so himself; and then, being advised to take it of a good-natured, patient woman, he did become so, beyond the common temper of his age. Thus much nutriment, they observed, might do. Their discourse was very fine; and if I should be put out of my office, I do take great content in the liberty I shall be at, of frequenting these gentlemen's company. Broke up thence and home, and there to my wife in her chamber, who is not well (of those), and there she tells me great stories of the gossiping women of the parish—what this, and what that woman was; and, among the rest, how Mrs. Hollworthy is the veriest confident bragging gossip of them all, which I should not have believed; but that Sir R. Brookes, her partner,[2] was mighty civil to her, and taken with her, and what not. My eyes being bad I spent the evening with her in her chamber talking and inventing a cypher to put on a piece of plate, which I must give, better than ordinary, to the Parson's child, and so to bed, and through my wife's illness had a bad night of it, and she a worse, poor wretch!

22nd. Up betimes, and drinking my morning draught of strong water with Betty Michell, I had not opportunity para baiser la, I by water to White Hall, and there met Creed, and thence with him to Westminster Hall, where we talked long together of news, and there met with Cooling,[3] my Lord Chamberlain's Secretary, and from him learn the truth of all I heard last night; and understand further, that this stiffness of the Lords is in no manner of kindness to my Lord Chancellor, for he neither hath, nor do, nor for the future likely can oblige any of them, but rather the contrary; but that they do fear what the consequence may be to themselves, should they yield in his case, as many of them have reason. And more, he shewed me how this is rather to the wrong and prejudice of my Lord Chancellor; for

land to be experimented upon; previous experiments were made by the transfusion of the blood of one dog into another. See November 14th, 1666.

[1] This anecdote of Dr. Caius is given in "Health's Improvement, or Rules [for] preparing all sorts of Food, by Thomas Muffett; corrected and enlarged by Christopher Bennet," 1655, p. 123.

[2] As sponsor at the christening.

[3] Richard Cooling, Clerk of the Privy Council, and secretary to the Earl of Manchester when appointed Lord Chamberlain in 1660. He acted as secretary to the Earl of Arlington during his tenure of the office of Lord Chamberlain (1674–80). He died June 19th, 1697.

that it is better for him to come to be tried before the Lords, where he can have right and make interest, than, when the Parliament is up, be committed by the King, and tried by a Court on purpose made by the King, of what Lords the King pleases, who have a mind to have his head. So that my Lord [Cornbury] himself, his son, he tells me, hath moved, that if they have Treason against my Lord of Clarendon, that they would specify it and send it up to the Lords, that he might come to his trial; so full of intrigues this business is! Having now a mind to go on and to be rid of Creed, I could not, but was forced to carry him with me to the Excise Office, and thence to the Temple, and there walked a good while in the Temple church, observing the plainness of Selden's tomb, and how much better one of his executors hath, who is buried by him,[1] and there I parted with him and took coach and home, where to dinner.

23rd. Up, and to the office, where all the morning, and at noon home to dinner, and all the afternoon also busy till late preparing things to fortify myself and the fellows against the Parliament; and particularly myself against what I fear is thought, that I have suppressed the Order of the Board by which the discharging the great ships off at Chatham by tickets was directed; whereas, indeed, there was no such Order. So home at night to supper and to bed.

24th (Lord's day). In my chamber all the morning (having lain long in bed) till Mr. Shepley come to dine with me, and there being to return to Hinchinbroke speedily, I did give him as good account how matters go here as I could. After dinner, he being gone, I to the office, and there for want of other of my clerks, sent to Mr. Gibbs, whom I never used till now, for the writing over of my little pocket Contract-book; and there I laboured till nine at night with him, in drawing up the history of all that hath passed concerning tickets, in order to the laying the whole, and clearing myself and Office, before Sir R. Brookes; and in this I took great pains, and then sent him away, and proceeded, and had W. Hewer come to me, and he and I till past twelve at night in the Office, and he, which was a good service, did so inform me in the consequences of my writing this report, and that what I said would not hold water, in denying this Board to have ever ordered the discharging out of the service whole ships by ticket, that I did alter my

[1] Selden's executors were Matthew Hale, John Vaughan, and Rowland Jewkes, here alluded to, who was buried in the Temple Church in 1665. His monument is now in the triforium. Selden's monument, consisting of a slab of black marble, was removed in the summer of 1895 from the left of the altar to the south-west corner of the church, near where the "saint's bell" was once rung, as he was buried in this spot. The monument has been enclosed in a new alabaster frame. "His grave was about ten foot deepe or better, walled up a good way with brick, with which also the bottome was paved, but the sides at the bottome for about two foot high were of black polished marble, wherein his coffin (covered with black bayes) lyeth, and upon that wall of marble was presently let downe a huge black marble stone of great thicknesse, with this inscription: 'Hic jacet corpus Johannis Seldeni, qui obijt 30 die Novembris, 1654.'" (Aubrey's "Lives," vol. iii., p. 533.)

whole counsel, and fall to arme myself with good reasons to justify the Office in so doing, which hath been but rare, and having done this, I went, with great quiet in my mind, home, though vexed that so honest a business should bring me so much trouble; but mightily was pleased to find myself put out of my former design; and so, after supper, to bed.

25th. Up, and all the morning finishing my letter to Sir Robert Brookes, which I did with great content, and yet at noon when I come home to dinner I read it over again after it was sealed and delivered to the messenger, and read it to my clerks who dined with me, and there I did resolve upon some alteration, and caused it to be new writ, and so to the office after dinner, and there all the afternoon mighty busy, and at night did take coach thinking to have gone to Westminster, but it was mighty dark and foul, and my business not great, only to keep my eyes from reading by candle, being weary, but being gone part of my way I turned back, and so home, and there to read, and my wife to read to me out of Sir Robert Cotton's book about warr,[1] which is very fine, showing how the Kings of England have raised money by the people heretofore upon the people, and how they have played upon the kings also. So after supper I to bed. This morning Sir W. Pen tells me that the House was very hot on Saturday last upon the business of liberty of speech in the House, and damned the vote in the beginning of the Long Parliament against it;[2] so that he fears that there may be some bad thing which they have a mind to broach, which they dare not do without more security than they now have. God keep us, for things look mighty ill!

26th. Up, all the morning at the office, and then home to dinner, where dined Mr. Clerke, solicitor, with me, to discourse about my Tangier accounts, which I would fain make up, but I have not time. After dinner, by coach as far as the Temple, and there saw a new book,[3] in folio, of all that suffered for the King in the late times, which I will buy, it seems well writ, and then back to the Old Exchange, and there at my goldsmith's bought a basin for my wife to give the Parson's child, to which the other day she was godmother. It cost me £10 14*s*., besides graving, which I do with the cypher of the name, Daniel Mills, and so home to the office, and then home to supper and hear my wife read, and then to bed. This afternoon, after dinner, come to me Mr. Warren, and there did tell me that he come to pay his debt to me for the kindness I did him in getting his last ship out, which I must

[1] "Warrs with Forregen (*sic*) Princes dangerous to our Commonwealth, or reasons for forreign wars answered. London, 1657." 8vo.

[2] The House resolved that the judgment given, 5th Car. I., against Sir John Elliot, Denzill Hollis, and Benjamin Valentine, in the King's Bench, was illegal, and against the freedom and privileges of Parliament.—B.

[3] David Lloyd's "Memoires of the Lives, Actions, Sufferings, and Deaths of those noble, reverend, and excellent personages who suffered by death, sequestration, decimation, or otherwise for the Protestant religion and the great principle thereof, allegiance to their soveraigne in our late intestine wars . . . . 1668."

also remember was a service to the King, though I did not tell him so, as appeared by my advising with the board, and there writing to Sir W. Coventry to get the pass for the ship to go for it to Genoa. Now that which he had promised me for the courtesy was I take it 100 pieces or more, I think more, and also for the former courtesy I had done for the getting of his first ship out for this hemp he did promise me a consideration upon the return of the goods, but I never did to this day demand any thing of him, only about a month ago he told me that now his ship was come, and he would come out of my debt, but told me that whereas he did expect to have had some profit by the voyage, it had proved of loss to him, by the loss of some ships, or some accidents, I know not what, and so that he was not able to do what he intended, but told me that he would present me with sixty pieces in gold. I told him I would demand nothing of his promises, though they were much greater, nor would have thus much, but if he could afford to give me but fifty pieces, it should suffice me. So now he brought something in a paper, which since proves to be fifty pieces. But before I would take them I told him that I did not insist on anything, and therefore prayed him to consult his ability before he did part with them: and so I refused them once or twice till he did the third time offer them, and then I took them, he saying that he would present me with as many more if I would undertake to get him £500 paid on his bills. I told him I would by no means have any promise of the kind, nor would have any kindness from him for any such service, but that I should do my utmost for nothing to do him that justice, and would endeavour to do what I could for him, and so we parted, he owning himself mightily engaged to me for my kind usage of him in accepting of so small a matter in satisfaction of all that he owed me; which I enter at large for my justification if anything of this should be hereafter enquired after. This evening also comes to me to my closet at the Office Sir John Chichly, of his own accord, to tell me what he shall answer to the Committee, when, as he expects, he shall be examined about my Lord Sandwich; which is so little as will not hurt my Lord at all, I know.[1] He do profess great generousness towards my Lord, and that this jealousy of my Lord's of him is without ground, but do mightily inveigh against Sir Roger Cuttance, and would never have my Lord to carry him to sea again, as being a man that hath done my Lord more hurt than ever he can repair by his ill advice, and disobliging every body. He will by no means seem to crouch to my Lord, but says that he hath as good blood in his veins as any man, though not so good a title, but that he will do nothing to wrong or prejudice my Lord, and I hope he will not, nor I believe can; but he tells me that Sir E. Spragg and Utber are the men that have done my Lord the most wrong, and did bespatter him the most at Oxford, and that my Lord was misled to believe that all that was there said

[1] See November 15th, 1667. Sir John Chicheley was in command of the "Fairfax" in 1666, and of the "Rupert" in 1668. He subsequently was advanced to be rear-admiral, and he held several posts of importance. He died May, 1691.

was his, which indeed it was not, and says that he did at that time complain to his father of this his misfortune. This I confess is strange to me touching these two men, but yet it may well enough as the world goes, though I wonder I confess at the latter of the two, who always professes great love to my Lord. Sir Roger Cuttance was with me in the morning, and there gives me an account so clear about Bergen and the other business against my Lord, as I do not see what can be laid to my Lord in either, and tells me that Pen, however he now dissembles it, did on the quarter deck of my Lord's ship, after he come on board, when my Lord did fire a gun for the ships to leave pursuing the enemy, Pen did say, before a great many, several times, that his heart did leap in his belly for joy when he heard the gun, and that it was the best thing that could be done for securing the fleet. He tells me also that Pen was the first that did move and persuade my Lord to the breaking bulke, as a thing that was now the time to do right to the commanders of the great ships, who had no opportunity of getting anything by prizes, now his Lordship might distribute to everyone something, and he himself did write down before my Lord the proportions for each man. This I am glad of, though it may be this dissembling fellow may, twenty to one, deny it.

27th. Up, and all the morning at my Lord Bruncker's lodgings with Sir J. Minnes and [Sir] W. Pen about Sir W. Warren's accounts, wherein I do not see that they are ever very likely to come to an understanding of them, as Sir J. Minnes hath not yet handled them. Here till noon, and then home to dinner, where Mr. Pierce comes to me, and there, in general, tells me how the King is now fallen in and become a slave to the Duke of Buckingham, led by none but him, whom he, Mr. Pierce, swears he knows do hate the very person of the King, and would, as well as will, certainly ruin him. He do say, and I think with right, that the King do in this do the most ungrateful part of a master to a servant that ever was done, in this carriage of his to my Lord Chancellor: that, it may be, the Chancellor may have faults, but none such as these they speak of; that he do now really fear that all is going to ruin, for he says he hears that Sir W. Coventry hath been, just before his sickness, with the Duke of York, to ask his forgiveness and peace for what he had done; for that he never could foresee that what he meant so well, in the councilling to lay by the Chancellor, should come to this. As soon as dined, I with my boy Tom to my bookbinder's, where all the afternoon long till 8 or 9 at night seeing him binding up two or three collections of letters and papers that I had of him, but above all things my little abstract pocket book of contracts, which he will do very neatly. Then home to read, sup, and to bed.

28th. Up, and at the office all this morning, and then home to dinner, and then by coach sent my wife to the King's playhouse, and I to White Hall, there intending, with Lord Bruncker, Sir J. Minnes, and Sir T. Harvy to have seen the Duke of York, whom it seems the King and Queen have visited, and so we may now well go to see him. But there was nobody could

speak with him, and so we parted, leaving a note in Mr. Wren's chamber that we had been there, he being at the free conference of the two Houses about this great business of my Lord Chancellor's, at which they were at this hour, three in the afternoon, and there they say my Lord Anglesey do his part admirably ably, and each of us taking a copy of the Guinny Company's defence to a petition against them to the Parliament the other day. So I away to the King's playhouse, and there sat by my wife, and saw "The Mistaken Beauty," [1] which I never, I think, saw before, though an old play; and there is much in it that I like, though the name is but improper to it—at least, that name, it being also called "The Lyer," which is proper enough. Here I met with Sir Richard Browne, who wondered to find me there, telling me that I am a man of so much business, which character, I thank God, I have ever got, and have for a long time had and deserved, and yet am now come to be censured in common with the office for a man of negligence. Thence home and to the office to my letters, and then home to supper and to bed.

29th. Waked about seven o'clock this morning with a noise I supposed I heard, near our chamber, of knocking, which, by and by, increased: and I, more awake, could distinguish it better. I then waked my wife, and both of us wondered at it, and lay so a great while, while that increased, and at last heard it plainer, knocking, as if it were breaking down a window for people to get out; and then removing of stools and chairs; and plainly, by and by, going up and down our stairs. We lay, both of us, afeard; yet I would have rose, but my wife would not let me. Besides, I could not do it without making noise; and we did both conclude that thieves were in the house, but wondered what our people did, whom we thought either killed, or afeard, as we were. Thus we lay till the clock struck eight, and high day. At last, I removed my gown and slippers safely to the other side of the bed over my wife: and there safely rose, and put on my gown and breeches, and then, with a firebrand in my hand, safely opened the door, and saw nor heard any thing. Then (with fear, I confess), went to the maid's chamber-door, and all quiet and safe. Called Jane up, and went down safely, and opened my chamber door, where all well. Then more freely about, and to the kitchen, where the cook-maid up, and all safe. So up again, and when Jane come, and we demanded whether she heard no noise, she said, "yes, and was afeard," but rose with the other maid, and found nothing; but heard a noise in the great stack of chimnies that goes from Sir J. Minnes through our house; and so we sent, and their chimnies have been swept this morning, and the noise was that, and nothing else. It is one of the most extraordinary accidents in my life, and gives ground to think of Don Quixote's adventures how people may be surprised, and the more from an accident last night, that our

[1] "The Mistaken Beauty; or, the Lyar," a comedy, taken from the "Menteur" of Corneille; printed, in 1661, by its second title only, and without any author's name. Afterwards published as "The Mistaken Beauty" in 1685.

young gibb-cat [1] did leap down our stairs from top to bottom, at two leaps, and frighted us, that we could not tell well whether it was the cat or a spirit, and do sometimes think this morning that the house might be haunted. Glad to have this so well over, and indeed really glad in my mind, for I was much afeard. I dressed myself and to the office both forenoon and afternoon, mighty hard putting papers and things in order to my extraordinary satisfaction, and consulting my clerks in many things, who are infinite helps to my memory and reasons of things, and so being weary, and my eyes akeing, having overwrought them to-day reading so much shorthand, I home and there to supper, it being late, and to bed. This morning Sir W. Pen and I did walk together a good while, and he tells me that the Houses are not likely to agree after their free conference yesterday, and he fears what may follow.

30th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning, and then by coach to Arundel House, to the election of Officers[2] for the next year; where I was near being chosen of the Council, but am glad I was not, for I could not have attended, though, above all things, I could wish it; and do take it as a mighty respect to have been named there. The company great, and the elections long, and then to Cary House,[3] a house now of entertainment, next my Lord Ashly's; and there, where I have heretofore heard Common Prayer in the time of Dr. Mossum,[4] we after two hours' stay, sitting at the table with our napkins open, had our dinners brought, but badly done. But here was good company. I choosing to sit next Dr. Wilkins, Sir George Ent, and others whom I value, there talked of several things. Among others Dr. Wilkins,[5] talking of the universal speech, of which he hath a book coming out, did first inform me how man was certainly made for society, he being of all creatures the least armed for defence, and of all creatures in the world the young ones are not able to do anything to help themselves, nor can find the dug without being put to it, but would die if the mother did not help it; and, he says, were it not for speech man would be a very mean creature. Much of this good discourse we had. But here, above all, I was pleased to see the person who had his blood taken out. He speaks well, and did this day give the Society a relation thereof in Latin, saying that he finds himself

[1] A male cat. "Gib" is a contraction of the Christian name Gilbert (Old French, "Tibert").

"I am melancholy as a gib-cat."
Shakespeare, 1 *Henry IV.*, act i., sc. 3.

Gib alone is also used, and a verb made from it—"to gib," or act like a cat.

[2] Of the Royal Society. Creed was chosen a member of council this year.

[3] Carey House was probably the Canary House, a much frequented house situated "between the Feathers tavern and Long's Coffee house on the east side of Exeter Change." There is a token of the Canary House dated 1665. See "Boyne's Tokens," ed. Williamson, vol. i., p. 760.

[4] Dr. Robert Mossum. See notes, January 8th, 22nd, 1659–60.

[5] Bishop Wilkins's "Essay towards a Real Character and a Philosophical Language" was published in 1668.

much better since, and as a new man, but he is cracked a little in his head, though he speaks very reasonably, and very well. He had but 20*s.* for his suffering it, and is to have the same again tried upon him: the first sound man that ever had it tried on him in England, and but one that we hear of in France, which was a porter hired by the virtuosos. Here all the afternoon till within night. Then I took coach and to the Exchange, where I was to meet my wife, but she was gone home, and so I to Westminster Hall, and there took a turn or two, but meeting with nobody to discourse with, returned to Cary House, and there stayed and saw a pretty deception of the sight by a glass with water poured into it, with a stick standing up with three balls of wax upon it, one distant from the other. How these balls did seem double and disappear one after another, mighty pretty! Here Mr. Carcasse did come to me, and brought first Mr. Colwall,[2] our Treasurer, and then Dr. Wilkins to engage me to be his friend, and himself asking forgiveness and desiring my friendship, saying that the Council have now ordered him to be free to return to the Office to be employed. I promised him my friendship, and am glad of this occasion, having desired it; for there is nobody's ill tongue that I fear like his, being a malicious and cunning bold fellow. Thence, paying our shot, 6*s.* apiece, I home, and there to the office and wrote my letters, and then home, my eyes very sore with yesterday's work, and so home and tried to make a piece by my eare and viall to "I wonder what the grave," &c., and so to supper and to bed, where frighted a good while and my wife again with noises, and my wife did rise twice, but I think it was Sir John Minnes's people again late cleaning their house, for it was past 1 o'clock in the morning before we could fall to sleep, and so slept. But I perceive well what the care of money and treasure in a man's house is to a man that fears to lose it. My Lord Anglesey told me this day that he did believe the House of Commons would, the next week, yield to the Lords; but, speaking with others this day, they conclude they will not, but that rather the King will accommodate it by committing my Lord Clarendon himself. I remember what Mr. Evelyn said, that he did believe we should soon see ourselves fall into a Commonwealth again. Joseph Williamson I find mighty kind still, but close, not daring to say anything almost that touches upon news or state of affairs.

December 1st (Lord's day). Up, and after entering my journal for 2 or 3 days, I to church, where Mr. Mills, a dull sermon: and in our pew there sat a great lady, which I afterwards understood to be my Lady Carlisle,[2] that made her husband a cuckold in Scotland, a very fine woman indeed in person. After sermon home, where W. Hewer dined with us, and after dinner he and I all the afternoon to read over our office letters to see what matters can be got for our advantage or disadvantage therein. In the evening

[1] Daniel Colwall, Treasurer of the Royal Society 1665–79.

[2] Anne, daughter of Edward, first Lord Howard of Escrick, wife to Charles Howard, first Earl of Carlisle.—B.

comes Mr. Pelling and the two men that were with him formerly, the little man that sings so good a base (Wallington) and another that understands well, one Pigott, and Betty Turner come and sat and supped with us, and we spent the evening mighty well in good musique, to my great content to see myself in condition to have these and entertain them for my own pleasure only. So they gone, we to bed.

2nd. Up, and then abroad to Alderman Backewell's (who was sick of a cold in bed), and then to the Excise Office, where I find Mr. Ball out of humour in expectation of being put out of his office by the change of the farm of the excise. There comes Sir H. Cholmly, and he and I to Westminster, and there walked up and down till noon, where all the business is that the Lords' answer is come down to the Commons, that they are not satisfied in the Commons' Reasons: and so the Commons are hot, and like to sit all day upon the business what to do herein, most thinking that they will remonstrate against the Lords. Thence to Lord Crew's, and there dined with him; where, after dinner, he took me aside, and bewailed the condition of the nation, how the King and his brother are at a distance about this business of the Chancellor, and the two Houses differing: and he do believe that there are so many about the King like to be concerned and troubled by the Parliament, that they will get him to dissolve or prorogue the Parliament; and the rather, for that the King is likely, by this good husbandry of the Treasury, to get out of debt, and the Parliament is likely to give no money. Among other things, my Lord Crew did tell me, with grief, that he hears that the King of late hath not dined nor supped with the Queen, as he used of late to do. After a little discourse, Mr. Cæsar, he dining there, did give us some musique on his lute (Mr. John Crew being there) to my great content, and then away I, and Mr. Cæsar followed me and told me that my boy Tom hath this day declared to him that he cared not for the French lute and would learn no more, which Cæsar out of faithfulness tells me that I might not spend any more money on him in vain. I shall take the boy to task about it, though I am contented to save my money if the boy knows not what is good for himself. So thanked him, and indeed he is a very honest man I believe, and away home, there to get something ready for the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, and so took my wife and girle and set them at Unthanke's, and I to White Hall, and there with the Commissioners of the Treasury, who I find in mighty good condition to go on in payment of the seamen off, and thence I to Westminster Hall, where I met with my cozen Roger and walked a good while with him; he tells me of the high vote of the Commons this afternoon, which I also heard at White Hall, that the proceedings of the Lords in the case of my Lord Clarendon are an obstruction to justice, and of ill precedent to future times. This makes every body wonder what will be the effect of it, most thinking that the King will try him by his own Commission. It seems they were mighty high to have remonstrated, but some said that was too great an appeale to the people. Roger is mighty

full of fears of the consequence of it, and wishes the King would dissolve them. So we parted, and I bought some Scotch cakes at Wilkinson's in King Street, and called my wife, and home, and there to supper, talk, and to bed. Supped upon these cakes, of which I have eat none since we lived at Westminster. This night our poor little dogg Fancy was in a strange fit, through age, of which she has had five or six.

3rd. Up, by candlelight, the only time I think I have done so this winter, and a coach being got over night, I to Sir W. Coventry's, the first time I have seen him at his new house since he came to lodge there. He tells me of the vote for none of the House to be of the Commission for the Bill of Accounts; which he thinks is so great a disappointment to Birch and others that expected to be of it, that he thinks, could it have been [fore]seen, there would not have been any Bill at all. We hope it will be the better for all that are to account; it being likely that the men, being few, and not of the House, will hear reason. The main business I went about was about Gilsthrop, Sir W. Batten's clerk; who, being upon his death-bed, and now dead, hath offered to make discoveries of the disorders of the Navy and of £65,000 damage to the King: which made mighty noise in the Commons' House; and members appointed to go to him, which they did; but nothing to the purpose got from him, but complaints of false musters, and ships being refitted with victuals and stores at Plymouth, after they come fitted from other ports; but all this to no purpose, nor more than we know, and will owne. But the best is, that this loggerhead should say this, that understands nothing of the Navy, nor ever would; and hath particularly blemished his master by name among us. I told Sir W. Coventry of my letter to Sir R. Brookes, and his answer to me. He advises me, in what I write to him, to be as short as I can, and obscure, saving in things fully plain; for all that he do is to make mischief; and that the greatest wisdom in dealing with the Parliament in the world is to say little, and let them get out what they can by force: which I shall observe. He declared to me much of his mind to be ruled by his own measures, and not to go so far as many would have him to the ruin of my Lord Chancellor, and for which they do endeavour to do what they can against [Sir] W. Coventry. "But," says he, "I have done my do in helping to get him out of the administration of things, for which he is not fit; but for his life or estate I will have nothing to say to it: besides that, my duty to my master the Duke of York is such, that I will perish before I will do any thing to displease or disoblige him, where the very necessity of the kingdom do not in my judgment call me." Thence I home and to the office, where my Lord Anglesey, and all the discourse was yesterday's vote in the Commons, wherein he told us that, should the Lords yield to what the Commons would have in this matter, it were to make them worse than any Justice of Peace (whereas they are the highest Court in the Kingdom) that they cannot be judges whether an offender be to be committed or bailed, which every Justice of Peace do do, and then he showed

me precedents plain in their defence. At noon home to dinner, and busy all the afternoon, and at night home, and there met W. Batelier, who tells me the first great news that my Lord Chancellor is fled this day. By and by to Sir W. Pen's, where Sir R. Ford and he and I met, with Mr. Young and Lewes, about our accounts with my Lady Batten, which prove troublesome, and I doubt will prove to our loss. But here I hear the whole that my Lord Chancellor is gone, and left a paper behind him[1] for the House of Lords, telling them the reason of him retiring, complaining of a design for his ruin. But the paper I must get: only the thing at present is great, and will put the King and Commons to some new counsels certainly. So home to supper and to bed. Sir W. Pen I find in much trouble this evening, having been called to the Committee this afternoon, about the business of prizes. Sir Richard Ford told us this evening an odd story of the basenesse of the late Lord Mayor, Sir W. Bolton,[2] in cheating the poor of the City, out of the collections made for the people that were burned, of £1,800; of which he can give no account, and in which he hath forsworn himself plainly, so as the Court of Aldermen have sequestered him from their Court till he do bring in an account, which is the greatest piece of roguery that they say was ever found in a Lord Mayor. He says also that this day hath been made appear to them that the Keeper of Newgate, at this day, hath made his house the only nursery of rogues, and whores, and pickpockets, and thieves in the world; where they were bred and entertained, and the whole society met: and that, for the sake of the Sheriffes, they durst not this day committ him, for fear of making him let out the prisoners, but are fain to go by artifice to deal with him. He tells me, also, speaking of the new street[3] that is to be made from Guild Hall down to Cheapside, that the ground is already, most of it, bought. And tells me of one particular, of a man that hath a piece of ground lieing in the very middle of the street that must be; which, when the street is cut out of it, there will remain ground enough, of each side, to build a house to front the street. He demanded £700 for the ground, and to be excused paying any thing for the melioration of the rest of his ground that

[1] This paper, "The Humble Petic̃on and Addresse of Edward Earle of Clarendon," will be found in Harl. MS. No. 7170 (B. M.). It is printed in the "Journals of the House of Commons," vol. ix., p. 30. It was also printed under the title, "News from Dunkirk House, or Clarendon's Farewell to England in his seditious address to the House of Peers, December 3rd, 1667" (Somers's "Tracts," vol. viii., p. 7). It was burnt by the hangman, December 12th, 1667.

[2] Sir William Bolton. "Petition of Sir Wm. Bolton, alderman and late Lord Mayor of London, to the King, to call to account the Lord Mayor, &c., for their unjust proceedings in deposing him from his place as alderman, and questioning him on his accounts of the moneys raised for relief of sufferers from the fire, although that cause is depending before the Commissioners for charitable uses; this malice arises from his Majesty's recommendation of him as Surveyor General for rebuilding the city" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1667–68, p. 416).

[3] King Street. Before the construction of this street the only access to the Guildhall was either by Ironmonger Lane or Lawrence Lane.

he was to keep. The Court consented to give him £700, only not to abate him the consideration: which the man denied; but told them, and so they agreed, that he would excuse the City the £700, that he might have the benefit of the melioration without paying any thing for it.[1] So much some will get by having the City burned! But he told me that in other cases ground, by this means, that was not 4*d.* a-foot before, will now, when houses are built, be worth 15*s.* a-foot. But he tells me that the common standard now reckoned on between man and man, in places where there is no alteration of circumstances, but only the houses burnt, there the ground, which, with a house on it, did yield £100 a-year, is now reputed worth £33 6*s.* 8*d.*; and that this is the common market-price between one man and another, made upon a good and moderate medium.

4th. At the office all the morning. At noon to dinner, and presently with my wife abroad, whom and her girle I leave at Unthanke's, and so to White Hall in expectation of waiting on the Duke of York to-day, but was prevented therein, only at Mr. Wren's chamber there I hear that the House of Lords did send down the paper which my Lord Chancellor left behind him, directed to the Lords, to be seditious and scandalous; and the Commons have voted that it be burned by the hands of the hangman, and that the King be desired to agree to it. I do hear, also, that they have desired the King to use means to stop his escape out of the nation.[2] Here I also heard Mr. Jermin,[3] who was there in the chamber upon occasion of Sir Thomas Harvy's telling him of his brother's having a child, and thereby taking away

[1] This principle of melioration was included in the clauses of the Act for rebuilding London by the influence of Sir Matthew Hale. The following is an extract from the Act: "And forasmuch as the Houses now remaining and to be rebuilt will receive more or lesse advantage in the value of their rents by the liberty of air and free recourse for Trade and other conveniences by such regulation and inlargements, it is alsoe enacted by the authoritie aforesaid that in case of refusall or incapacity as aforesaid of the owners or others interessed of or in the said Houses to agree and compound with the said Lord Maior Alderman and Comons for the same, Thereupon a jury shall and may be impanneled in manner and forme aforesaid to judge and assesse upon the owners and others interessed of and in such houses such competent summe and summes of money with respect to their severall interests in consideration of such improvement and melioration as in reason and good conscience they shall thinke fit" (An Act for rebuilding the Citty of London, 18 and 19 Car. II., c. 8, clause 24; "Statutes of the Realm," 1819, vol. v., p. 608). As the word "melioration" has an established position in law books, it seems a pity that the word "betterment" at present in use should be allowed to supersede it.

[2] "Sec. Morice to the Duke of York, Lord Admiral and Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports. The King by request of the House of Commons commands you to send orders to all seaports for diligent care to be taken that the Earl of Clarendon, who has lately withdrawn, do not escape the kingdom. Dec. 3, 1667."—*Calendar of State Papers,* 1667-1668, p. 59. A copy of the original order for the apprehension of the Earl of Clarendon, signed by the Duke of York, and directed to Sir John Bramston, is given in "The Autobiography of Sir John Bramston," p. 257 (Camden Society).

[3] Thomas Jermyn, who succeeded his uncle Henry, Earl of St. Albans, as second Lord Jermyn of St. Edmundsbury in 1683. Henry Jermyn succeeded his brother Thomas as third Lord Jermyn of St. Edmundsbury in 1703.

his hopes (that is, Mr. Jermin's) of £2,000 a year. He swore, God damn him, he did not desire to have any more wealth than he had in the world, which indeed is a great estate, having all his uncle's, my Lord St. Alban's, and my Lord hath all the Queen-Mother's. But when Sir Thos. Harvy told him that "hereafter you will wish it more;" "By God," answers he, "I won't promise what I shall do hereafter." Thence into the House, and there spied a pretty woman with spots on her face, well clad, who was enquiring for the guard chamber; I followed her, and there she went up, and turned into the turning towards the chapel, and I after her, and upon the stairs there met her coming up again, and there kissed her twice, and her business was to enquire for Sir Edward Bishop, one of the serjeants at armes. I believe she was a woman of pleasure, but was shy enough to me, and so I saw her go out afterwards, and I took a hackney coach, and away. I to Westminster Hall, and there walked, and thence towards White Hall by coach, and spying Mrs. Burroughs in a shop did stop and 'light and speak to her; and so to White Hall, where I 'light and went and met her coming towards White Hall, but was upon business, and I could not get her to go any whither and so parted, and I home with my wife and girle (my wife not being very well, of a great looseness day and night for these two days). So home, my wife to read to me in Sir R. Cotton's book of warr, which is excellent reading, and particularly I was mightily pleased this night in what we read about the little profit or honour this kingdom ever gained by the greatest of its conquests abroad in France. This evening come Mr. Mills and sat with us a while, who is mighty kind and good company, and so, he gone, I to supper and to bed. My wife an unquiet night. This day Gilsthrop is buried, who hath made all the late discourse of the great discovery of £65,000, of which the King hath been wronged.

5th. At the office all the morning, do hear that Will Pen, Sir W. Pen's son, is come from Ireland, but I have not seen him yet. At noon to the 'Change, where did little, but so home again and to dinner with my clerks with me, and very good discourse and company they give me, and so to the office all the afternoon till late, and so home to supper and to bed. This day, not for want, but for good husbandry, I sent my father, by his desire, six pair of my old shoes, which fit him, and are good; yet, methought, it was a thing against my mind to have him wear my old things.

6th. Up, and with Sir J. Minnes to the Duke of York, the first time that I have seen him, or we waited on him, since his sickness; and, blessed be God! he is not at all the worse for the smallpox, but is only a little weak yet. We did much business with him, and so parted. My Lord Anglesey told me how my Lord Northampton[1] brought in a Bill into the House of Lords yesterday, under the name of a Bill for the Honour and Privilege of the House, and Mercy to my Lord Clarendon: which, he told me, he opposed, saying that

[1] James Compton, third Earl of Northampton, Lord Lieutenant of Warwickshire, and Constable of the Tower. Died December 15th, 1681.

he was a man accused of treason by the House of Commons; and mercy was not proper for him, having not been tried yet, and so no mercy needful for him. However, the Duke of Buckingham and others did desire that the Bill might be read; and it was for banishing my Lord Clarendon from all his Majesty's dominions, and that it should be treason to have him found in any of them: the thing is only a thing of vanity, and to insult over him, which is mighty poor I think, and so do every body else, and ended in nothing, I think. By and by home with Sir J. Minnes, who tells me that my Lord Clarendon did go away in a Custom-house boat, and is now at Callis: and, I confess, nothing seems to hang more heavy than his leaving of this unfortunate paper behind him, that hath angered both Houses, and hath, I think, reconciled them in that which otherwise would have broke them in pieces; so that I do hence, and from Sir W. Coventry's late example and doctrine to me, learn that on these sorts of occasions there is nothing like silence; it being seldom any wrong to a man to say nothing, but, for the most part, it is to say anything. This day, in coming home, Sir J. Minnes told me a pretty story of Sir Lewes Dives,[1] whom I saw this morning speaking with him, that having escaped once out of prison through a house of office, and another time in woman's apparel, and leaping over a broad canal, a soldier swore, says he, this is a strange jade. . . . He told me also a story of my Lord Cottington, who, wanting a son, intended to make his nephew his heir, a country boy; but did alter his mind upon the boy's being persuaded by another young heir, in roguery, to crow like a cock at my Lord's table, much company being there, and the boy having a great trick at doing that perfectly. My Lord bade them take away that fool from the table, and so gave over the thoughts of making him his heir,[2] from this piece of folly. So home, and there to dinner, and after dinner abroad with my wife and girle, set them down at Unthanke's, and I to White Hall to the Council chamber, where I was summoned about the business of paying of the seamen, where I heard my Lord Anglesey put to it by Sir W. Coventry before the King for altering the course set by the Council; which he like a wise man did answer in few words, that he had already sent to alter it according to the Council's method, and so stopped it, whereas many words would have set the Commissioners of the Treasury on fire, who, I perceive, were prepared for it. Here I heard Mr. Gawden speak to the King and Council upon some business of his before them, but did it so well, in so good words and to the purpose, that I could never have expected from a man of no greater learning.

[1] Sir Lewis Dyve was born November 3rd, 1599, and knighted in April, 1620. He was M.P. for Bridport 1625, 1626, and for Weymouth in 1627-28. He took an active part in support of the king during the Civil Wars, and died April 17th, 1669.

[2] See note, August 17th, 1666. It is affirmed in the "Dictionary of National Biography" that Lord Cottington's estates passed to his nephew Francis, son of his brother Maurice, but it is distinctly stated on the monument in Westminster Abbey that Charles Cottington, who brought Lord Cottington's remains from Spain to England in 1679, was "his nephew and heire."

So went away, and in the Lobby met Mr. Sawyer, my old chamber fellow, and stayed and had an hour's discourse of old things with him, and I perceive he do very well in the world, and is married he tells me and hath a child. Then home and to the office, where Captain Cocke come to me; and, among other discourse, tells me that he is told that an impeachment against Sir W. Coventry will be brought in very soon. He tells me, that even those that are against my Lord Chancellor and the Court, in the House, do not trust nor agree one with another. He tells me that my Lord Chancellor went away about ten at night, on Saturday last; and took boat at Westminster, and thence by a vessel to Callis, where he believes he now is: and that the Duke of York and Mr. Wren knew of it, and that himself did know of it on Sunday morning: that on Sunday his coach, and people about it, went to Twittenham, and the world thought that he had been there: that nothing but this unhappy paper hath undone him and that he doubts that this paper hath lost him everywhere: that his withdrawing do reconcile things so far as, he thinks the heat of their fury will be over, and that all will be made well between the two [royal] brothers: that Holland do endeavour to persuade the King of France to break peace with us: that the Dutch will, without doubt, have sixty sail of ships out the next year; so knows not what will become of us, but hopes the Parliament will find money for us to have a fleete. He gone, I home, and there my wife made an end to me of Sir R. Cotton's discourse of warr, which is indeed a very fine book. So to supper and to bed. Captain Cocke did this night tell me also, among other discourses, that he did believe that there are jealousies in some of the House at this day against the Commissioners of the Treasury, that by their good husbandry they will bring the King to be out of debt and to save money, and so will not be in need of the Parliament, and then do what he please, which is a very good piece of news that there is such a thing to be hoped, which they would be afeard of.

7th. All the morning at the office, and at noon home to dinner with my clerks, and while we were at dinner comes Willet's aunt to see her and my wife; she is a very fine widow and pretty handsome, but extraordinary well carriaged and speaks very handsomely and with extraordinary understanding, so as I spent the whole afternoon in her company with my wife, she understanding all the things of note touching plays and fashions and Court and everything and speaks rarely, which pleases me mightily, and seems to love her niece very well, and was so glad (which was pretty odde) that since she came hither her breasts begin to swell, she being afeard before that she would have none, which was a pretty kind of content she gave herself. She tells us that Catelin is likely to be soon acted, which I am glad to hear, but it is at the King's House. But the King's House is at present and hath for some days been silenced upon some difference [between] Hart and Moone. She being gone I to the office, and there late doing business, and so home to supper and to bed. Only this evening I must remember that my Lady

Batten sent for me, and it was to speak to me before her overseers about my bargain with Sir W. Batten about the prize, to which I would give no present answer, but am well enough contented that they begin the discourse of it, and so away to the office again, and then home to supper and to bed. Somebody told me this, that they hear that Thomson, with the wooden leg, and Wildman,[1] the Fifth-Monarchy man, a great creature of the Duke of Buckingham's, are in nomination to be Commissioners, among others, upon the Bill of Accounts.

8th (Lord's day). All the morning at my chamber doing something towards the settling of my papers and accounts, which have been out of order a great while. At noon to dinner, where W. How with us, and after dinner, he being gone, I to my chamber again till almost night, and then took boat, the tide serving, and so to White Hall, where I saw the Duchesse of York, in a fine dress of second mourning for her mother,[2] being black, edged with ermine, go to make her first visit to the Queene since the Duke of York was sick; and by and by, she being returned, the Queene come and visited her. But it was pretty to observe that Sir W. Coventry and I, walking an hour and more together in the Matted Gallery, he observed, and so did I, how the Duchesse, as soon as she spied him, turned her head a one side. Here he and I walked thus long, which we have not done a great while before. Our discourse was upon everything: the unhappiness of having our matters examined by people that understand them not; that it was better for us in the Navy to have men that do understand the whole, and that are not passionate; that we that have taken the most pains are called upon to answer for all crimes, while those that, like Sir W. Batten and Sir J. Minnes, did sit and do nothing, do lie still without any trouble; that, if it were to serve the King and kingdom again in a war, neither of us could do more, though upon this experience we might do better than we did; that the commanders, the gentlemen that could never be brought to order, but undid all, are now the men that find fault and abuse others; that it had been much better for the King to have given Sir J. Minnes and Sir W. Batten £1,000 a-year to have sat still, than to have had them in his business this war: that the serving a Prince that minds not his business is most unhappy for them that serve him well, and an unhappiness so great that he declares he will never have more to do with a war, under him. That he hath papers which do flatly contradict the Duke of Albemarle's Narrative; and that he hath been with the Duke of Albemarle and shewed him them, to prevent his falling into another like fault: that the Duke of Albemarle seems to be able to answer them; but he thinks that the Duke of Albemarle and the Prince are contented to

[1] Major Wildman, who had been an agitator in Cromwell's army, and had opposed his Protectorship. After he regained his liberty, he returned to his old habits, and was frequently engaged in fomenting sedition.—B.

[2] Frances, daughter of Sir Thomas Aylesbury, Bart., Master of Requests to Charles I., second wife of Lord Chancellor Clarendon. See November 13th, 1661, note.

let their Narratives sleep, they being not only contradictory in some things (as he observed about the business of the Duke of Albemarle's being to follow the Prince upon dividing the fleete,[1] in case the enemy come out), but neither of them to be maintained in others. That the business the other night of my Lord Anglesey at the Council was happily got over for my Lord, by his dexterous silencing it, and the rest not urging it further; forasmuch as, had the Duke of Buckingham come in time enough, and had got it by the end, he would have toused [2] him in it; Sir W. Coventry telling me that my Lord Anglesey did, with such impudence, maintain the quarrel against the Commons and some of the Lords, in the business of my Lord Clarendon, that he believes there are enough would be glad but of this occasion to be revenged of him. He tells me that he hears some of the Thomsons are like to be of the Commission for the Accounts, and Wildman, which he much wonders at, as having been a false fellow to every body, and in prison most of the time since the King's coming in. But he do tell me that the House is in such a condition that nobody can tell what to make of them, and, he thinks, they were never in before; that every body leads, and nobody follows; and that he do now think that, since a great many are defeated in their expectation of being of the Commission, now they would put it into such hands as it shall get no credit from: for, if they do look to the bottom and see the King's case, they think they are then bound to give the King money; whereas, they would be excused from that, and therefore endeavour to make this business of the Accounts to signify little. I spoke with him about my Lord Sandwich's business, in which he is very friendly, and do say that the unhappy business of the prizes is it that hath brought all this trouble upon him, and the only thing that made any thing else mentioned, and it is true. So having discoursed with him, I spent some time with Sir Stephen Fox about the business of our adjusting the new method of the Excise between the Guards household and Tangier, the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury being now resolved to bring all their management into a course of payment by orders, and not by tallies, and I am glad of it, and so by water home late, and very dark, and when come home there I got my wife to read, and then come Captain Cocke to me; and there he tells me, to my great satisfaction, that Sir Robert Brookes did dine with him to-day; and that he told him, speaking of me, that he would make me the darling of the House of Commons, so much he is satisfied concerning me. And this Cocke did tell me that I might give him thanks for it; and I do think it may do me good, for he do happen to be held a considerable person, of a young man, both for sobriety and ability. Then to discourse of business of his own about some hemp of his that is come home to receive it into the King's stores, and then parted, and by and by my wife and I to supper, she not being well, her flux being great upon her, and so to bed.

[1] See November 1st, 1667, *ante*.

[2] To touse = to pull or tumble; and, secondly, to worry or tease.

9th. All the morning busy at the office, doing very considerable business, and thither comes Sir G. Carteret to talk with me; who seems to think himself safe as to his particular, but do doubt what will become of the whole kingdom, things being so broke in pieces. He tells me that the King himself did the other day very particularly tell the whole story of my Lord Sandwich's not following the Dutch ships, with which he is charged; and shews the reasons of it to be the only good course he could have taken, and do discourse it very knowingly. This I am glad of, though, as the King is now, his favour, for aught I see, serves very little in stead at this day, but rather is an argument against a man; and the King do not concern himself to relieve or justify any body, but is wholly negligent of everybody's concernment. This morning I was troubled with my Lord Hinchingbroke's sending to borrow £200 of me; but I did answer that I had none, nor could borrow any; for I am resolved I will not be undone for any body, though I would do much for my Lord Sandwich—for it is to answer a bill of exchange of his, and I perceive he hath made use of all other means in the world to do it, but I am resolved to serve him, but not ruin myself, as it may be to part with so much of the little I have by me to keep if I should by any turn of times lose the rest. At noon I to the 'Change, and there did a little business, and among other things called at Cade's, the stationer, where he tells me how my Lord Gerard is troubled for several things in the House of Commons, and in one wherein himself is concerned; and, it seems, this Lord is a very proud and wicked man, and the Parliament is likely to order him.[1] Then home to dinner, and then a little abroad, thinking to have gone to the other end of the town, but it being almost night I would not, but home again, and there to my chamber, and all alone did there draw up my answer to Sir Rob. Brookes's letter, and when I had done it went down to my clerks at the office for their opinion which at this time serves me to very good purpose, they having many things in their heads which I had not in the businesses of the office now in dispute. Having done with this, then I home and to supper very late, and to bed. My [wife] being yet very ill of her looseness, by which she is forced to lie from me to-night in the girl's chamber.

10th. Up, and all the morning at the office, and then home with my people to dinner, and very merry, and then to my office again, where did much business till night, that my eyes begun to be sore, and then forced to leave off, and by coach set my wife at her tailor's and Willet, and I to Westminster Hall, and there walked a good while till 8 at night, and there hear to my great content that the King did send a message to the House to-day that he would adjourne them on the 17th instant to February; by which time, at least, I shall have more respite to prepare things on my own behalf, and the Office, against their return. Here met Mr. Hinxton,[2] the organist, walking, and I walked with him; and, asking him many questions, I do find that he

[1] *Sic in orig.*

[2] John Hingston. See note, December 19th, 1666.

can no more give an intelligible answer to a man that is not a great master in his art, than another man. And this confirms me that it is only want of an ingenious man that is master in musique, to bring musique to a certainty, and ease in composition. Having done this, I home, taking up my wife and girle, and there to supper and to bed, having finished my letters, among which one to Commissioner Middleton, who is now coming up to town from Portsmouth, to enter upon his Surveyorship.

11th. By coach to White Hall, and there attended the Duke of York, as we are wont, who is now grown pretty well, and goes up and down White Hall, and this night will be at the Council, which I am glad of. Thence to Westminster Hall, and there walked most of the morning, and among others did there meet my cozen Roger Pepys, who intends to go to Impington on this day s'ennight, the Parliament break up the night before. Here I met Rolt and Sir John Chichly, and Harris, the player, and there we talked of many things, and particularly of "Catiline," which is to be suddenly acted at the King's house; and there all agree that it cannot be well done at that house, there not being good actors enow: and Burt [1] acts Cicero, which they all conclude he will not be able to do well. The King gives them £500 for robes, there being, as they say, to be sixteen scarlett robes. Thence home to dinner, and would have had Harris home with me, but it was too late for him to get to the playhouse after it, and so home to dinner, and spent the afternoon talking with my wife and people at home till the evening, and then comes Sir W. Warren[2] to talk about some business of his and mine: and he, I find, would have me not to think that the Parliament, in the mind they are in, and having so many good offices in their view to dispose of, will leave any of the King's officers in, but will rout all, though I am likely to escape as well as any, if any can escape; and I think he is in the right, and I do look for it accordingly. Then we fell to discourse of my little vessel, "The Maybolt," and he thinks that it will be best for me to employ her for a voyage to Newcastle for coles, they being now dear, and the voyage not long, nor dangerous yet; and I think I shall go near to do so. Then, talking of his business, I away to the office, where very busy, and thither comes Sir W. Pen, and he and I walked together in the garden, and there told me what passed to-day with him in the Committee, by my Lord Sandwich's breaking bulk of the prizes; and he do seem to me that he hath left it pretty well understood by them, he saying that what my Lord did was done at the desire, and with the advice, of the chief officers of the fleete, and that it was no more than admirals heretofore have done in like cases, which, if it be true that he said it, is very well, and did please me well. He being gone, I to my office again and there late, and so weary home to supper and to bed.

12th. Rose before day, and took coach, by daylight, and to Westminster to Sir G. Downing's, and there met Sir Stephen Fox, and thence he and I

[1] Nicholas Burt. See note, October 11th, 1660.
[2] See December 29th, 1660.

to Sir Robert Long's to discourse the business of our orders for money, he for the guards, and I for Tangier, and were a little angry in our concerns, one against the other, but yet parted good friends, and I think I got ground by it. Thence straight to the office, and there sat all the morning, and then home to dinner, and after dinner I all alone to the Duke of York's house, and saw "The Tempest," which, as often as I have seen it, I do like very well, and the house very full. But I could take little pleasure more than the play, for not being able to look about, for fear of being seen. Here only I saw a French lady in the pit, with a tunique, just like one of ours, only a handkercher about her neck; but this fashion for a woman did not look decent. Thence walked to my bookseller's, and there he did give me a list of the twenty who were nominated for the Commission in Parliament for the Accounts: and it is strange that of the twenty the Parliament could not think fit to choose their nine, but were fain to add three that were not in the list of the twenty, they being many of them factious people and ringleaders in the late troubles; so that Sir John Talbott did fly out and was very hot in the business of Wildman's being named, and took notice how he was entertained in the bosom of the Duke of Buckingham, a Privy-counsellor; and that it was fit to be observed by the House, and punished. The men that I know of the nine I like very well; that is, Mr. Pierrepont, Lord Brereton,[1] and Sir William Turner; and I do think the rest are so, too; but such as will not be able to do this business as it ought to be, to do any good with. Here I did also see their votes against my Lord Chiefe Justice Keeling, that his proceedings were illegal, and that he was a contemner of Magna Charta (the great preserver of our lives, freedoms, and properties) and an introduction to arbitrary government; which is very high language, and of the same sound with that in the year 1640. I home, and there wrote my letters, and so to supper and to bed. This day my Lord Chancellor's letter was burned at the 'Change.[2]

13th. Up, lying long all alone (my wife lying for these two or three days of

[1] William, third Lord Brereton of Leaghlin, in Ireland, M.P. for Cheshire. He disposed of his estates in that county, on account of the exigencies of the times, and his father's losses, incurred in the cause of Charles I. He was esteemed an accomplished and amiable nobleman, and was one of the founders of the Royal Society. Aubrey wrote of Lord Brereton: "This vertuous and learned lord (who was my most honoured and obligeing friend) was educated at Breda by Jo. Pell, D.D., then Math. Professor there of the Prince of Orange's illustrious schoole. Sir George Goring, E. of Norwich (who was my Lord's grandfather), did send him over, where he (then Mr. J. Pell) tooke great care of him, and made him a very good Algebrist. He hath wrote a poem called 'Origines Moriens,' a MS. Obiit March 17, 1679, and is buried in St. Martin's Church in the fields. He was an excellent musitian, and also a good composer" ("Letters from the Bodleian," vol. ii., p. 258).

[2] "Dec. 12, 1667. Between twelve and one of the clock, the paper called 'The Humble Petition and Address of Edward, Earl of Clarendon,' directed to the Lords Spiritual and Temporal in Parliament assembled, was, according to a late order of Parliament, burnt by the hands of the common hangman, before the gate of Gresham College, now the place of the Exchange, in the presence of the Sheriffs."—Rugge's *Diurnal*.—B.

sickness alone), thinking of my several businesses in hand, and then rose and to the office, being in some doubt of having my cozen Roger and Lord Hinchinbroke and Sir Thos. Crew by my cozen's invitation at dinner to-day, and we wholly unprovided. So I away to Westminster, to the Parliament-door, to speak with Roger: and here I saw my Lord Keeling go into the House to the barr, to have his business heard by the whole House to-day; and a great crowd of people to stare upon him. Here I hear that the Lords' Bill for banishing and disabling my Lord Clarendon from bearing any office, or being in the King's dominions, and its being made felony for any to correspond with him but his own children, is brought to the Commons: but they will not agree to it, being not satisfied with that as sufficient, but will have a Bill of Attainder brought in against him: but they make use of this against the Lords, that they, that would not think there was cause enough to commit him without hearing, will have him banished without hearing. By and by comes out my cozen Roger to me, he being not willing to be in the House at the business of my Lord Keeling,[1] lest he should be called upon to complain against him for his abusing him at Cambridge, very wrongfully and shamefully, but not to his reproach, but to the Chief Justice's in the end, when all the world cried shame upon him for it. So he with me home, and Creed, whom I took up by the way, going thither, and they to dine with me, and pretty merry, and among other pieces of news, it is now fresh that the King of Portugall is deposed, and his brother made King;[2] and that my Lord Sandwich is gone from Madrid with great honour to Lisbon, to make up, at this juncture, a piece to the advantage, as the Spaniard would have it, of Spain. I wish it may be for my Lord's honour, if it be so; but it seems my Lord is in mighty estimation in Spain. After dinner comes Mr. Moore, and he and I alone a while, he telling me my Lord Sandwich's credit is like to be undone, if the bill of £200 my Lord Hinchingbroke wrote to me about be not paid to-morrow, and that, if I do not help him about it, they have no way but to let it be protested. So, finding that Creed hath supplied them with £150 in their straits, and that this is no bigger sum, I am very willing to serve my Lord, though not in this kind; but yet I will endeavour to get this done for them, and the rather because of some plate that was lodged the other day with me, by my Lady's order, which may be in part of security for my money, as I may order it, for, for ought I see, there is no other to be hoped for. This do trouble me; but yet it is good luck that the sum is no bigger. He gone, I with my cozen Roger to Westminster Hall; and there we met the House rising: and they have voted my Lord Chief Justice Keeling's proceedings illegal; but that, out of particular respect to him, and the mediation of a great many, they have resolved to proceed no further against him. After a turn or two with my cozen, I away with

[1] See October 17th, 1667.

[2] Alphonso VI. was deposed in 1667, and his brother Pedro made regent. The latter succeeded as Pedro II. in 1683.

Sir W. Warren, who met me here by my desire, and to Exeter House, and there to counsel, to Sir William Turner, about the business of my bargain with my Lady Batten; and he do give me good advice, and that I am safe, but that there is a great many pretty considerations in it that makes it necessary for me to be silent yet for a while till we see whether the ship be safe or no; for she is drove to the coast of Holland, where she now is in the Texell, so that it is not prudence for me yet to resolve whether I will stand by the bargain or no, and so home, and Sir W. Warren and I walked upon Tower Hill by moonlight a great while, consulting business of the office and our present condition, which is but bad, it being most likely that the Parliament will change all hands, and so let them, so I may keep but what I have. Thence home, and there spent the evening at home with my wife and entering my journal, and so to supper and to bed, troubled with my parting with the £200, which I must lend my Lord Sandwich to answer his bill of exchange.

14th. Up and to the office, where busy, and after dinner also to the office again till night, when Mr. Moore come to me to discourse about the £200 I must supply my Lord Hinchingbroke, and I promised him to do it, though much against my will. So home, to supper and to bed.

15th (Lord's day). Up, and to church, where I heard a German preach, in a tone hard to be understood, but yet an extraordinary good sermon, and wholly to my great content. So home, and there all alone with wife and girle to dinner, and then I busy at my chamber all the afternoon, and looking over my plate, which indeed is a very fine quantity, God knows, more than ever I expected to see of my own, and more than is fit for a man of no better quality than I am. In the evening comes Mrs. Turner to visit us, who hath been long sick, and she sat and supped with us, and after supper, her son Francke being there, now upon the point of his going to the East Indys, I did give him "Lex Mercatoria," [1] and my wife my old pair of tweezers, which are pretty, and my book an excellent one for him. Most of our talk was of the great discourse the world hath against my Lady Batten, for getting her husband to give her all, and disinherit his eldest son; though the truth is, the son, as they say, did play the knave with his father when time was, and the father no great matter better with him, nor with other people also. So she gone, we to bed.

16th. Up, and to several places, to pay what I owed. Among others, to my mercer, to pay for my fine camlott cloak, which costs me, the very stuff, almost £6; and also a velvet coat—the outside cost me above £8. And so to Westminster, where I find the House mighty busy upon a petition against my Lord Gerard, which lays heavy things to his charge, of his abusing the King in his Guards; and very hot the House is upon it. I away home to dinner alone with wife and girle, and so to the office, where mighty busy to my

[1] The work of Gerard de Malynes, entitled "Consuetudo vel Lex Mercatoria; or, the Ancient Law-Merchant." London, 1622; which was frequently reprinted.

great content late, and then home to supper, talk with my wife, and to bed. It was doubtful to-day whether the House should be adjourned to-morrow or no.

17th. Up, and to the office, where very busy all the morning, and then in the afternoon I with Sir W. Pen and Sir T. Harvy to White Hall to attend the Duke of York, who is now as well as ever, and there we did our usual business with him, and so away home with Sir W. Pen, and there to the office, where pretty late doing business, my wife having been abroad all day with Mrs. Turner buying of one thing or other. This day I do hear at White Hall that the Duke of Monmouth is sick, and in danger of the smallpox. So home to supper and to bed.

18th. Up, and to my goldsmith's in the morning, to look after the providing of £60 for Mr. Moore, towards the answering of my Lord Sandwich's bill of exchange, he being come to be contented with my lending him £60 in part of it, which pleases me, I expecting to have been forced to answer the whole bill; and this, which I do do, I hope to secure out of the plate, which was delivered into my custody of my Lord's the other day by Mr. Cooke, and which I did get Mr. Stokes, the goldsmith, last night to weigh at my house, and there is enough to secure £100. Thence home to the office, and there all the morning by particular appointment with Sir W. Pen, Sir R. Ford, and those that are concerned for my Lady Batten (Mr. Wood, Young, and Lewes), to even the accounts of our prize business, and at noon broke up, and to dinner, every man to his own home, and to it till late at night again, and we did come to some end, and I am mightily put to it how to order the business of my bargaine, but my industry is to keep it off from discourse till the ship be brought home safe, and this I did do, and so we broke up, she appearing in our debts about £1,500, and so we parted, and I to my business, and home to my wife, who is troubled with the tooth ake, and there however I got her to read to me the History of Algiers, which I find a very pretty book, and so to supper with much pleasure talking, and to bed. The Parliament not adjourned yet.

19th. Up, and to the Office, where Commissioner Middleton first took place at the Board as Surveyor of the Navy; and indeed I think will be an excellent officer; I am sure much beyond what his predecessor was. At noon, to avoid being forced to invite him to dinner, it being his first day, and nobody inviting him, I did go to the 'Change with Sir W. Pen in his coach, who first went to Guildhall, whither I went with him, he to speak with Sheriff Gawden—I only for company; and did here look up and down this place, where I have not been before since the fire; and I see that the city are got a pace on in the rebuilding of Guildhall.[1] Thence to the 'Change, where I

[1] Guildhall was not destroyed by the fire, as Pepys seems to intimate, but it was greatly injured, and £34,776 was spent on its restoration. In 1789 George Dance the younger, City architect, did more damage than the fire. The original roof remained until he was let loose upon the unlucky building.

stayed very little, and so home to dinner, and there find my wife mightily out of order with her teeth. At the office all the afternoon, and at night by coach to Westminster, to the Hall, where I met nobody, and do find that this evening the King by message (which he never did before) hath passed several bills, among others that for the Accounts, and for banishing my Lord Chancellor, and hath adjourned the House to February; at which I am glad, hoping in this time to get leisure to state my Tangier Accounts, and to prepare better for the Parliament's enquiries. Here I hear how the House of Lords, with great severity, if not tyranny, have ordered poor Carr, who only erred in the manner of the presenting his petition against my Lord Gerard, it being first printed before it was presented; which was, it seems, by Colonel Sands's[1] going into the country, into whose hands he had put it: the poor man is ordered to stand in the pillory two or three times, and his eares cut, and be imprisoned I know not how long.[2] But it is believed that the Commons, when they meet, will not be well pleased with it; and they have no reason, I think. Having only heard this from Mrs. Michell, I away again home, and there to supper and to bed, my wife exceeding ill in her face with the tooth ake, and now her face has become mightily swelled that I am mightily troubled for it.

20th. Up, and all the morning at the office with Sir R. Ford and the same company as on Wednesday about my Lady Batten's accounts. At noon home to dinner, where my poor wife in bed in mighty pain, her left cheek so swelled as that we feared it would break, and so were fain to send for Mr. Hollier, who come, and seems doubtful of the defluxions of humours that may spoil her face, if not timely cured. He laid a poultice to it and other directions, and so away, and I to the office, where on the same accounts very late, and did come pretty near a settlement. So at night to Sir W. Pen's with Sir R. Ford, and there was Sir D. Gawden, and there we only talked of sundry things; and I have found of late, by discourse, that the present sort of government is looked upon as a sort of government that we never had yet—that is to say, a King and House of Commons against the House of Lords; for so indeed it is, though neither of the two first care a fig for one another, nor the third for them both, only the Bishops are afeard of losing ground, as I believe they will. So home to my poor wife, who is in mighty pain, and her face miserably swelled: so as I was frighted to see it, and I was forced to lie below in the great chamber, where I have not lain many a day, and having sat up with her, talking and reading and pitying her, I to bed.

21st. At the office all the morning, and at noon home to dinner with my Clerks and Creed, who among other things all alone, after dinner, talking of

[1] Samuel Sandys of Ombersley, in Worcestershire, which county he then represented in Parliament. He was ancestor of the Lords Sandys, and died in 1685.—B.

[2] The journals of the day do not inform us that William Carr was adjudged to lose his ears. He was fined £1,000 and ordered to stand in the pillory three times; and the libel was burnt by the common hangman.—B.

the times, he tells me that the Nonconformists are mighty high, and their meetings frequented and connived at; and they do expect to have their day now soon; for my Lord of Buckingham is a declared friend to them, and even to the Quakers, who had very good words the other day from the King himself: and, what is more, the Archbishop of Canterbury is called no more to the Cabal,[1] nor, by the way, Sir W. Coventry; which I am sorry for, the Cabal at present being, as he says, the King, and Duke of Buckingham, and Lord Keeper, the Duke of Albemarle, and Privy Seale. The Bishops, differing from the King in the late business in the House of Lords, having caused this and what is like to follow, for every body is encouraged now-a-days to speak, and even to preach, as I have heard one of them, as bad things against them as ever in the year 1640; which is a strange change. He gone, I to the office, where busy till late at night, and then home to sit with my wife, who is a little better, and her cheek asswaged. I read to her out of "The History of Algiers," which is mighty pretty reading, and did discourse alone about my sister Pall's match, which is now on foot with one Jackson, another nephew of Mr. Phillips's, to whom he hath left his estate.

22nd (Lord's day). Up, and my wife, poor wretch, still in pain, and then to dress myself and down to my chamber to settle some papers, and thither come to me Willet with an errand from her mistress, and this time I first did give her a little kiss, she being a very pretty humoured girle, and so one that I do love mightily. Thence to my office, and there did a little business, and so to church, where a dull sermon, and then home, and Cozen Kate Joyce come and dined with me and Mr. Holliard; but by chance I offering

[1] This use of the word, which has already occurred in the same sense (see October 14th, 1665), is earlier than its application by Burnet ("Hist. of Own Time") in 1672, when he states, in reference to the then newly-formed government, that "Cabal" proved a technical word, every letter in it being the first letter of these five—Clifford, Ashly, Buckingham, Arlington, and Lauderdale. It is obvious that the names given by Pepys do not form the word. In the "Dream of the Cabal," anno 1672, the Cabal is made to consist of *seven* members, thus—

"Methought there met the grand Cabal of Seven,
(Odd numbers, some men say, do best please Heaven)."

Burnet's words have often been mistaken. He noticed a coincidence, which many have taken to be the origin of the term.—B. "The five ministers of the king whose names were appended to the Treaty of Alliance with France for war against Holland, which was ultimately published—Clifford, Arlington, Buckingham, Ashly, and Lauderdale—have come down to posterity with the nickname of the Cabal Ministry, from the accident that the initials of their names make the word *Cabal*. This word *cabal* had not at that time the unfavourable meaning which now always attaches to it. It was used to designate any political combination, and is so used in a passage . . . from a letter of Andrew Marvel, in which he speaks of Buckingham's 'Cabal,' and of Arlington's rival 'cabal' in the same ministry. It was indeed in use as a name for the small Committee of the Privy Council otherwise called the Committee for Foreign Affairs, which had the chief management of the course of government, and here it had much the meaning of the word *cabinet* now in vogue."—Christie's *Life of first Earl of Shaftesbury*, vol. ii., pp. 53, 54.

occasion to him to discourse of the Church of Rome, Lord! how he run on to discourse with the greatest vehemence and importunity in the world, as the only thing in the world that he is full of, and it was good sport to me to see him so earnest on so little occasion. She come to see us and to tell me that her husband is going to build his house again, and would borrow of me £300, which I shall upon good security be willing to do, and so told her, being willing to have some money out of my hands upon good security. After dinner up to my wife again, who is in great pain still with her tooth, and there, they gone, I spent the most of the afternoon and night reading and talking to bear her company, and so to supper and to bed.

23rd. Up before day, and by coach to Sir W. Coventry's, and with him to White Hall, and there walked a great while with him in the garden till the Commissioners of the Treasury met, and there talked over many businesses, and particularly he tells me that by my desire he hath moved the Duke of York that Sir J. Minnes might be removed from the Navy, at least the Controller's place, and his business put on my Lord Brouncker and Sir W. Pen; that the Committee for Accounts are good sober men, and such as he thinks we shall have fair play from; that he hopes that the kingdom will escape ruin in general, notwithstanding all our fears, and yet I find he do seem not very confident in it. So to the Commissioners of the Treasury, and there I had a dispute before them with Sir Stephen Fox about our orders for money, who is very angry, but I value it not. But, Lord! to see with what folly my Lord Albemarle do speak in this business would make a man wonder at the good fortune of such a fool. Thence meeting there with Creed, he and I to the Exchange, and there I saw Carr stand in the pillory for the business of my Lord Gerard, which is supposed will make a hot business in the House of Commons, when they shall come to sit again, the Lords having ordered this with great injustice, as all people think, his only fault being the printing his petition before, by accident, his petition be read in the House. Here walked up and down the Exchange with Creed, and then home to dinner, and there hear by Creed that the Bishops of Winchester[1] and of Rochester,[2] and the Dean of the Chapel, and some other great prelates, are suspended: and a cloud upon the Archbishop ever since the late business in the House of Lords; and I believe it will be a heavy blow to the Clergy. This noon I bought a sermon of Dr. Floyd's,[3] which Creed read a great part of to me and Mr. Hollier, who dined with me, but as well writ and as good, against the Church of Rome, as ever I read; but, Lord! how Hollier, poor man, was taken with it. They gone I to the office, and there very late with Mr. Willson and my people about the making of a new contract for the

[1] George Morley, Bishop of Winchester, 1662–84.

[2] John Dolben, Bishop of Rochester, 1666 to 1683, when he was translated to York.

[3] A sermon entitled "Papists no Catholics, and Popery no Christianity," published in 1667, by William Lloyd, who became Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, then of St. Asaph, and lastly of Worcester, and died in 1717, aged ninety-one.—B.

victualler, which do and will require a great deal of pains of me, and so to supper and to bed, my wife being pretty well all this day by reason of her imposthume being broke in her cheek into her mouth. This day, at the 'Change, Creed shewed me Mr. Coleman, of whom my wife hath so good an opinion, and says that he is as very a rogue for women as any in the world; which did disquiet me, like a fool, and run in my mind a great while.

24th. Up, and all the morning at the office, and at noon with my clerks to dinner, and then to the office again, busy at the office till six at night, and then by coach to St. James's, it being about six at night; my design being to see the ceremonys, this night being the eve of Christmas, at the Queen's chapel. But it being not begun I to Westminster Hall, and there staid and walked, and then to the Swan, and there drank and talked, and did banter a little Frank, and so to White Hall, and sent my coach round, I through the Park to chapel, where I got in up almost to the rail, and with a great deal of patience staid from nine at night to two in the morning, in a very great crowd; and there expected, but found nothing extraordinary, there being nothing but a high masse. The Queen was there, and some ladies. But, Lord! what an odde thing it was for me to be in a crowd of people, here a footman, there a beggar, here a fine lady, there a zealous poor papist, and here a Protestant, two or three together, come to see the shew. I was afeard of my pocket being picked very much. . . . Their musique very good indeed, but their service I confess too frivolous, that there can be no zeal go along with it, and I do find by them themselves that they do run over their beads with one hand, and point and play and talk and make signs with the other in the midst of their masse. But all things very rich and beautiful; and I see the papists have the wit, most of them, to bring cushions to kneel on, which I wanted, and was mightily troubled to kneel. All being done, and I sorry for my coming, missing of what I expected; which was, to have had a child born and dressed there, and a great deal of do: but we broke up, and nothing like it done: and there I left people receiving the Sacrament: and the Queen gone, and ladies; only my Lady Castlemayne, who looked prettily in her night-clothes, and so took my coach, which waited, and away through Covent Garden, to set down two gentlemen and a lady, who come thither to see also, and did make mighty mirth in their talk of the folly of this religion. And so I stopped, having set them down and drank some burnt wine at the Rose Tavern[1] door, while the constables come, and two or three Bellmen went by.

25th. It being a fine, light, moonshine morning, and so home round the city, and stopped and dropped money at five or six places, which I was the willinger to do, it being Christmas day, and so home, and there find my wife in bed, and Jane and the maids making pyes, and so I to bed, and slept well, and rose about nine, and to church, and there heard a dull sermon of Mr.

[1] The Rose tavern in Russell Street, Covent Garden. Part of it was pulled down in 1776, when a new front was added to Drury Lane Theatre.

Mills, but a great many fine people at church; and so home. Wife and girl and I alone at dinner—a good Christmas dinner, and all the afternoon at home, my wife reading to me "The History of the Drummer of Mr. Mompesson," [1] which is a strange story of spies, and worth reading indeed. In the evening comes Mr. Pelling, and he sat and supped with us; and very good company, he reciting to us many copies of good verses of Dr. Wilde,[2] who writ "Iter Boreale," and so to bed, my boy being gone with W. Hewer and Mr. Hater to Mr. Gibson's in the country to dinner and lie there all night.

26th. Up and to Westminster, and there to the Swan, and by chance met Mr. Spicer and another 'Chequer clerk, and there made them drink, and there talked of the credit the 'Chequer is now come to and will in a little time, and so away homeward, and called at my bookseller's, and there bought Mr. Harrington's works, "Oceana," &c., and two other books, which cost me £4, and so home, and there eat a bit, and then with my wife to the King's playhouse, and there saw "The Surprizall;" which did not please me to-day, the actors not pleasing me; and especially Nell's acting of a serious part, which she spoils.[3] Here met with Sir W. Pen, and sat by him, and home by coach with him, and there to my office a while, and then home to supper and to bed. I hear this day that Mrs. Stewart do at this day keep a great court at Somerset House, with her husband the Duke of Richmond, she being visited for her beauty's sake by people, as the Queen is, at nights; and they say also that she is likely to go to Court again, and there put my Lady Castlemayne's nose out of joynt. God knows that would make a great turn. This day I was invited to have gone to my cozen Mary[4] Pepys' burial, my uncle Thomas' daughter, but could not.

27th. Up, and by water to White Hall, and there walked with Creed in the Matted gallery till by and by a Committee for Tangier met: the Duke of York there; and there I did discourse over to them their condition as to money, which they were all mightily, as I could desire, satisfied with, but the Duke of Albemarle, who takes the part of the Guards against us in our supplies of money, which is an odd consideration for a dull, heavy blockhead as he is, understanding no more of either than a goose: but the ability and integrity of Sir W. Coventry, in all the King's concernments, I do and must admire. After the Committee up, I and Sir W. Coventry walked an hour in the gallery, talking over many businesses, and he tells me that there are so many things concur to make him and his Fellow Commissioners unable to go through the King's work that he do despair of it, every body becoming an enemy to them in their retrenchments, and the King unstable, the debts great and the King's present occasions for money great and many and pressing, the bankers broke and every body keeping in their money,

[1] See note, June 15th, 1663.
[2] Robert Wild's "Iter Boreale" celebrates Monk's march from Scotland.
[3] See note, August 22nd, 1667.
[4] Mary, only daughter of Thomas Pepys, of London, elder brother of Samuel's father.

while the times are doubtful what will stand. But he says had they come in two years ago they doubt not to have done what the King would by this time, or were the King in the condition as heretofore, when the Chancellor was great, to be able to have what sums of money they pleased of the Parliament, and then the ill administration was such that instead of making good use of this power and money he suffered all to go to ruin. But one such sum now would put all upon their legs, and now the King would have the Parliament give him money when they are in an ill humour and will not be willing to give any, nor are very able, and besides every body distrusts what they give the King will be lost; whereas six months hence, when they see that the King can live without them, and is become steady, and to manage what he has well, he doubts not but their doubts would be removed, and would be much more free as well as more able to give him money. He told me how some of his enemies at the Duke of York's had got the Duke of York's commission for the Commissioners of his estate changed, and he and Brouncker and Povy left out: that this they did do to disgrace and impose upon him at this time; but that he, though he values not the thing, did go and tell the Duke of York what he heard, and that he did not think that he had given him any reason to do this, out of his belief that he would not be as faithful and serviceable to him as the best of those that have got him put out. Whereupon the Duke of York did say that it arose only from his not knowing whether now he would have time to regard his affairs; and that, if he should, he would put him into the commission with his own hand, though the commission be passed. He answered that he had been faithful to him, and done him good service therein, so long as he could attend it; and if he had been able to have attended it more, he would not have enriched himself with such and such estates as my Lord Chancellor hath got, that did properly belong to his Royal Highness, as being forfeited to the King, and so by the King's gift given to the Duke of York. Here upon the Duke of York did call for the commission, and hath since put him in. This he tells me he did only to show his enemies that he is not so low as to be trod on by them, or the Duke hath any so bad opinion of him as they would think. Here we parted, and I with Sir H. Cholmly went and took a turn into the Park, and there talked of several things, and about Tangier particularly, and of his management of his business, and among other discourse about the method he will leave his accounts in if he should suddenly die, he says there is nothing but what is easily understood, but only a sum of £500 which he has entered given to E. E. S., which in great confidence he do discover to me to be my Lord Sandwich, at the beginning of their contract for the Mole, and I suppose the rest did the like, which was £1,500, which would appear a very odd thing for my Lord to be a profiter by the getting of the contract made for them. But here it puts me into thoughts how I shall own my receiving of £200 a year from him, but it is his gift, I never asked of him, and which he did to Mr. Povy, and so there is no great matter in it. Thence to

other talk. He tells me that the business of getting the Duchess of Richmond to Court is broke off, the Duke not suffering it; and thereby great trouble is brought among the people that endeavoured it, and thought they had compassed it. And, Lord! to think that at this time the King should mind no other cares but these! He tells me that my Lord of Canterbury is a mighty stout man, and a man of a brave, high spirit, and cares not for this disfavour that he is under at Court, knowing that the King cannot take away his profits during his life, and therefore do not value it.[1] Thence I home, and there to my office and wrote a letter to the Duke of York from myself about my clerks extraordinary, which I have employed this war, to prevent my being obliged to answer for what others do without any reason demand allowance for, and so by this means I will be accountable for none but my own, and they shall not have them but upon the same terms that I have, which is a profession that with these helps they will answer to their having performed their duties of their places. So to dinner, and then away by coach to the Temple, and then for speed by water thence to White Hall, and there to our usual attending the Duke of York, and did attend him, where among other things I did present and lodge my letter, and did speed in it as I could wish. Thence home with Sir W. Pen and Comm. Middleton by coach, and there home and to cards with my wife, W. Hewer, Mercer, and the girle, and mighty pleasant all the evening, and so to bed with my wife, which I have not done since her being ill for three weeks or thereabouts.

28th. Up, and to the office, where busy all the morning, at noon home, and there to dinner with my clerks and Mr. Pelling, and had a very good dinner, among others a haunch of venison boiled, and merry we were, and I rose soon from dinner, and with my wife and girle to the King's house, and there saw "The Mad Couple," which is but an ordinary play; but only Nell's and Hart's mad parts are most excellently done, but especially her's: which makes it a miracle to me to think how ill she do any serious part,[2] as, the other day, just like a fool or changeling; and, in a mad part, do beyond all imitation almost. [It pleased us mightily to see the natural affection of a poor woman, the mother of one of the children brought on the stage: the child crying, she by force got upon the stage, and took up her child and carried it away off of the stage from Hart.] Many fine faces here to-day. Thence home, and there to the office late, and then home to supper and to bed. I am told to-day, which troubles me, that great complaint is made upon

[1] This character of Archbishop Sheldon does not tally with the scandal that Pepys previously reported of him. Burnet has some passages of importance on this in his "Own Time," Book II. He affirms that Charles's final decision to throw over Clarendon was caused by the Chancellor's favouring Mrs. Stewart's marriage with the Duke of Richmond. The king had a conference with Sheldon on the removal of Clarendon, but could not convert the archbishop to his view. Lauderdale told Burnet that he had an account of the interview from the king. "The king and Sheldon had gone into such expostulations upon it that from that day forward Sheldon could never recover the king's confidence."

[2] See August 22nd (*ante*).

the 'Change, among our merchants, that the very Ostend little pickaroon[1] men-of-war do offer violence to our merchant-men, and search them, beat our masters, and plunder them, upon pretence of carrying Frenchmen's goods. Lord! what a condition are we come to, and that so soon after a war!

29th (Lord's day). Up, and at my chamber all the day, both morning and afternoon (only a little at dinner with my wife alone), upon the settling of my Tangier accounts towards the evening of all reckonings now against the new year, and here I do see the great folly of letting things go long unevened, it being very hard for me and dangerous to state after things are gone out of memory, and much more would be so should I have died in this time and my accounts come to other hands, to understand which would never be. At night comes Mrs. Turner to see us; and there, among other talk, she tells me that Mr. William Pen, who is lately come over from Ireland, is a Quaker again, or some very melancholy thing; that he cares for no company, nor comes into any: which is a pleasant thing, after his being abroad so long, and his father such a hypocritical rogue, and at this time an Atheist. She gone, I to my very great content do find my accounts to come very even and naturally, and so to supper and to bed.

30th. Up before day, and by coach to Westminster, and there first to Sir H. Cholmly, and there I did to my great content deliver him up his little several papers for sums of money paid him, and took his regular receipts upon his orders, wherein I am safe. Thence to White Hall, and there to visit Sir G. Carteret, and there was with him a great while, and my Lady and they seem in very good humour, but by and by Sir G. Carteret and I alone, and there we did talk of the ruinous condition we are in, the King being going to put out of the Council so many able men; such as my Lord Anglesey, Ashly, Hollis, Secretary Morrice (to bring in Mr. Trevor[2]), and the Archbishop of Canterbury, and my Lord Bridgewater. He tells me that this is true, only the Duke of York do endeavour to hinder it, and the Duke of York himself did tell him so: that the King and the Duke of York do not in company disagree, but are friendly; but that there is a core in their hearts, he doubts, which is not to be easily removed; for these men do suffer only for their constancy to the Chancellor, or at least from the King's ill-will against him: that they do now all they can to villify the clergy, and do accuse Rochester [Dolben[3]], . . . and so do raise scandals, all that is possible, against other of the Bishops. He do suggest that something is in-

[1] From the Spanish *picaron*, a rogue or villain. The word obtained the secondary meaning of pirate or privateer.

[2] John Trevor, knighted by Charles II., who made him Secretary of State, 1668, which office he held till his death in 1672.

[3] Bishop Dolben appears to have been a man of remarkably fine character, against whose good fame these malignant attacks fall harmless. There is an excellent life of him in the "Dictionary of National Biography," by the late Canon Venables (see note, August 14th, 1666). It is said that every male of the Dolben family, from the bishop to the last of the family in the nineteenth century, was educated at Westminster School.

tended for the Duke of Monmouth, and it may be, against the Queene also: that we are in no manner sure against an invasion the next year: that the Duke of Buckingham do rule all now, and the Duke of York comes indeed to the Caball, but signifies little there. That this new faction do not endure, nor the King, Sir W. Coventry; but yet that he is so usefull that they cannot be without him; but that he is not now called to the Caball. That my Lord of Buckingham, Bristoll, and Arlington, do seem to agree in these things; but that they do not in their hearts trust one another, but do drive several ways, all of them. In short, he do bless himself that he is no more concerned in matters now; and the hopes he hath of being at liberty, when his accounts are over, to retire into the country. That he do give over the kingdom for wholly lost. So after some other little discourse, I away, meeting with Mr. Cooling. I with him by coach to the Wardrobe, where I never was since the fire in Hatton Garden, but did not 'light: and he tells me he fears that my Lord Sandwich will suffer much by Mr. Townsend's being untrue to him, he being now unable to give the Commissioners of the Treasury an account of his money received by many thousands of pounds, which I am troubled for. Thence to the Old Exchange together, he telling me that he believes there will be no such turning out of great men as is talked of, but that it is only to fright people, but I do fear there may be such a thing doing. He do mightily inveigh against the folly of the King to bring his matters to wrack thus, and that we must all be undone without help. I met with Cooling at the Temple-gate, after I had been at both my booksellers—and there laid out several pounds in books now against the new year. From the 'Change (where I met with Captain Cocke, who would have borrowed money of me, but I had the grace to deny him, he would have had 3 or £400) I with Cocke and Mr. Temple (whose wife was just now brought to bed of a boy, but he seems not to be at all taken with it, which is a strange consideration how others do rejoice to have a child born), to Sir G. Carteret's, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and there did dine together, there being there, among other company, Mr. Attorney Montagu,[1] and his fine lady, a fine woman. After dinner, I did understand from my Lady Jemimah that her brother Hinchingbroke's business was to be ended this day, as she thinks, towards his match,[2] and they do talk here of their intent to buy themselves some new clothes against the wedding, which I am very glad of. After dinner I did even with Sir G. Carteret the accounts of the interest of the money which I did so long put out for him in Sir R. Viner's hands, and by it I think I shall be a gainer about £28, which is a very good reward for the little trouble I have had in it. Thence with Sir Philip Carteret[3] to the King's playhouse,

[1] William Montagu, second son of Edward, first Baron Montagu of Boughton, appointed Attorney-General to the Queen in 1662; Lord Chief Baron, 1676–86. His second wife, the lady referred to by Pepys, was Mary, daughter of Sir John Aubrey, Bart.

[2] With Lady Anne Boyle.

[3] Sir G. Carteret's eldest son, who married Lady Jemimah Montagu, July 31st, 1665.

there to see "Love's Cruelty," [1] an old play, but which I have not seen before; and in the first act Orange Moll come to me, with one of our porters by my house, to tell me that Mrs. Pierce and Knepp did dine at my house to-day, and that I was desired to come home. So I went out presently, and by coach home, and they were just gone away: so, after a very little stay with my wife, I took coach again, and to the King's playhouse again, and come in the fourth act; and it proves to me a very silly play, and to everybody else, as far as I could judge. But the jest is, that here telling Moll how I had lost my journey, she told me that Mrs. Knepp was in the house, and so shews me to her, and I went to her, and sat out the play, and then with her to Mrs. Manuel's, where Mrs. Pierce was, and her boy and girl; and here I did hear Mrs. Manuel and one of the Italians, her gallant, sing well. But yet I confess I am not delighted so much with it, as to admire it: for, not understanding the words, I lose the benefit of the vocalitys of the musick, and it proves only instrumental; and therefore was more pleased to hear Knepp sing two or three little English things that I understood, though the composition of the other, and performance, was very fine. Thence, after sitting and talking a pretty while, I took leave and left them there, and so to my bookseller's, and paid for the books I had bought, and away home, where I told my wife where I had been. But she was as mad as a devil, and nothing but ill words between us all the evening while we sat at cards—W. Hewer and the girl by—even to gross ill words, which I was troubled for, but do see that I must use policy to keep her spirit down, and to give her no offence by my being with Knepp and Pierce, of which, though she will not own it, yet she is heartily jealous. At last it ended in few words and my silence (which for fear of growing higher between us I did forbear), and so to supper and to bed without one word one to another. This day I did carry money out, and paid several debts. Among others, my tailor, and shoemaker, and draper, Sir W. Turner, who begun to talk of the Commission of accounts,[2] wherein he is one; but though they are the greatest people that ever were in the nation as to power, and like to be our judges, yet I did never speak one word to him of desiring favour, or bidding him joy in it, but did answer him to what he said, and do resolve to stand or fall by my silent preparing to answer whatever can be laid to me, and that will be my best proceeding, I think. This day I got a little rent in my new fine camlett cloak with the latch of Sir G. Carteret's door; but it is darned up at my tailor's, that it will be no great blemish to it; but it troubled me. I could not but observe that Sir Philip Carteret would fain have given me my going into a play; but yet, when he come to the door, he had no money to pay for himself, I

[1] A tragedy by James Shirley, first printed in 1640.

[2] The Commissioners of Accounts were William, Lord Brereton, William Peirpoint, Sir George Savile, Giles Dunster, Sir James Langham, Henry Osborne, Alderman Sir William Turner, George Tompson, and John Gregory ("Statutes of the Realm," vol. v., p. 624).

having refused to accept of it for myself, but was fain;[1] and I perceive he is known there, and do run upon the score for plays, which is a shame; but I perceive always he is in want of money. In the pit I met with Sir Ch. North,[2] formerly Mr. North, who was with my Lord at sea; and he, of his own accord, was so silly as to tell me he is married; and for her quality (being a Lord's daughter,[3] my Lord Grey), and person, and beauty, and years, and estate, and disposition, he is the happiest man in the world. I am sure he is an ugly fellow; but a good scholar and sober gentleman; and heir to his father, now Lord North, the old Lord being dead.

31st. Up, without words to my wife, or few, and those not angry, and so to White Hall, and there waited a long time, while the Duke of York was with the King in the Caball, and there I and Creed stayed talking without, in the Vane-Room, and I perceive all people's expectation is, what will be the issue of this great business of putting these great Lords out of the council and power, the quarrel, I perceive, being only their standing against the will of the King in the business of the Chancellor. Anon the Duke of York comes out, and then to a committee of Tangier, where my Lord Middleton did come to-day, and seems to me but a dull, heavy man; but he is a great soldier, and stout, and a needy Lord, which will still keep that poor garrison from ever coming to be worth anything to the King. Here, after a short meeting, we broke up, and I home to the office, where they are sitting, and so I to them, and having done our business rose, and I home to dinner with my people, and there dined with me my uncle Thomas, with a mourning hat-band on, for his daughter Mary, and here I and my people did discourse of the Act for the accounts,[4] which do give the greatest power to these

[1] The practice of gallants attending the theatre without payment is illustrated by Mr. Lowe in his "Betterton," from Shadwell's "True Widow":

"*1st Doorkeeper.* Pray, sir, pay me: my masters will make me pay it.

3rd Man. Impudent rascal, do you ask me for money? Take that, sirrah.

2nd Doorkeeper. Will you pay me, sir?

4th Man. No; I don't intend to stay.

2nd Doorkeeper. So you say every day, and see two or three acts for nothing."

[2] Charles, eldest son of Dudley, fourth Lord North, noticed March 3rd, 1659–60 (vol. i., p. 54). He was granted a peerage during his father's lifetime as Baron Grey of Rolleston, and eventually succeeded his father as fifth Baron North. His mother was Anne, daughter of Sir Charles Montagu, of Cranbrook Hall, Essex, whence his connection with Lord Sandwich.

[3] Catharine, daughter to William Grey, Lord Grey of Warke, and widow of Sir Edward Moseley. She married, thirdly, Colonel Francis Russell (see November 15th, 1666), second son of Francis, fourth Earl of Bedford.—B.

[4] "An Act for taking the Accompts of the several sums of money therein mencõned," 19 and 20 Car. II., c. 1. The commissioners were empowered "to call before them all Treasurers, Receivers, Paymasters, Principal Officers and Commissioners of the Navy and Ordnance respectively, Pursers, Mustermasters, and Clerks of the Cheque, Accomptants, and all Officers and Keepers of his Majesties Stores and Provisions for Warr as well for Land as Sea, and all other persons whatsoever imployed in the management of the said Warr or requisite for the discovery of any frauds relating thereunto," &c., &c. ("Statutes of the Realm," vol. v., pp. 624–627).

people, as they report that have read it (I having not yet read it, and indeed its nature is such as I have no mind to go about to read it, for fear of meeting matter in it to trouble me), that ever was given to any subjects, and too much also. After dinner with my wife and girl to Unthanke's, and there left her, and I to Westminster, and there to Mrs. Martin's, and did hazer con elle what I desired, and there did drink with her, and find fault with her husband's wearing of too fine clothes, by which I perceive he will be a beggar, and so after a little talking I away and took up my wife again, and so home and to the office, where Captain Perryman did give me an account, walking in the garden, how the seamen of England are discouraged by want of money (or otherwise by being, as he says, but I think without cause, by their being underrated) so far as that he thinks the greatest part are gone abroad or going, and says that it is known that there are Irish in the town, up and down, that do labour to entice the seamen out of the nation by giving them £3 in hand, and promise of 40*s.* per month, to go into the King of France's service, which is a mighty shame, but yet I believe is true. I did advise with him about my little vessel, "The Maybolt," which he says will be best for me to sell, though my employing her to Newcastle this winter, and the next spring, for coles, will be a gainful trade, but yet make me great trouble, but I will think of it, and so to my office, ended my letters, and so home to supper and to bed, good friends with my wife. Thus ends the year, with great happiness to myself and family as to health and good condition in the world, blessed be God for it! only with great trouble to my mind in reference to the publick, there being little hopes left but that the whole nation must in a very little time be lost, either by troubles at home, the Parliament being dissatisfied, and the King led into unsettled councils by some about him, himself considering little, and divisions growing between the King and Duke of York; or else by foreign invasion, to which we must submit if any, at this bad point of time, should come upon us, which the King of France is well able to do. These thoughts, and some cares upon me, concerning my standing in this Office when the committee of Parliament shall come to examine our Navy matters, which they will now shortly do. I pray God they may do the kingdom service therein, as they will have sufficient opportunity of doing it!

1667-68.

January 1st. Up, and all the morning in my chamber making up some accounts against this beginning of the new year, and so about noon abroad with my wife, who was to dine with W. Hewer and Willet at Mrs. Pierce's, but I had no mind to be with them, for I do clearly find that my wife is troubled at my friendship with her and Knepp, and so dined with my Lord Crew. with whom was Mr. Browne, Clerk of the House of Lords, and Mr.

John Crew. Here was mighty good discourse, as there is always: and among other things my Lord Crew did turn to a place in the Life of Sir Philip Sidney, wrote by Sir Fulke Greville,[1] which do foretell the present condition of this nation, in relation to the Dutch, to the very degree of a prophecy; and is so remarkable that I am resolved to buy one of them, it being, quite throughout, a good discourse.[2] Here they did talk much of the present cheapness of corne, even to a miracle; so as their farmers can pay no rent, but do fling up their lands; and would pay in corne: but, which I did observe to my Lord, and he liked well of it, our gentry are grown so ignorant in every thing of good husbandry, that they know not how to bestow this corne: which, did they understand but a little trade, they would be able to joyne together, and know what markets there are abroad, and send it thither, and thereby ease their tenants and be able to pay themselves. They did talk much of the disgrace the Archbishop is fallen under with the King, and the rest of the Bishops also. Thence I after dinner to the Duke of York's playhouse, and there saw "Sir Martin Mar-all;" which I have seen so often, and yet am mightily pleased with it, and think it mighty witty, and the fullest of proper matter for mirth that ever was writ; and I do clearly see that they do improve in their acting of it. Here a mighty company of citizens, 'prentices, and others; and it makes me observe, that when I begun first to be able to bestow a play on myself, I do not remember that I saw so many by half of the ordinary 'prentices and mean people in the pit at 2*s*. 6*d*. a-piece as now; I going for several years no higher than the 12*d*. and then the 18*d*. places, though I strained hard to go in them when I did: so much the vanity and prodigality of the age is to be observed in this particular. Thence I to White Hall, and there walked up and down the house a while, and do hear nothing of anything done further in this business of the change of Privy-counsellors: only I hear that Sir G. Savile,[3] one of the Parliament Committee of nine, for examining the Accounts, is by the King made a Lord, the Lord Halifax; which, I believe, will displease the Parliament. By and by I met with Mr. Brisband; and having it in my mind this Christmas to (do what I never can remember that I did) go to see the manner of the gaming at the Groome-Porter's, I having in my coming from the playhouse

[1] "The life of the renowned Sir Philip Sidney . . . Written by Sir Fulke Grevil, Knight, Lord Brook, a servant to Queen Elizabeth, and his companion and friend," was published in 1652, "Printed for Henry Seile, over against St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet Street." This little book was reprinted by Sir Egerton Brydges at the Lee Priory Press in 1816.

[2] Sir Fulke Greville discourses much on foreign affairs, particularly in chapters ii., v., xv., and xvii., where he points out the dangers to this country and Europe generally from the combinations of great powers. He commends Queen Elizabeth for maintaining a fleet of her own ships and of those of "her fast friends the Netherlands" on the coast of Spain (p. 227).

[3] Sir George Savile of Rufford, co. Notts, Bart., created Baron Savile of Eland and Viscount Halifax, 1668; Earl of Halifax, 1679; and Marquis of Halifax, 1682. Died April 5th, 1695.

stepped into the two Temple-halls, and there saw the dirty 'prentices and idle people playing; wherein I was mistaken, in thinking to have seen gentlemen of quality playing there, as I think it was when I was a little child, that one of my father's servants, John Bassum, I think, carried me in his arms thither. I did tell Brisband of it, and he did lead me thither, where, after staying an hour, they begun to play at about eight at night, where to see how differently one man took his losing from another, one cursing and swearing, and another only muttering and grumbling to himself, a third without any apparent discontent at all: to see how the dice will run good luck in one hand, for half an hour together, and another have no good luck at all: to see how easily here, where they play nothing but guinnys, a £100 is won or lost: to see two or three gentlemen come in there drunk, and putting their stock of gold together, one 22 pieces, the second 4, and the third 5 pieces; and these to play one with another, and forget how much each of them brought, but he that brought the 22 thinks that he brought no more than the rest: to see the different humours of gamesters to change their luck, when it is bad, how ceremonious they are as to call for new dice, to shift their places, to alter their manner of throwing, and that with great industry, as if there was anything in it: to see how some old gamesters, that have no money now to spend as formerly, do come and sit and look on, as among others, Sir Lewis Dives,[1] who was here, and hath been a great gamester in his time: to hear their cursing and damning to no purpose, as one man being to throw a seven if he could, and, failing to do it after a great many throws, cried he would be damned if ever he flung seven more while he lived, his despair of throwing it being so great, while others did it as their luck served almost every throw: to see how persons of the best quality do here sit down, and play with people of any, though meaner; and to see how people in ordinary clothes shall come hither, and play away 100, or 2 or 300 guinnys, without any kind of difficulty: and lastly, to see the formality of the groome-porter, who is their judge of all disputes in play and all quarrels that may arise therein, and how his under-officers are there to observe true play at each table, and to give new dice, is a consideration I never could have thought had been in the world, had I not now seen it. And mighty glad I am that I did see it, and it may be will find another evening, before Christmas be over, to see it again, when I may stay later, for their heat of play begins not till about eleven or twelve o'clock; which did give me another pretty observation of a man, that did win mighty fast when I was there. I think he won £100 at single pieces in a little time. While all the rest envied him his good fortune, he cursed it, saying, "A pox on it, that it should come so early upon me, for this fortune two hours hence would be worth something to me, but then, God damn me, I shall have no such luck." This kind

[1] Sir Lewis Dyve (1599–1669) was the son of John Dyve, of Bromham, in Bedfordshire, by Beatrix, daughter of Charles Walcot, Esq., who afterwards married John Digby, first Earl of Bristol. See note, *ante*, December 6th, 1667.

of prophane, mad entertainment they give themselves. And so I, having enough for once, refusing to venture, though Brisband pressed me hard, and tempted me with saying that no man was ever known to lose the first time, the devil being too cunning to discourage a gamester; and he offered me also to lend me ten pieces to venture; but I did refuse, and so went away, and took coach and home about 9 or 10 at night, where not finding my wife come home, I took the same coach again, and leaving my watch behind me for fear of robbing, I did go back and to Mrs. Pierce's, thinking they might not have broken up yet, but there I find my wife newly gone, and not going out of my coach spoke only to Mr. Pierce in his nightgown in the street, and so away back again home, and there to supper with my wife and to talk about their dancing and doings at Mrs. Pierce's to-day, and so to bed.

2nd. Up, and with Sir J. Minnes by coach to White Hall, and there attended the King and the Duke of York in the Duke of York's lodgings, with the rest of the Officers and many of the Commanders of the fleete, and some of our master shipwrights, to discourse the business of having the topmasts of ships made to lower abaft of the mainmast; a business I understand not, and so can give no good account; but I do see that by how much greater the Council, and the number of Counsellors is, the more confused the issue is of their councils; so that little was said to the purpose regularly, and but little use was made of it, they coming to a very broken conclusion upon it, to make trial in a ship or two. From this they fell to other talk about the fleete's fighting this late war, and how the King's ships have been shattered; though the King said that the world would not have it that about ten or twenty ships in any fight did do any service, and that this hath been told so to him himself, by ignorant people. The Prince,[1] who was there, was mightily surprised at it, and seemed troubled: but the King told him that it was only discourse of the world. But Mr. Wren whispered me in the eare, and said that the Duke of Albemarle had put it into his Narrative for the House, that not above twenty-five ships fought in the engagement wherein he was, but that he was advised to leave it out; but this he did write from sea, I am sure, or words to that effect: and did displease many commanders, among others, Captain Batts, who the Duke of York said was a very stout man, all the world knew; and that another was brought into his ship that had been turned out of his place when he was a boatswain, not long before, for being a drunkard. This the Prince took notice of, and would have been angry, I think, but they let their discourse fall: but the Duke of York was earnest in it. And the Prince said to me, standing by me, "God damn me, if they will turn out every man that will be drunk, they must turn out all the commanders in the fleete. What is the matter if he be drunk, so when he comes to fight he do his work? At least, let him be punished for his drunkenness, and not put out of his command presently." This he spoke, very much concerned

[1] Rupert.

for this idle fellow, one Greene. After this the King began to tell stories of the cowardice of the Spaniards in Flanders, when he was there, at the siege of Mardike and Dunkirke;[1] which was very pretty, though he tells them but meanly. This being done I to Westminster Hall, and there staid a little: and then home, and by the way did find with difficulty the Life of Sir Philip Sidney (the book I mentioned yesterday). And the bookseller told me that he had sold four, within this week or two, which is more than ever he sold in all his life of them; and he could not imagine what should be the reason of it: but I suppose it is from the same reason of people's observing of this part therein, touching his prophesying our present condition here in England in relation to the Dutch, which is very remarkable.[2] So home to dinner, where Balty's wife is come to town; she come last night and lay at my house, but being weary was gone to bed before I come home, and so I saw her not before. After dinner I took my wife and her girl out to the New Exchange, and there my wife bought herself a lace for a handkercher, which I do give her, of about £3, for a new year's gift, and I did buy also a lace for a band for myself, and so home, and there to the office busy late, and so home to my chamber, where busy on some accounts, and then to supper and to bed. This day my wife shows me a locket of dyamonds worth about £40, which W. Hewer do press her to accept, and hath done for a good while, out of his gratitude for my kindness and her's to him. But I do not like that she should receive it, it not being honourable for me to do it; and so do desire her to force him to take it back again, he leaving it against her will yesterday with her. And she did this evening force him to take it back, at which she says he is troubled; but, however, it becomes me more to refuse it, than to let her accept of it. And so I am well pleased with her returning it him. It is generally believed that France is endeavouring a firmer league with us than the former, in order to his going on with his business against Spayne the next year; which I am, and so every body else is, I think, very glad of, for all our fear is, of his invading us. This day, at White Hall, I overheard Sir W.

[1] This refers to the battle of the Dunes, June 24th, 1658, when Turenne defeated the Prince of Condé and Don Juan of Austria, who tried to relieve Dunkirk, which the English blockaded by sea, and the French attacked by land. It was prior to this battle that, despising the Spanish tactics, Condé said to the young Duke of Gloucester, "N'avez vous jamais vu perdre une bataille? Eh bien, vous l'allez voir." Dunkirk surrendered on the 23rd, and afterwards was given up to the English, with whom it remained till Charles sold it.—B.

[2] "If they should incorporate with France, the Netherlands manufactures, industry, trade and shipping would add much to that monarchie both in peace and war. The natural riches of the French having been hitherto either kept barrain at home or barrainly transported abroad for lack of the true use of trade . . . which defect being now abundantly to be supplied, by this conjunction with the Netherlands, would in a little time, not onely puff up that active commonwealth with unquiet pride, but awake the stirring French to feel this addition to their own strengths, and so make them become dangerous neighbours by incursion in invasion to the Baltique sea."—Greville's *Life of Sidney*, p. 66.

Coventry propose to the King his ordering[1] of some particular thing in the Wardrobe, which was of no great value; but yet, as much as it was, it was of profit to the King and saving to his purse. The King answered to it with great indifferency, as a thing that it was no great matter whether it was done or no. Sir W. Coventry answered: "I see your Majesty do not remember the old English proverb, 'He that will not stoop for a pin, will never be worth a pound.' " And so they parted, the King bidding him do as he would; which, methought, was an answer not like a King that did intend ever to do well.

3rd. At the office all the morning with Mr. Willson and my clerks, consulting again about a new contract with the Victualler of the Navy, and at noon home to dinner, and then to the office again, where busy all the afternoon preparing something for the Council about Tangier this evening. So about five o'clock away with it to the Council, and there do find that the Council hath altered its times of sitting to the mornings, and so I lost my labour, and back again by coach presently round by the city wall, it being dark, and so home, and there to the office, where till midnight with Mr. Willson and my people to go through with the Victualler's contract and the considerations about the new one, and so home to supper and to bed, thinking my time very well spent.

4th. Up, and there to the office, where we sat all the morning; at noon home to dinner, where my clerks and Mr. Clerke the sollicitor with me, and dinner being done I to the office again, where all the afternoon till late busy, and then home with my mind pleased at the pleasure of despatching my business, and so to supper and to bed, my thoughts full, how to order our design of having some dancing at our house on Monday next, being Twelfth-day. It seems worth remembering that this day I did hear my Lord Anglesey at the table, speaking touching this new Act for Accounts, say that the House of Lords did pass it because it was a senseless, impracticable, ineffectual, and foolish Act; and that my Lord Ashly having shown this that it was so to the House of Lords, the Duke of Buckingham did stand up and told the Lords that they were beholden to my Lord Ashly, that having first commended them for a most grave and honourable assembly, he thought it fit for the House to pass this Act for Accounts because it was a foolish and simple Act: and it seems it was passed with but a few in the House, when it was intended to have met in a grand Committee upon it. And it seems that in itself it is not to be practiced till after this session of Parliament, by the very words of the Act, which nobody regarded, and therefore cannot come in force yet, unless the next meeting they do make a new Act for the bringing it into force sooner; which is a strange omission. But I perceive my Lord Anglesey do make a mere laughing-stock of this Act, as a thing that can do nothing considerable, for all its great noise.

5th (Lord's day). Up, and being ready, and disappointed of a coach, it breaking a wheel just as it was coming for me, I walked as far as the Temple,

[1] *i.e.*, putting in order.

it being dirty, and as I went out of my doors my cozen Anthony Joyce met me, and so walked part of the way with me, and it was to see what I would do upon what his wife a little while since did desire, which was to supply him £350 to enable him to go to build his house again. I (who in my nature am mighty unready to answer no to anything, and thereby wonder that I have suffered no more in my life by my easiness in that kind than I have) answered him that I would do it, and so I will, he offering me good security, and so it being left for me to consider the manner of doing it we parted. Taking coach as I said before at the Temple, I to Charing Cross, and there went into Unthanke's to have my shoes wiped, dirty with walking, and so to White Hall, where I visited the Vice-Chamberlain, who tells me, and so I find by others, that the business of putting out of some of the Privy-council is over, the King being at last advised to forbear it; for whereas he did design it to make room for some of the House of Commons that are against him, thereby to gratify them, it is believed that it will but so much the more fret the rest that are not provided for, and raise a new stock of enemies by them that are displeased, and so all they think is over: and it goes for a pretty saying of my Lord Anglesey's up and down the Court, that he should lately say to one of them that are the great promoters of this putting him and others out of the Council, "Well," says he, "and what are we to look for when we are outed? Will all things be set right in the nation?" The other said that he did believe that many things would be mended: "But," says my Lord, "will you and the rest of you be contented to be hanged, if you do not redeem all our misfortunes and set all right, if the power be put into your hands?" The other answered, "No, I would not undertake that." "Why, then," says my Lord, "I and the rest of us that you are labouring to put out, will be contented to be hanged, if we do not recover all that is passed, if the King will put the power into our hands, and adhere wholly to our advice;" which saying as it was severe, so generally people have so little opinion of those that are likely to be uppermost that they do mightily commend my Lord Anglesey for this saying. From the Vice-Chamberlain up and down the house till Chapel done, and then did speak with several that I had a mind to, and so intending to go home, my Lady Carteret saw and called me out of her window, and so would have me home with her to Lincoln's Inn Fields to dinner, and there we met with my Lord Brereton, and several other strangers, to dine there; and I find him a very sober and serious, able man, and was in discourse too hard for the Bishop of Chester,[1] who dined there; and who, above all books lately wrote, commending the matter and style of a late book, called "The Causes of the Decay of Piety," [2] I do resolve at his great commendation to buy it. Here

[1] George Hall, son of the celebrated Bishop Joseph Hall of Norwich, Archdeacon of Canterbury, 1660, and consecrated Bishop of Chester, May 11th, 1662. Died August 23rd, 1668.

[2] One of the famous works by the author of "The Whole Duty of Man," which had just been published.

dined also Sir Philip Howard, a Barkeshire Howard,[1] whom I did once hear swear publickly and loud in the matted gallery that he had not been at a wench in so long a time. He did take occasion to tell me at the table that I have got great ground in the Parliament, by my ready answers to all that was asked me there about the business of Chatham, and they would never let me be out of employment, of which I made little; but was glad to hear him, as well as others, say it. And he did say also, relating to Commissioner Pett, that he did not think that he was guilty of anything like a fault, that he was either able or concerned to amend, but only the not carrying up of the ships higher, he meant; but he said, three or four miles lower down, to Rochester Bridge, which is a strange piece of ignorance in a Member of Parliament at such a time as this, and after so many examinations in the house of this business; and did boldly declare that he did think the fault to lie in my Lord Middleton, who had the power of the place, to secure the boats that were made ready by Pett, and to do anything that he thought fit, and was much, though not altogether in the right, for Spragg, that commanded the river, ought rather to be charged with the want of the boats and the placing of them. After dinner, my Lord Brereton very gentilely went to the organ, and played a verse very handsomely. Thence after dinner away with Sir G. Carteret to White Hall, setting down my Lord Brereton at my Lord Brouncker's, and there up and down the house, and on the Queen's side, to see the ladies, and there saw the Duchesse of York, whom few pay the respect they used, I think, to her; but she bears all out, with a very great deal of greatness; that is the truth of it. And so, it growing night, I away home by coach, and there set my wife to read, and then comes Pelling, and he and I to sing a little, and then sup and so to bed.

6th. Up, leaving my wife to get her ready, and the maids to get a supper ready against night for our company; and I by coach to White Hall, and there up and down the house, and among others met with Mr. Pierce, by whom I find, as I was afeard from the folly of my wife, that he understood that he and his wife was to dine at my house to-day, whereas it was to sup; and therefore I, having done my business at court, did go home to dinner, and there find Mr. Harris, by the like mistake, come to dine with me. However, we did get a pretty dinner ready for him; and there he and I to discourse of many things, and I do find him a very excellent person, such as in my whole [acquaintance] I do not know another better qualified for converse, whether in things of his own trade, or of other kinds, a man of great understanding and observation, and very agreeable in the manner of his discourse, and civil as far as is possible. I was mightily pleased with his company; and after dinner did take coach with him, and my wife and girl, to go to a play, and to carry him thither to his own house. But I 'light by the way to return home, thinking to have spoke with Mrs. Bagwell, who I did see to-day in our entry, come from Harwich, whom I have not seen these twelve

[1] *i.e.*, a son of the Earl of Berkshire. See note to September 1st, 1665.

months, I think, and more, and voudrai avoir hazer alcun with her, sed she was gone, and so I took coach and away to my wife at the Duke of York's house, in the pit, and so left her; and to Mrs. Pierce, and took her and her cozen Corbet, Knepp and little James, and brought them to the Duke's house; and, the house being full, was forced to carry them to a box, which did cost me 20*s*., besides oranges, which troubled me, though their company did please me. Thence, after the play, stayed till Harris was undressed, there being acted "The Tempest," and so he withall, all by coach, home, where we find my house with good fires and candles ready, and our Office the like, and the two Mercers, and Betty Turner, Pendleton, and W. Batelier. And so with much pleasure we into the house, and there fell to dancing, having extraordinary musick, two viollins, and a base viollin, and theorbo, four hands, the Duke of Buckingham's musique, the best in towne, sent me by Greeting, and there we set in to dancing. By and by to my house, to a very good supper, and mighty merry, and good musick playing; and after supper to dancing and singing till about twelve at night; and then we had a good sack posset for them, and an excellent cake, cost me near 20*s*., of our Jane's making, which was cut into twenty pieces, there being by this time so many of our company, by the coming in of young Goodyer and some others of our neighbours, young men that could dance, hearing of our dancing; and anon comes in Mrs. Turner, the mother, and brings with her Mrs. Hollworthy, which pleased me mightily. And so to dancing again, and singing, with extraordinary great pleasure, till about two in the morning, and then broke up; and Mrs. Pierce and her family, and Harris and Knepp by coach home, as late as it was. And they gone, I took Mrs. Turner and Hollworthy home to my house, and there gave wine and sweetmeats; but I find Mrs. Hollworthy but a mean woman, I think, for understanding, only a little conceited, and proud, and talking, but nothing extraordinary in person, or discourse, or understanding. However, I was mightily pleased with her being there, I having long longed for to know her, and they being gone, I paid the fiddlers £3 among the four, and so away to bed, weary and mightily pleased, and have the happiness to reflect upon it as I do sometimes on other things, as going to a play or the like, to be the greatest real comfort that I am to expect in the world, and that it is that that we do really labour in the hopes of; and so I do really enjoy myself, and understand that if I do not do it now I shall not hereafter, it may be, be able to pay for it, or have health to take pleasure in it, and so fill myself with vain expectation of pleasure and go without it.

7th. Up, weary, about 9 o'clock, and then out by coach to White Hall to attend the Lords of the Treasury about Tangier with Sir Stephen Fox, and having done with them I away back again home by coach time enough to dispatch some business, and after dinner with Sir W. Pen's coach (he being gone before with Sir D. Gawden) to White Hall to wait on the Duke of York, but I finding him not there, nor the Duke of York within, I away by

coach to the Nursery,[1] where I never was yet, and there to meet my wife and Mercer and Willet as they promised; but the house did not act to-day; and so I was at a loss for them, and therefore to the other two playhouses into the pit, to gaze up and down, to look for them, and there did by this means, for nothing, see an act in "The Schoole of Compliments" [2] at the Duke of York's house, and "Henry the Fourth" at the King's house; but, not finding them, nor liking either of the plays,[3] I took my coach again, and home, and there to my office to do business, and by and by they come home, and had been at the King's House, and saw me, but I could [not] see them, and there I walked with them in the garden awhile, and to sing with Mercer there a little, and so home with her, and taught her a little of my "It is decreed," which I have a mind to have her learn to sing, and she will do it well, and so after supper she went away, and we to bed, and there made amends by sleep for what I wanted last night.

8th. Up, and it being dirty, I by coach (which I was forced to go to the charge for) to White Hall, and there did deliver the Duke of York a memorial for the Council about the case of Tangier's want of money; and I was called in there and my paper was read. I did not think fit to say much, but left them to make what use they pleased of my paper; and so went out and waited without all the morning, and at noon hear that there is something ordered towards our help, and so I away by coach home, taking up Mr. Prin at the Court-gate, it raining, and setting him down at the Temple: and by the way did ask him about the manner of holding of Parliaments, and whether the number of Knights and Burgesses were always the same? And he says that the latter were not; but that, for aught he can find, they were sent up at the discretion, at first, of the Sheriffes, to whom the writs are sent, to send up generally the Burgesses and citizens of their country: and

[1] There seem to have been, at this time, two distinct "Nurseries for Actors," one in Golden Lane, near the Barbican. This establishment was ridiculed by Dryden in his "McFlecknoe"; and, in "The Rehearsal," Bayes is made to declare that he will write only for the "Nursery," and "mump the proud players" of the regular theatres. Langbaine, also (p. 64), tells us that he had seen Chapman's "Revenge for Honour" acted many years ago at the "Nursery" in Barbican. We learn from the Shakespeare Society's "Papers," vol. iii., that a patent was granted by Charles II., March 3rd, 1664, to William Legge, Groom of the Bed-chamber, giving him the privilege of instituting a "Nursery" for young actors (see note, August 2nd, 1664). The other "Nursery" was in Hatton Garden, built by Captain Bedford. The "Nursery" in Barbican appears to have been established by the King's Players under Killigrew, and the one in Hatton Garden for the Duke's Players under Davenant.

[2] A comedy by James Shirley, first published in 1631. Reproduced in 1667 as "Love Tricks, or the School of Compliments."

[3] "Whereas we are informed that diverse persons doe rudely presse and with evill language and blowes force their way into the two theatres without paying the prices established," therefore the king declares such proceedings unlawful, "notwithstanding their pretended priviledge by custom of forcing their entrance at the fourth or fifth act without payment."—*Records of the Lord Chamberlain's Office*, December 7th, 1663, quoted in Lowe's "Betterton," p. 24.

he do find that heretofore the Parliament-men being paid by the country, several burroughs have complained of the Sheriffes putting them to the charge of sending up Burgesses; which is a very extraordinary thing to me, that knew not this, but thought that the number had been known, and always the same.[1] Thence home to the office, and so with my Lord Brouncker and his mistress, Williams, to Captain Cocke's to dinner, where was Temple and Mr. Porter, and a very good dinner, and merry. Thence with Lord Brouncker to White Hall to the Commissioners of the Treasury at their sending for us to discourse about the paying of tickets, and so away, and I by coach to the 'Change, and there took up my wife and Mercer and the girl by agreement, and so home, and there with Mercer to teach her more of "It is decreed," and to sing other songs and talk all the evening, and so after supper I to even my Journall since Saturday last, and so to bed. Yesterday Mr. Gibson, upon his discovering by my discourse to him that I had a willingness, or rather desire, to have him stay with me, than go, as he designed, on Sir W. Warren's account, to sea, he resolved to let go the design and wait his fortune with me, though I laboured hard to make him understand the uncertainty of my condition or service, but however he will hazard it, which I take mighty kindly of him, though troubled lest he may come to be a loser by it, but it will not be for want of my telling him what he was to think on and expect. However, I am well pleased with it, with regard to myself, who find him mighty understanding and acquainted with all things in the Navy, that I should, if I continue in the Navy, make great use of him.

9th. Up, and to the office, having first been visited by my cozen Anthony Joyce about the £350 which he desires me to lend him, and which I have a mind enough to do, but would have it in my power to call it out again in a little time, and so do take a little further time to consider it. So to the office, where all the morning busy, and so home at noon to dinner with my people, where Mr. Hollier come and dined with me, and it is still mighty pleasant to hear him talk of Rome and the Pope, with what hearty zeal and hatred he talks against him. After dinner to the office again, where busy till night, very busy, and among other things wrote to my father about lending Anthony Joyce the money he desires; and I declare that I would do it as part of Pall's portion, and that Pall should have the use of the money till she be

[1] Andrew Marvell, who died in 1678, M.P. for Hull, is said, but erroneously, to have been the last member that received wages from his constituents; others, his contemporaries, maintained the right, and suffered their arrears to accumulate, as a cheap resource at the next election. Marvell more than once, in his correspondence, speaks of members threatening to sue their boroughs for pay (Coleridge's "Northern Worthies," p. 61). A case is noticed by Lord Campbell, in his "Life of Lord Nottingham," where the M.P. for Harwich, in 1681, petitioned the Lord Chancellor, as that borough had failed "to pay him his wages." A writ was issued "De expensis Burgensium levandis." Lord Campbell adds, "For this point of the People's Charter [payment of members of Parliament] no new law is required" ("Lives of the Lord Chancellors," vol. iii., p. 420). —B.

married, but I do propose to him to think of Mr. Cumberland rather than this Jackson that he is upon; and I confess I have a mighty mind to have a relation so able a man, and honest, and so old an acquaintance as Mr. Cumberland. I shall hear his answer by the next [post]. At night home and to cards with my wife and girle, and to supper late, and so to bed.

10th. Up, and with Sir Denis Gawden, who called me, to White Hall, and there to wait on the Duke of York with the rest of my brethren, which we did a little in the King's Green-room, while the King was in Council: and in this room we found my Lord Bristoll walking alone; which, wondering at, while the Council was sitting, I was answered that, as being a Catholique, he could not be of the Council, which I did not consider before. After broke up and walked a turn or two with Lord Brouncker talking about the times, and he tells me that he thinks, and so do every body else, that the great business of putting out some of the Council to make room for some of the Parliament men to gratify and wheedle them is over, thinking that it might do more hurt than good, and not obtain much upon the Parliament either. This morning there was a Persian in that country dress, with a turban, waiting to kiss the King's hand in the Vane-room, against he come out: it was a comely man as to features, and his dress, methinks, very comely. Thence in Sir W. Pen's coach alone (he going with Sir D. Gawden) to my new bookseller's, Martin's; and there did meet with Fournier,[1] the Frenchman, that hath wrote of the Sea and Navigation, and I could not but buy him, and also bespoke an excellent book, which I met with there, of China.[2] The truth is, I have bought a great many books lately to a great value; but I think to buy no more till Christmas next, and those that I have will so fill my two presses that I must be forced to give away some to make room for them, it being my design to have no more at any time for my proper library than to fill them. Thence home and to the Exchange, there to do a little business, where I find everybody concerned whether we shall have out a fleete this next year or no, they talking of a peace concluded between France and Spayne, so that the King of France will have nothing to do with his army unless he comes to us; but I do not see in the world how we shall be able to set out a fleete for want of money to buy stores and pay men, for neither of which we shall be any more trusted. So home to dinner, and then with my wife and Deb. to the King's house, to see "Aglaura," which hath been always mightily cried up; and so I went with mighty expectation, but do find nothing extraordinary in it at all, and but hardly good in any degree. So home, and thither comes to us W. Batelier and sat with us all the evening, and to cards and supper, passing the evening pretty pleasantly, and so late at night

[1] George Fournier, a Jesuit, born at Caen in 1569, was the author of several nautical works. His chief one, "L'Hydrographie," was published at Paris in folio in 1643. A second edition appeared in 1667.

[2] Alvarez Semedo's "History of China," translated by a Person of Quality. Lond., 1655, fol.—B.

parted, and so to bed. I find him mightily troubled at the Lord Commissioners of the Treasury opposing him in the business he hath a patent for about the business of Impost on wine, but I do see that the Lords have reason for it, it being a matter wherein money might be saved to his Majesty, and I am satisfied that they do let nothing pass that may save money, and so God bless them! So he being gone we to bed. This day I received a letter from my father, and another from my cozen Roger Pepys, who have had a view of Jackson's evidences of his estate, and do mightily like of the man, and his condition and estate, and do advise me to accept of the match for my sister, and to finish it as soon as I can; and he do it so as, I confess, I am contented to have it done, and so give her her portion; and so I shall be eased of one care how to provide for her, and do in many respects think that it may be a match proper enough to have her married there, and to one that may look after my concernments if my father should die and I continue where I am, and there[fore] I am well pleased with it, and so to bed.

11th. Lay some time, talking with my wife in bed about Pall's business, and she do conclude to have her married here, and to be merry at it; and to have W. Hewer, and Batelier, and Mercer, and Willet bridemen and bridemaids, and to be very merry; and so I am glad of it, and do resolve to let it be done as soon as I can. So up, and to the office, where all the morning busy, and thence home to dinner, and from dinner with Mercer, who dined with us, and wife and Deb. to the King's house, there to see "The Wildgoose Chase," [1] which I never saw, but have long longed to see it, being a famous play, but as it was yesterday I do find that where I expect most I find least satisfaction, for in this play I met with nothing extraordinary at all, but very dull inventions and designs. Knepp come and sat by us, and her talk pleased me a little, she telling me how Mis Davis[2] is for certain going away from the Duke's house, the King being in love with her; and a house is taken for her, and furnishing; and she hath a ring given her already worth £600: that the King did send several times for Nelly, and she was with him, but what he did she knows not; this was a good while ago, and she says that the King first spoiled Mrs. Weaver,[3] which is very mean, methinks, in a prince, and I am sorry for it, and can hope for no good to the State from having a Prince so devoted to his pleasure. She told me also of a play shortly coming upon the stage, of Sir Charles Sidly's, which, she thinks, will be called "The Wandering Ladys," [4] a comedy that, she thinks, will be most pleasant; and also another play, called "The Duke of Lerma;" [5] besides "Catelin,"

[1] Beaumont and Fletcher's play, first acted in 1632, and published in 1652.

[2] Mary Davis (see note, March 6th, 1666–67).

[3] Mrs. Weaver was one of the actresses of the King's Company.

[4] Sedley never wrote any play with this title, or, perhaps, the name was altered. The piece here referred to seems to be "The Mulberry Garden" (see May 18th following), which, on representation, does not seem to have answered Pepys's expectations. It met, however, with success, from the notoriety or fashion of the profligate author.—B.

[5] See February 20th, 1667–68.

which she thinks, for want of the clothes which the King promised them, will not be acted for a good while. Thence home, and there to the office and did some business, and so with my wife for half an hour walking in the moonlight, and it being cold, frosty weather, walking in the garden, and then home to supper, and so by the fireside to have my head combed, as I do now often do, by Deb., whom I love should be fiddling about me, and so to bed.

12th (Lord's day). Up, and to dress myself, and then called into my wife's chamber, and there she without any occasion fell to discourse of my father's coming to live with us when my sister marries. This, she being afeared of declaring an absolute hatred to him since his falling out with her about Coleman's being with her, she declares against his coming hither, which I not presently agreeing to, she declared, if he come, she would not live with me, but would shame me all over the city and court, which I made slight of, and so we fell very foul; and I do find she do keep very bad remembrances of my former unkindness to her, and do mightily complain of her want of money and liberty, which I will rather hear and bear the complaint of than grant the contrary, and so we had very hot work a great while: but at last I did declare as I intend, that my father shall not come, and that he do not desire and intend it; and so we parted with pretty good quiet, and so away, and being ready went to church, where first I saw Alderman Backewell and his lady come to our church, they living in Mark Lane; and I could find in my heart to invite her to sit with us, she being a fine lady. I come in while they were singing the 119th Psalm, while the sexton was gathering to his box, to which I did give 5*s*., and so after sermon home, my wife, Deb., and I all alone and very kind, full of good discourses, and after dinner I to my chamber, ordering my Tangier accounts to give to the Auditor in a day or two, which should have been long ago with him. At them to my great content all the afternoon till supper, and after supper with my wife, W. Hewer and Deb. pretty merry till 12 at night, and then to bed.

13th. Up, and Mr. Gibbs comes to me, and I give him instructions about the writing fair my Tangier accounts against to-morrow. So I abroad with Sir W. Pen to White Hall, and there did with the rest attend the Duke of York, where nothing extraordinary; only I perceive there is nothing yet declared for the next year, what fleete shall be abroad. Thence homeward by coach and stopped at Martin's, my bookseller, where I saw the French book which I did think to have had for my wife to translate, called "L'escholle des filles," [1] but when I come to look in it, it is the most bawdy, lewd book that ever I saw, rather worse than "Putana errante," [2] so that I was ashamed

[1] "L'Escole des Filles," by Helot, was burnt at the foot of the gallows in 1672, and the author himself was burnt in effigy.

[2] "Puttana errante," written by Pietro Aretino, but falsely attributed to Maffeo Veniero, was published at Venice in 1531, and reprinted in "Poesie da fuoco di diversi autori," 1651. It was translated into French as "La P . . . errante, ou Dialogue de Madelaine et de Julie, traduction du dialogue Italien de Pierre Aretin."

of reading in it, and so away home, and there to the 'Change to discourse with Sir H. Cholmly, and so home to dinner, and in the evening, having done some business, I with my wife and girl out, and left them at Unthanke's, while I to White Hall to the Treasury Chamber for an order for Tangier, and so back, took up my wife, and home, and there busy about my Tangier accounts against to-morrow, which I do get ready in good condition, and so with great content to bed.

14th. At the office all the morning, and at noon home to dinner, and after dinner with Mr. Clerke and Gibson to the Temple (my wife and girle going further by coach), and there at the Auditor's did begin the examining my Tangier accounts, and did make a great entry into it and with great satisfaction, and I am glad I am so far eased. So appointing another day for further part of my accounts, I with Gibson to my bookseller, Martin, and there did receive my book I expected of China, a most excellent book with rare cuts; and there fell into discourse with him about the burning of Paul's when the City was burned, his house being in the church-yard. And he tells me that it took fire first upon the end of a board that, among others, was laid upon the roof instead of lead, the lead being broke off, and thence down lower and lower: but that the burning of the goods under St. Fayth's arose from the goods taking fire in the church-yard, and so got into St. Fayth's Church; and that they first took fire from the Draper's side, by some timber of the houses that were burned falling into the church. He says that one warehouse of books was saved under Paul's; and he says that there were several dogs found burned among the goods in the church-yard, and but one man, which was an old man, that said he would go and save a blanket which he had in the church, and, being a weak old man, the fire overcome him, and was burned. He says that most of the booksellers do design to fall a-building again the next year; but he says that the Bishop of London[1] do use them most basely, worse than any other landlords, and says he will be paid to this day the rent, or else he will not come to treat with them for the time to come; and will not, on that condition either, promise them any thing how he will use them; and, the Parliament sitting, he claims his privilege, and will not be cited before the Lord Chief Justice, as others are there, to be forced to a fair dealing.[2] Thence by coach to Mrs. Pierce's, where my wife and Deb. is; and there they fell to discourse of the last night's work at Court, where the ladies and Duke of Monmouth and others acted "The Indian Emperour;" wherein they told me these things most remarkable: that not any woman but the Duchesse of Monmouth and Mrs. Cornwallis[3] did any

[1] Humphrey Henchman, Prebendary of Salisbury, 1623; Bishop of Salisbury, 1660–63; Bishop of London, 1663–75.

[2] The claims of owners, after the fire of London, as settled by the Commissioners, are in the British Museum.—B.

[3] Henrietta Maria Cornwallis, whose brother Charles, third Lord Cornwallis (called *le beau Cornwallis*), afterwards (1688) became the second husband of the Duchess of Monmouth.—B.

thing but like fools and stocks, but that these two did do most extraordinary well: that not any man did any thing well but Captain O'Bryan,[1] who spoke and did well, but, above all things, did dance most incomparably. That she did sit near the players of the Duke's house; among the rest, Mis Davis, who is the most impertinent slut, she says, in the world; and the more, now the King do show her countenance; and is reckoned his mistress, even to the scorne of the whole world; the King gazing on her, and my Lady Castlemayne being melancholy and out of humour, all the play, not smiling once. The King, it seems, hath given her a ring of £700, which she shews to everybody, and owns that the King did give it her; and he hath furnished a house for her in Suffolke Street most richly, which is a most infinite shame.[2] It seems she is a bastard of Colonell Howard, my Lord Berkshire, and that he do pimp to her for the King, and hath got her for him; but Pierce says that she is a most homely jade as ever she saw, though she dances beyond any thing in the world. She tells me that the Duchesse of Richmond do not yet come to the Court, nor hath seen the King, nor will not, nor do he own his desire of seeing her; but hath used means to get her to Court, but they do not take. Thence home, and there I to my chamber, having a great many books brought me home from my bookbinder's, and so I to the new setting of my books against the next year, which costs me more trouble than I expected, and at it till two o'clock in the morning, and then to bed, the business not being yet done to my mind. This evening come Mr. Mills and his wife to see and sit and talk with us, which they did till 9 o'clock at night, and then parted, and I to my books.

15th. Up, and to the Office, where all the morning. At noon home to dinner, and then to the Office again, where we met about some business of D. Gawden's till candle-light; and then, as late as it was, I down to Redriffe, and so walked by moonlight to Deptford, where I have not been a great while, and my business I did there was only to walk up and down above la casa of Bagwell, but could not see her, it being my intent to have spent a little time con her, she being newly come from her husband; but I did lose my labour, and so walked back again, but with pleasure by the walk, and I had the sport to see two boys swear, and stamp, and fret, for not being able to get their horse over a stile and ditch, one of them swearing and cursing most bitterly; and I would fain, in revenge, have persuaded him to have drove his horse through the ditch, by which I believe he would have stuck there. But the horse would not be drove, and so they were forced to go back again, and so I walked away homeward, and there reading all the evening, and so to bed. This afternoon my Lord Anglesey tells us that it is voted in Council to have a fleete of 50 ships out; but it is only a disguise for the Parliament to get some money by; but it will not take, I believe, and if it did, I do not think

[1] See note, October 20th, 1667.

[2] Moll Davis lived in Suffolk Street from 1667 to 1676; in the latter year she removed to St. James's Square to a house now absorbed in the building of the Army and Navy Club.

it will be such as he will get any of, nor such as will enable us to set out such a fleete.

16th. Up, after talking with my wife with pleasure, about her learning on the flageolet a month or two again this winter, and all the rest of the year her painting, which I do love, and so to the office, where sat all the morning, and here Lord Anglesey tells us again that a fleete is to be set out; and that it is generally, he hears, said, that it is but a Spanish rhodomontado; and that he saying so just now to the Duke of Albemarle, who come to town last night, after the thing was ordered, he told him the story of two seamen: one wished all the guns of the ship were his, and that they were silver; and says the other, "You are a fool, for, if you can have it for wishing, why do you not wish them gold?" "So," says he, "if a rhodomontado will do any good, why do you not say 100 ships?" And it is true; for the Dutch and French are said to make such preparations as 50 sail will do no good. At noon home to dinner with my gang of clerks, in whose society I am mightily pleased, and mightily with Mr. Gibson's[1] talking; he telling me so many good stories relating to the warr and practices of commanders, which I will find a time to recollect; and he will be an admirable help to my writing a history of the Navy, if ever I do. So to the office, where busy all the afternoon and evening, and then home. My work this night with my clerks till midnight at the office was to examine my list of ships I am making for myself and their dimensions, and to see how it agrees or differs from other lists, and I do find so great a difference between them all that I am at a loss which to take, and therefore think mine to be as much depended upon as any I can make out of them all. So little care there has been to this day to know or keep any history of the Navy.

17th. Up, and by coach to White Hall to attend the Council there, and here I met first by Mr. Castle the shipwright, whom I met there, and then from the whole house the discourse of the duell yesterday between the Duke of Buckingham, Holmes,[2] and one Jenkins,[3] on one side, and my Lord of Shrewsbury,[4] Sir John Talbot,[5] and one Bernard Howard,[6] on the other

[1] Richard Gibson, so frequently noticed by Pepys, was a clerk in the Navy Office. His collection of papers relating to the navy of England A.D. 1650–1702, compiled, as he states, from the Admiralty books in the Navy Office, are in the British Museum.—B.

[2] Sir Robert Holmes.

[3] Captain William Jenkins.

[4] Francis Talbot, eleventh Earl of Shrewsbury, who died of his wounds March 16th following.

[5] Of Laycock Abbey, Wilts, a Gentleman of the Privy Chamber and M.P. for Knaresborough. He was descended from John Talbot, second Earl of Shrewsbury, who fell at Northampton Fight in 1640. Sir John is said to have been the first person who received Charles II. in his arms on that monarch's landing at Dover, after the Restoration, on which occasion he was knighted. Le Neve, writing in 1696, calls him "a very fine, strong old gentleman." He lived to a great age, serving till after 1700. His two sons died young; and his two daughters and co-heirs—i. Anne, married Sir John Ivory, Bart.; ii. Barbara, married Henry Yelverton, Lord Grey de Ruthyn, and Viscount Longueville.—B.

[6] Eighth son of Henry Frederick Howard, Earl of Arundel, and the direct ancestor of the present Duke of Norfolk.—B.

side:[1] and all about my Lady Shrewsbury,[2] who is a whore, and is at this time, and hath for a great while been, a whore to the Duke of Buckingham. And so her husband challenged him, and they met yesterday in a close near Barne-Elmes, and there fought: and my Lord Shrewsbury is run through the body, from the right breast through the shoulder: and Sir John Talbot all along up one of his armes; and Jenkins killed upon the place, and the rest all, in a little measure, wounded. This will make the world think that the King hath good councillors about him, when the Duke of Buckingham, the greatest man about him, is a fellow of no more sobriety than to fight about a whore. And this may prove a very bad accident to the Duke of Buckingham, but that my Lady Castlemayne do rule all at this time as much as ever she did, and she will, it is believed, keep all matters well with the Duke of Buckingham: though this is a time that the King will be very backward, I suppose, to appear in such a business. And it is pretty to hear how the King had some notice of this challenge a week or two ago, and did give it to my Lord Generall[3] to confine the Duke, or take security that he should not do any such thing as fight: and the Generall trusted to the King that he, sending for him, would do it, and the King trusted to the Generall; and so, between both, as everything else of the greatest moment do, do fall between two stools. The whole House full of nothing but the talk of this business; and it is said that my Lord Shrewsbury's case is to be feared, that he may die too; and that may make it much the worse for the Duke of Buckingham: and I shall not be much sorry for it, that we may have some sober man come in his room to assist in the Government. Here I waited till the Council rose, and talked the while with Creed, who tells me of Mr. Harry Howard's[4] giving the Royal Society a piece of ground next to his house, to build a College on, which is a most generous act. And he tells me he is a very fine person, and understands and speaks well; and no rigid Papist neither, but one that would not have a Protestant servant leave his religion, which he was going to do, thinking to recommend himself to his master by it; saying that he had rather have an honest Protestant than a knavish Catholique. I was not called

[1] The duel was fought at Barn Elms.

[2] Anna Maria, daughter of Robert Brudenel, second Earl of Cardigan. Walpole says she held the Duke of Buckingham's horse, in the habit of a page, while he was fighting the duel with her husband. She married, secondly, George Rodney Bridges, son of Sir Thomas Bridges of Keynsham, Somerset, Groom of the Bedchamber to Charles II., and died April 20th, 1702. A portrait of the Countess of Shrewsbury, as Minerva, by Lely, was bought by Sir Robert Peel at the Stowe Sale, for £68 5*s*. There is also another portrait at Goodwood; and still another in the National Portrait Gallery. Pope's well-known lines ("Moral Essays," epist. 3):

> "Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove,
> The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love,"

are incorrect, because workmen were engaged in building Clieveden in 1680, when the countess married her second husband.

[3] The Duke of Albemarle.

[4] Afterwards Duke of Norfolk. See note, November 28th, 1666.

into the Council; and, therefore, home, first informing myself that my Lord Hinchingbroke hath been married this week to my Lord Burlington's daughter; so that that great business is over; and I mighty glad of it, though I am not satisfied that I have not a Favour[1] sent me, as I see Attorney Montagu and the Vice-Chamberlain have. But I am mighty glad that the thing is done. So home, and there alone with my wife and Deb. to dinner, and after dinner comes Betty Turner, and I carried them to the New Exchange, and thence I to White Hall and did a little business at the Treasury, and so called them there, and so home and to cards and supper, and her mother come and sat at cards with us till past 12 at night, and then broke up and to bed, after entering my journall, which made it one before I went to bed.

18th. At the office all the morning busy sitting. At noon home to dinner, where Betty Turner dined with us, and after dinner carried my wife, her and Deb. to the 'Change, where they bought some things, while I bought "The Mayden Queene," a play newly printed, which I like at the King's house so well, of Mr. Dryden's, which he himself, in his preface, seems to brag of, and indeed is a good play. So home again, and I late at the office and did much business, and then home to supper and to bed.

19th (Lord's day). My wife the last night very ill of those, and waked me early, and hereupon I up and to church, where a dull sermon by our lecturer, and so home to dinner in my wife's chamber, which she is a little better. Then after dinner with Captain Perryman down to Redriffe, and so walked to Deptford, where I sent for Mr. Shish out of the Church to advise about my vessel, "The Maybolt," and I do resolve to sell, presently, for any thing rather than keep her longer, having already lost £100 in her value, which I was once offered and refused, and the ship left without any body to look to her, which vexes me. Thence Perryman[2] and I back again, talking of the great miscarriages in the Navy, and among the principal that of having gentlemen commanders. I shall hereafter make use of his and others' help to reckon up and put down in writing what is fit to be mended in the Navy after all our sad experience therein. So home, and there sat with my wife all

[1] See note, January 24th, 1659–60. The custom was observed on May 30th, 1853, at the festivities consequent on the marriage of Princess Anna of Prussia with Prince Frederick of Hesse. The Oberhofmeister distributed to the gentlemen present small pieces of riband on which the initials of the bride were embroidered. This ceremony is a modified form of the old custom of cutting up the bride's garter, and letting the gentlemen of the party scramble for the bits. Formerly it was the custom for a Prussian princess, immediately on leaving the company, to take her garter from her knee, and send it to the king, who tied one half of it round his own sword-knot, and sent the remainder, as the most attractive present he could offer, to a neighbouring and chivalrous monarch. See "Times," June 2nd, 1853. In 1609, Lady Haughty, in Ben Jonson's "The Silent Woman," says, "We see no ensigns of a wedding here; no character of a bride ale; where be our scarves and our gloves? I pray you give them us. Let us know your bride's colours and yours at least." And again she indignantly asks, "No gloves? no garters? no scarves? no epithalamium? no masque?" (act iii., sc. 2).

[2] Captain John Perriman (see note, April 28th, 1667).

the evening, and Mr. Pelling awhile talking with us, who tells me that my Lord Shrewsbury is likely to do well, after his great wound in the late duell. He gone, comes W. Hewer and supped with me, and so to talk of things, and he tells me that Mr. Jessop is made Secretary to the Commissions of Parliament for Accounts; and I am glad, and it is pretty to see that all the Cavalier party were not able to find the Parliament nine Commissioners, or one Secretary, fit for the business. So he gone, I to read a little in my chamber, and so to bed.

20th. Up, and all the morning at the office very busy, and at noon by coach to Westminster, to the 'Chequer, about a warrant for Tangier money. In my way both coming and going I did stop at Drumbleby's, the pipe-maker, there to advise about the making of a flageolet to go low and soft; and he do shew me a way which do do, and also a fashion of having two pipes of the same note fastened together, so as I can play on one, and then echo it upon the other, which is mighty pretty. So to my Lord Crew's to dinner, where we hear all the good news of our making a league now with Holland against the French power coming over them, or us: which is the first good act that hath been done a great while, and done secretly, and with great seeming wisdom; and is certainly good for us at this time, while we are in no condition to resist the French, if they should come over hither; and then a little time of peace will give us time to lay up something, which these Commissioners of the Treasury are doing; and the world do begin to see that they will do the King's work for him, if he will let them. Here dined Mr. Case, the minister, who, Lord! do talk just as I remember he used to preach, and did tell a pretty story of a religious lady, Queen of Navarre;[1] and my Lord also told a good story of Mr. Newman,[2] the Minister in New England, who wrote the Concordance, of his foretelling his death and preaching a funeral sermon, and did at last bid the angels do their office, and died. It seems there is great presumption that there will be a Toleration granted: so that the Presbyterians do hold up their heads; but they will hardly trust the King or the Parliament what to yield them, though most of the sober party be for some kind of allowance to be given them. Thence and home, and then to the 'Change in the evening, and there Mr. Cade told me how my Lord Gerard is likely to meet with trouble, the next sitting of Parliament, about [Carr] being set in the pillory; and I am glad of it; and it is mighty acceptable to the world to hear, that, among other reductions, the King do reduce his Guards,[3] which do

[1] Marguerite de Valois, Queen of Navarre, sister of Francis I. of France. The "pretty story" was doubtless from her "Heptameron," a work imitating in title and matter the "Decameron" of Boccaccio. She is said to be the heroine of some of the adventures. It is fair to add that she wrote also the "Miroir d'une Ame Pecheresse," translated into English by Queen Elizabeth, the title of whose book was "A Godly Medytacyon of the Christian Soules," published by John Bale in 1548.—B.

[2] Samuel Newman, born at Banbury, and educated at Oxford. He emigrated to New England in 1637, and died there in 1663. His Concordance of the Bible was first published in London in 1643.—B.

[3] One regiment of which was commanded by Lord Gerard.—B.

please mightily. So to my bookbinder's with my boy, and there did stay late to see two or three things done that I had a mind to see done, and among others my Tangier papers of accounts, and so home to supper and to bed.

21st. Up, and while at the office comes news from Kate Joyce that if I would see her husband alive, I must come presently. So, after the office was up, I to him, and W. Hewer with me, and find him in his sick bed (I never was at their house, this Inne, before) very sensible in discourse and thankful for my kindness to him, and his breath rattled in his throate, and they did lay pigeons to his feet while I was in the house, and all despair of him, and with good reason. But the story is that it seems on Thursday last he went sober and quiet out of doors in the morning to Islington, and behind one of the inns, the White Lion, did fling himself into a pond, was spied by a poor woman and got out by some people binding up hay in a barn there, and set on his head [1] and got to life, and known by a woman coming that way; and so his wife and friends sent for. He confessed his doing the thing, being led by the Devil; and do declare his reason to be, his trouble that he found in having forgot to serve God as he ought, since he come to this new employment:[2] and I believe that, and the sense of his great loss by the fire, did bring him to it, and so everybody concludes. He stayed there all that night, and come home by coach next morning, and there grew sick, and worse and worse to this day. I stayed awhile among the friends that were there, and they being now in fear that the goods and estate would be seized on, though he lived all this while, because of his endeavouring to drown himself, my cozen did endeavour to remove what she could of plate out of the house, and desired me to take my flagons; which I was glad of, and did take them away with me in great fear all the way of being seized; though there was no reason for it, he not being dead, but yet so fearful I was. So home, and there eat my dinner, and busy all the afternoon, and troubled at this business. In the evening with Sir D. Gawden, to Guild Hall, to advise with the Towne-Clerke about the practice of the City and nation in this case: and he thinks that it cannot be found selfe-murder; but if it be, it will fall, all the estate, to the King. So we parted, and I to my cozen's again; where I no sooner come but news was brought down from his chamber that he was departed. So, at their entreaty, I presently took coach to White Hall, and there find Sir W. Coventry; and he carried me to the King, the Duke of York being with him, and there told my story which I had told him:[3] and the King, without more

[1] The absurd practice of holding up drowning men by the heels, when taken out of the water, occasioned the loss of many lives. The object was to *let the water run out*! —B.

[2] He kept the Three Stags tavern at Holborn Conduit.

[3] This was not the only time that Pepys took trouble to save the estate of a friend who had committed suicide. In the "Caveat Book" in the Record Office, p. 42 of the volume for 1677, is the following entry: "That no grant pass of the Estate of Francis Gurney of Maldon in Essex, who drowned himself in his own well on Tuesday night y^e^ 12th of this instant August, at the desire of Samuel Pepys, Esquire, August 20, 1677."

ado, granted that, if it was found, the estate should be to the widow and children. I presently to each Secretary's office, and there left caveats, and so away back again to my cozen's, leaving a chimney on fire at White Hall, in the King's closet, but no danger. And so, when I come thither, I find her all in sorrow, but she and the rest mightily pleased with my doing this for them; and, indeed, it was a very great courtesy, for people are looking out for the estate, and the coroner will be sent to, and a jury called to examine his death. This being well done to my and their great joy, I home, and there to my office, and so to supper and to bed.

22nd. Up, mightily busy all the morning at the office. At noon with Lord Brouncker to Sir D. Gawden's, at the Victualling Office, to dinner, where I have not dined since he was Sheriff. He expected us; and a good dinner, and much good company; and a fine house, and especially two rooms, very fine, he hath built there. His lady a good lady; but my Lord led himself and me to a great absurdity in kissing all the ladies, but the finest of all the company, leaving her out, I know not how; and I was loath to do it, since he omitted it. Here little Chaplin[1] dined, who is like to be Sheriff the next year; and a pretty humoured little man he is. I met here with Mr. Talents, the younger, of Magdalene College, Chaplain here to the Sheriff; which I was glad to see, though not much acquainted with him. This day come the first demand from the Commissioners of Accounts to us, and it contains more than we shall ever be able to answer while we live, and I do foresee we shall be put to much trouble and some shame, at least some of us. Thence stole away after dinner to my cozen Kate's, and there find the Crowner's jury sitting, but they could not end it, but put off the business to Shrove Tuesday next, and so do give way to the burying of him, and that is all; but they all incline to find it a natural death, though there are mighty busy people to have it go otherwise, thinking to get his estate, but are mistaken. Thence, after sitting with her and company a while, comforting her: though I can find she can, as all other women, cry, and yet talk of other things all in a breath. So home, and there to cards with my wife, Deb., and Betty Turner, and Batelier, and after supper late to sing. But, Lord! how did I please myself to make Betty Turner sing, to see what a beast she is as to singing, not knowing how to sing one note in tune; but, only for the experiment, I would not for 40*s.* hear her sing a tune: worse than my wife a thousand times, so that it do a little reconcile me to her. So late to bed.

23rd. At the Office all the morning; and at noon find the Bishop of Lincolne[2] come to dine with us; and after him comes Mr. Brisband; and there mighty good company. But the Bishop a very extraordinary good-natured man, and one that is mightily pleased, as well as I am, that I live so near Bugden,[3] the seat of his bishopricke, where he is like to reside: and, indeed,

[1] Sir Francis Chaplin, clothworker, Sheriff 1668, and Lord Mayor in 1677.
[2] Dr. William Fuller, translated from Limerick, 1667.
[3] Buckden, parish of St. Neots district, Huntingdon, and in the diocese of Ely. The

I am glad of it. In discourse, we think ourselves safe for this year, by this league with Holland, which pleases every body, and, they say, vexes France; insomuch that D'Estrades,[1] the French Embassador in Holland, when he heard it, told the States that he would have them not forget that his master is at the head of 100,000 men, and is but 28 years old; which was a great speech. The Bishop tells me he thinks that the great business of Toleration will not, notwithstanding this talk, be carried this Parliament; nor for the King's taking away the Deans' and Chapters' lands to supply his wants, they signifying little to him, if he had them, for his present service. He gone, I mightily pleased with his kindness, I to the office, where busy till night, and then to Mrs. Turner's, where my wife, and Deb., and I, and Batelier spent the night, and supped, and played at cards, and very merry, and so I home to bed. She is either a very prodigal woman, or richer than she would be thought, by her buying of the best things, and laying out much money in new-fashioned pewter; and, among other things, a new-fashioned case for a pair of snuffers, which is very pretty; but I could never have guessed what it was for, had I not seen the snuffers in it.

24th. Up before day to my Tangier accounts, and then out and to a Committee of Tangier, where little done but discourse about reduction of the charge of the garrison, and thence to Westminster about orders at the Exchequer, and at the Swan I drank, and there met with a pretty ingenious young Doctor of physic, by chance, and talked with him, and so home to dinner, and after dinner carried my wife to the Temple, and thence she to a play, and I to St. Andrew's church, in Holburne, at the 'Quest House, where the company meets to the burial of my cozen Joyce; and here I staid with a very great rabble of four or five hundred people of mean condition, and I staid in the room with the kindred till ready to go to church, where there is to be a sermon of Dr. Stillingfleete,[2] and thence they carried him to St. Sepulchre's. But it being late, and, indeed, not having a black cloak to lead her [Kate Joyce] with, or follow the corps, I away, and saw, indeed, a very great press of people follow the corps. I to the King's playhouse, to fetch my wife, and there saw the best part of "The Mayden Queene," which, the more I see, the more I love, and think one of the best plays I ever saw, and is certainly the best acted of any thing ever the House did, and particularly Becke Marshall, to admiration. Found my wife and Deb., and saw many fine ladies, and sat by Colonell Reames, who understands and loves a play as well as I, and I love him for it. And so thence home; and, after

manor was given to the Bishops of Lincoln in the reign of Henry II. The palace was the residence of the bishops until 1838, when it was sold, and a new palace was provided for them.

[1] Godefroi d'Estrades, French ambassador in England in 1661. See note, September 30th, 1661.

[2] Dr. Edward Stillingfleet was rector of St. Andrew's from 1664 to 1689, when he was promoted to the bishopric of Worcester.

being at the Office, I home to supper, and to bed, my eyes being very bad again with over-working with them.

25th. Up, and to the office, where busy all the morning, and then at noon to the 'Change with Mr. Hater, and there he and I to a tavern to meet Captain Minors, which we did, and dined; and there happened to be Mr. Prichard, a rope-maker of his acquaintance, and whom I know also, and did once mistake for a fiddler, which sung well, and I asked him for such a song that I had heard him sing, and after dinner did fall to discourse about the business of the old contract between the King and the East India Company for the ships of the King that went thither, and about this did beat my brains all the afternoon, and then home and made an end of the accounts to my great content, and so late home tired and my eyes sore, to supper and to bed.

26th (Lord's day). Up, and with my wife to Church, and at noon home to dinner. No strangers there; and all the afternoon and evening very late doing serious business of my Tangier accounts, and examining my East India accounts, with Mr. Poynter, whom I employed all this day, to transcribe it fair; and so to supper, W. Hewer with us, and so the girl to comb my head till I slept, and then to bed.

27th. It being weather like the beginning of a frost and the ground dry, I walked as far as the Temple, and there took coach and to White Hall, but the Committee not being met I to Westminster, and there I do hear of the letter that is in the pamphlet this day of the King of France, declaring his design to go on against Flanders, and the grounds of it, which do set us mightily at rest. So to White Hall, and there a committee of Tangier, but little done there, only I did get two or three little jobs done to the perfecting two or three papers about my Tangier accounts. Here Mr. Povy do tell me how he is like to lose his £400 a-year pension of the Duke of York, which he took in consideration of his place which was taken from him. He tells me the Duchesse is a devil against him, and do now come like Queen Elizabeth, and sits with the Duke of York's Council, and sees what they do; and she crosses out this man's wages and prices, as she sees fit, for saving money; but yet, he tells me, she reserves £5,000 a-year for her own spending; and my Lady Peterborough, by and by, tells me that the Duchesse do lay up, mightily, jewells. Thence to my Lady Peterborough's, she desiring to speak with me. She loves to be taken dressing herself, as I always find her; and there, after a little talk, to please her, about her husband's pension, which I do not think he will ever get again, I away thence home, and all the afternoon mighty busy at the office, and late, preparing a letter to the Commissioners of Accounts, our first letter to them, and so home to supper, where Betty Turner[1] was (whose brother Frank did set out toward the East

[1] It is not clear who Betty Turner really was, but probably she was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Turner of the Navy Office, and not of Serjeant John Turner, as suggested in a note for August 18th, 1667. She appears to have been a friend of Theophila Turner, and is mentioned with her on January 4th and 6th, 1668–69.

Indies this day, his father and mother gone down with him to Gravesend), and there was her little brother Moses, whom I examined, and he is a pretty good scholar for a child, and so after supper to talk and laugh, and to bed.

28th. Up, and to the office, and there with W. Griffin talking about getting the place to build a coach-house, or to hire one, which I now do resolve to have, and do now declare it; for it is plainly for my benefit for saving money. By and by the office sat, and there we concluded on our letter to the Commissioners of Accounts and to the several officers of ours about the work they are to do to answer their late great demands. At noon home to dinner, and after dinner set my wife and girl down at the Exchange, and I to White Hall; and, by and by, the Duke of York comes, and we had a little meeting, Anglesey, W. Pen, and I there, and none else: and, among other things, did discourse of the want of discipline in the fleete, which the Duke of York confessed, and yet said that he, while he was there, did keep it in a good measure, but that it was now lost when he was absent; but he will endeavour to have it again. That he did tell the Prince and Duke of Albemarle they would lose all order by making such and such men commanders, which they would, because they were stout men: he told them that it was a reproach to the nation, as if there were no sober men among us, that were stout, to be had. That they did put out some men for cowards that the Duke of York had put in, but little before, for stout men; and would now, were he to go to sea again, entertain them in his own division, to choose: and did put in an idle fellow, Greene, who was hardly thought fit for a boatswain by him: they did put him from being a lieutenant to a captain's place of a second-rate ship; as idle a drunken fellow, he said, as any was in the fleete. That he will now desire the King to let him be what he is, that is, Admirall; and he will put in none but those that he hath great reason to think well of; and particularly says, that, though he likes Colonell Legg well, yet his son[1] that was, he knows not how, made a captain after he had been but one voyage at sea, he should go to sea another apprenticeship, before ever he gives him a command. We did tell him of the many defects and disorders among the captains, and I prayed we might do it in writing to him, which he liked; and I am glad of an opportunity of doing it. Thence away, and took up wife and girl, and home, and to the office, busy late, and so to supper and to bed. My wife this day hears from her father and mother: they are in France, at Paris; he, poor good man! I think he is, gives her good counsel still, which I always observed of him, and thankful for my small charities to him. I could be willing to do something for them, were I sure not to bring them over again hither. Coming home, my wife and I went and saw Kate Joyce, who is still in mighty sorrow, and the more from something that Dr. Stillingfleete should simply say in his sermon, of her husband's manner of dying, as killing himself.

[1] George Legge, the colonel's eldest son, born 1647; captain, R.N., 1667; and in 1682 created Lord Dartmouth.

29th. Up betimes, and by coach to Sir W. Coventry, whom I found in his chamber, and there stayed an hour and talked with him about several things of the Navy, and our want of money, which they indeed do supply us with a little, but in no degree likely to enable us to go on with the King's service. He is at a stand where to have more, and is in mighty pain for it, declaring that he believes there never was a kingdom so governed as this was in the time of the late Chancellor and the Treasurer, nobody minding or understanding any thing how things went or what the King had in his Treasury, or was to have, nothing in the world of it minded. He tells me that there are still people desirous to overthrow him, he resolving to stick at nothing nor no person that stands in his way against bringing the King out of debt, be it to retrench any man's place or profit, and that he cares not, for rather than be employed under the King, and have the King continue in this condition of indigence, he desires to be put out from among them, thinking it no honour to be a minister in such a government. He tells me he hath no friends in the whole Court but my Lord Keeper and Sir John Duncomb. He tells me they have reduced the charges of Ireland above £70,000 a-year, and thereby cut off good profits from my Lord Lieutenant; which will make a new enemy, but he cares not. He tells me that Townsend, of the Wardrobe, is the veriest knave and bufflehead that ever he saw in his life, and wonders how my Lord Sandwich come to trust such a fellow, and that now Reames and ———— are put in to be overseers there, and do great things, and have already saved a great deal of money in the King's liverys, and buy linnen so cheap, that he will have them buy the next cloth he hath, for shirts. But then this is with ready money, which answers all. He do not approve of my letter I drew and the office signed yesterday to the Commissioners of Accounts, saying that it is a little too submissive, and grants a little too much and too soon our bad managements, though we lay on want of money, yet that it will be time enough to plead it when they object it. Which was the opinion of my Lord Anglesey also; so I was ready to alter it, and did so presently, going from him home, and there transcribed it fresh as he would have it, and got it signed, and to White Hall presently and shewed it him, and so home, and there to dinner, and after dinner all the afternoon and till 12 o'clock at night with Mr. Gibson at home upon my Tangier accounts, and did end them fit to be given the last of them to the Auditor to-morrow, to my great content. This evening come Betty Turner and the two Mercers, and W. Batelier, and they had fiddlers, and danced, and kept a quarter,[1] which pleased me, though it disturbed me; but I could not be with them at all. Mr. Gibson lay at my house all night, it was so late.

30th. Up, it being fast day for the King's death, and so I and Mr. Gib-

[1] A term for making a noise or disturbance.

"Sing hi-ho, Sir Arthur, no more in the house you shall prate,
For all you kept such a quarter, you are out of the Councell of State."
Wright's *Political Ballads*, p. 150

son by water to the Temple, and there all the morning with Auditor Wood, and I did deliver in the whole of my accounts and run them over in three hours with full satisfaction, and so with great content thence, he and I, and our clerks, and Mr. Clerke, the solicitor, to a little ordinary in Hercules-pillars Ally[1]—the Crowne, a poor, sorry place, where a fellow, in twelve years, hath gained an estate of, as he says, £600 a-year, which is very strange, and there dined, and had a good dinner, and very good discourse between them, old men belonging to the law, and here I first heard that my cozen Pepys, of Salisbury Court, was Marshal to my Lord Cooke when he was Lord Chief Justice; which beginning of his I did not know to be so low: but so it was, it seems. After dinner I home, calling at my bookbinder's, but he not within. When come home, I find Kate Joyce hath been there, with sad news that her house stands not in the King's liberty, but the Dean of Paul's; and so, if her estate be forfeited, it will not be in the King's power to do her any good. So I took coach and to her, and there found her in trouble, as I cannot blame her. But I do believe this arises from somebody that hath a mind to fright her into a composition for her estate, which I advise her against; and, indeed, I do desire heartily to be able to do her service, she being, methinks, a piece of care I ought to take upon me, for our fathers' and friends' sake, she being left alone, and no friends so near as me, or so able to help her. After having given her my advice, I home, and there to my office and did business, and hear how the Committee for Accounts are mighty active and likely to examine every thing, but let them do their worst. I am to be before them with our contract books to-morrow. So home from the office, to supper, and to bed.

31st. Up; and by coach, with W. Griffin with me, and our Contract-books, to Durham Yard,[2] to the Commissioners for Accounts; the first time I ever was there; and staid awhile before I was admitted to them. I did observe a great many people attending about complaints of seamen concerning tickets, and, among others, Mr. Carcasse, and Mr. Martin, my purser. And I observe a fellow, one Collins, is there, who is employed by these Commissioners particularly to hold an office in Bishopsgate Street, or somewhere thereabouts, to receive complaints of all people about tickets: and I believe he will have work enough. Presently I was called in, where I found the whole number of Commissioners, and was there received with great respect and kindness; and did give them great satisfaction, making it my endeavour to inform them what it was they were to expect from me, and what was the duty of other people; this being my only way to preserve myself, after all my pains and trouble. They did ask many questions, and demanded other books of

[1] In Fleet Street, opposite St. Dunstan's church.

[2] The chief office of the Commissioners of Accounts was at Brooke House, Holborn, and they were sometimes styled the "Brooke House Committee." Pepys went there on July 3rd, 1668. Durham Yard, Strand, may have been the residence of one of the commissioners.

me, which I did give them very ready and acceptable answers to; and, upon the whole, I observe they do go about their business like men resolved to go through with it, and in a very good method, like men of understanding. They have Mr. Jessop, their secretary: and it is pretty to see that they are fain to find out an old-fashioned man of Cromwell's to do their business for them, as well as the Parliament to pitch upon such, for the most part, in the list of people that were brought into the House, for Commissioners. I went away, with giving and receiving great satisfaction; and so away to White Hall to the Commissioners of the Treasury; where, waiting some time, I there met with Colonel Birch; and he and I fell into discourse; and I did give him thanks for his kindness to me in the Parliament-house, both before my face and behind my back. He told me that he knew me to be a man of the old way for taking pains, and did always endeavour to do me right, and prevent anything that was moved that might tend to my injury; which I was obliged to him for, and thanked him. Thence to talk of other things, and the want of money: and he told me of the general want of money in the country; that land sold for nothing, and the many pennyworths he knows of lands and houses upon them, with good titles in his country, at 16 years' purchase: "and," says he, "though I am in debt, yet I have a mind to one thing, and that is a Bishop's lease;" but said, "I will yet choose such a lease before any other, yet," says he, plainly, "because I know they cannot stand, and then it will fall into the King's hands, and I in possession shall have an advantage by it." "And," says he, "I know they must fall, and they are now near it, taking all the ways they can to undo themselves, and showing us the way;" and thereupon told me a story of the present quarrel between the Bishop[1] and Deane[2] of Coventry and Lichfield; the former of which did excommunicate the latter, and caused his excommunication to be read in the Church while he was there; and, after it was read, the Deane made the service be gone through with, though himself, an excommunicate, was present, which is contrary to the Canon, and said he would justify the quire therein against the Bishop; and so they are at law in the Arches[3] about it; which is a very pretty story.[4] He tells me that the King is for Toleration, though the Bishops be against it: and that he do not doubt but it will be carried in Parliament; but that he fears some will stand for the tolerating of Papists with the rest; and that he knows not what to say, but rather thinks that the sober

[1] Dr. John Hacket, bishop 1661–71.

[2] Dr. Thomas Wood, consecrated bishop of this see in 1671.

[3] The Court of Arches.

[4] "Hacket was just the man for the time. . . . His clergy said the king must have the 'old apostolic spirit of discerning,' since he sent them a bishop so exactly to their minds. . . . Whilst Lichfield had thus the best of bishops, it had the worst of deans. In 1663 Thomas Wood (bishop 1671–92), son of a Court official, had paid £100 to Charles II., and got the deanery. . . . The whole chapter hated Wood, and sent a letter to the archbishop complaining that their stalls under such a dean were intolerable."—Beresford's *Lichfield* ("Diocesan Histories," S.P.C.K., pp. 246, 250).

party will be without it, rather than have it upon those terms; and I do believe so. Here we broke off, and I home to dinner, and after dinner set down my wife and Deb. at the 'Change, and I to make a visit to Mr. Godolphin[1] at his lodgings, who is lately come from Spain from my Lord Sandwich, and did, the other day, meeting me in White Hall, compliment me mightily, and so I did offer him this visit, but missed him, and so back and took up my wife and set her at Mrs. Turner's, and I to my bookbinder's, and there, till late at night, binding up my second part of my Tangier accounts, and I all the while observing his working, and his manner of gilding of books with great pleasure, and so home, and there busy late, and then to bed. This day Griffin did, in discourse in the coach, put me in the head of the little house by our garden, where old goodman Taylor puts his brooms and dirt, to make me a stable of, which I shall improve, so as, I think, to be able to get me a stable without much charge, which do please me mightily. He did also in discourse tell me that it is observed, and is true, in the late fire of London, that the fire burned just as many Parish-Churches as there were hours from the beginning to the end of the fire; and, next, that there were just as many Churches left standing as there were taverns left standing in the rest of the City that was not burned, being, I think he told me, thirteen in all of each: which is pretty to observe.

February 1st. Up, and to the office pretty betimes, and the Board not meeting as soon as I wished, I was forced to go to White Hall in expectation of a Committee for Tangier, but when I come it was put off, and so home again to the office, and sat till past two o'clock; where at the Board some high words passed between Sir W. Pen and I, begun by me, and yielded to by him, I being in the right in finding fault with him for his neglect of duty. At noon home to dinner, and after dinner out with my wife, thinking to have gone to the Duke of York's playhouse, but was, to my great content in the saving my vow, hindered by coming a little too late; and so, it being a fine day, we out to Islington, and there to the old house and eat cheese-cakes and drank and talked, and so home in the evening, the ways being mighty bad, so as we had no pleasure in being abroad at all almost, but only the variety of it, and so to the office, where busy late, and then home to supper and to bed, my head mighty full of business now on my hands: viz., of finishing my Tangier Accounts; of auditing my last year's Accounts; of preparing answers to the Commissioners of Accounts; of drawing up several important letters to the Duke of York and the Commissioners of the Treasury; the

[1] William Godolphin, descended from a younger branch of that family, which was afterwards ennobled in the person of Sidney, Earl Godolphin, Lord Treasurer. William Godolphin was of Christ Church, Oxford, and graduated M.A., January 14th, 1660–61. He was afterwards secretary to Sir H. Bennet (Lord Arlington), and M.P. for Camelford. He was a great favourite at Court, and was knighted on August 28th, 1668. In the spring of 1669 he returned to Spain as Envoy Extraordinary, and in 1671 he became Ambassador. On July 11th, 1696, he died at Madrid, having been for some years a Roman Catholic.

marrying of my sister; the building of a coach and stables against summer, and the setting many things in the Office right; and the drawing up a new form of Contract with the Victualler of the Navy, and several other things, which pains, however, will go through with, among others the taking care of Kate Joyce in that now she is in at present for saving her estate.

2nd (Lord's day). Wife took physick this day, I all day at home, and all the morning setting my books in order in my presses, for the following year, their number being much increased since the last, so as I am fain to lay by several books to make room for better, being resolved to keep no more than just my presses will contain. At noon to dinner, my wife coming down to me, and a very good dinner we had, of a powdered leg of pork and a loin of lamb roasted, and with much content she and I and Deb. After dinner, my head combed an hour, and then to work again, and at it, doing many things towards the setting my accounts and papers in order, and so in the evening Mr. Pelling supping with us, and to supper, and so to bed.

3rd. Up, and to the office, where with my clerks all the morning very busy about several things there wherein I was behindhand. At noon home to dinner, and thence after dinner to the Duke of York's house, to the play, "The Tempest," which we have often seen, but yet I was pleased again, and shall be again to see it, it is so full of variety, and particularly this day I took pleasure to learn the tune of the seaman's dance, which I have much desired to be perfect in, and have made myself so. So home with my wife and Deb., and there at the office met to my trouble with a warrant from the Commissioners of Accounts for my attending them and Cocke two days hence, which I apprehend by Captain Cocke's being to go also, to be about the prizes. But, however, there is nothing of crime can be laid to my charge, and the worst that can be is to refund my £500 profit, and who can help it. So I resolve not to be troubled at it, though I fear I cannot bear it so, my spirit being very poor and mean as to the bearing with trouble that I do find of myself. So home, and there to my chamber and did some business, and thence to supper and to bed.

4th. Up, and to the office, where a full Board sat all the morning, busy among other things concerning a solemn letter we intend to write to the Duke of York about the state of the things of the Navy, for want of money, though I doubt it will be to little purpose. After dinner I abroad by coach to Kate Joyce's, where the jury did sit where they did before, about her husband's death, and their verdict put off for fourteen days longer, at the suit of somebody, under pretence of the King; but it is only to get money out of her to compound the matter. But the truth is, something they will make out of Stillingfleete's sermon, which may trouble us, he declaring, like a fool, in his pulpit, that he did confess that his losses in the world did make him do what he did. This do vex me to see how foolish our Protestant Divines are, while the Papists do make it the duty of Confessor to be secret, or else nobody would confess their sins to them. All being put off for to-day, I took my

leave of Kate, who is mightily troubled at it for her estate sake, not for her husband; for her sorrow for that, I perceive, is all over. I home, and there to my office busy till the evening, and then home, and there my wife and Deb. and I and Betty Turner, I employed in the putting new titles to my books, which we proceeded on till midnight, and then being weary and late to bed.

5th. Up, and I to Captain Cocke's, where he and I did discourse of our business that we are to go about to the Commissioners of Accounts about our prizes, and having resolved to conceal nothing but to confess the truth, the truth being likely to do us most good, we parted, and I to White Hall, where missing of the Commissioners of the Treasury, I to the Commissioners of Accounts, where I was forced to stay two hours before I was called in, and when come in did take an oath to declare the truth to what they should ask me, which is a great power, I doubt more than the Act do, or as some say can, give them, to force a man to swear against himself; and so they fell to enquire about the business of prize-goods, wherein I did answer them as well as I could, answer them in everything the just truth, keeping myself to that. I do perceive at last, that, that they did lay most like a fault to me was, that I did buy goods upon my Lord Sandwich's declaring that it was with the King's allowance, and my believing it, without seeing the King's allowance, which is a thing I will own, and doubt not to justify myself in. That that vexed me most was, their having some watermen by, to witness my saying that they were rogues that they had betrayed my goods, which was upon some discontent with one of the watermen that I employed at Greenwich, who I did think did discover the goods sent from Rochester to the Custom-House officer; but this can do me no great harm. They were inquisitive into the minutest particulars, and had had great information; but I think that they can do me no hurt—at the worst, more than to make me refund, if it must be known, what profit I did make of my agreement with Captain Cocke; and yet, though this be all, I do find so poor a spirit within me, that it makes me almost out of my wits, and puts me to so much pain, that I cannot think of anything, nor do anything but vex and fret, and imagine myself undone, so that I am ashamed of myself to myself, and do fear what would become of me if any real affliction should come upon me. After they had done with me, they called in Captain Cocke, with whom they were shorter; and I do fear he may answer foolishly, for he did speak to me foolishly before he went in; but I hope to preserve myself, and let him shift for himself as well as he can. So I away, walked to my flageolet maker in the Strand, and there staid for Captain Cocke, who took me up and carried me home, and there coming home and finding dinner done, and Mr. Cooke, who come for my Lady Sandwich's plate,[1] which I must part with, and so endanger the losing of my money, which I lent upon my thoughts of securing myself by that plate. But it is no great sum—but £60: and if it must be lost, better that, than a greater sum. I away back again, to find a dinner any-

[1] See December 13th, 1667.

where else, and so I, first, to the Ship Tavern, thereby to get a sight of the pretty mistress of the house, with whom I am not yet acquainted at all, and I do always find her scolding, and do believe she is an ill-natured devil, that I have no great desire to speak to her. Here I drank, and away by coach to the Strand, there to find out Mr. Moore, and did find him at the Bell Inn, and there acquainted him with what passed between me and the Commissioners to-day about the prize goods, in order to the considering what to do about my Lord Sandwich, and did conclude to own the thing to them as done by the King's allowance, and since confirmed. Thence to other discourse, among others, he mightily commends my Lord Hinchingbroke's match and Lady, though he buys her £10,000 dear, by the jointure and settlement his father makes her; and says that the Duke of York and Duchess of York did come to see them in bed together, on their wedding-night, and how my Lord had fifty pieces of gold taken out of his pocket that night, after he was in bed. He tells me that an Act of Comprehension is likely to pass this Parliament, for admitting of all persuasions in religion to the public observation of their particular worship, but in certain places, and the persons therein concerned to be listed of this, or that Church; which, it is thought, will do them more hurt than good, and make them not own their persuasion. He tells me that there is a pardon passed to the Duke of Buckingham, my Lord of Shrewsbury, and the rest, for the late duell and murder;[1] which he thinks a worse fault than any ill use my late Lord Chancellor ever put the Great Seal to, and will be so thought by the Parliament, for them to be pardoned without bringing them to any trial: and that my Lord Privy-Seal therefore would not have it pass his hand, but made it go by immediate warrant; or at least they knew that he would not pass it, and so did direct it to go by immediate warrant, that it might not come to him. He tells me what a character my Lord Sandwich hath sent over of Mr. Godolphin, as the worthiest man, and such a friend to him as he may be trusted in any thing relating to him in the world; as one whom, he says, he hath infallible assurances that he will remaine his friend: which is very high, but indeed they say the gentleman is a fine man. Thence, after eating a lobster for my dinner, having eat nothing to-day, we broke up, here coming to us Mr. Townsend

[1] The royal pardon was thus announced in the "Gazette" of February 24th, 1668: "This day his Majesty was pleased to declare at the Board, that whereas, in contemplation of the eminent services heretofore done to his Majesty by most of the persons who were engaged in the late duel, or rencontre, wherein William Jenkins was killed, he doth graciously pardon the said offence: nevertheless, He is resolved from henceforth that on no pretence whatsoever any pardon shall be hereafter granted to any person whatsoever for killing of any man, in any duel or rencontre, but that the course of law shall wholly take place in all such cases." The warrant for a pardon to George, Duke of Buckingham, is dated January 27th, 1668; and on the following day was issued, "Warrant for a grant to Francis, Earl of Shrewsbury, of pardon for killing William Jenkins, and for all duels, assaults, or batteries on George, Duke of Buckingham, Sir John Talbot, Sir Robert Holmes, or any other, whether indicted or not for the same, with restitution of lands, goods, &c." ("Calendar of State Papers," 1667–68, pp. 192, 193).

of the Wardrobe, who complains of the Commissioners of the Treasury as very severe against my Lord Sandwich, but not so much as they complain of him for a fool and a knave, and so I let him alone, and home, carrying Mr. Moore as far as Fenchurch Street, and I home, and there being vexed in my mind about my prize businesses I to my chamber, where my wife and I had much talk of W. Hewer, she telling me that he is mightily concerned for my not being pleased with him, and is herself mightily concerned, but I have much reason to blame him for his little assistance he gives me in my business, not being able to copy out a letter with sense or true spelling that makes me mad, and indeed he is in that regard of as little use to me as the boy, which troubles me, and I would have him know it, and she will let him know it. By and by to supper, and so to bed, and slept but ill all night, my mind running like a fool on my prize business, which according to my reason ought not to trouble me at all.

6th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning, and among other things Sir H. Cholmly comes to me about a little business, and there tells me how the Parliament, which is to meet again to-day, are likely to fall heavy on the business of the Duke of Buckingham's pardon; and I shall be glad of it: and that the King hath put out of the Court the two Hides,[1] my Lord Chancellor's two sons, and also the Bishops of Rochester[2] and Winchester,[3] the latter of whom should have preached before him yesterday, being Ash-Wednesday, and had his sermon ready, but was put by; which is great news. He gone, we sat at the office all the morning, and at noon home to dinner, and my wife being gone before, I to the Duke of York's playhouse; where a new play of Etherige's,[4] called "She Would if she Could;" and though I was there by two o'clock, there was 1000 people put back that could not have room in the pit: and I at last, because my wife was there, made shift to get into the 18*d*. box, and there saw; but, Lord! how full was the house, and how silly the play, there being nothing in the world good in it, and few people pleased in it. The King was there; but I sat mightily behind, and could see but little, and hear not all. The play being done, I into the pit to look [for] my wife, and it being dark and raining, I to look my wife out, but could not find her; and so staid going between the two doors and through the pit an hour and half, I think, after the play was done; the people staying there till the rain was over, and to talk with one another. And, among the rest, here was the Duke of Buckingham to-day openly sat in the pit; and there

[1] Lord Cornbury and Lawrence Hyde.

[2] Dr. John Dolben, afterwards Archbishop of York.

[3] Dr. George Morley.

[4] Sir George Etherege, the celebrated wit and man of fashion. He was the author of three comedies, "The Comical Revenge, or Love in a Tub" (1664), "She Would if she Could" (1667), and "The Man of Mode, or Sir Fopling Flutter" (1676). He is said to have bought his knighthood in order to persuade a rich widow to marry him. He was sent to the Hague by Charles II., and in 1685 by James II. to Ratisbon. He died at Paris in 1691.

I found him with my Lord Buckhurst, and Sidly, and Etherige, the poet; the last of whom I did hear mightily find fault with the actors, that they were out of humour, and had not their parts perfect,[1] and that Harris did do nothing, nor could so much as sing a ketch in it; and so was mightily concerned: while all the rest did, through the whole pit, blame the play as a silly, dull thing, though there was something very roguish and witty; but the design of the play, and end, mighty insipid. At last I did find my wife staying for me in the entry; and with her was Betty Turner, Mercer, and Deb. So I got a coach, and a humour took us, and I carried them to Hercules Pillars, and there did give them a kind of a supper of about 7*s.*, and very merry, and home round the town, not through the ruines; and it was pretty how the coachman by mistake drives us into the ruines from London-wall into Coleman Street: and would persuade me that I lived there. And the truth is, I did think that he and the linkman had contrived some roguery; but it proved only a mistake of the coachman; but it was a cunning place to have done us a mischief in, as any I know, to drive us out of the road into the ruines, and there stop, while nobody could be called to help us. But we come safe home, and there, the girls being gone home, I to the office, where a while busy, my head not being wholly free of my trouble about my prize business, I home to bed. This evening coming home I did put my hand under the coats of Mercer and did touch her thigh, but then she did put by my hand and no hurt done, but talked and sang and was merry.

7th. Up, and to the office, to the getting of my books in order, to carry to the Commissioners of Accounts this morning. This being done, I away first to Westminster Hall, and there met my cozen, Roger Pepys, by his desire, the first time I have seen him since his coming to town, the Parliament meeting yesterday and adjourned to Monday next; and here he tells me that Mr. Jackson, my sister's servant,[2] is come to town, and hath this day suffered a recovery on his estate, in order to the making her a settlement. The young man is gone out of the Hall, so I could not now see him, but here I walked a good while with my cozen, and among other things do hear that there is a great triall between my Lord Gerard and Carr to-day, who is indicted for his life at the King's Bench, for running from his colours; but all do say that my Lord Gerard, though he designs the ruining of this man, will not get any thing by it. Thence to the Commissioners of Accounts, and there presented my books, and was made to sit down, and used with much respect, otherwise than the other day, when I come to them as a criminal about the business of the prizes. I sat here with them a great while, while my books were inven-

[1] Shadwell confirms this complaint of Etherege's in the preface to his own "Humourists." He writes: "The last (viz. imperfect action) had like to have destroyed 'She Would if she Could,' which I think (and I have the authority of some of the best judges in England for't) is the best comedy that has been written since the Restoration of the Stage." Harris played Sir Joslin Jolly. Downes says that it was inferior to "Love in a Tub," but took well.

[2] *i.e.*, suitor.

toried. And here do hear from them by discourse that they are like to undo the Treasurer's instruments of the Navy by making it a rule that they shall repay all money paid to wrong parties, which is a thing not to be supported by these poor creatures the Treasurer's instruments, as it is also hard for seamen to be ruined by their paying money to whom they please. I know not what will be the issue of it. I find these gentlemen to sit all day, and only eat a bit of bread at noon, and a glass of wine; and are resolved to go through their business with great severity and method. Thence I, about two o'clock, to Westminster Hall, by appointment, and there met my cozen Roger again, and Mr. Jackson, who is a plain young man, handsome enough for Pall, one of no education nor discourse, but of few words, and one altogether that, I think, will please me well enough. My cozen had got me to give the odd sixth £100 presently, which I intended to keep to the birth of the first child: and let it go—I shall be eased of the care, and so, after little talk, we parted, resolving to dine together at my house to-morrow. So there parted, my mind pretty well satisfied with this plain fellow for my sister, though I shall, I see, have no pleasure nor content in him, as if he had been a man of reading and parts, like Cumberland, and to the Swan, and there sent for a bit of meat and eat and drank, and so to White Hall to the Duke of York's chamber, where I find him and my fellows at their usual meeting, discoursing about securing the Medway this year, which is to shut the door after the horse is stole. However, it is good. Having done here, my Lord Brouncker, and W. Pen, and I, and with us Sir Arnold Breames, to the King's playhouse, and there saw a piece of "Love in a Maze," a dull, silly play, I think; and after the play, home with W. Pen and his son Lowther, whom we met there, and then home and sat most of the evening with my wife and Mr. Pelling, talking, my head being full of business of one kind or other, and most such as do not please me, and so to supper and to bed.

8th. Up, and to the office, where sat all day, and at noon home, and there find cozen Roger and Jackson by appointment come to dine with me, and Creed, and very merry, only Jackson hath few words, and I like him never the worse for it. The great talk is of Carr's coming off in all his trials, to the disgrace of my Lord Gerard, to that degree, and the ripping up of so many notorious rogueries and cheats of my Lord's, that my Lord, it is thought, will be ruined; and, above all things, do shew the madness of the House of Commons, who rejected the petition of this poor man by a combination of a few in the House; and, much more, the base proceedings (just the epitome of all our publick managements in this age), of the House of Lords, that ordered him to stand in the pillory for those very things, without hearing and examining what he hath now, by the seeking of my Lord Gerard himself, cleared himself of, in open Court, to the gaining himself the pity of all the world, and shame for ever to my Lord Gerard. We had a great deal of good discourse at table, and after dinner we four men took coach, and they set me down at the Old Exchange, and they home, having discoursed nothing

to-day with cozen or Jackson about our business. I to Captain Cocke's, and there discoursed over our business of prizes, and I think I shall go near to state the matter so as to secure myself without wrong to him, doing nor saying anything but the very truth. Thence away to the Strand to my bookseller's, and there staid an hour, and bought the idle, rogueish book, "L'escholle des filles;" [1] which I have bought in plain binding, avoiding the buying of it better bound, because I resolve, as soon as I have read it, to burn it, that it may not stand in the list of books, nor among them, to disgrace them if it should be found. Thence home, and busy late at the office, and then home to supper and to bed. My wife well pleased with my sister's match, and designing how to be merry at their marriage. And I am well at ease in my mind to think that that care will be over. This night calling at the Temple, at the Auditor's, his man told me that he heard that my account must be brought to the view of the Commissioners of Tangier before it can be passed, which though I know no hurt in it, yet it troubled me lest there should be any or any designed by them who put this into the head of the Auditor, I suppose Auditor Beale, or Creed, because they saw me carrying my account another way than by them.

9th (Lord's day). Up, and at my chamber all the morning and the office doing business, and also reading a little of "L'escholle des filles," which is a mighty lewd book, but yet not amiss for a sober man once to read over to inform himself in the villainy of the world. At noon home to dinner, where by appointment Mr. Pelling come and with him three friends, Wallington, that sings the good base, and one Rogers, and a gentleman, a young man, his name Tempest, who sings very well indeed, and understands anything in the world at first sight. After dinner we into our dining-room, and there to singing all the afternoon. (By the way, I must remember that Pegg Pen[2] was brought to bed yesterday of a girl; and, among other things, if I have not already set it down, that hardly ever was remembered such a season for the smallpox as these last two months have been, people being seen all up and down the streets, newly come out after the smallpox.) But though they sang fine things, yet I must confess that I did take no pleasure in it, or very little, because I understood not the words, and with the rests that the words are set, there is no sense nor understanding in them though they be English, which makes me weary of singing in that manner, it being but a worse sort of instrumental musick. We sang until almost night, and drank mighty good store of wine, and then they parted, and I to my chamber, where I did read through "L'escholle des filles," a lewd book, but what do no wrong once to read for information sake. . . . And after I had done it I burned it, that it might not be among my books to my shame, and so at night to supper and to bed.

10th. Up, and by coach to Westminster, and there made a visit to Mr.

[1] See note, January 13th, 1667–68.

[2] Mrs. Lowther, here mentioned by her maiden name.

Godolphin, at his chamber; and I do find him a very pretty and able person, a man of very fine parts, and of infinite zeal to my Lord Sandwich; and one that says he is, he believes, as wise and able a person as any prince in the world hath. He tells me that he meets with unmannerly usage by Sir Robert Southwell,[1] in Portugall, who would sign with him in his negociations there, being a forward young man: but that my Lord mastered him in that point, it being ruled for my Lord here, at a hearing of a Committee of the Council. He says that if my Lord can compass a peace between Spain and Portugall, and hath the doing of it and the honour himself, it will be a thing of more honour than ever any man had, and of as much advantage. Thence to Westminster Hall, where the Hall mighty full: and, among other things, the House begins to sit to-day, and the King come. But, before the King's coming, the House of Commons met; and upon information given them of a bill intended to be brought in, as common report said, for Comprehension, they did mightily and generally inveigh against it, and did vote that the King should be desired by the House (and the message delivered by the Privy-counsellors of the House) that the laws against breakers of the Act of Uniformity should be put in execution: and it was moved in the House that, if any people had a mind to bring any new laws into the House, about religion, they might come, as a proposer of new laws did in Athens, with ropes about their necks. By and by the King comes to the Lords' House, and there tells them of his league with Holland, and the necessity of a fleete, and his debts; and, therefore, want of money; and his desire that they would think of some way to bring in all his Protestant subjects to a right understanding and peace one with another; meaning the Bill of Comprehension.[2] The Commons coming to their House, it was moved that the vote passed this morning might be suspended, because of the King's speech, till the House was full and called over, two days hence: but it was denied, so furious they are against this Bill: and thereby a great blow either given to the King or Presbyters, or, which is the rather of the two, to the House itself, by denying a thing desired by the King, and so much desired by much the greater part of the nation. Whatever the consequence be, if the King be a man of any stomach and heat, all do believe that he will resent this vote. Thence with Creed home to my house to dinner, where I met with Mr. Jackson, and

[1] Born at Kinsale in 1636, educated at Queen's College, Oxford, and afterwards entered at Lincoln's Inn. He was sworn one of the clerks of the Privy Council in 1664, and knighted in 1665. He was employed on several diplomatic missions, and in 1672 he was sent as Envoy Extraordinary to Portugal. William III. appointed him Principal Secretary of State for Ireland. He was President of the Royal Society, 1690–95. Died 1702, at King's-Weston, in Gloucestershire. His son Edward became Secretary of State, and his great-grandson succeeded to the ancient barony of De Clifford.

[2] The king's speech is printed in "Journals of the House of Lords" (vol. xii., p. 181). It commences thus: "My Lords and Gentlemen, I am glad to see you here again, to tell you what I have done in this interval, which I am confident you will be pleased with, since it is so much for the honour and security of this nation."

find my wife angry with Deb., which vexes me. After dinner by coach away to Westminster, taking up a friend of Mr. Jackson's, a young lawyer, and parting with Creed at White Hall. They and I to Westminster Hall, and there met Roger Pepys, and with him to his chamber, and there read over and agreed upon the Deed of Settlement to our minds: my sister to have £600 presently, and she to be joyntured in £60 per annum; wherein I am very well satisfied. Thence I to the Temple to Charles Porter's lodgings, where Captain Cocke met me, and after long waiting on Pemberton,[1] an able lawyer, about the business of our prizes, and left the matter with him to think of against to-morrow, this being a matter that do much trouble my mind, though there be no fault in it that I need fear the owning that I know of. Thence with Cocke home to his house and there left him, and I home, and there got my wife to read a book I bought to-day, and come out to-day licensed by Joseph Williamson for Lord Arlington, shewing the state of England's affairs relating to France at this time, and the whole body of the book very good and solid, after a very foolish introduction as ever I read, and do give a very good account of the advantage of our league with Holland at this time. So, vexed in my mind with the variety of cares I have upon me, and so to bed.

11th. At the office all the morning, where comes a damned summons to attend the Committee of Miscarriages to-day, which makes me mad, that I should by my place become the hackney of this Office, in perpetual trouble and vexation, that need it least. At noon home to dinner, where little pleasure, my head being split almost with the variety of troubles upon me at this time, and cares, and after dinner by coach to Westminster Hall, and sent my wife and Deb. to see "Mustapha" acted. Here I brought a book to the Committee, and do find them, and particularly Sir Thomas Clarges, mighty hot in the business of tickets, which makes me mad to see them bite at the stone, and not at the hand that flings it, and here my Lord Brouncker unnecessarily orders it that he is called in to give opportunity to present his report of the state of the business of paying by ticket, which I do not think will do him any right, though he was made believe that it did operate mightily, and that Sir Fresh. Hollis did make a mighty harangue and to much purpose in his defence, but I believe no such effects of it, for going in afterward I did hear them speak with prejudice of it, and that his pleading of the Admiral's warrant for it now was only an evasion, if not an aspersion upon the Admirall, and therefore they would not admit of this his report, but go on with their report as they had resolved before. The orders they sent for this day was the first order that I have yet met with about this business,

[1] Francis Pemberton, afterwards knighted, and made Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench in 1679. His career was a most singular one, he having been twice removed from the Bench, and twice imprisoned by the House of Commons. He twice returned to the bar, and after his second return he practised with great success as a serjeant for the next fourteen years till his death, June 10th, 1697. Evelyn says, "He was held to be the most learned of the judges and an honest man" ("Diary," October 4th, 1683).

and was of my own single hand warranting, but I do think it will do me no harm, and therefore do not much trouble myself with it, more than to see how much trouble I am brought to who have best deported myself in all the King's business. Thence with Lord Brouncker, and set him down at Bow Streete, and so to the Duke of York's playhouse, and there saw the last act for nothing, where I never saw such good acting of any creature as Smith's part of Zanger;[1] and I do also, though it was excellently acted by ——, do yet want Betterton mightily. Thence to the Temple, to Porter's chamber, where Cocke met me, and after a stay there some time, they two and I to Pemberton's chamber, and there did read over the Act of calling people to account, and did discourse all our business of the prizes; and, upon the whole, he do make it plainly appear, that there is no avoiding to give these Commissioners satisfaction in everything they will ask; and that there is fear lest they may find reason to make us refund for all the extraordinary profit made by those bargains; and do make me resolve rather to declare plainly, and, once for all, the truth of the whole, and what my profit hath been, than be forced at last to do it, and in the meantime live in pain, as I must always do: and with this resolution on my part I departed, with some more satisfaction of mind, though with less hopes of profit than I expected. It was pretty here to see the heaps of money upon this lawyer's table; and more to see how he had not since last night spent any time upon our business, but begun with telling us that we were not at all concerned in that Act; which was a total mistake, by his not having read over the Act at all. Thence to Porter's chamber, where Captain Cocke had fetched my wife out of the coach, and there we staid and talked and drank, he being a very generous, good-humoured man, and so away by coach, setting Cocke at his house, and we with his coach home, and there I to the office, and there till past one in the morning, and so home to supper and to bed, my mind at pretty good ease, though full of care and fear of loss. This morning my wife in bed told me the story of our Tom and Jane:[2] how the rogue did first demand her consent to

[1] The play in which Smith acted Zanga was Lord Orrery's "Mustapha." The cast, as given by Downes ("Roscius Anglicanus," p. 26), was as follows:

Solyman the Magnificent	Betterton.
Mustapha	Harris.
Zanger	Smith.
Rustan	Sandford.
Pyrrhus	Richards.
———	Young.
Haly	Cademan.
Roxalana	Mrs. Davenport.
Queen of Hungaria	Mrs. Davies.

Downes adds, with reference to the part of Roxalana, that it was afterwards played by Mrs. Betterton, and then "by one Mrs. Wiseman."—B.

[2] Thomas Edwards married Jane Birch in 1669, and died in 1681. Pepys interested himself to get their son, Samuel Edwards, into the Bluecoat School in 1682. See note, August 27th, 1664.

love and marry him, and then, with pretence of displeasing me, did slight her; but both he and she have confessed the matter to her, and she hath charged him to go on with his love to her, and be true to her, and so I think the business will go on, which, for my love to her, because she is in love with him, I am pleased with; but otherwise I think she will have no good bargain of it, at least if I should not do well in my place. But if I do stand, I do intend to give her £50 in money, and do them all the good I can in my way.

12th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning drawing up my narrative of my proceedings and concernments in the buying of prize-goods, which I am to present to the Committee for Accounts;[1] and being come to a resolution to conceal nothing from them, I was at great ease how to draw it up without any inventions or practise to put me to future pain or thoughts how to carry on, and now I only discover what my profit was, and at worst I suppose I can be made but to refund my profit and so let it go. At noon home to dinner, where Mr. Jackson dined with me, and after dinner I (calling at the Excise Office, and setting my wife and Deb. at her tailor's) did with Mr. Jackson go to find my cozen Roger Pepys, which I did in the Parliament House, where I met him and Sir Thomas Crew and Mr. George Montagu, who are mighty busy how to save my Lord's name from being in the Report for anything which the Committee is commanded to report to the House of the miscarriages of the late war. I find they drive furiously still in the business of tickets, which is nonsense in itself and cannot come to anything. Thence with cozen Roger to his lodgings, and there sealed the writings with Jackson, about my sister's marriage: and here my cozen Roger told me the pleasant passage of a fellow's bringing a bag of letters to-day, into the lobby of the House, and left them, and withdrew himself without observation. The bag being opened, the letters were found all of one size, and directed with one hand: a letter to most of the Members of the House. The House was acquainted with it, and voted they should be brought in, and one opened by the Speaker; wherein if he found any thing unfit to communicate, to propose a Committee to be chosen for it. The Speaker opening one, found it only a case with a libell in it, printed: a satire most sober and bitter as ever I read; and every letter was the same. So the House fell a-scrambling for them like boys: and my cozen Roger had one directed to him, which he lent me to read. So away, and took up my wife, and setting Jackson down at Fetter Lane end, I to the old Exchange to look Mr. Houblon, but, not finding him, did go home, and there late writing a letter to my Lord Sandwich, and to give passage to a letter of great moment from Mr. Godolphin to him, which I did get speedy passage for by the help of Mr. Houblon, who come late to me, and there directed the letter to Lisbon under cover of his, and here we talked of the times, which look very sad and distracted, and made good mirth at

[1] There is a copy of Pepys's letter to the Commissioners of Accounts in defence of himself in respect to the buying of East India prize goods in 1665, among the Rawlinson MSS. (Bodleian), A. 174 (301).

this day's passage in the House, and so parted; and going to the gate with him, I found his lady and another fine lady sitting an hour together, late at night, in their coach, while he was with me, which is so like my wife, that I was mighty taken with it, though troubled for it. So home to supper and to bed. This day Captain Cocke was with the Commissioners of Accounts to ask more time for his bringing in his answer about the prize goods, and they would not give him 14 days as he asks, but would give only two days, which was very hard, I think, and did trouble me for fear of their severity, though I have prepared my matter so as to defy it.

13th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning. At noon home to dinner, and thence with my wife and Deb. to White Hall, setting them at her tailor's, and I to the Commissioners of the Treasury, where myself alone did argue the business of the East India Company against their whole Company on behalf of the King before the Lords Commissioners, and to very good effect, I think, and with reputation. That business being over, the Lords and I had other things to talk about, and among the rest, about our making more assignments on the Exchequer since they bid us hold, whereat they were extraordinary angry with us, which troubled me a little, though I am not concerned in it at all. Waiting here some time without, I did meet with several people, among others Mr. Brisband, who tells me in discourse that Tom Killigrew hath a fee out of the Wardrobe for cap and bells,[1] under the title of the King's Foole or Jester; and may with privilege revile or jeere any body, the greatest person, without offence, by the privilege of his place. Thence took up my wife, and home, and there busy late at the office writing letters, and so home to supper and to bed. The House was called over to-day. This morning Sir G. Carteret come to the Office to see and talk with me: and he assures me that to this day the King is the most kind man to my Lord Sandwich in the whole world; that he himself do not now mind any publick business, but suffers things to go on at Court as they will, he seeing all likely to come to ruin: that this morning the Duke of York sent to him to come to make up one of a Committee of the Council for Navy Affairs; where, when he come, he told the Duke of York that he was none of them: which shews how things are now-a-days ordered, that there should be a Committee for the Navy; and the Lord Admiral not know the persons of it! And that Sir G. Carteret and my Lord Anglesey should be left out of it, and men wholly improper put into it. I do hear of all hands that there is a great difference at this day between my Lord Arlington and Sir W. Coventry, which I am sorry for.

14th (Valentine's day). Up, being called up by Mercer, who come to be my Valentine, and so I rose and my wife, and were merry a little, I staying to

[1] The Lord Chamberlain's Records contain a copy of a warrant dated July 12th, 1661, "to deliver to Mr. Killegrew thirty yards of velvett, three dozen of fringe, and sixteene yards of Damaske for the year 1661." The heading of this entry is "Livery for y^e^ jester" (Lowe's "Betterton." p. 70).

talk, and did give her a guinny in gold for her Valentine's gift. There comes also my cozen Roger Pepys betimes, and comes to my wife, for her to be his Valentine, whose Valentine I was also, by agreement to be so to her every year; and this year I find it is likely to cost £4 or £5 in a ring for her, which she desires. Cozen Roger did come also to speak with Sir W. Pen, who was quoted, it seems, yesterday by Sir Fr. Hollis to have said that if my Lord Sandwich had done so and so, we might have taken all the Dutch prizes at the time when he staid and let them go. But Sir W. Pen did tell us he should say nothing in it but what would do my Lord honour, and he is a knave I am able to prove if he do otherwise. He gone, I to my Office, to perfect my Narrative about prize-goods; and did carry it to the Commissioners of Accounts, who did receive it with great kindness, and express great value of, and respect to me: and my heart is at rest that it is lodged there, in so full truth and plainness, though it may hereafter prove some loss to me. But here I do see they are entered into many enquiries about prizes, by the great attendance of commanders and others before them, which is a work I am not sorry for. Thence I away, with my head busy, but my heart at pretty good ease, to the Old Exchange, and there met Mr. Houblon. I prayed him to discourse with some of the merchants that are of the Committee for Accounts, to see how they do resent my paper, and in general my particular in the relation to the business of the Navy, which he hath promised to do carefully for me and tell me. Here it was a mighty pretty sight to see old Mr. Houblon, whom I never saw before, and all his sons about him, all good merchants. Thence home to dinner, and had much discourse with W. Hewer about my going to visit Colonel Thomson, one of the Committee of Accounts,[1] who, among the rest, is mighty kind to me, and is likely to mind our business more than any; and I would be glad to have a good understanding with him. Thence after dinner to White Hall, to attend the Duke of York, where I did let him know, too, the troublesome life we lead, and particularly myself, by being obliged to such attendances every day as I am, on one Committee or another. And I do find the Duke of York himself troubled, and willing not to be troubled with occasions of having his name used among the Parliament, though he himself do declare that he did give directions to Lord Brouncker to discharge the men at Chatham by ticket, and will own it, if the House call for it, but not else. Thence I attended the King and Council, and some of the rest of us, in a business to be heard about the value of a ship of one Dorrington's:[2] and it was pretty to observe how Sir W. Pen—making use of this argument against the validity of an oath, against the King, being made by

[1] George Tompson. See note, *ante*, December 30, 1667.

[2] "Feb. 1, 1668. Capt. J. Perriman to Sam. Pepys. Mark Croney, who bought the 'Leister' wreck at Blackwall, says that Capt. Dorington, one of the owners, has forbidden his servants to work any more upon her, or to meddle with anything there, although Croney has paid his money for the wreck."—*Calendar of State Papers*, 1667–68, p. 206.

the master's mate of the ship, who was but a fellow of about 23 years of age —the master of the ship, against whom we pleaded, did say that he did think himself at that age capable of being master's mate of any ship; and do know that he, himself, Sir W. Pen, was so himself, and in no better degree at that age himself: which word did strike Sir W. Pen dumb, and made him open his mouth no more; and I saw the King and Duke of York wink at one another at it. This done, we into the gallery; and there I walked with several people, and among others my Lord Brouncker, who I do find under much trouble still about the business of the tickets, his very case being brought in, as is said, this day in the Report of the Miscarriages. And he seems to lay much of it on me, which I did clear and satisfy him in; and would be glad with all my heart to serve him in, and have done it more than he hath done for himself, he not deserving the least blame, but commendations, for this. I met with my cozen Roger Pepys and Creed; and from them understand that the Report was read to-day of the Miscarriages, wherein my Lord Sandwich is [named] about the business I mentioned this morning; but I will be at rest, for it can do him no hurt. Our business of tickets is soundly up, and many others: so they went over them again, and spent all the morning on the first, which is the dividing of the fleete; wherein hot work was, and that among great men, Privy-Councillors, and, they say, Sir W. Coventry; but I do not much fear it, but do hope that it will shew a little, of the Duke of Albemarle and the Prince to have been advisers in it: but whereas they ordered that the King's Speech should be considered to-day, they took no notice of it at all, but are really come to despise the King in all possible ways of shewing it. And it was the other day a strange saying, as I am told by my cozen Roger Pepys, in the House, when it was moved that the King's speech should be considered, that though the first part of the Speech, meaning the league that is there talked of, be the only good publick thing that hath been done since the King come into England, yet it might bear with being put off to consider, till Friday next, which was this day. Secretary Morrice did this day in the House, when they talked of intelligence, say that he was allowed but £700 a-year for intelligence,[1] whereas, in Cromwell's time, he [Cromwell] did allow £70,000 a-year for it; and was confirmed therein by Colonel Birch, who said that thereby Cromwell carried the secrets of all the princes of Europe at his girdle. The House is in a most broken condition; nobody adhering to any thing, but reviling and finding fault: and now quite mad at the Undertakers, as they are commonly called, Littleton, Lord Vaughan, Sir R. Howard, and others that are brought over to the Court, and did undertake to get the King money; but they despise, and would not hear them in the House; and the Court do do as much, seeing that they cannot be useful to them, as was expected. In short, it is plain that the King will never be able to do any thing with this Parliament; and that the only likely way to do better, for it cannot do worse, is to break this and

[1] Secret service money.

call another Parliament; and some do think that it is intended. I was told to-night that my Lady Castlemayne is so great a gamester as to have won £15,000 in one night, and lost £25,000 in another night, at play, and hath played £1,000 and £1,500 at a cast. Thence to the Temple, where at Porter's chamber I met Captain Cocke, but lost our labour, our Counsellor not being within, Pemberton, and therefore home and late at my office, and so home to supper and to bed.

15th. Up betimes, and with Captain Cocke by coach to the Temple to his Counsel again about the prize goods in order to the drawing up of his answer to them, where little done but a confirmation that our best interest is for him to tell the whole truth, and so parted, and I home to the office, where all the morning, and at noon home to dinner, and after dinner all the afternoon and evening till midnight almost, and till I had tired my own backe, and my wife's, and Deb.'s, in titleing of my books for the present year, and in setting them in order, which is now done to my very good satisfaction, though not altogether so completely as I think they were the last year, when my mind was more at leisure to mind it. So about midnight to bed, where my wife taking some physic overnight it wrought with her, and those coming upon her with great gripes, she was in mighty pain all night long, yet, God forgive me! I did find that I was most desirous to take my rest than to ease her, but there was nothing I could do to do her any good with.

16th (Lord's day). Up, and to my chamber, where all the morning making a catalogue of my books, which did find me work, but with great pleasure, my chamber and books being now set in very good order, and my chamber washed and cleaned, which it had not been in some months before, my business and trouble having been so much. At noon Mr. Holliard put in, and dined with my wife and me, who was a little better to-day. His company very good. His story of his love and fortune, which hath been very good and very bad in the world, well worth hearing. Much discourse also about the bad state of the Church, and how the Clergy are come to be men of no worth in the world; and, as the world do now generally discourse, they must be reformed; and I believe the Hierarchy will in a little time be shaken, whether they will or no; the King being offended with them, and set upon it, as I hear. He gone, after dinner to have my head combed, and then to my chamber and read most of the evening till pretty late, when, my wife not being well, I did lie below stairs in our great chamber, where I slept well.

17th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning till noon getting some things more ready against the afternoon for the Committee of Accounts, which did give me great trouble, to see how I am forced to dance after them in one place, and to answer Committees of Parliament in another. At noon thence toward the Committee, but meeting with Sir W. Warren in Fleet Street he and I to the Ordinary by Temple Bar and there dined together, and to talk, where he do seem to be very high now in defiance of the Board, now he says that the worst is come upon him to have his accounts brought to

the Committee of Accounts, and he do reflect upon my late coldness to him, but upon the whole I do find that he is still a cunning fellow, and will find it necessary to be fair to me, and what hath passed between us of coldness to hold his tongue, which do please me very well. Thence to the Committee, where I did deliver the several things they expected from me, with great respect and show of satisfaction, and my mind thereby eased of some care. But thence I to Westminster Hall, and there spent till late at night walking to and again with many people, and there in general I hear of the great high words that were in the House on Saturday last, upon the first part of the Committee's Report about the dividing of the fleete; wherein some would have the counsels of the King to be declared, and the reasons of them, and who did give them; where Sir W. Coventry laid open to them the consequences of doing that, that the King would never have any honest and wise men ever to be of his Council. They did here in the House talk boldly of the King's bad counsellors, and how they must be all turned out, and many others, and better, brought in: and the proceedings of the Long-Parliament in the beginning of the war were called to memory: and the King's bad intelligence was mentioned, wherein they were bitter against my Lord Arlington, saying, among other things, that whatever Morrice's was, who declared he had but £750 a-year allowed him for intelligence, the King paid too dear for my Lord Arlington's, in giving him £10,000 and a barony for it. Sir W. Coventry did here come to his defence, in the business of the letter that was sent to call back Prince Rupert, after he was divided from the fleete,[1] wherein great delay was objected; but he did show that he sent it at one in the morning, when the Duke of York did give him the instructions after supper that night, and did clear himself well of it: only it was laid as a fault, which I know not how he removes, of not sending it by an express, but by the ordinary post; but I think I have heard he did send it to my Lord Arlington's, and that there it lay for some hours; it coming not to Sir Philip Honiwood's hand at Portsmouth[2] till four in the afternoon that day, being about fifteen or sixteen hours in going; and about this, I think, I have heard of a falling out between my Lord Arlington, heretofore, and W. Coventry. Some mutterings I did hear of a design of dissolving the Parliament; but I think there is no ground for it yet, though Oliver would have dissolved them for half the trouble and contempt these have put upon the King and his councils. The dividing of the fleete, however, is, I hear, voted a miscarriage, and the not building a fortification at Sheernesse:[3] and I have reason every hour to expect that they will vote the like of our paying men off by ticket; and what the consequence of that will be I know not, but I am put thereby

[1] See 10th and 24th June, 1666, and also October 20th, 1667.

[2] Of which Sir Philip was Governor. The account of the money expended by Sir P. Honiwood on the fortifications at Portsmouth, between August, 1665, and April, 1667, is in the Sloane MS., 873.—B.

[3] See note to March 24th, 1667.

into great trouble of mind. I did spend a little time at the Swan, and there did kiss the maid, Sarah. At noon home, and there up to my wife, who is still ill, and supped with her, my mind being mighty full of trouble for the office and my concernments therein, and so to supper and talking with W. Hewer in her chamber about business of the office, wherein he do well understand himself and our case, and it do me advantage to talk with him and the rest of my people. I to bed below as I did last night.

18th. Up by break of day, and walked down to the old Swan, where I find little Michell building, his booth being taken down, and a foundation laid for a new house, so that that street is like to be a very fine place. I drank, but did not see Betty, and so to Charing Cross stairs, and thence walked to Sir W. Coventry's,[1] and talked with him, who tells me how he hath been persecuted, and how he is yet well come off in the business of the dividing of the fleete, and the sending of the letter. He expects next to be troubled about the business of bad officers in the fleete, wherein he will bid them name whom they call bad, and he will justify himself, having never disposed of any but by the Admiral's liking. And he is able to give an account of all them, how they come recommended, and more will be found to have been placed by the Prince and Duke of Albemarle than by the Duke of York during the war, and as no bad instance of the badness of officers he and I did look over the list of commanders,[2] and found that we could presently recollect thirty-seven commanders that have been killed in actuall service this war. He tells me that Sir Fr. Hollis is the main man that hath persecuted him hitherto, in the business of dividing the fleete, saying vainly that the want of that letter to the Prince hath given him that, that he shall remember it by to his grave, meaning the loss of his arme;[3] when, God knows! he is as idle and insignificant a fellow as ever come into the fleete. He tells

[1] Sir William Coventry's love of money is said by Sir John Denham to have influenced him in promoting naval officers, who paid him for their commissions.

"Then, Painter! draw cerulean Coventry,
Keeper, or rather Chancellor o' th' sea;
And more exactly to express his hue,
Use nothing but *ultra-marinish* blue.
To pay his fees, the silver trumpet spends,
And boatswain's whistle for his place depends.
Pilots in vain repeat their compass o'er,
Until of him they learn that one point more:
The constant magnet to the pole doth hold,
Steel to the magnet, *Coventry* to gold.
Muscovy sells us pitch, and hemp, and tar;
Iron and copper, *Sweden*; *Munster*, war;
Ashley, prize; *Warwick*, custom; *Cart'ret*, pay;
But *Coventry* doth sell the fleet away."—B.

[2] A copy of the Duke of York's list of the commanders slain in the year 1665–66, which was given to Pepys, is in Rawlinson, A. 191, fol. 108.—B.

[3] See note, June 10th, 1667.

me that in discourse on Saturday he did repeat Sir Rob. Howard's words about rowling out of counsellors, that for his part he neither cared who they rowled in, nor who they rowled out, by which the word is become a word of use in the House, the rowling out of officers.[1] I will remember what, in mirth, he said to me this morning, when upon this discourse he said, if ever there was another Dutch war, they should not find a Secretary; "Nor," said I, "a Clerk of the Acts, for I see the reward of it; and, thanked God! I have enough of my own to buy me a good book and a good fiddle, and I have a good wife;"—"Why," says he, "I have enough to buy me a good book, and shall not need a fiddle, because I have never a one of your good wives." I understand by him that we are likely to have our business of tickets voted a miscarriage, but [he] cannot tell me what that will signify more than that he thinks they will report them to the King and there leave them, but I doubt they will do more. Thence walked over St. James's Park to White Hall, and thence to Westminster Hall, and there walked all the morning, and did speak with several Parliament-men—among others, Birch, who is very kind to me, and calls me, with great respect and kindness, a man of business, and he thinks honest, and so long will stand by me, and every such man, to the death. My business was to instruct them to keep the House from falling into any mistaken vote about the business of tickets, before they were better informed. I walked in the Hall all the morning with my Lord Brouncker, who was in great pain there, and, the truth is, his business is, without reason, so ill resented by the generality of the House, that I was almost troubled to be seen to walk with him, and yet am able to justify him in all, that he is under so much scandal for. Here I did get a copy of the report itself, about our paying off men by tickets; and am mightily glad to see it, now knowing the state of our case, and what we have to answer to, and the more for that the House is like to be kept by other business to-day and to-morrow, so that, against Thursday, I shall be able to draw up some defence to put into some Member's hands, to inform them, and I think we may [make] a very good one, and therefore my mind is mightily at ease about it. This morning they are upon a Bill, brought in to-day by Sir Richard Temple, for obliging the King to call Parliaments every three years; or, if he fail, for others to be obliged to do it, and to keep him from a power of dissolving any Parliament in less than forty days after their first day of sitting, which is such a Bill as do speak very high proceedings, to the lessening of the King; and this they will carry, and whatever else they desire, before they will give any money; and the King must have money, whatever it cost him. I stepped to the Dog Taverne, and thither come to me Doll Lane, and there we did drink together, and she tells me she is my valentine. . . . Thence, she being gone, and having spoke with Mr. Spicer here, whom I sent for hither to discourse about the security of the late Act of 11 months' tax

[1] This is a curious reference to the first use of an expression which has not obtained a permanent position in the language.

on which I have secured part of my money lent to Tangier. I to the Hall, and there met Sir W. Pen, and he and I to the Beare, in Drury Lane, an excellent ordinary, after the French manner, but of Englishmen; and there had a good fricassee, our dinner coming to 8*s*., which was mighty pretty, to my great content; and thence he and I to the King's house, and there, in one of the upper boxes, saw "Flora's Vagarys," which is a very silly play; and the more, I being out of humour, being at a play without my wife, and she ill at home, and having no desire also to be seen, and, therefore, could not look about me. Thence to the Temple, and there we parted, and I to see Kate Joyce, where I find her and her friends in great ease of mind, the Jury having this day given in their verdict that her husband died of a feaver. Some opposition there was, the foreman pressing them to declare the cause of the feaver, thinking thereby to obstruct it: but they did adhere to their verdict, and would give no reason; so all trouble is now over, and she safe in her estate, which I am mighty glad of, and so took leave, and home, and up to my wife, not owning my being at a play, and there she shews me her ring of a Turky-stone[1] set with little sparks of dyamonds, which I am to give her, as my Valentine, and I am not much troubled at it. It will cost me near £5—she costing me but little compared with other wives, and I have not many occasions to spend on her. So to my office, where late, and to think upon my observations to-morrow, upon the report of the Committee to the Parliament about the business of tickets, whereof my head is full, and so home to supper and to bed.

19th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning drawing up an answer to the Report of the Committee for miscarriages to the Parliament touching our paying men by tickets, which I did do in a very good manner I think. Dined with my clerks at home, where much good discourse of our business of the Navy, and the trouble now upon us, more than we expected. After dinner my wife out with Deb., to buy some things against my sister's wedding, and I to the office to write fair my business I did in the morning, and in the evening to White Hall, where I find Sir W. Coventry all alone, a great while with the Duke of York, in the King's drawing-room, they two talking together all alone, which did mightily please me. Then I did get Sir W. Coventry (the Duke of York being gone) aside, and there read over my paper, which he liked and corrected, and tells me it will be hard to escape, though the thing be never so fair, to have it voted a miscarriage; but did advise me and my Lord Brouncker, who coming by did join with us, to prepare some members in it, which we shall do. Here I do hear how La Roche,[2] a French captain, who was once prisoner here, being with his ship at

[1] The turquoise. This stone was sometimes referred to simply as the turkey, and Broderip ("Zoological Recreations") conjectured that the bird (turkey) took its name from the blue or turquoise colour of the skin about its head.

[2] There are many references to Captain De la Roche among the State Papers (see note, February 29th, 1668).

Plymouth, hath played some freakes there, for which his men being beat out of the town, he hath put up his flag of defiance, and also, somewhere thereabout, did land with his men, and go a mile into the country, and did some pranks, which sounds pretty odd, to our disgrace, but we are in condition now to bear any thing. But, blessed be God! all the Court is full of the good news of my Lord Sandwich's having made a peace between Spain and Portugall,[1] which is mighty great news, and, above all, to my Lord's honour, more than any thing he ever did; and yet I do fear it will not prevail to secure him in Parliament against incivilities there. Thence, took up my wife at Unthanke's, and so home, and there my mind being full of preparing my paper against to-morrow for the House, with an address from the office to the House, I to the office, very late, and then home to supper and to bed.

20th. Up, and to the office a while, and thence to White Hall by coach with Mr. Batelier with me, whom I took up in the street. I thence by water to Westminster Hall, and there with Lord Brouncker, Sir T. Harvy, Sir J. Minnes, did wait all the morning to speak to members about our business, thinking our business of tickets would come before the House to-day, but we did alter our minds about the petition to the House, sending in the paper to them. But the truth is we were in a great hurry, but it fell out that they were most of the morning upon the business of not prosecuting the first victory; which they have voted one of the greatest miscarriages of the whole war, though they cannot lay the fault any where yet, because Harman is not come home. This kept them all the morning, which I was glad of. So down to the Hall, where my wife by agreement stayed for me at Mrs. Michell's, and there was Mercer and the girl, and I took them to Wilkinson's the cook's in King Street (where I find the master of the house hath been dead for some time), and there dined, and thence by one o'clock to the King's house: a new play, "The Duke of Lerma," of Sir Robert Howard's: where the King and Court was; and Knepp and Nell spoke the prologue most excellently, especially Knepp, who spoke beyond any creature I ever heard.[2] The play designed to reproach our King with his mistresses, that I was troubled for it, and expected it should be interrupted; but it ended all well, which salved all. The play a well-writ and good play, only its design I did not like of reproaching the King, but altogether a very good and most serious play. Thence home, and there a little to the office, and so home to supper, where Mercer with us, and sang, and then to bed.

21st. At the office all the morning to get a little business done, I having, and so the whole office, been put out of doing any business there for this

[1] "The Earl of Sandwich was still at Lisbon, expecting in few days the return of the ratification of the Treaty from Madrid."—*The London Gazette*, No. 236.—B.

[2] This prologue, "spoken by Mrs. Ellen and Mrs. Nepp," is prefixed to Sir R. Howard's "Great Favourite, or the Duke of Lerma," 4to, 1668. It is too dull to reprint; and the merit must have consisted more in the manner in which it was delivered, than in the matter, as it came from the pen of the author.—B.

week by our trouble in attending the Parliament. Hither comes to me young Captain Beckford,[1] the slopseller, and there presents me a little purse with gold in it, it being, as he told me, for his present to me, at the end of the last year. I told him I had not done him any service I knew of. He persisted, and I refused, but did at several denials; and telling him that it was not an age to take presents in, he told me he had reason to present me with something, and desired me to accept of it, which, at his so urging me, I did, and so fell to talk of his business, and so parted. I do not know of any manner of kindness I have done him this last year, nor did expect any thing. It was therefore very welcome to me, but yet I was not fully satisfied in my taking it, because of my submitting myself to the having it objected against me hereafter, and the rather because this morning Jacke Fen come and shewed me an order from the Commissioners of Accounts, wherein they demand of him an account upon oath of all the sums of money that have been by him defalked or taken from any man since their time of enquiry upon any payments, and if this should, as it is to be feared, come to be done to us, I know not what I shall then do, but I shall take counsel upon it. At noon by coach towards Westminster, and met my Lord Brouncker, and W. Pen, and Sir T. Harvey, in King's Street, coming away from the Parliament House; and so I to them, and to the French ordinary, at the Blue Bells, in Lincolne's Inn Fields, and there dined and talked. And, among other things, they tell me how the House this day is still as backward for giving any money as ever, and do declare they will first have an account of the disposals of the last Poll-bill, and eleven months' tax: and it is pretty odde that the very first sum mentioned in the account brought in by Sir Robert Long, of the disposal of the Poll-bill money, is £5,000 to my Lord Arlington for intelligence; which was mighty unseasonable, so soon after they had so much cried out against his want of intelligence. The King do also own but £250,000, or thereabouts, yet paid on the Poll-bill, and that he hath charged £350,000 upon it. This makes them mad; for that the former Poll-bill, that was so much less in its extent than the last, which took in all sexes and qualities, did come to £350,000. Upon the whole, I perceive they are like to do nothing in this matter to please the King, or relieve the State, be the case never so pressing; and, therefore, it is thought by a great many that the King cannot be worse if he should dissolve them: but there is nobody dares advise it, nor do he consider any thing himself. Thence, having dined for 20*s*., we to the Duke of York at White Hall, and there had our usual audience, and did little but talk of the proceedings of the Parliament, wherein he is as much troubled as we; for he is not without fears that they do ayme at doing him hurt; but yet he declares that he will never deny to owne what orders he hath given to any man to justify him, notwithstanding their having sent to him to desire his being tender to take upon him the

[1] Apparently Thomas Beckford (see notes, January 5th, 1660–61, and October 7, 1665).

doing any thing of that kind. Thence with Brouncker and T. Harvey to Westminster Hall, and there met with Colonel Birch and Sir John Lowther,[1] and did there in the lobby read over what I had drawn up for our defence, wherein they own themselves mightily satisfied; and Birch, like a particular friend, do take it upon him to defend us, and do mightily do me right in all his discourse. Here walked in the Hall with him a great while, and discoursed with several members, to prepare them in our business against to-morrow, and meeting my cozen Roger Pepys, he showed me Granger's written confession,[2] of his being forced by imprisonment, &c., by my Lord Gerard, most barbarously to confess his forging of a deed in behalf of Fitton, in the great case between him [Fitton] and my Lord Gerard; which business is under examination, and is the foulest against my Lord Gerard that ever any thing in the world was, and will, all do believe, ruine him; and I shall be glad of it. Thence with Lord Brouncker and T. Harvey as far as the New Exchange, and there at a draper's shop drawing up a short note of what they are to desire of the House for our having a hearing before they determine any thing against us, which paper is for them to show to what friends they meet against to-morrow, I away home to the office, and there busy pretty late, and here comes my wife to me, who hath been at Pegg Pen's christening,[3] which, she says, hath made a flutter and noise; but was as mean as could be, and but little company, just like all the rest that that family do. So home to supper and to bed, with my head full of a defence before the Parliament to-morrow, and therein content myself very well, and with what I have done in preparing some of the members thereof in order thereto.

[1] Of Lowther, in Westmoreland, for which county he was knight of the shire before and at the Restoration. He had been made a baronet of Nova Scotia in 1640.—B.

[2] Pepys here refers to the extraordinary proceedings which occurred between Charles, Lord Gerard, and Alexander Fitton, of which a narrative was published at the Hague in 1665. Granger was a witness in the cause, and was afterwards said to be conscience-stricken from his perjury. Some notice of this case will be found in North's "Examen," p. 558; but the copious and interesting note in Ormerod's "History of Cheshire," vol. iii., p. 291, will best satisfy the reader, who will not fail to be struck by the paragraph with which it is closed—viz., "It is not improbable that Alexander Fitton, who, in the first instance, gained rightful possession of Gawsworth under an acknowledged settlement, was driven headlong into unpremeditated guilt by the production of a revocation by will which Lord Gerard had so long concealed. Having lost his own fortune in the prosecution of his claims, he remained in gaol till taken out by James II. to be made Chancellor of Ireland (under which character Hume first notices him), was knighted, and subsequently created Lord Gawsworth after the abdication of James, sat in his parliament in Dublin in 1689, and then is supposed to have accompanied his fallen master to France. Whether the conduct of Fitton was met, as he alleges, by similar guilt on the part of Lord Gerard, God only can judge; but his hand fell heavily on the representatives of that noble house. In less than half a century the husbands of its two co-heiresses, James, Duke of Hamilton, and Charles, Lord Mohun, were slain by each other's hands in a murderous duel arising out of a dispute relative to the partition of the Fitton estates, and Gawsworth itself passed to an unlineal hand, by a series of alienations complicated beyond example in the annals of this country."—B.

[3] See February 9th, *ante*.

22nd. Up, and by coach through Ducke Lane, and there did buy Kircher's Musurgia,[1] cost me 35*s*., a book I am mighty glad of, expecting to find great satisfaction in it. Thence to Westminster Hall and the lobby, and up and down there all the morning, and to the Lords' House, and heard the Solicitor-General plead very finely, as he always do; and this was in defence of the East India Company against a man[2] that complains of wrong from them, and thus up and down till noon in expectation of our business coming on in the House of Commons about tickets, but they being busy about my Lord Gerard's business I did give over the thoughts of ours coming on, and so with my wife, and Mercer, and Deb., who come to the Hall to me, I away to the Beare, in Drury Lane, and there bespoke a dish of meat; and, in the mean time, sat and sung with Mercer; and, by and by, dined with mighty pleasure, and excellent meat, one little dish enough for us all, and good wine, and all for 8*s*., and thence to the Duke's playhouse, and there saw "Albumazar," an old play, this the second time of acting. It is said to have been the ground of B. Jonson's "Alchymist;" but, saving the ridiculousnesse of Angell's part, which is called Trinkilo, I do not see any thing extraordinary in it, but was indeed weary of it before it was done.[3] The King here, and, indeed, all of us, pretty merry at the mimique tricks of Trinkilo. So home, calling in Ducke Lane for the book I bought this morning, and so home, and wrote my letters at the office, and then home to supper and to bed.

23rd (Lord's day). Up, and, being desired by a messenger from Sir G. Carteret, I by water over to Southwarke, and so walked to the Falkon, on the Bank-side, and there got another boat, and so to Westminster, where I would have gone into the Swan; but the door was locked; and the girl could not let me in, and so to Wilkinson's in King Street, and there wiped my shoes, and so to Court, where sermon not yet done. I met with Brisband; and he tells me, first, that our business of tickets did come to debate yesterday, it seems, after I was gone away, and was voted a miscarriage in general. He tells me in general that there is great looking after places, upon a

[1] "Musurgia Universalis, sive ars magna Consoni et Dissoni in X libros digesta," printed at Rome, in 1650, in two volumes, folio. The work of the learned but untrustworthy writer, Athanasius Kircher.

[2] Skinner. See *postea*, May 1st, 1668.

[3] The comedy of "Albumazar" was originally printed in 1615, having been performed before James I. at Trinity College, Cambridge, by the gentlemen of that society, of which John Tomkis, the author of the play, was a member, on March 9th, 1614. The assertion of Pepys (derived from Dryden's prologue on the revival of the comedy in 1668) is refuted by the fact that Ben Jonson's "Alchymist" was acted four years before "Albumazar" was produced—namely, in 1610. This play will be found in vol. xi., of Hazlitt's edition of Dodsley's "Old Plays." Angell was one of the original performers in Davenant's company; but early in his career he acted, as Downes informs us, "women's parts," from which he was of course excluded as soon as actresses were substituted. He then seems to have taken up broad comedy; and besides Trinculo, in "Albumazar," we find him performing Woodcock, in Shadwell's "Sullen Lovers," a droll part in Lord Orrery's "Master Anthony," and Fribble, in "Epsom Wells."

presumption of a great many vacancies; and he did shew me a fellow at Court, a brother of my Lord Fanshaw's,[1] a witty but rascally fellow, without a penny in his purse, that was asking him what places there were in the Navy fit for him, and Brisband tells me, in mirth, he told him the Clerke of the Acts, and I wish he had it, so I were well and quietly rid of it; for I am weary of this kind of trouble, having, I think, enough whereon to support myself. By and by, chapel done, I met with Sir W. Coventry, and he and I walked awhile together in the Matted Gallery; and there he told me all the proceedings yesterday: that the matter is found, in general, a miscarriage, but no persons named; and so there is no great matter to our prejudice yet, till, if ever, they come to particular persons. He told me Birch was very industrious to do what he could, and did, like a friend; but they were resolved to find the thing, in general, a miscarriage; and says, that when we shall think fit to desire its being heard, as to our own defence, it will be granted. He tells me how he hath, with advantage, cleared himself in what concerns himself therein, by his servant Robson, which I am glad of. He tells me that there is a letter sent by conspiracy to some of the House, which he hath seen, about the matter of selling of places, which he do believe he shall be called upon to-morrow for: and thinks himself well prepared to defend himself in it; and then neither he, nor his friends for him, are afeard of anything to his prejudice. Thence by coach, with Brisband, to Sir G. Carteret's, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and there dined: a good dinner and good company; and after dinner he and I alone, discoursing of my Lord Sandwich's matters; who hath, in the first business before the House, been very kindly used beyond expectation, the matter being laid by, till his coming home: and old Mr. Vaughan did speak for my Lord, which I am mighty glad of. The business of the prizes is the worst that can be said, and therein I do fear something may lie hard upon him; but, against this, we must prepare the best we can for his defence. Thence with G. Carteret to White Hall, where I, finding a meeting of the Committee of the Council for the Navy,[2] his Royal Highness there, and Sir W. Pen, and some of the Brethren of the Trinity House to attend, I did go in with them; and it was to be informed of the practice heretofore, for all foreign nations, at enmity one with another, to forbear any acts of hostility to one another, in the presence of any of the King of England's ships, of which several instances were given: and it is referred to their further enquiry, in order to the giving instructions accordingly to our ships now, during the war between Spain and

[1] Sir Thomas Fanshawe, K.B., who was created Viscount Fanshawe, of Ireland, in 1661, died in 1665, leaving three sons—Thomas, the Lord Fanshawe here mentioned, and Charles and Simon, who became successively the fourth and fifth viscounts. It is uncertain which of these two is here alluded to. Sir Richard Fanshawe, before noticed, was the youngest brother of the first Lord.—B.

[2] The Order in Council for this meeting of Sir John Minnes, Sir William Penn, and some of the Brethren of the Trinity House, with the Duke of York, is dated February 21st. It is printed in Penn's "Life of Sir W. Penn," vol. ii., p. 460.

France. Would to God we were in the same condition as heretofore, to challenge and maintain this our dominion! Thence with W. Pen homeward, and quite through to Mile End, for a little ayre; the days being now pretty long, but the ways mighty dirty, and here we drank at the Rose, the old house, and so back again, talking of the Parliament and our trouble with them and what passed yesterday. Going back again, Sir R. Brookes overtook us coming to town; who hath played the jacke with us all, and is a fellow that I must trust no more, he quoting me for all he hath said in this business of tickets; though I have told him nothing that either is not true, or I afeard to own. But here talking, he did discourse in this stile: "We,"—and "We" all along,—"will not give any money, be the pretence never so great, nay, though the enemy was in the River of Thames again, till we know what is become of the last money given;" and I do believe he do speak the mind of his fellows, and so let them, if the King will suffer it. He gone, we home, and there I to read, and my belly being full of my dinner to-day, I anon to bed, and there, as I have for many days, slept not an hour quietly, but full of dreams of our defence to the Parliament and giving an account of our doings. This evening, my wife did with great pleasure shew me her stock of jewells, encreased by the ring she hath made lately as my Valentine's gift this year, a Turky stone[1] set with diamonds: and, with this and what she had, she reckons that she hath above £150 worth of jewells, of one kind or other; and I am glad of it, for it is fit the wretch should have something to content herself with.

24th. Up, and to my office, where most of the morning, entering my Journal for the three days past. Thence about noon with my wife to the New Exchange, by the way stopping at my bookseller's, and there leaving my Kircher's Musurgia to be bound, and did buy "L'illustre Bassa,"[2] in four volumes, for my wife. Thence to the Exchange and left her; while meeting Dr. Gibbons[3] there, he and I to see an organ at the Dean of Westminster's lodgings at the Abby, the Bishop of Rochester's;[4] where he lives like a great prelate, his lodgings being very good; though at present under great disgrace at Court, being put by his Clerk of the Closet's place. I saw his lady,[5]

[1] See February 18th, 1667–68.

[2] "Ibrahim, ou l'illustre Bassa." It was the first of that almost interminable series of

"Twelve vast French romances, neatly gilt,"

published by Magdaleine de Scuderi. It was printed in 1641.—B.

[3] Christopher Gibbons, organist to the king, and of Westminster Abbey. See note, *ante*, December 21st, 1662.

[4] John Dolben, afterwards Archbishop of York.

[5] The Bishop of Rochester's wife was Catherine, daughter of Ralph Sheldon, of Stanton, Derbyshire, and niece of Gilbert Sheldon, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. His two sons were Gilbert (1658–1722), who afterwards became one of the judges of the Common Pleas in Ireland, and was created a baronet in 1704; and John Dolben (1662–1710), who was M.P. for Liskeard, and one of the managers of Sacheverell's impeachment.

of whom the *Terræ Filius*[1] of Oxford was once so merry; and two children, whereof one a very pretty little boy, like him, so fat and black. Here I saw the organ; but it is too big for my house, and the fashion do not please me enough; and therefore will not have it. Thence to the 'Change back again, leaving him, and took my wife and Deb. home, and there to dinner alone, and after dinner I took them to the Nursery, where none of us ever were before; where the house is better and the musique better than we looked for, and the acting not much worse, because I expected as bad as could be: and I was not much mistaken, for it was so. However, I was pleased well to see it once, it being worth a man's seeing to discover the different ability and understanding of people, and the different growth of people's abilities by practise. Their play was a bad one, called "Jeronimo is Mad Again,"[2] a tragedy. Here was some good company by us, who did make mighty sport at the folly of their acting, which I could not neither refrain from sometimes, though I was sorry for it. So away hence home, where to the office to do business a while, and then home to supper and to read, and then to bed. I was prettily served this day at the playhouse-door, where, giving six shillings into the fellow's hand for us three, the fellow by legerdemain did convey one away, and with so much grace faced me down that I did give him but five, that, though I knew the contrary, yet I was overpowered by his so grave and serious demanding the other shilling, that I could not deny him, but was forced by myself to give it him. After I come home this evening comes a letter to me from Captain Allen, formerly Clerk of the Ropeyard at Chatham, and whom I was kind to in those days, who in recompense of my favour to him then do give me notice that he hears of an accusation likely to be exhibited against me of my receiving £50 of Mason, the timber merchant,[3] and that his wife hath spoke it. I am mightily beholden to Captain Allen for this, though the thing is to the best of my memory utterly false, and I do believe it to be wholly so, but yet it troubles me to have my name mentioned in this business, and more to consider how I may be liable to be accused where I have indeed taken presents, and therefore puts me on an enquiry into my actings in this kind and prepare against a day of accusation.

25th. Up, having lain the last night the first night that I have lain with

[1] A scholar appointed to make a satirical and jesting speech at an Act in the University of Oxford. Mr. Christopher Wordsworth gives, in his "Social Life at the English Universities in the Eighteenth Century," 1874, a list of *terræ filii* from 1591 to 1713 (pp. 296–298, 680). The *terræ filius* was sometimes expelled the university on account of the licence of his speech. The practice was discontinued early in the eighteenth century, but a *terræ filius* appeared on the stage as late as 1763—"he was not, however, a veritable descendant of those quasi-statutable personages who claimed a right, as established by the ancient forms of the university, to exercise their talents for satire and raillery at every celebration of the Act" (Wilberforce, p. 306).

[2] "The Spanish Tragedy, or Hieronymo is mad again," by Thomas Kyd; frequently printed from about 1594. It is included in Dodsley's "Old Plays" (Hazlitt's edition, vol. v.).

[3] John Mason.

my wife since she was last ill, which is about eight days. To the office, where busy all the morning. At noon comes W. Howe to me, to advise what answer to give to the business of the prizes, wherein I did give him the best advice I could; but am sorry to see so many things, wherein I doubt it will not be prevented but Sir Roger Cuttance and Mr. Pierce will be found very much concerned in goods beyond the distribution, and I doubt my Lord Sandwich too, which troubles me mightily. He gone I to dinner, and thence set my wife at the New Exchange, and I to Mr. Clerke, my solicitor, to the Treasury chamber, but the Lords did not sit, so I by water with him to the New Exchange, and there we parted, and I took my wife and Deb. up, and to the Nursery, where I was yesterday, and there saw them act a comedy, a pastorall, "The Faythful Shepherd," [1] having the curiosity to see whether they did a comedy better than a tragedy; but they do it both alike, in the meanest manner, that I was sick of it, but only for to satisfy myself once in seeing the manner of it, but I shall see them no more, I believe. Thence to the New Exchange, to take some things home that my wife hath bought, a dressing-box, and other things for her chamber and table, that cost me above £4, and so home, and there to the office, and tell W. Hewer of the letter from Captain Allen last night, to give him caution if any thing should be discovered of his dealings with anybody, which I should for his sake as well, or more than for my own, be sorry for; and with great joy I do find, looking over my memorandum books, which are now of great use to me, and do fully reward me for all my care in keeping them, that I am not likely to be troubled for any thing of the kind but what I shall either be able beforehand to prevent, or if discovered, be able to justify myself in, and I do perceive, by Sir W. Warren's discourse, that they [the House] do all they can possibly to get out of him and others, what presents they have made to the Officers of the Navy; but he tells me that he hath denied all, though he knows that he is forsworn as to what relates to me. So home to supper and to bed.

26th. Up, and by water to Charing Cross stairs, and thence to W. Coventry to discourse concerning the state of matters in the Navy, where he particularly acquainted me with the trouble he is like to meet with about the selling of places, all carried on by Sir Fr. Hollis, but he seems not to value it, being able to justify it to be lawful and constant practice, and never by him used in the least degree since he upon his own motion did obtain a salary of £500 in lieu thereof. Thence to the Treasury Chamber about a little business, and so home by coach, and in my way did meet W. Howe going to the Commissioners of Accounts. I stopped and spoke to him, and he seems well resolved what to answer them, but he will find them very strict, and not easily put off. So home and there to dinner, and after dinner comes W. Howe to tell me how he sped, who says he was used civilly, and

[1] A pastoral comedy, from the "Pastor Fido" of Guarini, a translation of which, by D. D., Gent., was published in 1633.

not so many questions asked as he expected; but yet I do perceive enough to shew that they do intend to know the bottom of things, and where to lay the great weight of the disposal of these East India goods, and that they intend plainly to do upon my Lord Sandwich. Thence with him by coach and set him down at the Temple, and I to Westminster Hall, where, it being now about six o'clock, I find the House just risen; and met with Sir W. Coventry and the Lieutenant of the Tower, they having sat all day; and with great difficulty have got a vote for giving the King £300,000, not to be raised by any land-tax. The sum is much smaller than I expected, and than the King needs; but is grounded upon Mr. Wren's reading our estimates the other day of £270,000, to keep the fleete abroad, wherein we demanded nothing for setting and fitting of them out, which will cost almost £200,000, I do verily believe: and do believe that the King hath no cause to thank Wren for this motion. I home to Sir W. Coventry's lodgings, with him and the Lieutenant of the Tower, where also was Sir John Coventry, and Sir John Duncomb, and Sir Job Charleton.[1] And here a great deal of good discourse: and they seem mighty glad to have this vote pass, which I did wonder at, to see them so well satisfied with so small a sum, Sir John Duncomb swearing, as I perceive he will freely do, that it was as much as the nation could beare. Among other merry discourse about spending of money, and how much more chargeable a man's living is now more than it was heretofore, Duncomb did swear that in France he did live of £100 a year with more plenty, and wine and wenches, than he believes can be done now for £200, which was pretty odd for him, being a Committee-man's son, to say. Having done here, and supped, where I eat very little, we home in Sir John Robinson's coach, and there to bed.

27th. All the morning at the Office, and at noon home to dinner, and thence with my wife and Deb. to the King's House, to see "The Virgin Martyr,"[2] the first time it hath been acted a great while: and it is mighty pleasant; not that the play is worth much, but it is finely acted by Becke Marshal. But that which did please me beyond any thing in the whole world was the wind-musique when the angel comes down, which is so sweet that it ravished me, and indeed, in a word, did wrap up my soul so that it made me really sick, just as I have formerly been when in love with my wife; that neither then, nor all the evening going home, and at home, I was able to think of any thing, but remained all night transported, so as I could not believe that ever any musick hath that real command over the soul of a man as this did upon me: and makes me resolve to practice wind-musique, and to make my wife do the like.

[1] M.P. for Ludlow; and in 1673 elected Speaker, which office he resigned on the plea of ill health. He was successively King's Serjeant, 1668; Chief Justice of Chester, and a Justice of the Common Pleas (1680–1686). He was restored to his Chief Justiceship of Chester, and created a baronet, 1686; and died May 27th, 1697.

[2] A tragedy by Massinger and Decker. See February 16th, 1660–61.

28th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning doing business, and after dinner with Sir W. Pen to White Hall, where we and the rest of us presented a great letter of the state of our want of money to his Royal Highness. I did also present a demand of mine for consideration for my travelling-charges of coach and boat-hire during the war, which, though his Royal Highness and the company did all like of, yet, contrary to my expectation, I find him so jealous now of doing any thing extraordinary, that he desired the gentlemen that they would consider it, and report their minds in it to him. This did unsettle my mind a great while, not expecting this stop: but, however, I shall do as well, I know, though it causes me a little stop. But that, that troubles me most is, that while we were thus together with the Duke of York, comes in Mr. Wren from the House, where, he tells us, another storm hath been all this day almost against the Officers of the Navy upon this complaint,—that though they have made good rules for payment of tickets, yet that they have not observed them themselves, which was driven so high as to have it urged that we should presently be put out of our places: and so they have at last ordered that we shall be heard at the bar of the House upon this business on Thursday next. This did mightily trouble me and us all; but me particularly, who am least able to bear these troubles, though I have the least cause to be concerned in it. Thence, therefore, to visit Sir H. Cholmly, who hath for some time been ill of a cold; and thence walked towards Westminster, and met Colonel Birch, who took me back to walk with him, and did give me an account of this day's heat against the Navy Officers, and an account of his speech on our behalf, which was very good; and indeed we are much beholden to him, as I, after I parted with him, did find by my cozen Roger, whom I went to: and he and I to his lodgings. And there he did tell me the same over again; and how much Birch did stand up in our defence; and that he do see that there are many desirous to have us out of the Office; and the House is so furious and passionate, that he thinks nobody can be secure, let him deserve never so well. But now, he tells me, we shall have a fair hearing of the House, and he hopes justice of them: but, upon the whole, he do agree with me that I should hold my hand as to making any purchase of land, which I had formerly discoursed with him about, till we see a little further how matters go. He tells me that that made them so mad to-day first was, several letters in the House about the Fanatickes, in several places, coming in great bodies, and turning people out of the churches, and there preaching themselves, and pulling the surplice over the Parsons' heads: this was confirmed from several places; which makes them stark mad, especially the hectors and bravadoes of the House, who shew all the zeal on this occasion. Having done with him, I home vexed in my mind, and so fit for no business, but sat talking with my wife and supped with her; and Nan Mercer come and sat all the evening with us, and much pretty discourse, which did a little ease me, and so to bed.

29th. Up, and walked to Captain Cocke's, where Sir G. Carteret promised

to meet me and did come to discourse about the prize-business of my Lord Sandwich's, which I perceive is likely to be of great ill consequence to my Lord, the House being mighty vehement in it. We could say little but advise that his friends should labour to get it put off, till he comes. We did here talk many things over, in lamentation of the present posture of affairs, and the ill condition of all people that have had anything to do under the King, wishing ourselves a great way off. Here they tell me how Sir Thomas Allen hath taken the Englishmen out of "La Roche," and taken from him an Ostend prize which La Roche had fetched out of our harbours; and at this day La Roche keeps upon our coasts; and had the boldness to land some men and go a mile up into the country, and there took some goods belonging to this prize out of a house there;[1] which our King resents, and, they say, hath wrote to the King of France about; and everybody do think a war will follow; and then in what a case we shall be for want of money, nobody knows. Thence to the office, where we sat all the morning, and at noon home to dinner, and to the office again in the afternoon, where we met to consider of an answer to the Parliament about the not paying of tickets according to our own orders, to which I hope we shall be able to give a satisfactory answer, but that the design of the House being apparently to remove us, I do question whether the best answer will prevail with them. This done I by coach with my wife to Martin, my bookseller's, expecting to have had my Kercher's Musurgia, but to my trouble and loss of trouble it was not done. So home again, my head full of thoughts about our troubles in the office, and so to the office. Wrote to my father this post, and sent him now Colvill's[2] note for £600 for my sister's portion, being glad that I shall, I hope, have that business over before I am out of place, and I trust I shall be able to save a little of what I have got, and so shall not be troubled to be at ease; for I am weary of this life. So ends this month, with a great deal of care and trouble in my head about the answerings of the Parliament, and particularly in our payment of seamen by tickets.

March 1st (Lord's day). Up very betimes, and by coach to Sir W. Coventry's; and there, largely carrying with me all my notes and papers, did run over our whole defence in the business of tickets, in order to the answering the House on Thursday next; and I do think, unless they be set

[1] "Feb. 27, 1668. Hugh Salesbury to Williamson. Sir Thomas Allin has appeared in sight from the Downs with 4 ships named. He met Capt. De la Roche with another French man-of-war, and commanded him aboard, where he now remains; he is stayed for having Capt. [Wm.] Skelton and 200 or 300 English sailors aboard him. Sir Thomas and the French ships are riding at anchor at Spithead." "Feb. 27. —— to Williamson. Mons. De la Roche, with his consort, after having left Sir Thomas Allin 2 hours, was forced back by the weather, and then Sir Thomas, having received orders, stopped him, and took from him a small Ostender, which he had taken out of one of our harbours, and also 103 (*sic*) Englishmen, together with Lieut. Col. Skelton."—*Calendar of State Papers*, 1667–68, p. 251.

[2] The goldsmith.

without reason to ruin us, we shall make a good defence. I find him in great anxiety, though he will not discover it, in the business of the proceedings of Parliament; and would as little as is possible have his name mentioned in our discourse to them; and particularly the business of selling places is now upon his hand to defend himself in; wherein I did help him in his defence about the flag-maker's place, which is named in the House. We did here do the like about the complaint of want of victuals in the fleete in the year 1666, which will lie upon me to defend also. So that my head is full of care and weariness in my employment. Thence home, and there my mind being a little lightened by my morning's work in the arguments I have now laid together in better method for our defence to the Parliament, I to talk with my wife; and in lieu of a coach this year, I have got my wife to be contented with her closet being made up this summer, and going into the country this summer for a month or two, to my father's, and there Mercer and Deb. and Jane shall go with her, which I the rather do for the entertaining my wife, and preventing of fallings out between her and my father or Deb., which uses to be the fate of her going into the country. After dinner by coach to Westminster, and there to St. Margaret's church, thinking to have seen Betty Michell, but she was not there, but met her father and mother and with them to her father's house, where I never was before, but was mighty much made of, with some good strong waters, which they have from their son Michell, and mighty good people they are. Thence to Mrs. Martin's, where I have not been also a good while, and with great difficulty, company being there, did get an opportunity to hazer what I would con her, and here I was mightily taken with a starling which she hath, that was the King's which he kept in his bedchamber; and do whistle and talk the most and best that ever I heard anything in my life. Thence to visit Sir H. Cholmly, who continues still sick of his cold, and thence calling, but in vain, to speak with Sir G. Carteret at his house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, where I spoke with nobody, but home, where spent the evening talking with W. Hewer about business of the House, and declaring my expectation of all our being turned out. Hither comes Carcasse to me about business, and there did confess to me of his own accord his having heretofore discovered as a complaint against Sir W. Batten, Sir W. Pen and me that we did prefer the paying of some men to man "The Flying Greyhound" to others, by order under our hands. The thing upon recollection I believe is true, and do hope no great matter can be made of it, but yet I would be glad to have my name out of it, which I shall labour to do; in the mean time it weighs as a new trouble on my mind, and did trouble me all night. So without supper to bed, my eyes being also a little overwrought of late that I could not stay up to read.

2nd. Up and betimes to the office, where I did much business, and several come to me, and among others I did prepare Mr. Warren, and by and by Sir D. Gawden, about what presents I have had from them, that they may not publish them, or if they do, that in truth I received none on the account

of the Navy but Tangier, and this is true to the former, and in both that I never asked any thing of them. I must do the like with the rest. Mr. Moore was with me, and he do tell me, and so W. Hewer tells me, he hears this morning that all the town is full of the discourse that the Officers of the Navy shall be all turned out, but honest Sir John Minnes, who, God knows, is fitter to have been turned out himself than any of us, doing the King more hurt by his dotage and folly than all the rest can do by their knavery, if they had a mind to it. At noon home to dinner, where was Mercer, and very merry as I could be with my mind so full of business, and so with my wife, her and the girl, to the King's house to see the "Virgin Martyr" again, which do mightily please me, but above all the musique at the coming down of the angel, which at this hearing the second time, do still commend me as nothing ever did, and the other musique is nothing to it. Thence with my wife to the 'Change, and so, calling at the Cocke ale house, we home, and there I settle to business, and with my people preparing my great answer to the Parliament for the office about tickets till past 12 o'clock at night, and then home to supper and to bed, keeping Mr. Gibson all night with me. This day I have the news that my sister was married on Thursday last to Mr. Jackson; so that work is, I hope, well over.

3rd. Up betimes to work again, and then met at the Office, where to our great business of this answer to the Parliament; where to my great vexation I find my Lord Brouncker prepared only to excuse himself, while I, that have least reason to trouble myself, am preparing with great pains to defend them all: and more, I perceive, he would lodge the beginning of discharging ships by ticket upon me; but I care not, for I believe I shall get more honour by it when the Parliament, against my will, shall see how the whole business of the Office was done by me. At noon rose and to dinner. My wife abroad with Mercer and Deb. buying of things, but I with my clerks home to dinner, and thence presently down with Lord Brouncker, W. Pen, T. Harvy, T. Middleton, and Mr. Tippets,[1] who first took his place this day at the table, as a Commissioner, in the room of Commissioner Pett. Down by water to Deptford, where the King, Queene, and Court are to see launched the new ship built by Mr. Shish, called "The Charles." [2] God send her better luck than the former! Here some of our brethren, who went in a boat a little before my boat, did by appointment take opportunity of asking the King's leave that we might make full use of the want of money, in our excuse to the Parliament for the business of tickets, and other things they will lay to our charge, all which arose from nothing else: and this the King did readily agree to, and did give us leave to make our full use of it. The ship being well launched, I back again by boat, setting [Sir] T. Middleton and Mr. Tippets on shore at Ratcliffe, I home and there to my chamber with Mr. Gibson,

[1] Mr. (afterwards Sir John) Tippets. See note, April 24th, 1662.

[2] Named in "The Gazette" "Charles the Second," and to carry 106 guns. It replaced the one captured by the Dutch in the Medway.—B.

and late up till midnight preparing more things against our defence on Thursday next to my content, though vexed that all this trouble should be on me. So to supper and to bed.

4th. Up betimes and with Sir W. Pen in his coach to White Hall, there to wait upon the Duke of York and the Commissioners of the Treasury, [Sir] W. Coventry and Sir John Duncombe, who do declare that they cannot find the money we demand, and we that less than what we demand will not set out the fleet intended, and so broke up, with no other conclusion than that they would let us have what they could get and we would improve that as well as we could. So God bless us, and prepare us against the consequences of these matters. Thence, it being a cold wet day, I home with Sir J. Minnes in his coach, and called by the way at my bookseller's and took home with me Kercher's Musurgia very well bound, but I had no comfort to look upon them, but as soon as I come home fell to my work at the office, shutting the doors, that we, I and my clerks, might not be interrupted, and so, only with room for a little dinner, we very busy all the day till night that the officers met for me to give them the heads of what I intended to say, which I did with great discontent to see them all rely on me that have no reason at all to trouble myself about it, nor have any thanks from them for my labour, but contrarily Brouncker looked mighty dogged, as thinking that I did not intend to do it so as to save him. This troubled me so much as, together with the shortness of the time and muchness of the business, did let me be at it till but about ten at night, and then quite weary, and dull, and vexed, I could go no further, but resolved to leave the rest to to-morrow morning, and so in full discontent and weariness did give over and went home, with [out] supper vexed and sickish to bed, and there slept about three hours, but then waked, and never in so much trouble in all my life of mind, thinking of the task I have upon me, and upon what dissatisfactory grounds, and what the issue of it may be to me.

5th. With these thoughts I lay troubling myself till six o'clock, restless, and at last getting my wife to talk to me to comfort me, which she at last did, and made me resolve to quit my hands of this Office, and endure the trouble of it no longer than till I can clear myself of it. So with great trouble, but yet with some ease, from this discourse with my wife, I up, and to my Office, whither come my clerks, and so I did huddle the best I could some more notes for my discourse to-day, and by nine o'clock was ready, and did go down to the Old Swan, and there by boat, with T. H[ater] and W. H[ewer] with me, to Westminster, where I found myself come time enough, and my brethren all ready. But I full of thoughts and trouble touching the issue of this day; and, to comfort myself did go to the Dog and drink half-a-pint of mulled sack, and in the Hall [Westminster] did drink a dram of brandy at Mrs. Hewlett's; and with the warmth of this did find myself in better order as to courage, truly. So we all up to the lobby; and between eleven and twelve o'clock, were called in, with the mace before us, into the

House, where a mighty full House; and we stood at the bar, namely, Brouncker, Sir J. Minnes, Sir T. Harvey, and myself, W. Pen being in the House, as a Member. I perceive the whole House was full, and full of expectation of our defence what it would be, and with great prejudice. After the Speaker had told us the dissatisfaction of the House, and read the Report of the Committee, I began our defence most acceptably and smoothly, and continued at it without any hesitation or losse, but with full scope, and all my reason free about me, as if it had been at my own table, from that time till past three in the afternoon; and so ended, without any interruption from the Speaker; but we withdrew. And there all my Fellow-Officers, and all the world that was within hearing, did congratulate me, and cry up my speech as the best thing they ever heard; and my Fellow-Officers overjoyed in it; we were called in again by and by to answer only one question, touching our paying tickets to ticket-mongers; and so out; and we were in hopes to have had a vote this day in our favour, and so the generality of the House was; but my speech, being so long, many had gone out to dinner and come in again half drunk; and then there are two or three that are professed enemies to us and every body else; among others, Sir T. Littleton, Sir Thomas Lee,[1] Mr. Wiles, the coxcomb whom I saw heretofore at the cock-fighting and a few others; I say, these did rise up and speak against the coming to a vote now, the House not being full, by reason of several being at dinner, but most because that the House was to attend the King this afternoon, about the business of religion, wherein they pray him to put in force all the laws against Nonconformists and Papists; and this prevented it, so that they put it off to to-morrow come se'nnight. However, it is plain we have got great ground; and everybody says I have got the most honour that any could have had opportunity of getting; and so with our hearts mightily overjoyed at this success, we all to dinner to Lord Brouncker's—that is to say, myself, T. Harvey, and W. Pen, and there dined; and thence with Sir Anthony Morgan, who is an acquaintance of Brouncker's, a very wise man, we after dinner to the King's house, and there saw part of "The Discontented Colonel," but could take no great pleasure in it, because of our coming in in the middle of it. After the play, home with W. Pen, and there to my wife, whom W. Hewer had told of my success, and she overjoyed, and I also as to my particular; and, after talking awhile, I betimes to bed, having had no quiet rest a good while.

6th. Up betimes, and with Sir D. Gawden to Sir W. Coventry's chamber: where the first word he said to me was, "Good-morrow, Mr. Pepys, that must be Speaker of the Parliament-house:" and did protest I had got honour for ever in Parliament. He said that his brother,[2] that sat by him, admires me; and another gentleman said that I could not get less than £1,000 a-year if I would put on a gown and plead at the Chancery-bar; but, what

[1] Of Hartwell, Bucks; created a baronet, 1660.—B.

[2] Henry Coventry.

pleases me most, he tells me that the Sollicitor-Generall [1] did protest that he thought I spoke the best of any man in England. After several talks with him alone, touching his own businesses, he carried me to White Hall, and there parted; and I to the Duke of York's lodgings, and find him going to the Park, it being a very fine morning, and I after him; and, as soon as he saw me, he told me, with great satisfaction, that I had converted a great many yesterday, and did, with great praise of me, go on with the discourse with me. And, by and by, overtaking the King, the King and Duke of York come to me both; and he[2] said, "Mr. Pepys, I am very glad of your success yesterday;" and fell to talk of my well speaking; and many of the Lords there. My Lord Barkeley did cry me up for what they had heard of it; and others, Parliament-men there, about the King, did say that they never heard such a speech in their lives delivered in that manner. Progers, of the Bedchamber, swore to me afterwards before Brouncker, in the afternoon, that he did tell the King that he thought I might teach the Sollicitor-Generall. Every body that saw me almost come to me, as Joseph Williamson and others, with such eulogys as cannot be expressed. From thence I went to Westminster Hall, where I met Mr. G. Montagu, who come to me and kissed me, and told me that he had often heretofore kissed my hands, but now he would kiss my lips: protesting that I was another Cicero, and said, all the world said the same of me. Mr. Ashburnham, and every creature I met there of the Parliament, or that knew anything of the Parliament's actings, did salute me with this honour:—Mr. Godolphin;—Mr. Sands, who swore he would go twenty mile, at any time, to hear the like again, and that he never saw so many sit four hours together to hear any man in his life, as there did to hear me; Mr. Chichly,—Sir John Duncomb,—and everybody do say that the kingdom will ring of my abilities, and that I have done myself right for my whole life: and so Captain Cocke, and others of my friends, say that no man had ever such an opportunity of making his abilities known; and, that I may cite all at once, Mr. Lieutenant of the Tower did tell me that Mr. Vaughan did protest to him, and that, in his hearing it, said so to the Duke of Albemarle, and afterwards to W. Coventry, that he had sat twenty-six years in Parliament and never heard such a speech there before: for which the Lord God make me thankful! and that I may make use of it not to pride and vain-glory, but that, now I have this esteem, I may do nothing that may lessen it! I spent the morning thus walking in the Hall, being complimented by everybody with admiration: and at noon stepped into the Legg with Sir William Warren, who was in the Hall, and there talked about a little of his business, and thence into the Hall a little more, and so with him by coach as far as the Temple almost, and there 'light, to follow my Lord Brouncker's coach, which I spied, and so to Madam Williams's, where I overtook him, and agreed upon meeting this afternoon,

[1] Sir Heneage Finch. See note, August 4th, 1660.
[2] The king.

and so home to dinner, and after dinner with W. Pen, who come to my house to call me, to White Hall, to wait on the Duke of York, where he again and all the company magnified me, and several in the Gallery: among others, my Lord Gerard, who never knew me before nor spoke to me, desires his being better acquainted with me; and [said] that, at table where he was, he never heard so much said of any man as of me, in his whole life. We waited on the Duke of York, and thence into the Gallery, where the House of Lords waited the King's coming out of the Park, which he did by and by; and there, in the Vane-room, my Lord Keeper delivered a message to the King, the Lords being about him, wherein the Barons of England, from many good arguments, very well expressed in the part he read out of, do demand precedence in England of all noblemen of either of the King's other two kingdoms, be their title what it will; and did shew that they were in England reputed but as Commoners, and sat in the House of Commons, and at conferences with the Lords did stand bare. It was mighty worth my hearing: but the King did only say that he would consider of it, and so dismissed them.[1] Thence Brouncker and I to the Committee of Miscarriages sitting in the Court of Wards, expecting with Sir D. Gawden to have been heard against Prince Rupert's complaints for want of victuals. But the business of Holmes's charge against Sir Jer. Smith, which is a most shameful scandalous thing for Flag officers to accuse one another of, and that this should be heard here before men that understand it not at all, and after it hath been examined and judged in before the King and Lord High Admirall and other able seamen to judge, it is very hard. But this business did keep them all the afternoon, so we not heard but put off to another day. Thence, with the Lieutenant of the Tower, in his coach home; and there, with great pleasure, with my wife, talking and playing at cards a little—she, and I, and W. Hewer, and Deb., and so, after a little supper, I to bed.

7th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning, at noon home to dinner, where Mercer with us, and after dinner she, my wife, Deb., and I, to the King's playhouse, and there saw "The Spanish Gipsys," [2] the second time of acting, and the first that I saw it. A very silly play, only great variety of dances, and those most excellently done, especially one part by one Hanes,[3] only lately come thither from the Nursery, an understanding fel-

[1] The order of precedence of peers of Scotland and Ireland was settled by the respective acts of union of Scotland and Ireland, thus—dukes of Scotland follow dukes of England, then come in the following order dukes of Great Britain, of Ireland, and of the United Kingdom. Each degree in the peerage follows the same order.

[2] "The Spanish Gipsie," a comedy by Thomas Middleton and William Rowley, first printed in 1653.

[3] The famous Joseph Haines or Haynes, who was so popular that two biographies of him were printed in 1701, after his death. One of them, entitled, "The Life of the Famous Comedian, Jo. Haynes, containing his Comical Exploits and Adventures, both at Home and Abroad," 8vo, states that he had acted under Captain Bedford, "whilst the playhouse in Hatton Garden lasted." This would therefore seem to be the "Nursery" alluded to by Pepys. Haines was a low comedian and a capital dancer. He was educated at the

low, but yet, they say, hath spent £1,000 a-year before he come thither. This day my wife and I full of thoughts about Mrs. Pierce's sending me word that she, and my old company, Harris and Knipp, would come and dine with us next Wednesday, how we should do—to receive or put them off, my head being, at this time, so full of business, and my wife in no mind to have them neither, and yet I desire it. Come to no resolution to-night. Home from the playhouse to the office, where I wrote what I had to write, and among others to my father to congratulate my sister's marriage, and so home to supper a little and then to bed.

8th (Lord's day). At my sending to desire it, Sir J. Robinson, Lieutenant of the Tower, did call me with his coach, and carried me to White Hall, where met with very many people still that did congratulate my speech the other day in the House of Commons, and I find all the world almost rings of it. Here spent the morning walking and talking with one or other, and among the rest with Sir W. Coventry, who I find full of care in his own business, how to defend himself against those that have a mind to choke him; and though, I believe, not for honour and for the keeping his employment, but for his safety and reputation's sake, is desirous to preserve himself free from blame, and among other mean ways which himself did take notice to me to be but a mean thing he desires me to get information against Captain Tatnell, thereby to diminish his testimony, who, it seems, hath a mind to do W. Coventry hurt: and I will do it with all my heart; for Tatnell is a very rogue. He would be glad, too, that I could find anything proper for his taking notice against Sir F. Hollis. At noon, after sermon, I to dinner with Sir G. Carteret to Lincoln's Inn Fields, where I find mighty deal of company—a solemn day for some of his and her friends, and dine in the great dining-room above stairs, where Sir G. Carteret himself, and I, and his son, at a little table by, the great table being full of strangers. Here my Lady Jem. do promise to come, and bring my Lord Hinchingbroke and his lady some day this week, to dinner to me, which I am glad of. After dinner, I up with her husband, Sir Philip Carteret, to his closet, where, beyond expectation, I do find many pretty things, wherein he appears to be ingenious, such as in painting, and drawing, and making of watches, and such kind of things, above my expectation; though, when all is done, he is a shirke, who owns his owing me £10 for his lady two or three years ago, and yet cannot provide to pay me.[1] The company by and by parted, and G. Carteret and I to White Hall, where I set him down and took his coach as far as the Temple, it raining, and there took a hackney and home, and so had my head combed, and then to bed.

school of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, and was sent to Queen's College, Oxford, by some friends who bore the expense. Williamson on being appointed Secretary of State made Haines his Latin secretary. Haines kept this appointment a very short time, and took to the stage. One dramatic piece is attributed to him, "A Fatal Mistake, or the Plot spoiled," 4to, 1692, 1696.

[1] He entered the theatre upon credit. See *ante*, December 30th, 1667.

9th. Up betimes, and anon with Sir W. Warren, who come to speak with me, by coach to White Hall, and there met Lord Brouncker: and he and I to the Commissioners of the Treasury, where I find them mighty kind to me, more, I think, than was wont. And here I also met Colvill, the goldsmith; who tells me, with great joy, how the world upon the 'Change talks of me; and how several Parliament-men, viz., Boscawen[1] and Major [Lionel] Walden, of Huntingdon, who, it seems, do deal with him, do say how bravely I did speak, and that the House was ready to have given me thanks for it; but that, I think, is a vanity. Thence I with Lord Brouncker, and did take up his mistress, Williams, and so to the 'Change, only to shew myself, and did a little business there, and so home to dinner, and then to the office busy till the evening, and then to the Excise Office, where I find Mr. Ball in a mighty trouble that he is to be put out of his place at Midsummer, the whole Commission being to cease, and the truth is I think they are very fair dealing men, all of them. Here I did do a little business, and then to rights home, and there dispatched many papers, and so home late to supper and to bed, being eased of a great many thoughts, and yet have a great many more to remove as fast as I can, my mind being burdened with them, having been so much employed upon the public business of the office in their defence before the Parliament of late, and the further cases that do attend it.

10th. Up, and to the office betimes, where all the morning. At noon home to dinner with my clerks, and after dinner comes Kate Joyce, who tells me she is putting off her house, which I am glad of, but it was pleasant that she come on purpose to me about getting a ticket paid, and in her way hither lost her ticket, so that she is at a great loss what to do. There comes in then Mrs. Mercer, the mother, the first time she has been here since her daughter lived with us, to see my wife, and after a little talk I left them and to the office, and thence with Sir D. Gawden to Westminster Hall, thinking to have attended the Committee about the Victualling business, but they did not meet, but here we met Sir R. Brookes, who do mightily cry up my speech the other day, saying my fellow-officers are obliged to me, as indeed they are. Thence with Sir D. Gawden homewards, calling at Lincolne's Inn Fields: but my Lady Jemimah was not within: and so to Newgate, where he stopped to give directions to the jaylor about a Knight, one Sir Thomas Halford[2] brought in yesterday for killing one Colonel Temple, falling out at a taverne. So thence as far as Leadenhall, and there I 'light, and back by coach to Lincoln's Inn Fields; but my Lady was not come in, and so I am at a great loss whether she and her brother Hinchingbroke and sister will dine with me to-morrow or no, which vexes me. So home; and there comes Mr.

[1] Edward Boscawen, M.P. for Truro, ancestor of the present Viscount Falmouth.—B.

[2] Sir Thomas Halford, of Wistowe, Leicestershire, the second baronet of his race: he was born in 1638, and died in 1679, having succeeded to his grandfather's titles and estates in 1658, and had twenty-two children by his first wife, Selina, daughter of William Welby, Esq., of Denton, Lincolnshire. No other notice of the duel has been traced. —B.

Moore to me, who tells me that he fears my Lord Sandwich will meet with very great difficulties to go through about the prizes, it being found that he did give orders for more than the King's letter do justify; and then for the Act of Resumption, which he fears will go on, and is designed only to do him hurt, which troubles me much. He tells me he believes the Parliament will not be brought to do anything in matters of religion, but will adhere to the Bishops. So he gone, I up to supper, where I find W. Joyce and Harman come to see us, and there was also Mrs. Mercer and her two daughters, and here we were as merry as that fellow Joyce could make us with his mad talking, after the old wont, which tired me. But I was mightily pleased with his singing; for the rogue hath a very good eare, and a good voice. Here he stayed till he was almost drunk, and then away at about ten at night, and then all broke up, and I to bed.

11th. Up, and betimes to the office, where busy till 8 o'clock, and then went forth, and meeting Mr. Colvill, I walked with him to his building, where he is building a fine house, where he formerly lived, in Lumbard Street: and it will be a very fine street. Thence walked down to the Three Cranes and there took boat to White Hall, where by direction I waited on the Duke of York about office business, and so by water to Westminster, where walking in the Hall most of the morning, and up to my Lady Jem. in Lincoln's Inn Fields to get her to appoint the day certain when she will come and dine with me, and she hath appointed Saturday next. So back to Westminster; and there still walked, till by and by comes Sir W. Coventry, and with him Mr. Chichly and Mr. Andrew Newport,[1] I to dinner with them to Mr. Chichly's, in Queene Street, in Covent Garden. A very fine house, and a man that lives in mighty great fashion, with all things in a most extraordinary manner noble and rich about him, and eats in the French fashion all; and mighty nobly served with his servants, and very civilly; that I was mighty pleased with it: and good discourse. He is a great defender of the Church of England, and against the Act for Comprehension, which is the work of this day, about which the House is like to sit till night. After dinner, away with them back to Westminster, where, about four o'clock, the House rises, and hath done nothing more in the business than to put off the debate to this day month. In the mean time the King hath put out his proclamations this day, as the House desired, for the putting in execution the Act against Nonconformists and Papists, but yet it is conceived that for all this some liberty must be given, and people will have it. Here I met with my cozen Roger Pepys, who is come to town, and hath been told of my performance before the House the other day, and is mighty proud of it, and Captain Cocke met me here to-day, and told me that the Speaker says he never heard such a defence made, in all his life, in the House; and that the Sollicitor-Generall do commend me even to envy. I carried cozen Roger as

[1] A Commissioner of Customs. He was a younger son of the first Lord Newport, of High Ercall, Salop.—B.

far as the Strand, where, spying out of the coach Colonel Charles George Cocke, formerly a very great man, and my father's customer, whom I have carried clothes to, but now walks like a poor sorry sneake, he stopped, and I 'light to him. This man knew me, which I would have willingly avoided, so much pride I had, he being a man of mighty height and authority in his time, but now signifies nothing. Thence home, where to the office a while and then home, where W. Batelier was and played at cards and supped with us, my eyes being out of order for working, and so to bed.

12th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning, at noon home, and after dinner with wife and Deb., carried them to Unthanke's, and I to Westminster Hall expecting our being with the Committee this afternoon about Victualling business, but once more waited in vain. So after a turn or two with Lord Brouncker, I took my wife up and left her at the 'Change while I to Gresham College, there to shew myself; and was there greeted by Dr. Wilkins, Whistler, and others, as the patron of the Navy Office, and one that got great fame by my late speech to the Parliament. Here I saw a great trial of the goodness of a burning glass, made of a new figure, not spherical (by one Smithys, I think, they call him), that did burn a glove of my Lord Brouncker's from the heat of a very little fire, which a burning glass of the old form, or much bigger, could not do, which was mighty pretty. Here I heard Sir Robert Southwell give an account of some things committed to him by the Society at his going to Portugall, which he did deliver in a mighty handsome manner.[1] Thence went away home, and there at my office as long as my eyes would endure, and then home to supper, and to talk with Mr. Pelling, who tells me what a fame I have in the City for my late performance; and upon the whole I bless God for it. I think I have, if I can keep it, done myself a great deal of repute. So by and by to bed.

13th. Up betimes to my office, where to fit myself for attending the Parliament again, not to make any more speech, which, while my fame is good, I will avoid, for fear of losing it; but only to answer to what objections will be made against us. Thence walked to the Old Swan and drank at Michell's, whose house is going up apace. Here I saw Betty, but could not baiser la, and so to Westminster, there to the Hall, where up to my cozen Roger Pepys at the Parliament door, and there he took me aside, and told

[1] At the meeting of the Royal Society on March 12th, 1668, "Mr. Smethwick's glasses were tried again; and his telescope being compared with another longer telescope, and the object-glasses exchanged, was still found to exceed the other in goodness; and his burning concave being compared with a spherical burning-glass of almost twice the diameter, and held to the fire, it burnt gloves, whereas the other spherical ones would not burn at all." "Sir Robert Southwell being lately returned from Portugal, where he had been ambassador from the king, and being desired to acquaint the society with what he had done with respect to the instructions, which he had received from them before his departure from England, related, that he had lodged the astronomical quadrant, which the society had sent to Portugal to make observations with there, with a body of men at Lisbon, who had applied themselves among other kinds of literature to mathematics" (Birch's "History of the Royal Society," vol. ii., p. 256).

me how he was taken up by one of the House yesterday, for moving for going on with the King's supply of money, without regard to the keeping pace therewith, with the looking into miscarriages, and was told by this man privately that it did arise because that he had a kinsman concerned therein; and therefore he would prefer the safety of his kinsman to the good of the nation, and that there was great things against us and against me, for all my fine discourse the other day. But I did bid him be at no pain for me; for I knew of nothing but what I was very well prepared to answer; and so I think I am, and therefore was not at all disquieted by this. Thence he to the House, and I to the Hall, where my Lord Brouncker and the rest waiting till noon and not called for by the House, they being upon the business of money again, and at noon all of us to Chatelin's,[1] the French house in Covent Garden, to dinner—Brouncker, J. Minnes, W. Pen, T. Harvey, and myself: and there had a dinner cost us 8*s.* 6*d.* a-piece, a damned base dinner, which did not please us at all, so that I am not fond of this house at all, but do rather choose the Beare. After dinner to White Hall to the Duke of York, and there did our usual business, complaining of our standing still in every respect for want of money, but no remedy propounded, but so I must still be. Thence with our company to the King's playhouse, where I left them, and I, my head being full of to-morrow's dinner, I to my Lord Crew's, there to invite Sir Thomas Crew; and there met with my Lord Hinchingbroke and his lady, the first time I spoke to her. I saluted her; and she mighty civil: and, with my Lady Jemimah, do all resolve to be very merry to-morrow at my house. My Lady Hinchingbroke I cannot say is a beauty, nor ugly; but is altogether a comely lady enough, and seems very good-humoured, and I mighty glad of the occasion of seeing her before to-morrow. Thence home; and there find one laying of my napkins against to-morrow in figures of all sorts, which is mighty pretty; and, it seems, it is his trade, and he gets much money by it; and do now and then furnish tables with plate and linnen for a feast at so much, which is mighty pretty, and a trade I could not have thought of. I find my wife upon the bed not over well, her breast being broke out with heat, which troubles her, but I hope it will be for her good. Thence I to Mrs. Turner, and did get her to go along with me to the French pewterer's, and there did buy some new pewter against to-morrow; and thence to White Hall, to have got a cook of her acquaintance, the best in England, as she says. But after we had with much ado found him, he could not come, nor was Mr. Gentleman in town, whom next I would have had, nor would Mrs. Stone let her man Lewis come, whom this man recommended to me; so that I was at a mighty loss what in the world to do for a cooke, Philips being out of town. Therefore, after staying here at Westminster a great while, we back to London, and there to Philips's, and his man directed

[1] "*Briske.* A fellow that never wore a noble and polite garniture, or a white perriwig, one that has not a bit of interest at Chatolin's or ever ate a good fricacy, sup, or ragoust in his life."—Shadwell's *Humourists*, act v.

us to Mr. Levett's, who could not come, and he sent to two more, and they could not; so that, at last, Levett as a great kindness did resolve he would leave his business and come himself, which set me in great ease in my mind, and so home, and there with my wife setting all things in order against to-morrow, having seen Mrs. Turner at home, and so late to bed.

14th. Up very betimes, and with Jane to Levett's, there to conclude upon our dinner; and thence to the pewterer's, to buy a pewter sesterne,[1] which I have ever hitherto been without, and so up and down upon several occasions to set matters in order, and that being done I out of doors to Westminster Hall, and there met my Lord Brouncker, who tells me that our business is put off till Monday, and so I was mighty glad that I was eased of my attendance here, and of any occasion that might put me out of humour, as it is likely if we had been called before the Parliament. Therefore, after having spoke with Mr. Godolphin and cozen Roger, I away home, and there do find everything in mighty good order, only my wife not dressed, which troubles me. Anon comes my company, viz., my Lord Hinchingbroke and his lady, Sir Philip Carteret and his lady, Godolphin and my cozen Roger, and Creed: and mighty merry; and by and by to dinner, which was very good and plentifull: (I should have said, and Mr. George Montagu), who come at a very little warning, which was exceeding kind of him. And there, among other things, my Lord had Sir Samuel Morland's[2] late invention for casting up of sums of £ *s. d.*; which is very pretty, but not very useful. Most of our discourse was of my Lord Sandwich and his family, as being all of us of the family; and with extraordinary pleasure all the afternoon, thus together eating and looking over my closet: and my Lady Hinchingbroke I find a very sweet-natured and well-disposed lady, a lover of books and pictures, and of good understanding. About five o'clock they went; and then my wife and I abroad by coach into Moorefields, only for a little ayre, and so home again, staying no where, and then up to her chamber, there to talk with pleasure of this day's passages, and so to bed. This day I had the welcome news of our prize being come safe from Holland, so as I shall have hopes, I hope, of getting my money of my Lady Batten, or good part of it.

15th (Lord's day). Up and walked, it being fine dry weather, to Sir W. Coventry's, overtaking my boy Ely[3] (that was), and he walked with me, being grown a man, and I think a sober fellow. He parted at Charing Cross, and I to Sir W. Coventry's, and there talked with him about the Commis-

[1] A pewter cistern was formerly part of the furniture of a well-appointed dining-room; the plates were rinsed in it, when necessary, during the meal. A magnificent silver cistern is still preserved in the dining-room at Burghley House, the seat of the Marquis of Exeter. It is said to be the largest piece of plate in England, and was once the subject of a curious wager.—B.

[2] The same as Morland's so-called calculating machine. Sir Samuel published in 1673 "The Description and Use of two Arithmetick Instruments, together with a short Treatise of Arithmetic, as likewise a Perpetual Almanack and severall useful tables."

[3] See August 27th, 1660.

sioners of Accounts, who did give in their report yesterday to the House, and do lay little upon us as aggravate any thing at present, but only do give an account of the dissatisfactory account they receive from Sir G. Carteret, which I am sorry for, they saying that he tells them not any time when he paid any sum, which is fit for them to know for the computing of interest, but I fear he is hardly able to tell it. They promise to give them an account of the embezzlement of prizes, wherein I shall be something concerned, but nothing that I am afeard of, I thank God. Thence walked with W. Coventry into the Park, and there met the King and the Duke of York, and walked a good while with them: and here met Sir Jer. Smith, who tells me he is like to get the better of Holmes, and that when he is come to an end of that, he will do Hollis's business for him, in the House, for his blasphemies, which I shall be glad of. So to White Hall, and there walked with this man and that man till chapel done, and the King dined: and then Sir Thomas Clifford, the Comptroller,[1] took me with him to dinner to his lodgings, where my Lord Arlington and a great deal of good and great company; where I very civilly used by them, and had a most excellent dinner: and good discourse of Spain, Mr. Godolphin being there; particularly of the removal of the bodies of all the dead Kings of Spain that could be got together, and brought to the Pantheon[2] at the Escuriall, when it was finished, and there placed before the altar, there to lie for ever; and there was a sermon made to them upon this text, "Arida ossa, audite verbum Dei;"[3] and a most eloquent sermon, as they say, who say they have read it. After dinner, away hence, and I to Mrs. Martin's, and there spent the afternoon, and did hazer con elle, and here was her sister and Mrs. Burrows, and so in the evening got a coach and home, and there find Mr. Pelling and W. Hewer, and there talked and supped, Pelling being gone, and mightily pleased with a picture that W. Hewer brought hither of several things painted upon a deale board, which board is so well painted that in my whole life I never was so well pleased or surprized with any picture, and so troubled that so good pictures should be painted upon a piece of bad deale. Even after I knew that it was not board, but only the picture of a board, I could not remove my fancy. After supper to bed, being very sleepy, and, I bless God, my mind being at very good present rest.

16th. Up, to set my papers and books in order, and put up my plate since

[1] Of the Household.

[2] "Panteon, a term given by the Spaniards to a Christian burial vault. . . . Philip III. began the present gorgeous chamber under the high altar, which Philip IV. completed in 1654, moving in the royal bodies on the 17th of March. The entrance, with its gilt ornaments and variegated marbles, has nothing in common with the sepulchral sentiment." —Ford's *Handbook for Spain.*

[3] The sermon here referred to was preached by a monk of the order of St. Jerome in 1654; part of it was translated by the Rev. Edward Clarke, who calls it the most extraordinary funeral sermon he ever met with (Clarke's "Letters concerning the Spanish Nation," 1763, p. 141).

my late feast, and then to Westminster, by water, with Mr. Hater, and there, in the Hall, did walk all the morning, talking with one or other, expecting to have our business in the House; but did now a third time wait to no purpose, they being all this morning upon the business of Barker's petition about the making void the Act of Settlement in Ireland, which makes a great deal of hot work: and, at last, finding that by all men's opinion they could not come to our matter to-day, I with Sir W. Pen home, and there to dinner, where I find, by Willet's crying, that her mistress had been angry with her: but I would take no notice of it. Busy all the afternoon at the office, and then by coach to the Excize Office, but lost my labour, there being nobody there, and so back again home, and after a little at the office I home, and there spent the evening with my wife talking and singing, and so to bed with my mind pretty well at ease. This evening W. Pen and Sir R. Ford and I met at the first's house to talk of our prize that is now at last come safe over from Holland, by which I hope to receive some if not all the benefit of my bargain with W. Batten for my share in it, which if she had miscarried I should have doubted of my Lady Batten being left little able to have paid me.

17th. Up betimes and to the office, where all the morning busy, and then at noon home to dinner, and so again to the office awhile, and then abroad to the Excize-Office, where I met Mr. Ball,[1] and did receive the paper I went for; and there fell in talk with him, who, being an old cavalier, do swear and curse at the present state of things, that we should be brought to this, that we must be undone and cannot be saved; that the Parliament is sitting now, and will till midnight, to find how to raise this £300,000, and he doubts they will not do it so as to be seasonable for the King: but do cry out against our great men at Court; how it is a fine thing for a Secretary of State to dance a jigg, and that it was not so heretofore; and, above all, do curse my Lord of Bristoll, saying the worst news that ever he heard in his life, or that the Devil could ever bring us, was this Lord's coming to prayers the other day in the House of Lords, by which he is coming about again from being a Papist, which will undo this nation; and he says he ever did say, at the King's first coming in, that this nation could not be safe while that man was alive. Having done there, I away towards Westminster, but seeing by the coaches the House to be up, I stopped at the 'Change (where I met Mrs.

[1] John Ball, Treasurer of Excise. In a petition to the king, praying for a pension (dated September 2nd, 1668), he writes: "I served your majesty and your father in England and Ireland for 30 years, and lived in exile with your majesty until your restoration, finding the funds out of my private estate for 23 years, and receiving no pay nor gratuity. After the restoration, when the excise was settled on your majesty by Act of Parliament, I was constituted Treasurer of Excise, which office I held seven years, but the Treasury Commissioners upon the alteration of the management of that revenue dismissed me from my employment." On the 14th of the same month Ball was granted £200 in consideration of his loss of a salary of £400 a year ("Calendar of State Papers," 1667–68, pp. 566, 585).

Turner, and did give her a pair of gloves), and there bought several things for my wife, and so to my bookseller's, and there looked for Montaigne's Essays,[1] which I heard by my Lord Arlington and Lord Blaney so much commended, and intend to buy it, but did not now, but home, where at the office did some business, as much as my eyes would give leave, and so home to supper, Mercer with us talking and singing, and so to bed. The House, I hear, have this day concluded upon raising £100,000 of the £300,000 by wine, and the rest by a poll-[tax], and have resolved to excuse the Church, in expectation that they will do the more of themselves at this juncture; and I do hear that Sir W. Coventry did make a speech in behalf of the Clergy.

18th. Up betimes to Westminster, where met with cozen Roger and Creed and walked with them, and Roger do still continue of the mind that there is no other way of saving this nation but by dissolving this Parliament and calling another; but there are so many about the King that will not be able to stand, if a new Parliament come, that they will not persuade the King to it. I spent most of the morning walking with one or other, and anon met Doll Lane at the Dog tavern, and there je did hazer what I did desire with her . . . and I did give her as being my valentine 20*s.* to buy what elle would. Thence away by coach to my bookseller's, and to several places to pay my debts, and to Ducke Lane, and there bought Montaigne's Essays, in English, and so away home to dinner, and after dinner with W. Pen to White Hall, where we and my Lord Brouncker attended the Council, to discourse about the fitness of entering of men presently for the manning of the fleete, before one ship is in condition to receive them. W. Coventry did argue against it: I was wholly silent, because I saw the King, upon the earnestness of the Prince, was willing to it, crying very sillily, "If ever you intend to man the fleete, without being cheated by the captains and pursers, you may go to bed, and resolve never to have it manned;" and so it was, like other things, over-ruled that all volunteers should be presently entered. Then there was another great business about our signing of certificates to the Exchequer for [prize] goods, upon the £1,250,000 Act, which the Commissioners of the Treasury did all oppose, and to the laying fault upon us. But I did then speak to the justifying what we had done, even to the angering of Duncomb and Clifford, which I was vexed at: but, for all that, I did set the Office and myself right, and went away with the victory, my Lord Keeper saying that he would not advise the Council to order us to sign no more certificates. But, before I began to say anything in this matter, the King and the Duke of York talking at the Council-table, before all the Lords, of the Committee of Miscarriages, how this entering of men before the ships could be ready would be reckoned a miscarriage; "Why," says the King, "it is then but Mr. Pepys making of another speech to them;" which made all the Lords, and there were by also the Atturny and Sollicitor-Generall,

[1] This must have been Florio's translation, as Cotton's was not published until 1685.

look upon me. Thence Sir W. Coventry, W. Pen and I, by hackney-coach to take a little ayre in Hyde Parke, the first time I have been there this year; and we did meet many coaches going and coming, it being mighty pleasant weather; and so, coming back again, I 'light in the Pell Mell; and there went to see Sir H. Cholmly, who continues very ill of his cold. And there come in Sir H. Yelverton, whom Sir H. Cholmly commended me to his acquaintance, which the other received, but without remembering to me, or I him, of our being school-fellows together; and I said nothing of it. But he took notice of my speech the other day at the bar of the House; and indeed I perceive he is a wise man by his manner of discourse, and here he do say that the town is full of it, that now the Parliament hath resolved upon £300,000, the King, instead of fifty, will set out but twenty-five ships, and the Dutch as many; and that Smith is to command them, who is allowed to have the better of Holmes in the late dispute, and is in good esteem in the Parliament, above the other. Thence home, and there, in favour to my eyes, stayed at home, reading the ridiculous History of my Lord Newcastle,[1] wrote by his wife, which shews her to be a mad, conceited, ridiculous woman, and he an asse to suffer her to write what she writes to him, and of him. Betty Turner sent my wife the book to read, and it being a fair print, to ease my eyes, which would be reading, I read that. Anon comes Mrs. Turner and sat and talked with us, and most about the business of Ackworth,[2] which comes before us to-morrow, that I would favour it, but I do not think, notwithstanding all the friendship I can shew him, that he can escape, and therefore it had been better that he had followed the advice I sent him the other day by Mrs. Turner, to make up the business. So parted, and I to bed, my eyes being very bad; and I know not how in the world to abstain from reading.

19th. Up, and betimes to the Old Swan, and by water to White Hall, and thence to W. Coventry's, where stayed but a little to talk with him, and thence by water back again, it being a mighty fine, clear spring morning. Back to the Old Swan, and drank at Michell's, whose house goes up apace, but I could not see Betty, and thence walked all along Thames Street, which I had not done since it was burned, as far as Billingsgate; and there do see a brave street likely to be, many brave houses being built, and of them a great many by Mr. Jaggard; but the raising of the street will make it mighty fine. So to the office, where busy all the morning. At noon home to dinner, and thence to the office, very busy till five o'clock, and then to ease my eyes I took my wife out and Deb. to the 'Change, and there bought them some things, and so home again and to the office, ended my

[1] "The Life of the thrice noble, high, and puissant Prince, William Cavendish, Duke . . . of Newcastle," by his duchess, of which the first edition, in folio, was published in 1667.

[2] William Acworth, storekeeper at Woolwich, was accused of converting stores to his own use (see "Calendar of State Papers," 1667–68, p. 279).

letters, and so home to read a little more in last night's book, with much sport, it being a foolish book, and so to supper and to bed. This afternoon I was surprized with a letter without a name to it, very well writ, in a good stile, giving me notice of my cozen Kate Joyce's being likely to ruin herself by marriage, and by ill reports already abroad of her, and I do fear that this keeping of an inne may spoil her, being a young and pretty comely woman, and thought to be left well. I did answer the letter with thanks and good liking, and am resolved to take the advice he gives me, and go see her, and find out what I can: but if she will ruin herself, I cannot help it, though I should be troubled for it.

20th. Up betimes, and to my Office, where we had a meeting extraordinary to consider of several things, among others the sum of money fit to be demanded ready money, to enable us to set out 27 ships, every body being now in pain for a fleete, and every body endeavouring to excuse themselves for the not setting out of one, and our true excuse is lack of money. At it all the morning, and so at noon home to dinner with my clerks, my wife and Deb. being busy at work above in her chamber getting things ready and fine for her going into the country a week or two hence. I away by coach to White Hall, where we met to wait on the Duke of York, and, soon as prayers were done, it being Good Friday, he come to us, and we did a little business and presented him with our demand of money, and so broke up, and I thence by coach to Kate Joyce's, being desirous and in pain to speak with her about the business that I received a letter yesterday, but had no opportunity of speaking with her about it, company being with her, so I only invited her to come and dine with me on Sunday next, and so away home, and for saving my eyes at my chamber all the evening pricking down some things, and trying some conclusions upon my viall, in order to the inventing a better theory of musique than hath yet been abroad; and I think verily I shall do it. So to supper with my wife, who is in very good humour with her working, and so am I, and so to bed. This day at Court I do hear that Sir W. Pen do command this summer's fleete; and Mr. Progers of the Bedchamber, as a secret, told me that the Prince Rupert is troubled at it, and several friends of his have been with him to know the reason of it; so that he do pity Sir W. Pen, whom he hath great kindness for, that he should not at any desire of his be put to this service, and thereby make the Prince his enemy, and contract more envy from other people. But I am not a whit sorry if it should be so, first for the King's sake, that his work will be better done by Sir W. Pen than the Prince, and next that Pen, who is a false rogue, may be bit a little by it.

21st. Up betimes to the office, and there we sat all the morning, at noon home with my clerks, a good dinner, and then to the Office, and wrote my letters, and then abroad to do several things, and pay what little scores I had, and among others to Mrs. Martin's, and there did give 20*s*. to Mrs. Cragg, her landlady, who was my Valentine in the house, as well as Doll

Lane. . . . So home and to the office, there to end my letters, and so home, where Betty Turner was to see my wife, and she being gone I to my chamber to read a little again, and then after supper to bed.

22nd (Easter day). I up, and walked to the Temple, and there got a coach, and to White Hall, where spoke with several people, and find by all that Pen is to go to sea this year with this fleete; and they excuse the Prince's going, by saying it is not a command great enough for him. Here I met with Brisband, and, after hearing the service at the King's chapel, where I heard the Bishop of Norwich, Dr. Reynolds,[1] the old presbyterian, begin a very plain sermon, he and I to the Queen's chapel, and there did hear the Italians sing; and indeed their musick did appear most admirable to me, beyond anything of ours: I was never so well satisfied in my life with it. So back to White Hall, and there met Mr. Pierce, and adjusted together how we should spend to-morrow together, and so by coach I home to dinner, where Kate Joyce was, as I invited her, and had a good dinner, only she and us; and after dinner she and I alone to talk about her business, as I designed; and I find her very discreet, and she assures me she neither do nor will incline to the doing anything towards marriage, without my advice, and did tell me that she had many offers, and that Harman and his friends would fain have her; but he is poor, and hath poor friends, and so it will not be advisable: but that there is another, a tobacconist, one Holinshed, whom she speaks well of, to be a plain, sober man, and in good condition, that offers her very well, and submits to me my examining and inquiring after it, if I see good, which I do like of it, for it will be best for her to marry, I think, as soon as she can—at least, to be rid of this house; for the trade will not agree with a young widow, that is a little handsome, at least ordinary people think her so. Being well satisfied with her answer, she anon went away, and I to my closet to make a few more experiments of my notions in musique, and so then my wife and I do walk in the garden, and then home to supper and to bed.

23rd. Up, and after discoursing with my wife about many things touching this day's dinner, I abroad, and first to the taverne to pay what I owe there, but missed of seeing the mistress of the house, and there bespoke wine for dinner, and so away thence, and to Bishopsgate Streete, thinking to have found a Harpsicon-maker that used to live there before the fire, but he is gone, and I have a mind forthwith to have a little Harpsicon made me to confirm and help me in my musique notions, which my head is now-a-days full of, and I do believe will come to something that is very good. Thence to White Hall, expecting to have heard the Bishop of Lincolne, my friend, preach, for so I understood he would do yesterday, but was mistaken, and

[1] Edward Reynolds, Preacher of Lincoln's Inn, was appointed Dean of Oxford in 1648, but ejected in 1650. He was restored March 13th, 1659–60, but was forced to quit soon afterwards. He was consecrated Bishop of Norwich, January 13th, 1660–61. He died July 28th, 1676, aged seventy-six.

therefore away presently back again, and there find everything in good order against dinner, and at noon come Mr. Pierce and she, and Mrs. Manuel, the Jew's wife, and Mrs. Corbet, and Mrs. Pierce's boy and girl. But we are defeated of Knepp, by her being forced to act to-day, and also of Harris, which did trouble me, they being my chief guests. However, I had an extraordinary good dinner, and the better because dressed by my own servants, and were mighty merry; and here was Mr. Pelling by chance come and dined with me; and after sitting long at dinner, I had a barge ready at Tower-wharfe, to take us in, and so we went, all of us, up as high as Barne-Elms, a very fine day, and all the way sang; and Mrs. Manuel sings very finely, and is a mighty discreet, sober-carriaged woman, that both my wife and I are mightily taken with her, and sings well, and without importunity or the contrary. At Barne-Elms we walked round, and then to the barge again, and had much merry talk, and good singing; and come before it was dark to the New Exchange stairs, and there landed, and walked up to Mrs. Pierce's, where we sat awhile, and then up to their dining-room. And so, having a violin and theorbo, did fall to dance, here being also Mrs. Floyd come hither, and by and by Mr. Harris. But there being so few of us that could dance, and my wife not being very well, we had not much pleasure in the dancing: there was Knepp also, by which with much pleasure we did sing a little, and so, about ten o'clock, I took coach with my wife and Deb., and so home, and there to bed.

24th. Up pretty betimes, and so there comes to me Mr. Shish, to desire my appearing for him to succeed Mr. Christopher Pett,[1] lately dead, in his place of Master-Shipwright of Deptford and Woolwich, which I do resolve to promote what I can. So by and by to White Hall, and there to the Duke of York's chamber, where I understand it is already resolved by the King and Duke of York that Shish shall have the place. From the Duke's chamber Sir W. Coventry and I to walk in the Matted Gallery; and there, among other things, he tells me of the wicked design that now is at last contriving against him, to get a petition presented from people that the money they have paid to W. Coventry for their places may be repaid them back; and that this is set on by Temple and Hollis of the Parliament, and, among other mean people in it, by Captain Tatnell: and he prays me that I will use some effectual way to sift Tatnell what he do, and who puts him on in this business, which I do undertake, and will do with all my skill for his service, being troubled that he is still under this difficulty. Thence up and down

[1] Ann Pett, writing to Pepys from Woolwich, March 26th, 1668, says: "My husband died last Sunday, and has left me in a mean condition, having spent by losses and sickness my own estate and his, and I have four children and am £300 in debt. His sickness has cost, since he came to Woolwich, £700, besides what is now to pay. I entreat you to assist me in obtaining £500 due to my husband, as also money owing in the yard, and to stand my friend to the Navy Commissioners, that I may continue in my house some time longer; my husband always attended to his majesty's service, and never looked after his own concerns" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1667–68, p. 308).

Westminster by Mrs. Burroughes her mother's shop, thinking to have seen her, but could not, and therefore back to White Hall, where great talk of the tumult at the other end of the town, about Moore-fields, among the 'prentices, taking the liberty of these holydays to pull down bawdy-houses.[1] And, Lord! to see the apprehensions which this did give to all people at Court, that presently order was given for all the soldiers, horse and foot, to be in armes! and forthwith alarmes were beat by drum and trumpet through Westminster, and all to their colours, and to horse, as if the French were coming into the town! So Creed, whom I met here, and I to Lincolne's Inn-fields, thinking to have gone into the fields to have seen the 'prentices; but here we found these fields full of soldiers all in a body, and my Lord Craven commanding of them, and riding up and down to give orders, like a mad-man. And some young men we saw brought by soldiers to the Guard at White Hall, and overheard others that stood by say, that it was only for pulling down the bawdy-houses; and none of the bystanders finding fault with them, but rather of the soldiers for hindering them. And we heard a Justice of the Peace this morning say to the King, that he had been endeavouring to suppress this tumult, but could not; and that, imprisoning some [of them] in the new prison at Clerkenwell,[2] the rest did come and break open the prison and release them; and that they do give out that they are for pulling down the bawdy-houses, which is one of the greatest grievances of the nation. To which the King made a very poor, cold, insipid answer: "Why, why do they go to them, then?" and that was all, and had no mind to go on with the discourse. Mr. Creed and I to dinner to my Lord Crew, where little discourse, there being none but us at the table, and my Lord and my Lady Jemimah, and so after dinner away, Creed and I to White Hall, expecting a Committee of Tangier, but come too late. So I to attend the Council, and by and by were called in with Lord Brouncker and Sir W. Pen to advise how to pay away little money to most advantage to the men of the yards, to make them dispatch the ships going out, and there did make a little speech, which was well liked, and after all it was found most satisfactory to the men, and best for the king's dispatch, that what money we had should be paid weekly to the men for their week's work until a greater sum could be got to pay them their arrears and then discharge them. But, Lord! to see what shifts and what cares and thoughts there was employed in this matter

[1] It was customary for the apprentices of the metropolis to avail themselves of their holidays, especially on Shrove Tuesday, to search after women of ill fame, and to confine them during the season of Lent. See a "Satyre against Separatists," 1642.

> "Stand forth, Shrove Tuesday, one a' the silenc'st bricklayers;
> 'Tis in your charge to pull down bawdy-houses."
>
> Middleton's *Inner Temple Masque*, 1619,
> Works, ed. Bullen, vii., 209.

[2] The Clerkenwell Bridewell, although built in 1615, was long known as the New Prison; it stood on the site afterwards occupied by the House of Detention in Clerkenwell Close.

how to do the King's work and please the men and stop clamours would make a man think the King should not eat a bit of good meat till he has got money to pay the men, but I do not see the least print of care or thoughts in him about it at all. Having done here, I out and there met Sir Fr. Hollis, who do still tell me that, above all things in the world, he wishes he had my tongue in his mouth, meaning since my speech in Parliament. He took Lord Brouncker and me down to the guards, he and his company being upon the guards to-day; and there he did, in a handsome room to that purpose, make us drink, and did call for his bagpipes, which, with pipes of ebony, tipt with silver, he did play beyond anything of that kind that ever I heard in my life; and with great pains he must have obtained it, but with pains that the instrument do not deserve at all; for, at the best, it is mighty barbarous musick. So home and there to my chamber, to prick out my song, "It is Decreed," intending to have it ready to give Mr. Harris on Thursday, when we meet, for him to sing, believing that he will do it more right than a woman that sings better, unless it were Knepp, which I cannot have opportunity to teach it to. This evening I come home from White Hall with Sir W. Pen, who fell in talk about his going to sea this year, and the difficulties that arise to him by it, by giving offence to the Prince, and occasioning envy to him, and many other things that make it a bad matter,—at this time of want of money and necessaries, and bad and uneven counsels at home,—for him to go abroad: and did tell me how much with the King and Duke of York he had endeavoured to be excused, desiring the Prince might be satisfied in it, who hath a mind to go; but he tells me they will not excuse him, and I believe it, and truly do judge it a piece of bad fortune to W. Pen.

25th. Up, and walked to White Hall, there to wait on the Duke of York, which I did: and in his chamber there, first by hearing the Duke of York call me by my name, my Lord Burlington did come to me, and with great respect take notice of me and my relation to my Lord Sandwich,[1] and express great kindness to me; and so to talk of my Lord Sandwich's concernments. By and by the Duke of York is ready; and I did wait for an opportunity of speaking my mind to him about Sir J. Minnes, his being unable to do the King any service, which I think do become me to do in all respects, and have Sir W. Coventry's concurrence therein, which I therefore will seek a speedy opportunity to do, come what will come of it. The Duke of York and all with him this morning were full of the talk of the 'prentices, who are not yet [put] down, though the guards and militia of the town have been in armes all this night, and the night before; and the 'prentices have made fools of them, sometimes by running from them and flinging stones at them. Some blood hath been spilt, but a great many houses pulled down; and, among others, the Duke of York was mighty merry at that of Damaris Page's, the great bawd of the seamen; and the Duke of York complained merrily that he hath lost two tenants, by their houses being pulled down,

[1] Now, as being the father of Lady Hinchingbrooke, connected with Pepys.—B.

who paid him for their wine licenses £15 a year. But here it was said how these idle fellows have had the confidence to say that they did ill in contenting themselves in pulling down the little bawdy-houses, and did not go and pull down the great bawdy-house at White Hall. And some of them have the last night had a word among them, and it was "Reformation and Reducement." This do make the courtiers ill at ease to see this spirit among people, though they think this matter will not come to much: but it speaks people's minds; and then they do say that there are men of understanding among them, that have been of Cromwell's army: but how true that is, I know not. Thence walked a little to Westminster, but met with nobody to spend any time with, and so by coach homeward, and in Seething Lane met young Mrs. Daniel, and I stopt, and she had been at my house, but found nobody within, and tells me that she drew me for her Valentine this year, so I took her into the coach, and was going to the other end of the town, thinking to have taken her abroad, but remembering that I was to go out with my wife this afternoon, . . . and so to a milliner at the corner shop going into Bishopsgate and Leadenhall Street, and there did give her eight pair of gloves, and so dismissed her, and so I home and to dinner, and then with my wife to the King's playhouse to see "The Storme," which we did, but without much pleasure, it being but a mean play compared with "The Tempest," at the Duke of York's house, though Knepp did act her part of grief very well. Thence with my wife and Deb. by coach to Islington, to the old house, and there eat and drank till it was almost night, and then home, being in fear of meeting the 'prentices, who are many of them yet, they say, abroad in the fields, but we got well home, and so I to my chamber a while, and then to supper and to bed.

26th. Up betimes to the office, where by and by my Lord Brouncker and I met and made an end of our business betimes. So I away with him to Mrs. Williams's, and there dined, and thence I alone to the Duke of York's house, to see the new play, called "The Man is the Master," [1] where the house was, it being not above one o'clock, very full. But my wife and Deb. being there before, with Mrs. Pierce and Corbet and Betty Turner, whom my wife carried with her, they made me room; and there I sat, it costing me 8*s*. upon them in oranges, at 6*d*. a-piece. By and by the King come; and we sat just under him, so that I durst not turn my back all the play. The play is a translation out of French, and the plot Spanish, but not anything extraordinary at all in it, though translated by Sir W. Davenant, and so I found the King and his company did think meanly of it, though there was here and there something pretty: but the most of the mirth was sorry, poor stuffe, of eating of sack posset and slabbering themselves, and mirth fit for clownes; the prologue but poor, and the epilogue little in it but the extraordinariness of

[1] Sir W. Davenant's last play, a comedy published in 1669. The plot is taken from two plays of Scarron—"Jodelet, ou le Maître Valet," and "L'Héritière Ridicule." The scene is laid in Madrid.

it, it being sung by Harris and another[1] in the form of a ballet. Thence, by agreement, we all of us to the Blue Balls, hard by, whither Mr. Pierce also goes with us, who met us at the play, and anon comes Manuel, and his wife, and Knepp, and Harris, who brings with him Mr. Banister, the great master of musique; and after much difficulty in getting of musique, we to dancing, and then to a supper of some French dishes, which yet did not please me, and then to dance and sing; and mighty merry we were till about eleven or twelve at night, with mighty great content in all my company, and I did, as I love to do, enjoy myself in my pleasure as being the height of what we take pains for and can hope for in this world, and therefore to be enjoyed while we are young and capable of these joys. My wife extraordinary fine to-day, in her flower tabby suit, bought a year and more ago, before my mother's death put her into mourning, and so not worn till this day: and everybody in love with it; and indeed she is very fine and handsome in it. I having paid the reckoning, which come to almost £4, we parted: my company and William Batelier, who was also with us, home in a coach, round by the Wall, where we met so many stops by the Watches, that it cost us much time and some trouble, and more money, to every Watch, to them to drink; this being encreased by the trouble the 'prentices did lately give the City, so that the Militia and Watches are very strict at this time; and we had like to have met with a stop for all night at the Constable's watch, at Moorgate, by a pragmatical Constable; but we come well home at about two in the morning, and so to bed. This noon, from Mrs. Williams's, my Lord Brouncker sent to Somersett House to hear how the Duchess of Richmond do; and word was brought him that she is pretty well, but mighty full of the smallpox, by which all do conclude she will be wholly spoiled, which is the greatest instance of the uncertainty of beauty that could be in this age; but then she hath had the benefit of it to be first married, and to have kept it so long, under the greatest temptations in the world from a King, and yet without the least imputation. This afternoon, at the play, Sir Fr. Hollis spoke to me as a secret, and matter of confidence in me, and friendship to Sir W. Pen, who is now out of town, that it were well he were made acquainted that he finds in the House of Commons, which met this day, several motions made for the calling strictly again upon the Miscarriages, and particularly in the business of the Prizes, and the not prosecuting of the first victory, only to give an affront to Sir W. Pen, whose going to sea this year do give them matter of great dislike. So though I do not much trouble myself for him, yet I am sorry that he should have this fall so unhappily without any fault, but rather merit of his own that made him fitter for this command than any body else, and the more for that this business of his may haply occasion their more eager pursuit against the whole body of the office.

[1] Sandford. "This comedy in general was very well perform'd, especially the Master by Mr. Harris; the man by Mr. Underhill. Mr. Harris and Mr. Sandford singing the epilogue like two street Ballad-singers." (Downes, p. 30).

27th. Up, and walked to the waterside, and thence to White Hall to the Duke of York's chamber, where he being ready he went to a Committee of Tangier, where I first understand that my Lord Sandwich is, in his coming back from Spayne, to step over thither, to see in what condition the place is, which I am glad of, hoping that he will be able to do some good there, for the good of the place, which is so much out of order. Thence to walk a little in Westminster Hall, where the Parliament I find sitting, but spoke with nobody to let me know what they are doing, nor did I enquire. Thence to the Swan and drank, and did baiser Frank, and so down by water back again, and to the Exchange a turn or two, only to show myself, and then home to dinner, where my wife and I had a small squabble, but I first this day tried the effect of my silence and not provoking her when she is in an ill humour, and do find it very good, for it prevents its coming to that height on both sides which used to exceed what was fit between us. So she become calm by and by and fond, and so took coach, and she to the mercer's to buy some lace, while I to White Hall, but did nothing, but then to Westminster Hall and took a turn, and so to Mrs. Martin's, and there did sit a little and talk and drink, and did hazer con her, and so took coach and called my wife at Unthanke's, and so up and down to the Nursery, where they did not act, then to the New Cockpit, and there missed, and then to Hide Parke, where many coaches, but the dust so great, that it was troublesome, and so by night home, where to my chamber and finished my pricking out of my song for Mr. Harris ("It is decreed"). and so a little supper, being very sleepy and weary since last night, and so by 10 o'clock to bed and slept well all night. This day, at noon, comes Mr. Pelling to me, and shews me the stone cut lately out of Sir Thomas Adams[1] (the old comely Alderman's) body, which is very large indeed, bigger I think than my fist, and weighs about twenty-five ounces: and, which is very miraculous, he never in all his life had any fit of it, but lived to a great age without pain, and died at last of something else, without any sense of this in all his life. This day Creed at White Hall in discourse told me what information he hath had, from very good hands, of the cowardice and ill-government of Sir Jer. Smith and Sir Thomas Allen, and the repute they have both of them abroad in the Streights, from their deportment when they did at several times command there; and that, above all Englishmen that ever were there, there never was any man that behaved

[1] Sir Thomas Adams was born at Wem, in Shropshire, in 1586, and after being educated at Cambridge, carried on business as a draper in London. Sheriff, 1639; Lord Mayor, 1645. He was kept in the Tower for some time on account of his loyalty to the king. He was one of the deputies sent by the City to the Hague to attend on Charles II. on his return from Breda to London, and was there knighted. He was created a baronet, June 13th, 1660. He founded the free school at Wem, as well as the Arabic Lecture at Cambridge. He died February 24th, 1667–68. The shock caused by a fall from his coach displaced the stone mentioned by Pepys, and led to fatal consequences ("Dict. of Nat Biog."). The stone was exhibited at the Royal Society (March 26th, 1668), the exact weight being 22⅜ oz. Troy (Birch's "History," vol. ii., p. 260).

himself like poor Charles Wager, whom the very Moores do mention with teares sometimes.

28th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning busy, and at noon home to dinner with my clerks; and though my head full of business, yet I had a desire to end this holyday week with a play; and so, with my wife and Deb., to the King's house, and there saw the "Indian Emperour," a very good play indeed, and thence directly home, and to my writing of my letters, and so home to supper and to bed for fearing my eyes. Our greatest business at the office to-day is our want of money for the setting forth of these ships that are to go out, and my people at dinner tell me that they do verily doubt that the want of men will be so great, as we must press; and if we press, there will be mutinies in the town; for the seamen are said already to have threatened the pulling down of the Treasury Office; and if they do once come to that, it will not be long before they come to our's.

29th (Lord's day). Up, and I to Church, where I have not been these many weeks before, and there did first find a strange Reader, who could not find in the Service-book the place for churching women, but was fain to change books with the clerke: and then a stranger preached, a seeming able man; but said in his pulpit that God did a greater work in raising of an oake-tree from an akehorne, than a man's body raising it, at the last day, from his dust (shewing the possibility of the Resurrection): which was, methought, a strange saying. At home to dinner, whither comes and dines with me W. Howe, and by invitation Mr. Harris and Mr. Banister, most extraordinary company both, the latter for musique of all sorts, the former for everything: here we sang, and Banister played on the theorbo, and afterwards Banister played on his flageolet, and I had very good discourse with him about musique, so confirming some of my new notions about musique that it puts me upon a resolution to go on and make a scheme and theory of musique not yet ever made in the world. Harris do so commend my wife's picture of Mr. Hale's, that I shall have him draw Harris's head; and he hath also persuaded me to have Cooper draw my wife's, which, though it cost £30, yet I will have done. Thus spent the afternoon most deliciously, and then broke up and walked with them as far as the Temple, and there parted, and I took coach to Westminster, but there did nothing, meeting nobody that I had a mind to speak with, and so home, and there find Mr. Pelling, and then also comes Mrs. Turner, and supped and talked with us, and so to bed. I do hear by several that Sir W. Pen's going to sea do dislike the Parliament mightily, and that they have revived the Committee of Miscarriages to find something to prevent it; and that he being the other day with the Duke of Albemarle to ask his opinion touching his going to sea, the Duchess overheard and come in to him, and asks W. Pen how he durst have the confidence to offer to go to sea again, to the endangering of the nation, when he knew himself such a coward as he was, which, if true, is very severe.

30th. Up betimes, and so to the office, there to do business till about ten

o'clock, and then out with my wife and Deb. and W. Hewer by coach to Common-garden Coffee-house, where by appointment I was to meet Harris; which I did, and also Mr. Cooper, the great painter, and Mr. Hales: and thence presently to Mr. Cooper's house,[1] to see some of his work, which is all in little, but so excellent as, though I must confess I do think the colouring of the flesh to be a little forced, yet the painting is so extraordinary, as I do never expect to see the like again. Here I did see Mrs. Stewart's[2] picture as when a young maid, and now just done before her having the smallpox: and it would make a man weep to see what she was then, and what she is like to be, by people's discourse, now. Here I saw my Lord Generall's picture, and my Lord Arlington and Ashly's, and several others; but among the rest one Swinfen, that was Secretary to my Lord Manchester, Lord Chamberlain, with Cooling, done so admirably as I never saw any thing: but the misery was, this fellow died in debt, and never paid Cooper for his picture; but, it being seized on by his creditors, among his other goods, after his death, Cooper himself says that he did buy it, and give £25 out of his purse for it, for what he was to have had but £30. Being infinitely satisfied with this sight, and resolving that my wife shall be drawn by him when she comes out of the country, I away with Harris and Hales to the Coffee-house, sending my people away, and there resolve for Hales to begin Harris's head for me, which I will be at the cost of. After a little talk, I away to White Hall and Westminster, where I find the Parliament still bogling about the raising of this money: and every body's mouth full now; and Mr. Wren himself tells me that the Duke of York declares to go to sea himself this year; and I perceive it is only on this occasion of distaste of the Parliament against W. Pen's going, and to prevent the Prince's: but I think it is mighty hot counsel for the Duke of York at this time to go out of the way; but, Lord! what a pass are all our matters come to! At noon by appointment to Cursitor's Alley, in Chancery Lane, to meet Captain Cocke and some other creditors of the Navy, and their Counsel, Pemberton, North,[3] Offly, and Charles Porter; and there dined, and talked of the business of the assignments on the Exchequer of the £1,250,000 on behalf of our creditors; and there I do perceive that the Counsel had heard of my performance in the Parliament-house lately, and did value me and what I said accordingly. At dinner we had a great deal of good discourse about Parliament: their number being uncertain, and always at the will of the King to encrease, as he saw reason to erect a new borough. But all concluded that the bane of the Parliament hath been the leaving off the old custom of the places allowing wages to those that served them in Parliament, by which they chose men that understood their business and would attend it, and they could expect an account from, which

[1] Samuel Cooper (1609–1672) was living in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, in 1645, and he was still there when Pepys visited him.

[2] Duchess of Richmond.

[3] Sir Francis Pemberton and Sir Dudley North.

now they cannot; and so the Parliament is become a company of men unable to give account for the interest of the place they serve for. Thence, the meeting of the Counsel with the King's Counsel this afternoon being put off by reason of the death of Serjeant Maynard's Lady,[1] I to White Hall, where the Parliament was to wait on the King; and they did: and it was to be told that he did think fit to tell them that they might expect to be adjourned at Whitsuntide, and that they might make haste to raise their money; but this, I fear, will displease them, who did expect to sit as long as they pleased, and whether this be done by the King upon some new counsel I know not, for the King must be beholding to them till they do settle this business of money. Great talk to-day as if Beaufort [2] was come into the Channel with about 20 ships, and it makes people apprehensive, but yet the Parliament do not stir a bit faster in the business of money. Here I met with Creed, expecting a Committee of Tangier, but the Committee met not, so he and I up and down, having nothing to do, and particularly to the New Cockpit by the King's Gate in Holborne, but seeing a great deal of rabble we did refuse to go in, but took coach and to Hide Park, and there till all the tour[3] was empty, and so he and I to the Lodge in the Park, and there eat and drank till it was night, and then carried him to White Hall, having had abundance of excellent talk with him in reproach of the times and managements we live under, and so I home, and there to talk and to supper with my wife, and so to bed.

31st. Up pretty betimes and to the office, where we sat all the morning, and at noon I home to dinner, where uncle Thomas dined with me, as he do every quarter, and I paid him his pension; and also comes Mr. Hollier a little fuddled, and so did talk nothing but Latin, and laugh, that it was very good sport to see a sober man in such a humour, though he was not drunk to scandal. At dinner comes a summons for this office and the Victualler to attend a Committee of Parliament this afternoon, with Sir D. Gawden, which I accordingly did, with my papers relating to the sending of victuals to Sir John Harman's fleete; and there, Sir R. Brookes in the chair, we did give them a full account, but, Lord! to see how full they are and immoveable in their jealousy that some means are used to keep Harman from coming home, for they have an implacable desire to know the bottom of the not improving the first victory, and would lay it upon Brouncker. Having given them good satisfaction I away thence, up and down, wanting a little to see

[1] Jane, his second wife, daughter of Cheney Selherst, of Tenterden, and relict of Edward Austen.

[2] "March 30th, 1668. The King to the Duke of York. The French fleet, under the Duke de Beaufort, is come to sea, and intends to cruise in the Channel; you are to order Sir Thos. Allin, admiral of the westward squadron, if he find the French fleet at sea, and much exceeding him in strength, to repair to the Downs with his own squadron and Sir Edw. Spragg's, leaving 2 vessels to give advice, and to inform him if the French fleet sails up the Channel. If it be at sea, and not too strong for him, he is to pursue his former instructions."—*Calendar of State Papers*, 1667–68, p. 314).

[3] The Ring in Hyde Park.

whether I could get Mrs. Burroughes out, but elle being in the shop ego did speak con her much, she could not then go far, and so I took coach and away to Unthanke's, and there took up my wife and Deb., and to the Park, where, being in a hackney, and they undressed, was ashamed to go into the tour, but went round the park, and so with pleasure home, where Mr. Pelling come and sat and talked late with us, and he being gone, I called Deb. to take pen, ink, and paper and write down what things come into my head for my wife to do in order to her going into the country, and the girl, writing not so well as she would do, cried, and her mistress construed it to be sullenness, and so away angry with her too, but going to bed she undressed me, and there I did give her good advice and baiser la, elle weeping still.

April 1st. Up, and to dress myself, and call as I use Deb. to brush and dress me . . . , and I to my office, where busy till noon, and then out to bespeak some things against my wife's going into the country to-morrow, and so home to dinner, my wife and I alone, she being mighty busy getting her things ready for her journey, I all the afternoon with her looking after things on the same account, and then in the afternoon out and all alone to the King's house, and there sat in an upper box, to hide myself, and saw "The Black Prince," a very good play; but only the fancy, most of it, the same as in the rest of my Lord Orrey's plays; but the dance very stately; but it was pretty to see how coming after dinner and with no company with me to talk to, and at a play that I had seen, and went to now not for curiosity but only idleness, I did fall asleep the former part of the play, but afterward did mind it and like it very well. Thence called at my bookseller's, and took Mr. Boyle's Book of Formes,[1] newly reprinted, and sent my brother my old one. So home, and there to my chamber till anon comes Mr. Turner and his wife and daughter, and Pelling, to sup with us and talk of my wife's journey to-morrow, her daughter going with my wife; and after supper to talk with her husband about the Office, and his place, which, by Sir J. Minnes's age and inability, is very uncomfortable to him, as well as without profit, or certainty what he shall do, when Sir J. Minnes [dies], which is a sad condition for a man that hath lived so long in the Office as Mr. Turner hath done. But he aymes, and I advise him to it, to look for Mr. Ackworth's place,[2] in case he should be removed. His wife afterwards did take me into my closet, and give me a cellar[3] of waters of her own distilling for my father, to be carried down with my wife and her daughter to-morrow, which was very handsome. So broke up and to bed.

2nd. Up, after much pleasant talk with my wife, and upon some alterations I will make in my house in her absence, and I do intend to lay out some

[1] "The Origin of Forms and Qualities, according to the Corpuscular Philosophy," by the Hon. Robert Boyle. Oxford, 1666, 4to.

[2] At Deptford.

[3] A box to hold bottles. "Run for the cellar of strong waters quickly."—Ben Jonson *Magnetic Lady*, act iii., sc. 1.

money thereon. So she and I up, and she got her ready to be gone, and by and by comes Betty Turner and her mother, and W. Batelier, and they and Deb., to whom I did give 10*s*. this morning, to oblige her to please her mistress (and ego did baiser her mouche), and also Jane, and so in two coaches set out about eight o'clock towards the carrier, there for to take coach for my father's, that is to say, my wife and Betty Turner, Deb., and Jane; but I meeting my Lord Anglesey going to the Office, was forced to 'light in Cheapside, and there took my leave of them (not baisado Deb., which je had a great mind to), left them to go to their coach, and I to the office, where all the morning busy, and so at noon with my other clerks (W. Hewer being a day's journey with my wife) to dinner, where Mr. Pierce come and dined with me, and then with Lord Brouncker (carrying his little kinswoman on my knee, his coach being full), to the Temple, where my Lord and I 'light and to Mr. Porter's chamber, where Cocke and his counsel, and so to the attorney's, whither the Sollicitor-Generall come, and there, their cause about their assignments on the £1,250,000 Act was argued, where all that was to be said for them was said, and so answered by the Sollicitor-Generall beyond what I expected, that I said not one word all my time, rather choosing to hold my tongue, and so mind my reputation with the Sollicitor-Generall, who did mightily approve of my speech in Parliament, than say anything against him to no purpose. This I believe did trouble Cocke and these gentlemen, but I do think this best for me, and so I do think that the business will go against them, though it is against my judgment, and I am sure against all justice to the men to be invited to part with their goods and be deceived afterward of their security for payment. Thence with Lord Brouncker to the Royall Society,[1] where they were just done; but there I was forced to subscribe to the building of a College, and did give £40; and several others did subscribe, some greater and some less sums; but several I saw hang off: and I doubt it will spoil the Society, for it breeds faction and ill-will, and becomes burdensome to some that cannot, or would not, do it. Here,[2] to my great content, I did try the use of the Otacousticon,[3] which was only a great glàss

[1] The Royal Society at this time was very persistent in its attempts to get money. At a meeting of the council on April 13th, Lord Berkeley and the Bishop of Salisbury were desired to ask in the House of Peers the bishops of the society for contributions. The president and Henry Howard, of Norfolk, were desired to speak to the temporal lords of the society for the same purpose. "Henry Howard, of Norfolk, accordingly took a list of several lords and gentlemen in order to solicit their contributions" (Birch's "History of the Royal Society," vol. ii., p. 265).

[2] At this meeting (April 2), "Mr. Hooke produced a glass receiver for the improvement of hearing. Being tried by holding the neck of it to the ear, it was found that a stronger sound was conveyed by it, than would have been without it. It was ordered, that at the next meeting there should be brought a better and larger receiver for hearing" (Birch, vol. ii., p. 261).

[3] Otacousticon, an instrument to facilitate hearing, or ear-trumpet.

> "*Ronca.* Sir, this is called an autocousticon.
> *Pandolfo.* Autocousticon!
> Why, 'tis a pair of ass's ears, and large ones."—*Albumazar*, i. 3.

bottle, broke at the bottom, putting the neck to my eare, and there I did plainly hear the dashing of the oares of the boats in the Thames to Arundell gallery window, which, without it, I could not in the least do, and may, I believe, be improved to a great height, which I am mighty glad of. Thence with Lord Brouncker and several of them to the King's Head Taverne by Chancery Lane, and there did drink and eat and talk, and, above the rest, I did hear of Mr. Hooke and my Lord an account of the reason of concords and discords in musique, which they say is from the equality of vibrations; but I am not satisfied in it, but will at my leisure think of it more, and see how far that do go to explain it. So late at night home with Mr. Colwell, and parted, and I to the office, and then to Sir W. Pen to confer with him, and Sir R. Ford and Young, about our St. John Baptist prize, and so home, without more supper to bed, my family being now little by the departure of my wife and two maids.

3rd. Up, and Captain Perryman come to me to tell me how Tatnell told him that this day one How is to charge me before the Commissioners of Prizes to the value of £8,000 in prizes, which I was troubled to hear, so fearful I am, though I know that there is not a penny to be laid to my charge that I dare not own, or that I have not owned under my hand, but upon recollection it signifies nothing to me, and so I value it not, being sure that I can have nothing in the world to my hurt known from the business. So to the office, where all the morning to despatch business, and so home to dinner with my clerks, whose company is of great pleasure to me for their good discourse in any thing of the navy I have a mind to talk of. After dinner by water from the tower to White Hall, there to attend the Duke of York as usual, and particularly in a fresh complaint the Commissioners of the Treasury do make to him, and by and by to the Council this day of our having prepared certificates on the Exchequer to the further sum of near £50,000, and soon as we had done with the Duke of York we did attend the Council; and were there called in, and did hear Mr. Sollicitor [General] make his Report to the Council in the business; which he did in a most excellent manner of words, but most cruelly severe against us, and so were some of the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, as men guilty of a practice with the tradesmen, to the King's prejudice. I was unwilling to enter into a contest with them; but took advantage of two or three words last spoke, and brought it to a short issue in good words, that if we had the King's order to hold our hands, we would, which did end the matter: and they all resolved we should have it, and so it ended: and so we away; I vexed that I did not speak more in a cause so fit to be spoke in, and wherein we had so much advantage; but perhaps I might have provoked the Sollicitor and the Commissioners of the Treasury, and therefore, since, I am not sorry that I forbore. Thence my Lord Brouncker and I to the Duke of York's playhouse, and there saw the latter part of "The Master and the Man," and thence by

coach to Duck Lane, to look out for Marsanne,[1] in French, a man that has wrote well of musique, but it is not to be had, but I have given order for its being sent for over, and I did here buy Des Cartes his little treatise of musique, and so home, and there to read a little, and eat a little, though I find that my having so little taste do make me so far neglect eating that, unless company invite, I do not love to spend time upon eating, and so bring emptiness and the Cholique. So to bed. This day I hear that Prince Rupert and Holmes do go to sea: and by this there is a seeming friendship and peace among our great seamen; but the devil a bit is there any love among them, or can be.

4th. Up betimes, and by coach towards White Hall, and took Aldgate Street in my way, and there called upon one Hayward, that makes virginalls, and did there like of a little espinette, and will have him finish it for me: for I had a mind to a small harpsichon, but this takes up less room, and will do my business as to finding out of chords, and I am very well pleased that I have found it. Thence to White Hall, and after long waiting did get a small running Committee of Tangier, where I staid but little, and little done but the correcting two or three egregious faults in the Charter for Tangier after it had so long lain before the Council and been passed there and drawn up by the Atturney Generall, so slightly are all things in this age done. Thence home to the office by water, where we sat till noon, and then I moved we might go to the Duke of York and the King presently to get out their order in writing that was ordered us yesterday about the business of certificates, that we might be secure against the tradesmen who (Sir John Banks by name) have told me this day that they will complain in Parliament against us for denying to do them right. So we rose of a sudden, being mighty sensible of this inconvenience we are liable to should we delay to give them longer, and yet have no order for our indemnity. I did dine with Sir W. Pen, where my Lady Batten did come with desire of meeting me there, and speaking with me about the business of the £500 we demand of her for the Chest. She do protest, before God, she never did see the account, but that it was as her husband in his life-time made it, and he did often declare to her his expecting £500, and that we could not deny it him for his pains in that business, and that he hath left her worth nothing of his own in the world, and that therefore she could pay nothing of it, come what will come, but that he hath left her a beggar, which I am sorry truly for, though it is a just judgment upon people that do live so much beyond themselves in housekeeping and vanity, as they did. I did give her little answer, but generally words that might not trouble her, and so to dinner, and after dinner Sir W. Pen and I away by water to White Hall, and there did attend the Duke of York, and

[1] Marin Mersenne (1588–1648) published in 1637 (two volumes folio) his work entitled, "L'Harmonie Universelle, contenant la théorie et la pratique de la Musique." The author translated it into Latin, and enlarged it (1648). Mersenne was highly esteemed by Descartes.

he did carry us to the King's lodgings: but he was asleep in his closet; so we stayed in the Green-Roome, where the Duke of York did tell us what rules he had, of knowing the weather, and did now tell us we should have rain before to-morrow, it having been a dry season for some time, and so it did rain all night almost; and pretty rules he hath, and told Brouncker and me some of them, which were such as no reason seems ready to be given. By and by the King comes out, and he did easily agree to what we moved, and would have the Commissioners of the Navy to meet us with him to-morrow morning: and then to talk of other things; about the Quakers not swearing, and how they do swear in the business of a late election of a Knight of the Shire of Hartfordshire in behalf of one they have a mind to have; and how my Lord of Pembroke[1] says he hath heard him (the Quaker) at the tennis-court swear to himself when he loses:[2] and told us what pretty notions my Lord Pembroke hath of the first chapter of Genesis, how Adam's sin was not the sucking (which he did before) but the swallowing of the apple, by which the contrary elements begun to work in him, and to stir up these passions, and a great deal of such fooleries, which the King made mighty mockery at. Thence my Lord Brouncker and I into the Park in his coach, and there took a great deal of ayre, saving that it was mighty dusty, and so a little unpleasant. Thence to Common Garden with my Lord, and there I took a hackney and home, and after having done a few letters at the office, I home to a little supper and so to bed, my eyes being every day more and more weak and apt to be tired.

5th (Lord's day). Up, and to my chamber, and there to the writing fair some of my late musique notions, and so to church, where I have not been a good while, and thence home, and dined at home, with W. Hewer with me; and after dinner, he and I a great deal of good talk touching this Office, how it is spoiled by having so many persons in it, and so much work that is not made the work of any one man, but of all, and so is never done; and that the best way to have it well done, were to have the whole trust in one, as myself, to set whom I pleased to work in the several businesses of the Office, and me to be accountable for the whole, and that would do it, as I would find instruments: but this is not to be compassed; but something I am resolved to do about Sir J. Minnes before it be long. Then to my chamber again, to my musique, and so to church; and then home, and thither comes Captain Silas Taylor to me, the Store-keeper of Harwich, where much talk, and most of it against Captain Deane, whom I do believe to be a high, proud fellow; but he is an active man, and able in his way, and so I love him. He gone, I to my musique again, and to read a little, and to sing with Mr. Pelling, who

[1] Philip Herbert, fifth Earl of Pembroke, and second Earl of Montgomery. Died December 11th, 1669.

[2] Mr. Julian Marshall quotes this passage in illustration of the necessity for keeping a good temper during the game of tennis and the difficulty of doing so ("Annals of Tennis," p. 205).

come to see me, and so spent the evening, and then to supper and to bed. I hear that eight of the ringleaders in the late tumults of the 'prentices at Easter are condemned to die.[1]

6th. Betimes I to Alderman Backewell, and with him to my Lord Ashly's, where did a little business about Tangier, and to talk about the business of certificates, wherein, contrary to what could be believed, the King and Duke of York themselves, in my absence, did call for some of the Commissioners of the Treasury, and give them directions about the business [of the certificates], which I, despairing to do any thing on a Sunday, and not thinking that they would think of it themselves, did rest satisfied, and stayed at home all yesterday, leaving it to do something in this day; but I find that the King and Duke of York had been so pressing in it, that my Lord Ashly was more forward with the doing of it this day, than I could have been. And so I to White Hall with Alderman Backewell in his coach, with Mr. Blany, my Lord's Secretary: and there did draw up a rough draught of what order I would have, and did carry it in, and had it read twice and approved of, before my Lord Ashly and three more of the Commissioners of the Treasury, and then went up to the Council-chamber, where the Duke of York, and Prince Rupert, and the rest of the Committee of the Navy were sitting: and I did get some of them to read it there: and they would have had it passed presently, but Sir John Nicholas desired they would first have it approved by a full Council: and, therefore, a Council Extraordinary was readily summoned against the afternoon, and the Duke of York run presently to the King, as if now they were really set to mind their business, which God grant! So I thence to Westminster, and walked in the Hall and up and down, the House being called over to-day, and little news, but some talk as if the agreement between France and Spain were like to be, which would be bad for us, and at noon with Sir Herbert Price to Mr. George Montagu's to dinner, being invited by him in the hall, and there mightily made of, even to great trouble to me to be so commended before my face, with that flattery and importunity, that I was quite troubled with it. Yet he is a fine gentleman, truly, and his lady a fine woman;[2] and, among many sons that I saw there, there was a little daughter that is mighty pretty, of which he is infinite fond: and, after dinner, did make her play on the gittar and sing, which she did mighty

[1] Four were executed on May 9th, namely, Thomas Limmerick, Edward Cotton, Peter Massenger, and Richard Beasley. They were drawn, hanged, and quartered at Tyburn, and two of their heads fixed upon London Bridge ("The London Gazette," No. 259). See "The Tryals of such persons as under the notion of London Apprentices were tumultuously assembled in Moore Fields, under colour of pulling down bawdy-houses," 4to, London, 1668. "It is to be observed," says "The London Gazette," "to the just vindication of the City, that none of the persons apprehended upon the said tumult were found to be apprentices, as was given out, but some idle persons, many of them nursed in the late Rebellion, too readily embracing any opportunity of making their own advantages to the disturbance of the peace, and injury of others."

[2] Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Anthony Irby.—B.

prettily, and seems to have a mighty musical soul, keeping time with most excellent spirit. Here I met with Mr. Brownlow, my old school-fellow, who come thither, I suppose, as a suitor to one of the young ladies that were there, and a sober man he seems to be. But here Mr. Montagu did tell me how Mr. Vaughan, in that very room, did say that I was a great man, and had great understanding, and I know not what, which, I confess, I was a little proud of, if I may believe him. Here I do hear, as a great secret, that the King, and Duke of York and Duchesse, and my Lady Castlemayne, are now all agreed in a strict league, and all things like to go very current, and that it is not impossible to have my Lord Clarendon, in time, here again. But I do hear that my Lady Castlemayne is horribly vexed at the late libell,[1] the petition of the poor whores about the town, whose houses were pulled down the other day. I have got one of them, but it is not very witty, but devilish severe against her and the King: and I wonder how it durst be printed and spread abroad, which shews that the times are loose, and come to a great disregard of the King, or Court, or Government. Thence I to White Hall to attend the Council, and when the Council rose we find my order mightily enlarged by the Sollicitor Generall, who was called thither, making it more safe for him and the Council, but their order is the same in the command of it that I drew, and will I think defend us well. So thence, meeting Creed, he and I to the new Cocke-pitt by the King's gate, and there saw the manner of it, and the mixed rabble of people that come thither; and saw two battles of cocks, wherein is no great sport, but only to consider how these creatures, without any provocation, do fight and kill one another, and aim only at one another's heads, and by their good will not leave till one of them be killed; and thence to the Park in a hackney coach, so would not go into the tour, but round about the Park, and to the House, and there at the door eat and drank; whither come my Lady Kerneagy,[2] of whom Creed tells me more particulars: how her Lord, finding her and the Duke of York at the King's first coming in too kind, did get it out of her that he did dishonour him, and so bid her continue . . . which is the most pernicious and full piece of revenge that ever I heard of; and he at this day owns it with great glory, and looks upon the Duke of York and the world with great content in the ampleness of his revenge.[3] Thence (where the place was now by the last night's rain very pleasant, and no dust) to White Hall, and set Creed down, and I home and

[1] "The Poor Whores' Petition to the most splendid, illustrious, serene and eminent Lady of Pleasure the Countess of Castlemayne, &c., signed by us, Madam Cresswell and Damaris Page, this present 25th day of March, 1668." This sham petition occasioned a pretended answer, entitled "The Gracious Answer of the Most Illustrious Lady of Pleasure, the Countess of Castlem . . . . to the Poor Whores' Petition." It is signed, "Given at our Closset, in King Street, Westminster, die Veneris, April 24, 1668. Castlem . . . ." Compare Evelyn, April 2nd, 1668.

[2] Lady Carnegy. See March 19th, 1664–65.

[3] The disgusting story of Lord Carnegy's (Earl of Southesk) revenge is also told in the "Grammont Memoirs," chap. viii.

to my chamber, and there about my musique notions again, wherein I take delight and find great satisfaction in them, and so, after a little supper, to bed. This day, in the afternoon, stepping with the Duke of York into St. James's Park, it rained: and I was forced to lend the Duke of York my cloak, which he wore through the Park.

7th. Up, and at the office all the morning, where great hurry to be made in the fitting forth of this present little fleet, but so many rubs by reason of want of money, and people's not believing us in cases where we had money unless (which in several cases, as in hiring of vessels, cannot be) they be paid beforehand, that every thing goes backward instead of forward. At noon comes Mr. Clerke, my solicitor, and the Auditor's men with my account drawn up in the Exchequer way with their queries, which are neither many nor great, or hard to answer upon it, and so dined with me, and then I by coach to the King's playhouse, and there saw "The English Monsieur;" [1] sitting for privacy sake in an upper box: the play hath much mirth in it as to that particular humour. After the play done, I down to Knipp, and did stay her undressing herself; and there saw the several players, men and women go by; and pretty to see how strange they are all, one to another, after the play is done. Here I saw a wonderful pretty maid of her own, that come to undress her, and one so pretty that she says she intends not to keep her, for fear of her being undone in her service, by coming to the playhouse. Here I hear Sir W. Davenant is just now dead;[2] and so who will succeed him in the mastership of the house is not yet known. The eldest Davenport [3] is, it seems, gone from this house to be kept by somebody; which I am glad of, she being a very bad actor. I took her then up into a coach and away to the Park, which is now very fine after some rain, but the company was going away most, and so I took her to the Lodge, and there treated her and had a deal of good talk, and now and then did baiser la, and that was all, and that as much or more than I had much mind to because of her paint. She tells me mighty news, that my Lady Castlemayne is mightily in love with Hart [4] of their house: and he is much with her in private, and she goes to him, and do give him many presents; and that the thing is most certain, and Becke Marshall only privy to it, and the means of bringing them together, which is a very odd thing; and by this means she is even with the King's love to Mrs. Davis. This done, I carried her and set her down at Mrs. Manuel's, but stayed not there myself, nor went in; but straight home, and there to my letters, and so home to bed.

8th. Up, and at my office all the morning, doing business, and then at noon

[1] A comedy by the Hon. James Howard. See December 8th, 1666.

[2] He died the same day, April 7th.

[3] Frances Davenport, the eldest sister of Elizabeth Davenport, the famous Roxalana. In previous editions the name has been printed incorrectly as Davenant.

[4] Charles Hart (see note, *ante*, August 26th, 1667). This name has been printed in previous editions as Hall.

home to dinner all alone. Then to White Hall with Sir J. Minnes in his coach to attend the Duke of York upon our usual business, which was this day but little, and thence with Lord Brouncker to the Duke of York's playhouse, where we saw "The Unfortunate Lovers,"[1] no extraordinary play, methinks, and thence I to Drumbleby's, and there did talk a great deal about pipes; and did buy a recorder,[2] which I do intend to learn to play on, the sound of it being, of all sounds in the world, most pleasing to me. Thence home, and to visit Mrs. Turner, where among other talk, Mr. Foly and her husband being there, she did tell me of young Captain Holmes's[3] marrying of Pegg Lowther[4] last Saturday by stealth, which I was sorry for, he being an idle rascal, and proud, and worth little, I doubt; and she a mighty pretty, well-disposed lady, and good fortune. Her mother and friends take on mightily; but the sport is, Sir Robert Holmes do seem to be mad too with his brother, and will disinherit him, saying that he hath ruined himself, marrying below himself, and to his disadvantage; whereas, I said, in this company, that I had married a sister lately,[5] with little above half that portion, that he should have kissed her breech before he should have had her, which, if R. Holmes should hear, would make a great quarrel; but it is true I am heartily sorry for the poor girl that is undone by it. So home to my chamber, to be fingering of my Recorder, and getting of the scale of musique without book, which I at last see is necessary for a man that would understand musique, as it is now taught to understand, though it be a ridiculous and troublesome way, and I know I shall be able hereafter to show the world a simpler way; but, like the old hypotheses in philosophy, it must be learned, though a man knows a better. Then to supper, and to bed. This morning Mr. Christopher Pett's widow and daughter come to me, to desire my help to the King and Duke of York, and I did promise, and do pity her.[6]

9th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning sitting, then at noon home to dinner with my people, and so to the office again writing of my letters, and then abroad to my booksellers, and up and down to the Duke of York's playhouse, there to see, which I did, Sir W. Davenant's corpse carried out[7] towards Westminster, there to be buried. Here were many coaches and six

[1] A tragedy by Sir W. Davenant (see March 7th, 1663–64).

[2] The recorder was a reed instrument, but on the side near the mouth-piece there was a hole covered with a piece of bladder, which modified the quality of the sound.

[3] Afterwards Sir John Holmes, Governor of Usk Castle. His grandson, Thomas, was created Lord Holmes of Kilmallock.

[4] Margaret, sister of Anthony Lowther, who had married Margaret Penn. The marriage licence of John Holmes, of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, bachelor, about 28, and Margaret Lowther of the same, spinster, aged 20, is dated April 6th, 1668 (Chester's "London Marriage Licences," ed. Foster, 1887, col. 702).

[5] Paulina, lately married to Mr. Jackson.

[6] See note, *ante*, March 24th.

[7] Davenant's house adjoined the theatre.

horses, and many hacknies, that made it look, methought, as if it were the buriall of a poor poet. He seemed to have many children, by five or six in the first mourning-coach, all boys. And there I left them coming forth, and I to the New Exchange, there to meet Mrs. Burroughs, and did take her in a carosse and carry elle towards the Park, kissing her . . . , but did not go into any house, but come back and set her down at White Hall, and did give her wrapt in paper for my Valentine's gift for the last year before this, which I never did yet give her anything for, twelve half-crowns, and so back home and there to my office, where come a packet from the Downes from my brother Balty, who, with Harman, is arrived there, of which this day come the first news. And now the Parliament will be satisfied, I suppose, about the business they have so long desired between Brouncker[1] and Harman[2] about not prosecuting the first victory. Balty is very well, and I hope hath performed his work well, that I may get him into future employment. I wrote to him this night, and so home, and there to the perfecting my getting the scale of musique without book, which I have done to perfection backward and forward, and so to supper and to bed.

10th (Friday).[3] All the morning at Office. At noon with W. Pen to Duke of York, and attended Council. So to piper and Duck Lane, and there kissed bookseller's wife, and bought Legend.[4] So home, coach. Sailor. Mrs. Hannan dead. News of Peace. Conning my gamut.

12th (Sunday). Dined at Brouncker's, and saw the new book. Peace. Cutting away sails.

13th. (Monday). Spent at Michel's 6*d.*; in the Folly,[5] 1*s.*; oysters 1*s.*; coach to W. Coventry about Mrs. Pett, 1*s.*; thence to Commissioners of Treasury, and so to Westminster Hall by water, 6*d.* With G. Montagu and Roger Pepys, and spoke with Birch and Vaughan, all in trouble about the prize business. So to Lord Crew's (calling for a low pipe by the way), where Creed and G. M. and G. C. come, 1*s.* So with Creed to a play. Little laugh, 4*s.* Thence towards the Park by coach 2*s.* 6*d.* Come home, met with order of Commissioners of Accounts, which put together with the rest vexed me, and so home to supper and to bed.

[1] Henry Brouncker.

[2] The proceedings against Harman will be found in the Journals of the House of Commons, April 17th, 1668.—B.

[3] The entries from April 10th to April 19th are transcribed from three leaves (six pages) of rough notes, which are inserted in the MS. Eight pages are left blank for the insertion of the amplified Diary; but apparently Pepys never found time to write up the missing entries, and therefore inserted the rough notes when he came to bind the Diary. These notes are interesting as showing how the journals were compiled. It will be seen that the rough notes were made to serve for a sort of account book, but the amounts paid are not registered in the fair copy.

[4] Probably the "Golden Legend" of Jac. de Voragine; there were several early editions of the English version.—B.

[5] The Folly was a floating house of entertainment on the Thames, which at this time was a fashionable resort.

14th (Tuesday). Up betimes by water to the Temple. In the way read the Narrative about prizes; and so to Lord Crew's bedside, and then to Westminster, where I hear Pen is, and sent for by messenger last night. Thence to Commissioners of Accounts and there examined, and so back to Westminster Hall, where all the talk of committing all to the Tower, and Creed and I to the Quaker's, dined together. Thence to the House, where rose about four o'clock; and, with much ado, Pen got to Thursday to bring in his answer; so my Lord escapes to-day. Thence with Godage and G. Montagu to G. Carteret's, and there sat their dinner-time: and hear myself, by many Parliament-men, mightily commended. Thence to a play, "Love's Cruelty," and so to my Lord Crew's, who glad of this day's time got, and so home, and there office, and then home to supper and to bed, my eyes being the better upon leaving drinking at night. Water, 1*s.* Porter, 6*d.* Water, 6*d.* Dinner, 3*s.* 6*d.* Play part, 2*s.* Oranges, 1*s.* Home coach, 1*s.* 6*d.*

15th. After playing a little upon my new little flageolet, that is so soft that pleases me mightily, betimes to my office, where most of the morning. Then by coach, 1*s.*, and meeting Lord Brouncker, 'light at the Exchange, and thence by water to White Hall, 1*s.*, and there to the Chapel, expecting wind musick: and to the Harp-and-Ball, and drank all alone, 2*d.* Back, and to the fiddling-concert, and heard a practice mighty good of Grebus, and thence to Westminster Hall, where all cry out that the House will be severe with Pen; but do hope well concerning the buyers, that we shall have no difficulty, which God grant! Here met Creed, and, about noon, he and I, and Sir P. Neale to the Quaker's, and there dined with a silly Executor of Bishop Juxon's, and cozen Roger Pepys. Business of money goes on slowly in the House. Thence to White Hall by water, and there with the Duke of York a little, but stayed not, but saw him and his lady at his little pretty chapel, where I never was before: but silly devotion, God knows! Thence I left Creed, and to the King's playhouse, into a corner of the 18*d.* box, and there saw "The Maid's Tragedy," [1] a good play. Coach, 1*s.*: play and oranges, 2*s.* 6*d.* Creed come, dropping presently here, but he did not see me, and come to the same place, nor would I be seen by him. Thence to my Lord Crew's, and there he come also after, and there with Sir T. Crew bemoaning my Lord's folly in leaving his old interest, by which he hath now lost all. An ill discourse in the morning of my Lord's being killed, but this evening Godolphin tells us here that my Lord is well. Thence with Creed to the Cock alehouse, and there spent 6*d.*, and so by coach home, 2*s.* 6*d.*, and so to bed.

16th. Th[ursday]. Greeting's book, 1*s.* Begun this day to learn the Recorder. To the office, where all the morning. Dined with my clerks: and merry at Sir W. Pen's crying yesterday, as they say, to the King, that he was his martyr. So to White Hall by coach to Commissioners of [the] Treasury about certificates, but they met not, 2*s.* To Westminster by water. To Westminster Hall, where I hear W. Pen is ordered to be impeached, 6*d.* There

[1] By Beaumont and Fletcher (see note, *ante*, May 16th, 1661).

spoke with many, and particularly with G. Montagu: and went with him and Creed to his house, where he told how W. Pen hath been severe to Lord Sandwich; but the Coventrys both labouring to save him, by laying it on Lord Sandwich, which our friends cry out upon, and I am silent, but do believe they did it as the only way to save him. It could not be carried to commit him. It is thought the House do coole: W. Coventry's being for him, provoked Sir R. Howard and his party; Court, all for W. Pen. Thence to White Hall, but no meeting of the Commissioners, and there met Mr. Hunt, and thence to Mrs. Martin's, and there did what I would, she troubled for want of employ for her husband, spent on her 1*s.* Thence to the Hall to walk awhile and ribbon, spent 1*s.* So [to] Lord Crew's, and there with G. Carteret and my Lord to talk, and they look upon our matters much the better, and by this and that time is got, 1*s.* So to the Temple late, and by water, by moonshine, home, 1*s.* Cooks, 6*d.* Wrote my letters to my Lady Sandwich, and so home, where displeased to have my maid bring her brother, a countryman, to lye there, and so to bed.

17th (Friday). Called up by Balty's coming, who gives me a good account of his voyage, and pleases me well, and I hope hath got something. This morning paid the Royall Society £1 6*s.*, and so to the office all the morning. At noon home to dinner with my people, and there much pretty discourse of Balty's. So by coach to White Hall: the coachman on Ludgate Hill 'lighted, and beat a fellow with a sword, 2*s.* 6*d.* Did little business with the Duke of York. Hear that the House is upon the business of Harman, who, they say, takes all on himself. Thence, with Brouncker, to the King's house, and saw "The Surprizall," where base singing, only Knepp,[1] who come, after her song in the clouds, to me in the pit, and there, oranges, 2*s.* After the play, she, and I, and Rolt, by coach, 6*s.* 6*d.*, to Kensington, and there to the Grotto, and had admirable pleasure with their singing, and fine ladies listening to us: with infinite pleasure, I enjoyed myself: so to the tavern there, and did spend 16*s.* 6*d.*, and the gardener 2*s.* Mighty merry, and sang all the way to the town, a most pleasant evening, moonshine, and set them at her house in Covent Garden, and I home and to bed.

18th (Saturday). Up, and my bookseller brought home books, bound—the binding comes to 17*s.* Advanced to my maid Bridget £1. Sir W. Pen at the Office, seemingly merry. Do hear this morning that Harman is committed by the Parliament last night, the day he come up, which is hard; but he took all upon himself first, and then when a witness come in to say otherwise, he would have retracted; and the House took it so ill, they would commit him. Thence home to dinner with my clerks, and so to White Hall by water, 1*s.*, and there a short Committee for Tangier, and so I to the King's playhouse, 1*s.*, and to the play of the "Duke of Lerma," 2*s.* 6*d.*, and oranges, 1*s.* Thence by coach to Westminster, 1*s.*, and the House just up, having been about money business, 1*s.* So home by coach, 3*s.*, calling in Duck Lane, and did get

[1] A comedy by Sir Robert Howard. Mrs. Knepp played Emelia.

Des Cartes' Musique in English,[1] and so home and wrote my letters, and then to my chamber to save my eyes, and to bed.

19th (Sunday). Lay long. Roger Pepys and his son come, and to Church with me, where W. Pen was, and did endeavour to shew himself to the Church. Then home to dinner, and Roger Pepys did tell me the whole story of Harman, how he prevaricated, and hath undoubtedly been imposed on, and wheedled; and he is called the miller's man that, in Richard the Third's time, was hanged for his master.[2] So after dinner I took them by water to White Hall, taking in a very pretty woman at Paul's Wharf, and there landed we, and I left Roger Pepys and to St. Margaret's Church, and there saw Betty, and so to walk in the Abbey with Sir John Talbot,[3] who would fain have pumped me about the prizes, but I would not let him, and so to walk towards Michell's to see her, but could not, and so to Martin's, and her husband was at home, and so took coach and to the Park, and thence home and to bed betimes. Water 1*s.*, coach 5*s.* Balty borrowed £2.

20th. Up betimes and to the getting ready my answer to the Committee of Accounts to several questions, which makes me trouble, though I know of no blame due to me from any, let them enquire what they can out.[4] I to White Hall, and there hear how Henry Brouncker is fled, which, I think, will undo him: but what good it will do Harman I know not, he hath so befooled him-

[1] "Musicæ Compendium, translated by a Person of Honour. London, 1653." 4to. This work of Descartes was translated by Viscount Brouncker.

[2] The story alluded to by Pepys, which belongs not to the reign of Richard III., but to that of Edward VI., occurred during a seditious outbreak at Bodmin, in Cornwall, and is thus related by Holinshed: "At the same time, and neare the same place [Bodmin], dwelled a miller, that had beene a greate dooer in that rebellion, for whom also Sir Anthonie Kingston sought: but the miller being thereof warned, called a good tall fellow that he had to his servant, and said unto him, 'I have business to go from home; if anie therefore come to ask for me, saie thou art the owner of the mill, and the man for whom they shall so aske, and that thou hast kept this mill for the space of three yeares; but in no wise name me.' The servant promised his maister so to doo. And shortlie after, came Sir Anthonie Kingston to the miller's house, and calling for the miller, the servant came forth, and answered that he was the miller. 'How long,' quoth Sir Anthonie, 'hast thou kept this mill?' He answered, 'Three years.' 'Well, then,' said he, 'come on: thou must go with me;' and caused his men to laie hands on him, and to bring him to the next tree, saieing to him, 'Thou hast been a busie knave, and therefore here shalt thou hang.' Then cried the fellow out, and saide that he was not the miller, but the miller's man. 'Well, then,' said Sir Anthonie, 'thou art a false knave to be in two tales: therefore,' said he, 'hang him up;' and so incontinentlie hanged he was indeed. After he was dead, one that was present told Sir Anthonie, 'Surelie, sir, this was but the miller's man.'—'What then!' said he, 'could he ever have done his maister better service than to hang for him?' "—B.

[3] See January 17th, *ante*.

[4] The first part of the entry for April 20th is among the rough notes, and stands as follows: "Monday 20. Up and busy about answer to Committee of Accounts this morning about several questions which vexed me though in none I have reason to be troubled. But the business of The Flying Greyhound begins to find me some care, though in that I am wholly void of blame." This may be compared with the text.

self; but it will be good sport to my Lord Chancellor to hear how his great enemy is fain to take the same course that he is. There met Robinson, who tells me that he fears his master, W. Coventry, will this week have his business brought upon the stage again, about selling of places, which I shall be sorry for, though the less, since I hear his standing for Pen the other day, to the prejudice, though not to the wrong, of my Lord Sandwich; and yet I do think what he did, he did out of a principle of honesty. Thence to Committee of Accounts, and delivered my paper, and had little discourse, and was unwilling to stay long with them to enter into much, but away and glad to be from them, though very civil to me, but cunning and close I see they are. So to Westminster Hall, and there find the Parliament upon the Irish business, where going into the Speaker's chamber I did hear how plainly one lawyer of counsel for the complainants did inveigh by name against all the late Commissioners there. Thence with Creed, thinking, but failed, of dining with Lord Crew, and so he and I to Hercules Pillars, and there dined, and thence home by coach, and so with Jack Fenn to the Chamberlain of London to look after the state of some Navy assignments that are in his hands, and thence away, and meeting Sir William Hooker,[1] the Alderman, he did cry out mighty high against Sir W. Pen for his getting such an estate, and giving £15,000 with his daughter, which is more, by half, than ever he did give; but this the world believes, and so let them. Thence took coach and I all alone to Hyde Park (passing through Duck Lane among the booksellers, only to get a sight of the pretty little woman I did salute the other night, and did in passing), and so all the evening in the Park, being a little unwilling to be seen there, and at night home, and there to W. Pen's and sat and talked there with his wife and children a good while, he being busy in his closet, I believe preparing his defence in Parliament, and so home to bed.

21st. Up, and at the office all the morning, at noon dined at home, and thence took Mrs. Turner out and carried her to the King's house, and saw "The Indian Emperour;" and after that done, took Knepp out, and to Kensington; and there walked in the garden, and then supped, and mighty merry, there being also in the house Sir Philip Howard, and some company, and had a dear reckoning, but merry, and away, it being quite night, home, and dark, about 9 o'clock or more, and in my coming had the opportunity the first time in my life to be bold with Knepp . . . , and so left her at home, and so Mrs. Turner and I home to my letters and to bed. Here hear how Sir W. Pen's impeachment was read, and agreed to, in the House this day, and ordered to be engrossed; and he suspended[2] the House: Harman set at liberty; and Brouncker put out of the House, and a writ for a new

[1] Sir William Hooker, grocer. Sheriff of London in 1665, afterwards knighted, and Lord Mayor in 1674. His daughter was Anne, who married Sir John Lethieulier, of Sutton Place, Kent, Sheriff of London in 1674.—B.

[2] From sitting as a member pending the impeachment.—B.

election,[1] and an impeachment ordered to be brought in against him, he being fled.[2]

22nd. Up, and all the morning at my office busy. At noon, it being washing day, I toward White Hall, and stopped and dined all alone at Hercules Pillars, where I was mighty pleased to overhear a woman talk to her counsel how she had troubled her neighbours with law, and did it very roguishly and wittily. Thence to White Hall, and there we attended the Duke of York as usual; and I did present Mrs. Pett, the widow, and her petition to the Duke of York, for some relief from the King. Here was to-day a proposition made to the Duke of York by Captain Von Hemskirke for £20,000, to discover an art how to make a ship go two foot for one what any ship do now, which the King inclines to try, it costing him nothing to try; and it is referred to us to contract with the man. Thence to attend the Council about the business of certificates to the Exchequer, where the Commissioners of the Treasury of different minds, some would, and my Lord Ashly would not have any more made out, and carried it there should not. After done here, and the Council up, I by water from the Privy-stairs to Westminster Hall; and, taking water, the King and the Duke of York were in the new buildings; and the Duke of York called to me whither I was going? and I answered aloud, "To wait on our maisters at Westminster;" at which he and all the company laughed; but I was sorry and troubled for it afterwards, for fear any Parliament-man should have been there; and will be a caution to me for the time to come. Met with Roger Pepys, who tells me they have been on the business of money, but not ended yet, but will take up more time. So to the fishmonger's, and bought a couple of lobsters, and over to the 'sparagus garden, thinking to have met Mr. Pierce, and his wife and Knepp; but met their servant coming to bring me to Chatelin's, the French house, in Covent Garden, and there with musick and good company, Manuel and his wife, and one Swaddle, a clerk of Lord Arlington's, who dances, and speaks French well, but got drunk, and was then troublesome, and here mighty merry till ten at night, and then I away, and got a coach, and so home, where I find Balty and his wife come to town, and did sup with them, and so they to bed. This night the Duke of Monmouth and a great many blades were at Chatelin's, and I left them there, with a hackney-coach attending him.

[1] At Romney, which Henry Brouncker represented.—B.

[2] Sir Charles Berkeley, jun., was chosen in his room. In the sea-fight off Southwold Bay on June 3rd, 1665, the English triumphed over the Dutch, but the very considerable victory was not followed up. During the night, while the Duke of York slept, Henry Brouncker, his groom of the bedchamber, ordered the lieutenant to shorten sail, by which means the progress of the whole fleet was retarded, the Duke of York's being the leading ship. The duke affirmed that he first heard of Brouncker's unjustifiable action in July, and yet he kept the culprit in his service for nearly two years after the offence had come to his knowledge. After Brouncker had been dismissed from the duke's service, the House of Commons ejected him. The whole matter is one of the unsolved difficulties of history. See Lister's "Life of Clarendon," ii., 334, 335.

23rd. Up, and to the office, where all the morning, and at noon comes Knepp and Mrs. Pierce, and her daughter, and one Mrs. Foster, and dined with me, and mighty merry, and after dinner carried them to the Tower, and shewed them all to be seen there, and, among other things, the Crown and Scepters and rich plate, which I myself never saw before, and indeed is noble, and I mightily pleased with it. Thence by water to the Temple, and there to the Cocke ale-house,[1] and drank, and eat a lobster, and sang, and mighty merry. So, almost night, I carried Mrs. Pierce home, and then Knepp and I to the Temple again, and took boat, it being darkish, and to Fox Hall, it being now night, and a bonfire burning at Lambeth for the King's coronation-day. And there she and I drank; . . . and so back, and led her home, it being now ten at night; and so got a link; and, walking towards home, just at my entrance into the ruines at St. Dunstan's, I was met by two rogues with clubs, who come towards us. So I went back, and walked home quite round by the wall, and got well home, and to bed weary, but pleased at my day's pleasure, but yet displeased at my expence, and time I lose.

24th. Up betimes, and by water to White Hall, to the Duke of York, and there hear that this day Hollis and Temple purpose to bring in the petition against Sir W. Coventry, which I am sorry for, but hope he will get out of it. Here I presented Mrs. Pett and her condition to Mr. Wren for his favour, which he promised us. Thence to Lord Brouncker and sat and talked with him, who thinks the Parliament will, by their violence and delay in money matters, force the King to run any hazard, and dissolve them. Thence to Ducke Lane, and there did overlook a great many of Monsieur Fouquet's[2] library, that a bookseller hath bought, and I did buy one Spanish [work], "Los Illustres Varones." [3] Here did I endeavour to see my pretty woman that

[1] The famous Cock tavern (formerly the Cock and Bottle) in Fleet Street, opposite Middle Temple Gate, was pulled down to make room for the Law Courts branch of the Bank of England (erected 1888). Some of the old fittings were removed to No. 22 on the south side of the street, where the revived Cock was opened in 1888.

[2] Nicholas Fouquet, "Surintendant des Finances" in France. Most of the great libraries contain some of his books, distinguished by his arms. He had been disgraced, and imprisoned in 1661. Voltaire mentions that Fouquet had built at Vaux (now Villars) a house which surpassed in magnificence any palace belonging to Louis XIV., prior to the erection of Versailles, and caused much envy to all the Court, especially to Colbert. "On voyait partout dans cette maison les armes et la devise de Fouquet; c'est un ecureuil, avec ces paroles, *Quò non ascendam?* 'Où ne monteraj-je point?' Le Roi se les fit expliquer. L'ambition de cette devise ne servit pas à apaiser le monarque. Les courtisans remarquèrent que l'ecureuil était peint partout poursuivi par un couleuvre, qui était les armes de Colbert!" Fouquet died at Pignerol in 1680, after nineteen years' incarceration; and whilst Pepys was buying his books in London, Colbert had become prime minister in France, and Colbert's brother ambassador in England. The *viper* had caught the *squirrel*!—B.

[3] Probably "Los Claros Varones," "The Celebrated Men," of Fernando del Pulgar, historiographer to Isabella and Ferdinand. He was ambitious to be thought the Plutarch of his nation, whence the title of his book. However, the book meant by Pepys may be, "Varones ilustres del Nuevo Mundo, descubridores, conquistadores, pacificadores de las Indias Occidentales," by Fernando Pizarro y Orellana; printed at Madrid in 1639.—B.

I did baiser in las tenebras a little while depuis. And did find her sola in the book[shop], but had not la confidence para aller à elle. So lost my pains. But will another time, and so home and to my office, and then to dinner. After dinner down to the Old Swan, and by the way called at Michell's, and there did see Betty, and that was all, for either she is shy or foolish, and su mari hath no mind para laiser me see su moher. To White Hall by water, and there did our business with the Duke of York, which was very little, only here I do hear the Duke of York tell how Sir W. Pen's impeachment was brought into the House of Lords to-day; and spoke with great kindness of him: and that the Lords would not commit him till they could find precedent for it, and did incline to favour him. Thence to the King's playhouse, and there saw a piece of "Beggar's Bush," which I have not seen some years, and thence home, and there to Sir W. Pen's and supped and sat talking there late, having no where else to go, and my eyes too bad to read right, and so home to bed.

25th. Up, and with Sir J. Minnes to my Lord Brouncker, and with him all of us to my Lord Ashly to satisfy him about the reason of what we do or have done in the business of the tradesmen's certificates, which he seems satisfied with, but is not, but I believe we have done what we can justify, and he hath done what he cannot in stopping us to grant them, and I believe it will come into Parliament and make trouble. So home and there at the office all the morning. At noon home to dinner, and thence after dinner to the Duke of York's playhouse, and there saw "Sir Martin Marr-all," which, the more I see, the more I like, and thence to Westminster Hall, and there met with Roger Pepys; and he tells me that nothing hath lately passed about my Lord Sandwich, but only Sir Robert Carr did speak hardly of him. But it is hoped that nothing will be done more, this meeting of Parliament, which the King did, by a message yesterday, declare again, should rise the 4th of May, and then only adjourne for three months: and this message being only adjournment, did please them mightily, for they are desirous of their power mightily. Thence homeward by the Coffee House in Covent Garden, thinking to have met Harris here but could not, and so home, and there, after my letters, I home to have my hair cut by my sister Michell and her husband, and so to bed.[1] This day I did first put off my waste-coate, the weather being very hot, but yet lay in it at night, and shall, for a little time.

26th (Lord's day). Lay long, and then up and to Church, and so home, where there come and dine with me Harris, Rolt, and Bannister, and one Bland, that sings well also, and very merry at dinner, and, after dinner, to sing all the afternoon. But when all was done, I did begin to think that the pleasure of these people was not worth so often charge and cost to me, as it hath occasioned me. They being gone I and Balty walked as far as Charing Cross, and there got a coach and to Hales's the painter, thinking to have found Harris sitting there for his picture, which is drawing for me. But he,

[1] Balty St. Michel and his wife.

and all this day's company, and Hales, were got to the Crown tavern, at next door, and thither I to them and stayed a minute, leaving Captain Grant telling pretty stories of people that have killed themselves, or been accessory to it, in revenge to other people, and to mischief other people, and thence with Hales to his house, and there did see his beginning of Harris's picture, which I think will be pretty like, and he promises a very good picture. Thence with Balty away and got a coach and to Hide Park, and there up and down and did drink some milk at the Lodge, and so home and to bed.

27th. Up, and Captain Deane come to see me, and he and I toward Westminster together, and I set him down at White Hall, while I to Westminster Hall, and up to the Lords' House, and there saw Sir W. Pen go into the House of Lords, where his impeachment was read to him, and he used mighty civilly, the Duke of York being there; and two days hence, at his desire, he is to bring in his answer, and a day then to be appointed for his being heard with Counsel. Thence down into the Hall, and with Creed and Godolphin walked; and do hear that to-morrow is appointed, upon a motion on Friday last, to discourse the business of my Lord Sandwich, moved by Sir R. Howard, that he should be sent for, home; and I fear it will be ordered. Certain news come, I hear, this day, that the Spanish Plenipotentiary[1] in Flanders will not agree to the peace and terms we and the Dutch have made for him and the King of France; and by this means the face of things may be altered, and we forced to join with the French against Spain, which will be an odd thing. At noon with Creed to my Lord Crew's, and there dined; and here was a very fine-skinned lady dined, the daughter of my Lord Roberts, and also a fine Lady, Mr. John Parkhurst his wife, that was but a boy the other day. And after dinner there comes in my Lady Roberts herself,[2] and with her Mr. Roberts's daughter, that was Mrs. Boddevill, the great beauty, and a fine lady indeed, the first time I saw her. My Lord Crew, and Sir Thomas, and I, and Creed, all the afternoon debating of my Lord Sandwich's business, against to-morrow, and thence I to the King's playhouse, and there saw most of "The Cardinall," a good play, and thence to several places to pay my debts, and then home, and there took a coach and to Mile End to take a little ayre, and thence home to Sir W. Pen's, where I supped, and sat all the evening; and being lighted homeward by Mrs. Markham, I blew out the candle and kissed her, and so home to bed.

28th. Up betimes, and to Sir W. Coventry's by water, but lost my labour, so through the Park to White Hall, and thence to my Lord Crew's to advise again with him about my Lord Sandwich, and so to the office, where till

[1] The Baron de Bergeick?—B.

[2] Letitia Isabella, daughter of Sir John Smith, of Kent. Lord Robartes's first wife was Lady Lucy, daughter of Robert Rich, second Earl of Warwick, the mother of Robert Robartes, here mentioned, who had married Sarah, daughter and heir of John Bodvile, of Bodvile Castle, in Caernarvonshire. He died, s. p., in 1681, while ambassador to Denmark, having assumed the title of Viscount Bodmin, upon his father's elevation to the earldom of Radnor, in 1679.—B. See note, May 3rd, 1664.

noon, and then I by coach to Westminster Hall, and there do understand that the business of religion, and the Act against Conventicles, have so taken them up all this morning, and do still, that my Lord Sandwich's business is not like to come on to-day, which I am heartily glad of. This law against Conventicles is very severe; but Creed, whom I met here, do tell me that, it being moved that Papists' meetings might be included, the House was divided upon it, and it was carried in the negative; which will give great disgust to the people, I doubt. Thence with Creed to Hercules Pillars by the Temple again, and there dined he and I all alone, and thence to the King's house, and there did see "Love in a Maze," wherein very good mirth of Lacy, the clown, and Wintersell,[1] the country-knight, his master. Thence to the New Exchange to pay a debt of my wife's there, and so home, and there to the office and walk in the garden in the dark to ease my eyes, and so home to supper and to bed.

29th. Up, and to my office, where all the morning busy. At noon dined at home, and my clerks with me, and thence I to White Hall, and there do hear how Sir W. Pen hath delivered in his answer; and the Lords have sent it down to the Commons, but they have not yet read it, nor taken notice of it, so as, I believe, they will by design defer it till they rise, that so he, by lying under an impeachment, may be prevented in his going to sea, which will vex him, and trouble the Duke of York. Did little business with the Duke of York, and then Lord Brouncker and I to Duke of York's playhouse, and there saw "Love in a Tubb;" and, after the play done, I stepped up to Harris's dressing-room, where I never was, and there I observe much company come to him, and the Witts, to talk, after the play is done, and to assign meetings. Mine was to talk about going down to see "The Resolution,"[2] and so away, and thence to Westminster Hall, and there met with Mr. G. Montagu, and walked and talked; who tells me that the best fence against the Parliament's present fury is delay, and recommended it to me, in my friends' business and my own, if I have any; and is that, that Sir W. Coventry do take, and will secure himself; that the King will deliver up all to the Parliament; and being petitioned the other day by Mr. Brouncker to protect him, with teares in his eyes, the King did say he could not, and bid him shift for himself, at least till the House is up. Thence I away to White Hall, and there took coach home with a stranger I let into the coach, to

[1] William Wintershall, or Wintersell, was one of the original actors under Killigrew, at Drury Lane, and played the king in "The Humorous Lieutenant," at the opening of that theatre. He was also Sir Amorous in Ben Jonson's "Silent Woman;" Subtle in the "Alchemist;" the king in "Henry the Fourth," &c. Downes ("Roscius Anglicanus," p. 17) says, "Mr. Wintersell was good in tragedy, as well as in comedy, especially in Cokes, in 'Bartholomew Fair,' that the famous comedian, Nokes, came, in that part, far short of him." He was an excellent instructor, and died in July, 1679. One of his best comic parts, to the last, was Master Slender, which John Dennis praises highly.

[2] "April 2. 'The Resolution,' a new ship, is rigging at Harwich." "May 6. 'The Resolution' has sailed to Erith."—*Calendar of State Papers*, 1667–68, pp. 324, 377.

club with me for it, he going into London, I set him down at the lower end of Cheapside, and I home, and to Sir W. Pen's, and there sat, and by and by, it being now about nine o'clock at night, I heard Mercer's voice, and my boy Tom's singing in the garden, which pleased me mightily, I longing to see the girl, having not seen her since my wife went; and so into the garden to her and sang, and then home to supper, and mightily pleased with her company, in talking and singing, and so parted, and to bed.

30th. Up, and at the office all the morning. At noon Sir J. Minnes and I to the Dolphin Tavern, there to meet our neighbours, all of the Parish, this being procession-day, to dine. And did; and much very good discourse; they being, most of them, very able merchants as any in the City: Sir Andrew Rickard, Mr. Vandeputt,[1] Sir John Fredericke, Harrington, and others. They talked with Mr. Mills about the meaning of this day, and the good uses of it; and how heretofore, and yet in several places, they do whip a boy[2] at each place they stop at in their procession. Thence I to the Duke of York's playhouse, and there saw "The Tempest," which still pleases me mightily, and thence to the New Exchange, and then home, and in the way stopped to talk with Mr. Brisband, who gives me an account of the rough usage Sir G. Carteret and his Counsel had the other day, before the Commissioners of Accounts, and what I do believe we shall all of us have, in a greater degree than any he hath had yet with them, before their three years are out, which are not yet begun, nor God knows when they will, this being like to be no session of Parliament, when they now rise. So home, and there took up Mrs. Turner and carried her to Mile End and drank, and so back talking, and so home and to bed, I being mighty cold, this being a mighty cold day, and I had left off my waistcoat three or four days. This evening, coming home in the dusk, I saw and spoke to our Nell, Pain's daughter, and had I not been very cold I should have taken her to Tower hill para together et toker her. Thus ends this month; my wife in the country, myself full of pleasure and expence; and some trouble for my friends, my Lord Sandwich, by the Parliament, and more for my eyes, which are daily worse and worse, that I dare not write or read almost any thing. The Parliament going in a few days to rise; myself so long without accounting now, for seven or eight months, I think, or more, that I know not what condition almost I am in, as to getting or spending for all that time, which troubles me, but I will soon do it. The kingdom in an ill state through poverty; a fleete going out, and no money to maintain it, or set it out; seamen yet unpaid, and mutinous when pressed to go out again; our Office able to do little, nobody trusting us, nor we desiring any to trust us, and yet have not money for any thing, but only what particularly belongs to this fleete going out, and that but lamely too. The Parliament several months upon an Act for £300,000, but cannot or will not agree upon it, but do keep it back, in spite of the King's desires to

[1] Was this Benjamin Vandeputt, draper, Sheriff of London in 1685?—B.
[2] See note, May 23rd, 1661.

hasten it, till they can obtain what they have a mind, in revenge upon some men for the late ill managements; and he is forced to submit to what they please, knowing that, without it, he shall have no money, and they as well, that, if they give the money, the King will suffer them to do little more; and then the business of religion do disquiet every body, the Parliament being vehement against the Nonconformists, while the King seems to be willing to countenance them. So we are all poor, and in pieces—God help us! while the peace is like to go on between Spain and France; and then the French may be apprehended able to attack us. So God help us! [1]

[1] Here ends the fifth volume of the original MS.

May 1st, 1668.

Up, and to the office, where all the morning busy. Then to Westminster Hall, and there met Sir W. Pen, who labours to have his answer to his impeachment, and sent down from the Lords' House, read by the House of Commons; but they are so busy on other matters, that he cannot, and thereby will, as he believes, by design, be prevented from going to sea this year. Here met my cozen Thomas Pepys of Deptford, and took some turns with him; who is mightily troubled for this Act now passed against Conventicles, and in few words, and sober, do lament the condition we are in, by a negligent Prince and a mad Parliament. Thence I by coach to the Temple, and there set him down, and then to Sir G. Carteret's to dine, but he not being at home, I back again to the New Exchange a little, and thence back again to Hercules Pillars, and there dined all alone, and then to the King's playhouse, and there saw "The Surprizall:" and a disorder in the pit by its raining in, from the cupola at top, it being a very foul day, and cold, so as there are few I believe go to the Park to-day, if any. Thence to Westminster Hall, and there I understand how the Houses of Commons and Lords are like to disagree very much, about the business of the East India Company and one Skinner;[1] to the latter of which the Lords have awarded £5,000 from the former, for some wrong done him heretofore; and the former appealing so the Commons, the Lords vote their petition a libell; and so there is like to follow very hot work. Thence by water, not being able to get a coach, nor boat but a sculler, and that with company, it being so foul a day, to the Old Swan, and so home, and there spent the evening, making Balty read to me, and so to supper and to bed.

[1] The dispute here alluded to had its origin in a petition against the East India Company, presented to the Peers by Thomas Skinner, a merchant, which led to the memorable quarrel between the two Houses of Parliament upon a question of privilege. The particulars of the case are detailed in Lingard's "History of England," vol. xii., p. 234, fourth edition. The session was prorogued without the matter being settled, and the dispute was only adjusted in 1670 by the Peers consenting to the expedient proposed by the Commons, that a general razure should be made of all the transactions relating to the disputed point. Anchitel Grey, in his "Debates," vol. i., p. 150, speaking of the quarrel between the two Houses, states, that in order to reconcile them, the king recommended the entries relating thereto should be erased from their journals. Grey, however, has preserved an account of this memorable case.—B.

2nd. Up, and at the office all the morning. At noon with Lord Brouncker in his coach as far as the Temple, and there 'light and to Hercules Pillars, and there dined, and thence to the Duke of York's playhouse, at a little past twelve, to get a good place in the pit, against the new play, and there setting a poor man to keep my place, I out, and spent an hour at Martin's, my bookseller's, and so back again, where I find the house quite full. But I had my place, and by and by the King comes and the Duke of York; and then the play begins, called "The Sullen Lovers; or, The Impertinents,"[1] having many good humours in it, but the play tedious, and no design at all in it. But a little boy, for a farce, do dance Polichinelli, the best that ever anything was done in the world, by all men's report: most pleased with that, beyond anything in the world, and much beyond all the play. Thence to the King's house to see Knepp, but the play done; and so I took a hackney alone, and to the park, and there spent the evening, and to the lodge, and drank new milk. And so home to the Office, ended my letters, and, to spare my eyes, home, and played on my pipes, and so to bed.

3rd (Lord's day). Up, and to church, where I saw Sir A. Rickard, though he be under the Black Rod, by order of the Lords' House, upon the quarrel between the East India Company and Skinner, which is like to come to a very great heat between the two Houses.[2] At noon comes Mr. Mills and his wife, and Mr. Turner and his wife, by invitation to dinner, and we were mighty merry, and a very pretty dinner, of my Bridget and Nell's dressing, very handsome. After dinner to church again. . . . So home and with Sir W. Pen took a hackney, and he and I to Old Street, to a brew-house there, to see Sir Thomas Teddiman, who is very ill in bed of a fever, got, I believe by the fright the Parliament have put him into, of late. But he is a good man, a good seaman, and stout. Thence Pen and I to Islington, and there, at the old house, eat, and drank, and merry, and there by chance giving two pretty fat boys each of them a cake, they proved to be Captain Holland's children, whom therefore I pity. So round by Hackney home, having good discourse, he [Pen] being very open to me in his talk, how the King ought to dissolve this Parliament, when the Bill of Money is passed, they being never likely to give him more; how he [the King] hath great opportunity of making himself popular by stopping this Act against Conventicles; and how my Lord Lieutenant[3] of Ireland, if the Parliament continue, will undoubtedly fall, he having managed that place with so much self-seeking, and disorder, and pleasure, and some great men are designing to overthrow [him], as, among the rest, my Lord Orrery; and that this will try the King mightily, he being a firm friend to my Lord Lieutenant. So home, and to supper a little, and then to bed, having stepped, after I come home, to Alderman Backewell's about business, and there talked a while with him and

[1] A comedy by Thomas Shadwell, published in 1668.

[2] It is given at length in the parliamentary histories.—B.

[3] The Duke of Ormonde, Lord Lieutenant 1643–47, 1648–50, 1662–69, 1677–85.

his wife, a fine woman of the country, and how they had bought an estate at Buckeworth,[1] within four miles of Brampton.

4th. Up betimes, and by water to Charing Cross, and so to W. Coventry, and there talked a little with him, and thence over the Park to White Hall, and there did a little business at the Treasury, and so to the Duke, and there present Balty to the Duke of York and a letter from the Board to him about him, and the Duke of York is mightily pleased with him, and I doubt not his continuance in employment, which I am glad of. Thence with Sir H. Cholmly to Westminster Hall talking, and he crying mightily out of the power the House of Lords usurps in this business of the East India Company. Thence away home and there did business, and so to dinner, my sister Michell and I, and thence to the Duke of York's house, and there saw "The Impertinents" again, and with less pleasure than before, it being but a very contemptible play, though there are many little witty expressions in it; and the pit did generally say that of it. Thence, going out, Mrs. Pierce called me from the gallery, and there I took her and Mrs. Corbet by coach up and down, and took up Captain Rolt in the street; and at last, it being too late to go to the Park, I carried them to the Beare in Drury Lane, and there did treat them with a dish of mackrell, the first I have seen this year, and another dish, and mighty merry; and so carried her home, and thence home myself, well pleased with this evening's pleasure, and so to bed.

5th. Up, and all the morning at the office. At noon home to dinner and Creed with me, and after dinner he and I to the Duke of York's playhouse; and there coming late, he and I up to the balcony-box, where we find my Lady Castlemayne and several great ladies; and there we sat with them, and I saw "The Impertinents" once more, now three times, and the three only days it hath been acted. And to see the folly how the house do this day cry up the play more than yesterday! and I for that reason like it, I find, the better, too; by Sir Positive At-all, I understand, is meant Sir Robert Howard. My Lady [Castlemayne] pretty well pleased with it; but here I sat close to her fine woman, Willson, who indeed is very handsome, but, they say, with child by the King. I asked, and she told me this was the first time her Lady had seen it, I having a mind to say something to her. One thing of familiarity I observed in my Lady Castlemayne: she called to one of her women, another that sat by this, for a little patch off her face, and put it into her mouth and wetted it, and so clapped it upon her own by the side of her mouth, I suppose she feeling a pimple rising there. Thence with Creed to Westminster Hall, and there met with cozen Roger, who tells me of the great conference this day between the Lords and Commons, about the business of the East India Company, as being one of the weightiest conferences that hath been, and managed as weightily. I am heartily sorry I was not there, it being upon a mighty point of the privileges of the subjects of England, in regard to the authority of the House of Lords, and their being con-

[1] A parish in Huntingdonshire, seven miles N.W. of Huntingdon.

demned by them as the Supreme Court, which, we say, ought not to be, but by appeal from other Courts. And he tells me that the Commons had much the better of them, in reason and history there quoted, and believes the Lords will let it fall. Thence to walk in the Hall, and there hear that Mrs. Martin's child, my god-daughter, is dead, and so by water to the Old Swan, and thence home, and there a little at Sir W. Pen's, and so to bed.

6th. Up, and to the office, and thence to White Hall, but come too late to see the Duke of York, with whom my business was, and so to Westminster Hall, where met with several people and talked with them, and among other things understand that my Lord St. John is meant by Mr. Woodcocke, in "The Impertinents." [1] Here met with Mrs. Washington, my old acquaintance of the Hall, whose husband has a place in the Excise at Windsor, and it seems lives well. I have not seen her these 8 or 9 years, and she begins to grow old, I perceive, visibly. So time do alter, and do doubtless the like in myself. This morning the House is upon the City Bill, and they say hath passed it, though I am sorry that I did not think to put somebody in mind of moving for the churches to be alloted according to the convenience of the people, and not to gratify this Bishop, or that College. Thence by water to the New Exchange, where bought a pair of shoe-strings, and so to Mr. Pierce's, where invited, and there was Knepp and Mrs. Foster, and here dined, but a poor, sluttish dinner, as usual, and so I could not be heartily merry at it: here saw her girl's picture, but it is mighty far short of her boy's, and not like her neither; but it makes Hales's picture of her boy appear a good picture. Thence to White Hall, walked with Brisband, who dined there also, and thence I back to the King's playhouse, and there saw "The Virgin Martyr," and heard the musick that I like so well, and intended to have seen Knepp, but I let her alone; and having there done, went to Mrs. Pierce's back again, where she was, and there I found her on a pallet in the dark . . . , that is Knepp. And so to talk, and by and by did eat some curds and cream, and thence away home, and it being night, I did walk in the dusk up and down, round through our garden, over Tower Hill, and so through Crutched Friars, three or four times, and once did meet Mercer and another pretty lady, but being surprized I could say little to them, although I had an opportunity of pleasing myself with them, but left them, and then I did see our Nell, Payne's daughter, and her je did desire venir after me, and so elle did see me to Tower Hill to our back entry there that comes upon the degres entrant into nostra garden . . . , and so parted, and je home to put up things against to-morrow's carrier for my wife; and, among others, a very fine salmon-pie, sent me by Mr. Steventon, W. Hewer's uncle, and so to bed.

> "Whilst Positive walks, like Woodcock in the park,
> Contriving projects with a brewer's clerk."

Andrew Marvell's "Instructions to a painter," part iii., to which is subjoined the following note: "Sir Robert Howard, and Sir William Bucknell, the brewer."—*Works*, ed. by Capt. E. Thompson. vol. iii., p. 405.—B.

7th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning. At noon home to dinner, and thither I sent for Mercer to dine with me, and after dinner she and I called Mrs. Turner, and I carried them to the Duke of York's house, and there saw "The Man's the Master," which proves, upon my seeing it again, a very good play. Thence called Knepp from the King's house, where going in for her, the play being done, I did see Beck Marshall come dressed, off of the stage, and looks mighty fine, and pretty, and noble: and also Nell, in her boy's clothes, mighty pretty. But, Lord! their confidence! and how many men do hover about them as soon as they come off the stage, and how confident they are in their talk! Here I did kiss the pretty woman newly come, called Pegg,[1] that was Sir Charles Sidly's mistress, a mighty pretty woman, and seems, but is not, modest. Here took up Knepp into our coach, and all of us with her to her lodgings, and thither comes Bannister with a song of her's, that he hath set in Sir Charles Sidly's play for her,[2] which is, I think, but very meanly set; but this he did, before us, teach her, and it being but a slight, silly, short ayre, she learnt it presently. But I did get him to prick me down the notes of the Echo in "The Tempest," which pleases me mightily. Here was also Haynes, the incomparable dancer of the King's house, and a seeming civil man, and sings pretty well, and they gone, we abroad to Marrowbone, and there walked in the garden,[3] the first time I ever was there; and a pretty place it is, and here we eat and drank and stayed till 9 at night, and so home by moonshine. . . . And so set Mrs. Knepp at her lodgings, and so the rest, and I home talking with a great deal of pleasure, and so home to bed.

8th. Up, and to the office, where busy all the morning. Towards noon I to Westminster and there understand that the Lords' House did sit till eleven o'clock last night, about the business in difference between them and the Commons, in the matter of the East India Company. Here took a turn or two, and up to my Lord Crew's, and there dined; where Mr. Case, the minister, a dull fellow in his talk, and all in the Presbyterian manner; a great deal of noise and a kind of religious tone, but very dull. After dinner my Lord and I together. He tells me he hears that there are great disputes like to be at Court, between the factions of the two women, my Lady Castlemayne and Mrs. Stewart,[4] who is now well again, and the King hath made

[1] Lord Braybrooke supposes this to be Margaret Hughes, but it seems scarcely possible that this actress, described as "newly come," could be the mistress of Prince Rupert, who was one of the original actresses of the King's Company, and was the first woman to act Desdemona.

[2] The song in Sir C. Sedley's play, "The Mulberry Garden," is "Ah, Cloris, that I now could sit;" the author of which, until within these few years, was supposed to be a Scotchman, from the circumstance of its having been sung to a Scotch air, called "Gilderoy." Banister's music to it has not been discovered.—B.

[3] Marylebone Gardens, situated in the fields at the back of the manor house, on ground now occupied by Beaumont Street and part of Devonshire Street. The carriage entrance was in High Street, Marylebone.

[4] The Duchess of Richmond, who had recently been ill of the smallpox.—B.

several public visits to her, and like to come to Court: the other is to go to Barkeshire-house,[1] which is taken for her, and they say a Privy-Seal is passed for £5,000 for it. He believes all will come to ruin. Thence I to White Hall, where the Duke of York gone to the Lords' House, where there is to be a conference on the Lords' side to the Commons this afternoon, giving in their Reasons, which I would have been at, but could not; for, going by direction to the Prince's chamber,[2] there Brouncker, W. Pen, and Mr. Wren, and I, met, and did our business with the Duke of York. But, Lord! to see how this play[3] of Sir Positive At-all, in abuse of Sir Robert Howard, do take, all the Duke's and every body's talk being of that, and telling more stories of him, of the like nature, that it is now the town and country talk, and, they say, is most exactly true. The Duke of York himself said that of his playing at trap-ball is true, and told several other stories of him. This being done, Brouncker, Pen, and I to Brouncker's house, and there sat and talked, I asking many questions in mathematics to my Lord, which he do me the pleasure to satisfy me in, and here we drank and so spent an hour, and so W. Pen and I home, and after being with W. Pen at his house an hour, I home and to bed.

9th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning we sat. Here I first hear that the Queene hath miscarryed of a perfect child, being gone about ten weeks, which do shew that she can conceive, though it be unfortunate that she cannot bring forth. Here we are told also that last night the Duchesse of Monmouth, dancing at her lodgings, hath sprained her thigh.[4] Here we are told also that the House of Commons sat till five o'clock this morning, upon the business of the difference between the Lords and them, resolving to do something therein before they rise, to assert their privileges. So I at noon by water to Westminster, and there find the King hath waited in the Prince's chamber these two hours, and the Houses are not ready for him. The Commons having sent this morning, after their long debate therein the last night, to the Lords, that they do think the only expedient left to preserve unity between the two Houses is, that they do put a stop to any proceedings upon their late judgment against the East India Company, till their next meeting; to which the Lords returned answer that they would return answer to them by a messenger of their own,[5] which they not presently doing, they were all inflamed, and thought it was only a trick, to keep them in suspense till the King come to adjourne them; and, so, rather than lose the

[1] Subsequently named after the title of Cleveland conferred on Lady Castlemaine, and now preserved in the names of Cleveland Row and Cleveland Square. It stood on the site of the present Bridgewater House.

[2] "The Prince's Chamber stood on the north side of Palace Yard, and the Sovereigns passed through it in their way to the old House of Lords."—Smith's *Antiquities of Westminster*.—B.

[3] "The Impertinents."

[4] She never recovered from this lameness. See May 15th, *post*.—B.

[5] The usual form at this day.—B.

opportunity of doing themselves right, they presently with great fury come to this vote: "That whoever should assist in the execution of the judgment of the Lords against the Company, should be held betrayers of the liberties of the people of England, and of the privileges of that House." This the Lords had notice of, and were mad at it; and so continued debating without any design to yield to the Commons, till the King come in, and sent for the Commons, where the Speaker made a short but silly speech, about their giving Him £300,000; and then the several Bills, their titles were read, and the King's assent signified in the proper terms, according to the nature of the Bills, of which about three or four were public Bills, and seven or eight private ones, the additional Bills for the building of the City and the Bill against Conventicles being none of them. The King did make a short, silly speech, which he read, giving them thanks for the money, which now, he said, he did believe would be sufficient, because there was peace between his neighbours, which was a kind of a slur, methought, to the Commons; and that he was sorry for what he heard of difference between the two Houses, but that he hoped their recesse would put them into a way of accommodation; and so adjourned them to the 9th of August, and then recollected himself, and told them the 11th; so imperfect a speaker he is. So the Commons went to their House, and forthwith adjourned; and the Lords resumed their House, the King being gone, and sat an hour or two after, but what they did, I cannot tell; but every body expected they would commit Sir Andrew Rickard, Sir Samuel Barnardiston,[1] Mr. Boone, and Mr. Wynne, who were all there, and called in, upon their knees, to the bar of the House; and Sir John Robinson I left there, endeavouring to prevent their being committed to the Tower,[2] lest he should thereby be forced to deny their order, because of this vote of the Commons, whereof he is one, which is an odde case.[3] Thence I to the Rose Taverne in Covent Garden, and there sent for a pullet and dined all alone, being to meet Sir W. Pen, who by and by come, and he and I into the King's house, and there "The Mayd's Tragedy," a good play, but Knepp not there; and my head and eyes out of order, the first from my drinking wine at dinner, and the other from my much work in the morning. Thence parted, and I towards the New Exchange and there bought a pair of black silk stockings at the hosier's that hath the very pretty woman to his wife, about ten doors on this side of the 'Change, and she is indeed very pretty, but I think a notable talking woman by what I heard to others there. Thence to Westminster Hall, where I hear

[1] Sir Samuel Barnadiston (1620–1707), of Brightwell Hall, Suffolk, created a baronet May 11th, 1663, and described in the patent as of "irreproachable loyalty."

[2] Of which he was Deputy-Governor.

[3] This "odd case" was that of Thomas Skinner and the East India Company. According to Ralph, the Commons had ordered Skinner, the plaintiff, into the custody of the Serjeant-at-Arms, and the Lords did the same by Sir Samuel Barnadiston, deputy-governor of the company, as likewise Sir Andrew Rickard, Mr. Rowland Gwynn, and Mr. Christopher Boone.—B.

the Lords are up, but what they have done I know not, and so walked toward White Hall and thence by water to the Tower, and so home and there to my letters, and so to Sir W. Pen's, and there did talk with Mrs. Lowther, who is very kind to me, more than usual, and I will make use of it. She begins to draw very well, and I think do as well, if not better, than my wife, if it be true that she do it herself, what she shews me, and so to bed, and my head akeing all night with the wine I drank to-day, and my eyes ill. So lay long, my head pretty well in the morning.

10th. (Lord's day). Up, and to the office, there to do business till church time, when Mr. Shepley, newly come to town, come to see me, and we had some discourse of all matters, and particularly of my Lord Sandwich's concernments, and here did by the by as he would seem tell me that my Lady[1] had it in her thoughts, if she had occasion, to borrow £100 of me, which I did not declare any opposition to, though I doubt it will be so much lost. But, however, I will not deny my Lady, if she ask it, whatever comes of it, though it be lost; but shall be glad that it is no bigger sum. And yet it vexes me though, and the more because it brings into my head some apprehensions what trouble I may hereafter be brought to when my Lord comes home, if he should ask me to come into bonds with him, as I fear he will have occasions to make money, but I hope I shall have the wit to deny it. He being gone, I to church, and so home, and there comes W. Hewer and Balty, and by and by I sent for Mercer to come and dine with me, and pretty merry, and after dinner I fell to teach her "Canite Jehovæ," which she did a great part presently, and so she away, and I to church, and from church home with my Lady Pen; and, after being there an hour or so talking, I took her, and Mrs. Lowther, and old Mrs. Whistler, her mother-in-law, by water with great pleasure as far as Chelsy, and so back to Spring Garden, at Fox-hall, and there walked, and eat, and drank, and so to water again, and set down the old woman at home at Durham Yard:[2] and it raining all the way, it troubled us; but, however, my cloak kept us all dry, and so home, and at the Tower wharf there we did send for a pair of old shoes for Mrs. Lowther, and there I did pull the others off and put them on elle being peu shy, but do speak con mighty kindness to me that she would desire me pour su mari if it were to be done. . . . Here staid a little at Sir W. Pen's, who was gone to bed, it being about eleven at night, and so I home to bed.

11th. Up, and to my office, where alone all the morning. About noon comes to me my cousin Sarah, and my aunt Livett, newly come out of Gloucestershire, good woman, and come to see me; I took them home, and made them drink, but they would not stay dinner, I being alone. But here they tell me that they hear that this day Kate Joyce was to be married [3] to a man called

[1] Lady Sandwich.

[2] So called from the palace of the bishops of Durham from the thirteenth century. Bishop Hatfield rebuilt the house in 1345. It stood on the site of the buildings now called the Adelphi, and the name is preserved in Durham Street.

[3] See July 7th, *post.*

Hollingshed, whom she indeed did once tell me of, and desired me to enquire after him. But, whatever she said of his being rich, I do fear, by her doing this without my advice, it is not as it ought to be; but, as she brews, let her bake. They being gone, I to dinner with Balty and his wife, who is come to town to-day from Deptford to see us, and after dinner I out and took a coach, and called Mercer, and she and I to the Duke of York's playhouse, and there saw "The Tempest," and between two acts, I went out to Mr. Harris, and got him to repeat to me the words of the Echo, while I writ them down, having tried in the play to have wrote them; but, when I had done it, having done it without looking upon my paper, I find I could not read the blacklead. But now I have got the words clear, and, in going in thither, had the pleasure to see the actors in their several dresses, especially the seamen and monster, which were very droll: so into the play again. But there happened one thing which vexed me, which is, that the orange-woman did come in the pit, and challenge me for twelve oranges, which she delivered by my order at a late play, at night, to give to some ladies in a box, which was wholly untrue, but yet she swore it to be true. But, however, I did deny it, and did not pay her; but, for quiet, did buy 4*s.* worth of oranges of her, at 6*d.* a-piece. Here I saw first my Lord Ormond since his coming from Ireland, which is now about eight days. After the play done, I took Mercer by water to Spring Garden; and there with great pleasure walked, and eat, and drank, and sang, making people come about us, to hear us, and two little children of one of our neighbours that happened to be there, did come into our arbour, and we made them dance prettily. So by water, with great pleasure, down to the Bridge, and there landed, and took water again on the other side; and so to the Tower, and I saw her home, I myself home to my chamber, and by and by to bed.

12th. Up, and to the office, where we sat, and sat all the morning. Here Lord Anglesey was with us, and in talk about the late difference between the two Houses, do tell us that he thinks the House of Lords may be in an error, at least, it is possible they may, in this matter of Skinner; and he doubts they may, and did declare his judgment in the House of Lords against their proceedings therein, he having hindered 100 originall causes being brought into their House, notwithstanding that he was put upon defending their proceedings: but that he is confident that the House of Commons are in the wrong, in the method they take to remedy an error of the Lords, for no vote of theirs can do it; but, in all like cases, the Commons have done it by petition to the King, sent up to the Lords, and by them agreed to, and so redressed, as they did in the Petition of Right. He says that he did tell them indeed, which is talked of, and which did vex the Commons, that the Lords were "*Judices nati et Conciliarii nati*;" but all other Judges among us are under salary, and the Commons themselves served for wages; and therefore the Lords, in reason, were the freer Judges. At noon to dinner at home, and after dinner, where Creed dined with me, he and I by water to the

Temple, where we parted, and I both to the King's and Duke of York's playhouses, and there went through the houses to see what faces I could spy that I knew, and meeting none, I away by coach to my house, and then to Mrs. Mercer's, where I met with her two daughters, and a pretty lady I never knew yet, one Mrs. Susan Gayet, a very pretty black lady, that speaks French well, and is a Catholick, and merchant's daughter, by us, and here was also Mrs. Anne Jones, and after sitting and talking a little, I took them out, and carried them through Hackney to Kingsland, and there walked to Sir G. Whitmore's house, where I have not been many a day; and so to the old house at Islington, and eat, and drank, and sang, and mighty merry; and so by moonshine with infinite pleasure home, and there sang again in Mercer's garden. And so parted, I having there seen a mummy in a merchant's warehouse there, all the middle of the man or woman's body, black and hard. I never saw any before, and, therefore, it pleased me much, though an ill sight; and he did give me a little bit, and a bone of an arme, I suppose, and so home, and there to bed.

13th. Up, and by water to White Hall, and so to Sir H. Cholmly's, who not being up I made a short visit to Sir W. Coventry, and he and I through the Park to White Hall, and thence I back into the Park, and there met Sir H. Cholmly, and he and I to Sir Stephen Fox's, where we met and considered the business of the Excise, how far it is charged in reference to the payment of the Guards and Tangier. Thence he and I walked to Westminster Hall and there took a turn, it being holyday, and so back again, and I to the mercer's, and my tailor's about a stuff suit that I am going to make. Thence, at noon, to Hercules Pillars, and there dined all alone, and so to White Hall, some of us attended the Duke of York as usual, and so to attend the Council about the business of Hemskirke's project of building a ship that sails two feet for one of any other ship,[1] which the Council did agree to be put in practice, the King to give him, if it proves good, £5,000 in hand, and £15,000 more in seven years, which, for my part, I think a piece of folly for them to meddle with, because the secret cannot be long kept. So thence, after Council, having drunk some of the King's wine and water with Mr. Chevins,[2] my Lord Brouncker, and some others, I by water to the Old Swan, and there to Michell's, and did see her and drink there, but he being there je ne baiser la; and so back again by water to Spring Garden all alone, and walked a little, and so back again home, and there a little to my viall, and so to bed, Mrs. Turner having sat and supped with me. This morning I hear that last night Sir Thomas Teddiman, poor man! did die by a thrush in his mouth: a good man, and stout and able, and much lamented; though people do make a little mirth, and say, as I believe it did in good part, that the business of the Parliament did break his heart, or, at least, put him into this fever and disorder, that caused his death.

[1] See April 22nd, 1668.
[2] Chiffinch.

14th. Up, and to the office, where we sat all the morning, and at noon home to dinner with my people, but did not stay to dine out with them, but rose and straight by water to the Temple, and so to Penny's, my tailor's, where by and by by agreement Mercer, and she, to my great content, brings Mrs. Gayet, and I carried them to the King's house; but, coming too soon, we out again to the Rose taverne, and there I did give them a tankard of cool drink, the weather being very hot, and then into the play-house again, and there saw "The Country Captain," [1] a very dull play, that did give us no content, and besides, little company there, which made it very unpleasing. Thence to the waterside, at Strand bridge, and so up by water and to Fox-hall, where we walked a great while, and pleased mightily with the pleasure thereof, and the company there, and then in, and eat and drank, and then out again and walked, and it beginning to be dark, we to a corner and sang, that everybody got about us to hear us; and so home, where I saw them both at their doors, and, full of the content of this afternoon's pleasure, I home and to walk in the garden a little, and so home to bed.

15th. Up, and betimes to White Hall, and there met with Sir H. Cholmly at Sir Stephen Fox's, and there was also the Cofferer, and we did there consider about our money and the condition of the Excise, and after much dispute agreed upon a state thereof and the manner of our future course of payments. Thence to the Duke of York, and there did a little navy business as we used to do, and so to a Committee for Tangier, where God knows how my Lord Bellasses's accounts passed; understood by nobody but my Lord Ashly, who, I believe, was mad to let them go as he pleased. But here Sir H. Cholmly had his propositions read, about a greater price for his work of the Mole, or to do it upon account, which, being read, he was bid to withdraw. But, Lord! to see how unlucky a man may be, by chance; for, making an unfortunate minute when they were almost tired with the other business, the Duke of York did find fault with it, and that made all the rest, that I believe he had better have given a great deal, and had nothing said to it to-day; whereas, I have seen other things more extravagant passed at first hearing, without any difficulty. Thence I to my Lord Brouncker's, at Mrs. Williams's, and there dined, and she did shew me her closet, which I was sorry to see, for fear of her expecting something from me; and here she took notice of my wife's not once coming to see her, which I am glad of; for she shall not—a prating, vain, idle woman. Thence with Lord Brouncker to Loriners'-hall,[2] by Mooregate, a hall I never heard of before, to Sir Thomas Teddiman's burial, where most people belonging to the sea were. And here

[1] The Duke of Newcastle's play. See October 26th, 1661.

[2] The Loriners, or Lorimers (bit-makers), of London are by reputation an ancient mystery, but they were first incorporated by letters patent of 10 Queen Anne (December 3rd, 1711). Their small hall was at the corner of Basinghall Street in London Wall. The company has no hall now.

we had rings: and here I do hear that some of the last words that he said were, that he had a very good King, God bless him! but that the Parliament had very ill rewarded him for all the service he had endeavoured to do them and his country; so that, for certain, this did go far towards his death. But, Lord! to see among [the company] the young commanders, and Thomas Killigrew and others that come, how unlike a burial this was, O'Brian taking out some ballads out of his pocket, which I read, and the rest come about me to hear! and there very merry we were all, they being new ballets. By and by the corpse went; and I, with my Lord Brouncker, and Dr. Clerke, and Mr. Pierce, as far as the foot of London-bridge; and there we struck off into Thames Street, the rest going to Redriffe, where he is to be buried. And we 'light at the Temple, and there parted; and I to the King's house, and there saw the last act of "The Committee," thinking to have seen Knepp there, but she did not act. And so to my bookseller's, and there carried home some books—among others, "Dr. Wilkins's Reall Character," and thence to Mrs. Turner's, and there went and sat, and she showed me her house from top to bottom, which I had not seen before, very handsome, and here supped, and so home, and got Mercer, and she and I in the garden singing till ten at night, and so home to a little supper, and then parted, with great content, and to bed. The Duchesse of Monmouth's hip is, I hear, now set again, after much pain.[1] I am told also that the Countess of Shrewsbury is brought home by the Duke of Buckingham to his house, where his Duchess saying that it was not for her and the other to live together in a house, he answered, "Why, Madam, I did think so, and, therefore, have ordered your coach to be ready, to carry you to your father's," [2] which was a devilish speech, but, they say, true; and my Lady Shrewsbury is there, it seems.

16th. Up; and to the Office, where we sat all the morning; and at noon, home with my people to dinner; and thence to the Office all the afternoon, till, my eyes weary, I did go forth by coach to the King's playhouse, and there saw the best part of "The Sea Voyage," [3] where Knepp I see do her part of sorrow very well. I afterwards to her house; but she did not come presently home; and there je did kiss her ancilla, which is so mighty belle; and I to my tailor's, and to buy me a belt for my new suit against to-morrow; and so home, and there to my Office, and afterwards late walking in the garden; and so home to supper, and to bed, after Nell's cutting of my hair close, the weather being very hot.

17th (Lord's day). Up, and put on my new stuff-suit, with a shoulder-belt, according to the new fashion, and the bands of my vest and tunique laced with silk lace, of the colour of my suit: and so, very handsome, to Church, where a dull sermon and of a stranger, and so home; and there I

[1] See May 9th (*ante*).

[2] Lord Fairfax.

[3] A comedy by Fletcher, first acted in 1622 (Beaumont and Fletcher's "Comedies and Tragedies," 1647). Genest does not mention the revival of the play at this date.

find W. Howe, and a younger brother of his, come to dine with me; and there comes Mercer, and brings with her Mrs. Gayet, which pleased me mightily; and here was also W. Hewer, and mighty merry; and after dinner to sing psalms. But, Lord! to hear what an excellent base this younger brother of W. Howe's sings, even to my astonishment, and mighty pleasant. By and by Gayet goes away, being a Catholick, to her devotions, and Mercer to church; but we continuing an hour or two singing, and so parted; and I to Sir W. Pen's, and there sent for a hackney-coach; and he and she [Lady Pen] and I out, to take the ayre. We went to Stepney, and there stopped at the Trinity House, he to talk with the servants there against to-morrow,[1] which is a great day for the choice of a new Master, and thence to Mile End, and there eat and drank, and so home; and I supped with them—that is, eat some butter and radishes, which is my excuse for not eating any other of their victuals, which I hate, because of their sluttery: and so home, and made my boy read to me part of Dr. Wilkins's new book of the "Real Character;" and so to bed.

18th. Up, and to my office, where most of the morning doing business and seeing my window-frames new painted, and then I out by coach to my Lord Bellasses, at his new house by my late Lord Treasurer's,[2] and there met him and Mr. Sherwin, Auditor Beale, and Creed, about my Lord's accounts, and here my Lord shewed me his new house, which, indeed, is mighty noble, and good pictures—indeed, not one bad one in it. Thence to my tailor's, and there did find Mercer come with Mrs. Horsfield and Gayet according to my desire, and there I took them up, it being almost twelve o'clock, or a little more, and carried them to the King's playhouse, where the doors were not then open; but presently they did open; and we in, and find many people already come in, by private ways, into the pit, it being the first day of Sir Charles Sidly's new play, so long expected, "The Mulberry Guarden," [3] of whom, being so reputed a wit, all the world do expect great matters. I having sat here awhile, and eat nothing to-day, did slip out, getting a boy to keep my place; and to the Rose Tavern, and there got half a breast of mutton, off of the spit, and dined all alone. And so to the play again, where the King and Queen, by and by, come, and all the Court; and the house infinitely full. But the play, when it come, though there was, here and there, a pretty saying, and that not very many neither, yet the whole of the play had nothing extraordinary in it, at all, neither of language nor design; insomuch that the King I did not see laugh, nor pleased the whole play from the beginning to the end, nor the company; insomuch

[1] Trinity Monday.

[2] Probably in Bloomsbury Square, the north side of which was then occupied by Southampton House, the town residence of the late Lord Treasurer Southampton. Lord Bellasis began to build in St. James's Square in 1670, and occupied the house at the corner of Charles Street (now Derby House) in 1688–89 (Dasent's "St. James's Square," 1895).

[3] See note to January 11th, 1667–68.

that I have not been less pleased at a new play in my life, I think. And which made it the worse was, that there never was worse musick played—that is, worse things composed, which made me and Captain Rolt, who happened to sit near me, mad. So away thence, very little satisfied with the play, but pleased with my company. I carried them to Kensington, to the Grotto, and there we sang, to my great content, only vexed, in going in, to see a son of Sir Heneage Finch's[1] beating of a poor little dog to death, letting it lie in so much pain that made me mad to see it, till, by and by, the servants of the house chiding of their young master, one of them come with a thong, and killed the dog outright presently. Thence to Westminster palace, and there took boat and to Fox Hall, where we walked, and eat, and drank, and sang, and very merry. But I find Mrs. Horsfield one of the veriest citizen's wives in the world, so full of little silly talk, and now and then a little sillily bawdy, that I believe if you had her sola a man might hazer all with her. So back by water to Westminster Palace, and there got a coach which carried us as far as the Minorys, and there some thing of the traces broke, and we forced to 'light, and walked to Mrs. Horsfield's house, it being a long and bad way, and dark, and having there put her in a doors, her husband being in bed, we left her and so back to our coach, where the coachman had put it in order, but could not find his whip in the dark a great while, which made us stay long. At last getting a neighbour to hold a candle out of their window Mercer found it, and so away we home at almost 12 at night, and setting them both at their homes, I home and to bed.

19th. Up, and called on Mr. Pierce, who tells me that after all this ado Ward is come to town, and hath appeared to the Commissioners of Accounts and given such answers as he thinks will do every body right, and let the world see that their great expectations and jealousies have been vain in this matter of the prizes. The Commissioners were mighty inquisitive whether he was not instructed by letters or otherwise from hence from my Lord Sandwich's friends what to say and do, and particularly from me, which he did wholly deny, as it was true, I not knowing the man that I know of. He tells me also that, for certain, Mr. Vaughan[2] is made Lord Chief Justice, which I am glad of. He tells me, too, that since my Lord of Ormond's coming over, the King begins to be mightily reclaimed, and sups every night with great pleasure with the Queene: and yet, it seems, he is mighty hot upon the

[1] Who resided at the mansion afterwards called Kensington Palace. In 1661 Sir Heneage Finch, son of the Recorder of London, purchased this property from his younger brother, Sir John Finch, M.D., and which, after his advancement to the peerage, obtained the name of Nottingham House. In 1691 it was purchased by King William. Dryden has finely drawn the character of Sir Heneage Finch in the poem of "Absalom and Achitophel," under the name of Amri.—Faulkner's *Kensington*.—B.

[2] John Vaughan, M.P., the celebrated lawyer, who is frequently mentioned in the Diary. He took an active part in the proceedings against Lord Chancellor Clarendon, and was rewarded with the Chief Justiceship of the Common Pleas in May, 1668, when he was knighted.

Duchess of Richmond; insomuch that, upon Sunday was se'nnight, at night, after he had ordered his Guards and coach to be ready to carry him to the Park, he did, on a sudden, take a pair of oars or sculler, and all alone, or but one with him, go to Somersett House, and there, the garden-door not being open, himself clamber over the walls to make a visit to her, which is a horrid shame. He gone, I to the office, where we sat all the morning, Sir W. Pen sick of the gout comes not out. After dinner at home, to White Hall, it being a very rainy day, and there a committee for Tangier, where I was mightily pleased to see Sir W. Coventry fall upon my Lord Bellasses' business of the 3*d*. in every piece of it which he would get to himself, making the King pay 4*s*. 9*d*. while he puts them off for 4*s*. 6*d*., so that Sir W. Coventry continues still the same man for the King's good. But here Creed did vex me with saying that I ought first to have my account past by the Commissioners of Tangier before in the Exchequer. Thence W. Coventry and I in the Matted gallery, and there he did talk very well to me about the way to save the credit of the officers of the Navy, and their places too, by making use of this interval of Parliament to be found to be mending of matters in the Navy, and that nothing but this will do it, and gives an instance in themselves of the Treasury, whereof himself and Sir John Duncombe all the world knows have enemies, and my Lord Ashly a man obnoxious to most, and Sir Thomas Clifford one that as a man suddenly rising and a creature of my Lord Arlington's hath enemies enough (none of them being otherwise but the Duke of Albemarle), yet with all this fault they hear nothing of the business of the Treasury, but all well spoken of there. He is for the removal of Sir John Minnes, thinking that thereby the world will see a greater change in the hands than now they do; and I will endeavour it, and endeavour to do some good in the office also. So home by coach, and to the office, where ended my letters, and then home, and there got Balty to read to me out of Sorbiere's Observations in his Voyage into England,[1] and then to bed.

20th. Up, and with Colonell Middleton, in a new coach he hath made him, very handsome, to White Hall, where the Duke of York having removed his lodgings for this year to St. James's, we walked thither; and there find the Duke of York coming to White Hall, and so back to the Council-chamber, where the Committee of the Navy sat; and here we discoursed several things; but, Lord! like fools; so as it was a shame to see things of this importance managed by a Council that understand nothing of them: and, among other things, one was about this building of a ship with Hemskirke's secret, to sail a third faster than any other ship; but he hath got Prince Rupert on his side, and by that means, I believe, will get his conditions made better than he would otherwise, or ought indeed. Having

[1] Samuel Sorbière's original work was published at Cologne in 1667, and entitled "Relation d'un Voyage en Angleterre." It was afterwards translated into English.

done there, I met with Sir Richard Browne,[1] and he took me to dinner with him to a new tavern, above Charing Cross, where some clients of his did give him a good dinner, and good company; among others, one Bovy, a solicitor,[2] and lawyer and merchant all together, who hath travelled very much, did talk some things well; but only he is a "Sir Positive:" [3] but the talk of their travels over the Alps very fine. Thence walked to the King's playhouse, and saw "The Mulberry-Garden" again, and cannot be reconciled to it, but only to find here and there an independent sentence of wit, and that is all. Here met with Creed, and took him to Hales's, and there saw the beginnings of Harris's head which he draws for me, which I do not yet like. So he and I down to the New Exchange, and there cheapened ribbands for my wife, and so down to the Whey house and drank some and eat some curds, which did by and by make my belly ake mightily. So he and I to White Hall, and walked over the Park to the Mulberry-Garden,[4] where I never was before; and find it a very silly place, worse than Spring-garden, and but little company, and those a rascally, whoring, roguing sort of people, only a wilderness here, that is somewhat pretty, but rude. Did not stay to drink, but walked an hour and so away to Charing Cross, and there took coach and away home, in my way going into Bishopsgate Street, to bespeak places for myself and boy to go to Cambridge in the coach this week, and so to Brampton, to see my wife. So home, and to supper and to bed.

21st. Up, and busy to send some things into the country, and then to the Office, where meets me Sir Richard Ford, whom among other things congratulates me, as one or two did yesterday, [on] my great purchase; and he advises me rather to forbear, if it be not done, as a thing that the world will envy me in: and what is it but my cozen Tom Pepys's buying of Martin Abbey,[5] in Surry! which is a mistake I am sorry for, and yet do fear that it

[1] Clerk of the Council.

[2] "You cannot have forgot what happened to that ugly Beau Bovey, in the time of King Charles the Second:

> " 'Bovey's a beauty, if some few agree
> To call him so; the rest to that degree
> Affected are that with their ears they see.' "
>
> Dennis's *Letters*, 8vo., 1721, vol. i., p. 42.

He is mentioned by Oldham in his "Imitation of Boileau":

> "Gold to the loathsom'st object gives a grace,
> And sets it off, and makes ev'n Bovey please."

And in a note we find this description of Bovey—"An old battered court-fop of those times."—B.

[3] See note to May 6th (*ante*).

[4] On the site of the present Buckingham Palace and gardens. Originally a garden of mulberry trees, planted by James I. in 1609 with the intention of cultivating the manufacture of English silks.

[5] In 1666 the site of Merton, *alias* Martin Priory, was conveyed by Ellis Crispe to Thomas Pepys, of Hatcham Barnes, Master of the Jewel Office to Charles II. and James II.—Manning's *Surrey*.—B.

may spread in the world to my prejudice. All the morning at the office, and at noon my clerks dined with me, and there do hear from them how all the town is full of the talk of a meteor, or some fire, that did on Saturday last fly over the City at night, which do put me in mind that, being then walking in the dark an hour or more myself in the garden, after I had done writing, I did see a light before me come from behind me, which made me turn back my head; and I did see a sudden fire or light running in the sky, as it were towards Cheapside ward, and it vanished very quick, which did make me bethink myself what holyday it was, and took it for some rocket, though it was much brighter than any rocket, and so thought no more of it, but it seems Mr. Hater and Gibson going home that night did meet with many clusters of people talking of it, and many people of the towns about the city did see it, and the world do make much discourse of it, their apprehensions being mighty full of the rest of the City to be burned, and the Papists to cut our throats. Which God prevent! Thence after dinner I by coach to the Temple, and there bought a new book of songs set to musique, by one Smith of Oxford, some songs of Mr. Cowley's, and so to Westminster, and there to walk a little in the Hall, and so to Mrs. Martin's, and there did hazer cet que je voudrai mit her, and drank and sat most of the afternoon with her and her sister, and here she promises me her fine starling, which was the King's, and speaks finely, which I shall be glad of, and so walked to the Temple, meeting in the street with my cozen Alcocke,[1] the young man, that is a good sober youth, I have not seen these four or five years, newly come to town to look for employment: but I cannot serve him, though I think he deserves well, and so I took coach and home to my business, and in the evening took Mrs. Turner and Mercer out to Mile End and drank, and then home, and sang; and eat a dish of greene pease, the first I have seen this year, given me by Mr. Gibson, extraordinary young and pretty, and so saw them at home, and so home to bed. Sir W. Pen continues ill of the gout.

22nd. Up, and all the morning at the office busy. At noon home with my people to dinner, where good discourse and merry. After dinner comes Mr. Martin, the purser, and brings me his wife's starling, which was formerly the King's bird, that do speak and whistle finely, which I am mighty proud of and shall take pleasure in it. Thence to the Duke of York's house to a play, and saw Sir Martin Marr-all, where the house is full; and though I have seen it, I think, ten times, yet the pleasure I have is yet as great as ever, and is undoubtedly the best comedy ever was wrote. Thence to my tailor's and a mercer's for patterns to carry my wife of cloth and silk for a bed, which I think will please her and me, and so home, and fitted myself for my journey to-morrow, which I fear will not be pleasant, because of the wet weather, it raining very hard all this day; but the less it troubles me because the King and Duke of York and Court are at this day at Newmarket, at a great horse-race, and proposed great pleasure for two or three

[1] Henry Alcocke.

days, but are in the same wet. So from the office home to supper, and betimes to bed.

23rd. Up by four o'clock; and, getting my things ready, and recommending the care of my house to W. Hewer, I with my boy Tom, whom I take with me, to the Bull, in Bishopsgate Street,[1] and there, about six, took coach, he and I, and a gentleman and his man, there being another coach also, with as many more, I think, in it; and so away to Bishop's Stafford,[2] and there dined, and changed horses and coach, at Mrs. Aynsworth's;[3] but I took no knowledge of her. Here the gentleman and I to dinner, and in comes Captain Forster, an acquaintance of his, he that do belong to my Lord Anglesey, who had been at the late horse-races at Newmarket, where the King now is, and says that they had fair weather there yesterday, though we here, and at London, had nothing but rain, insomuch that the ways are mighty full of water, so as hardly to be passed. Here I hear Mrs. Aynsworth is going to live at London: but I believe will be mistaken in it; for it will be found better for her to be chief where she is, than to have little to do at London. There being many finer than she there. After dinner away again and come to Cambridge, after much bad way, about nine at night; and there, at the Rose, I met my father's horses, with a man, staying for me. But it is so late, and the waters so deep, that I durst not go to-night; but after supper to bed; and there lay very ill, by reason of some drunken scholars making a noise all night, and vexed for fear that the horses should not be taken up from grass, time enough for the morning. Well pleased all this journey with the conversation of him that went with me, who I think is a lawyer, and lives about Lynne, but his name I did not ask.

24th (Lord's day). I up, at between two and three in the morning, and, calling up my boy, and father's boy, we set out by three o'clock, it being high day; and so through the waters with very good success, though very deep almost all the way, and got to Brampton, where most of them in bed, and so I weary up to my wife's chamber, whom I find in bed, and pretended a little not well, and indeed she hath those upon her, but fell to talk and mightily pleased both of us, and up got the rest, Betty Turner and Willet and Jane, all whom I was glad to see, and very merry, and got me ready in my new stuff clothes that I sent down before me, and so my wife and they got ready too, while I to my father, poor man, and walked with him up and down the house—it raining a little, and the waters all over Portholme and the meadows, so as no pleasure abroad. Here I saw my brothers and sister Jackson, she growing fat, and, since being married, I think looks comelier than before: but a mighty pert woman she is, and I think proud, he keeping her mighty handsome, and they say mighty fond, and are going shortly to

[1] There is a farthing token of "Edw. Nourse next the Bull in Bishopsgate Street, 1666" (Boyne's "Trade Tokens," ed. Williamson, vol. i., 1889, p. 534).

[2] Bishop Stortford.

[3] See note to October 7th, 1667.

live at Ellington of themselves, and will keep malting, and grazing of cattle. At noon comes Mr. Phillips and dines with us, and a pretty odd-humoured man he seems to be; but good withal, but of mighty great methods in his eating and drinking, and will not kiss a woman since his wife's death. After dinner my Lady Sandwich sending to see whether I was come, I presently took horse, and find her and her family at chapel; and thither I went in to them, and sat out the sermon, where I heard Jervas Fullword, now their chaplain, preach a very good and seraphic kind of sermon, too good for an ordinary congregation. After sermon, I with my Lady, and my Lady Hinchingbroke, and Paulina, and Lord Hinchingbroke, to the dining-room, saluting none of them, and there sat and talked an hour or two, with great pleasure and satisfaction, to my Lady, about my Lord's matters; but I think not with that satisfaction to her, or me, that otherwise would, she knowing that she did design to-morrow, and I remaining all the while in fear, of being asked to lend her some money, as I was afterward, when I had taken leave of her, by Mr. Shepley, £100, which I will not deny my Lady, and am willing to be found when my Lord comes home to have done something of that kind for them, and so he riding to Brampton and supping there with me he did desire it of me from my Lady, and I promised it, though much against my will, for I fear it is as good as lost. After supper, where very merry, we to bed, myself very weary and to sleep all night.

25th. Waked betimes, and lay long, . . . and there fell to talking, and by and by rose, it being the first fair day, and yet not quite fair, that we have had some time, and so up, and to walk with my father again in the garden, consulting what to do with him and this house when Pall and her husband go away; and I think it will be to let it, and he go live with her, though I am against letting the house for any long time, because of having it to retire to, ourselves. So I do intend to think more of it before I resolve. By and by comes Mr. Cooke to see me and so spent the morning, and he gone by and by at noon to dinner, where Mr. Shepley come and we merry, all being in good humour between my wife and her people about her, and after dinner took horse, I promising to fetch her away about fourteen days hence, and so calling all of us, we men on horseback, and the women and my father, at Goody Gorum's, and there in a frolic drinking I took leave, there going with me and my boy, my two brothers,[1] and one Browne, whom they call in mirth Colonell, for our guide, and also Mr. Shepley, to the end of Huntingdon, and another gentleman who accidentally come thither, one Mr. Castle; and I made them drink at the Chequers, where I observed the same tapster, Tom, that was there when I was a little boy: and so we, at the end of the town, took leave of Shepley and the other gentleman, and so we away and got well to Cambridge, about seven to the Rose, the waters not being now so high as before. And here 'lighting, I took my boy and two brothers, and walked to Magdalene College: and there into the butterys, as

[1] John Pepys and Mr. Jackson.

a stranger, and there drank my belly full of their beer, which pleased me, as the best I ever drank: and hear by the butler's man, who was son to Goody Mulliner over against the College, that we used to buy stewed prunes of, concerning the College and persons in it; and find very few, only Mr. Hollins[1] and Pechell,[2] I think, that were of my time. But I was mightily pleased to come in this condition to see and ask, and thence, giving the fellow something, away walked to Chesterton, to see our old walk, and there into the Church, the bells ringing, and saw the place I used to sit in, and so to the ferry, and ferried over to the other side, and walked with great pleasure, the river being mighty high by Barnewell Abbey: and so by Jesus College to the town, and so to our quarters, and to supper, and then to bed, being very weary and sleepy and mightily pleased with this night's walk.

26th. Up by four o'clock; and by the time we were ready, and had eat, we were called to the coach, where about six o'clock we set out, there being a man and two women of one company, ordinary people, and one lady alone, that is tolerably handsome, but mighty well spoken, whom I took great pleasure in talking to, and did get her to read aloud in a book she was reading, in the coach, being the King's Meditations;[3] and then the boy and I to sing, and so about noon come to Bishop's Stafford, to another house than what we were at the other day, and better used. And here I paid for the reckoning 11*s.*, we dining together, and pretty merry; and then set out again, sleeping most part of the way; and got to Bishopsgate Street before eight o'clock, the waters being now most of them down, and we avoiding the bad way in the forest[4] by a privy way, which brought us to Hodsden; and so to Tibalds,[5] that road, which was mighty pleasant. So home, where we find all well, and brother Balty and his wife looking to the house, she mighty fine, in a new gold-laced *just à cour*.[6] I shifted myself, and so to see Mrs. Turner, and Mercer appearing over the way, called her in, and sat and talked, and then home to my house by and by, and there supped and talked mighty merry, and then broke up and to bed, being a little vexed at what W. Hewer tells me Sir John Shaw[7] did this day in my absence say at the Board, com-

[1] John Hollins, of Medley, in Yorkshire; admitted a pensioner of Magdalene College, March, 1651.—B.

[2] John Peachell, afterwards master.

[3] The meditations on death, and prayers used by Charles I. shortly before his execution, are printed at the end of the Εἰκὼν βασιλική.

[4] Epping Forest.

[5] The palace of Theobalds, where James I. died.

[6] *Juste au corps.*

[7] Sir John Shaw's Flanders hemp was rejected by the Navy Commissioners. William Bodham, writing from Woolwich Ropeyard, May 12th, 1668, says: "There are 15 or 16 tons of Sir John Shaw's Flanders hemp thrown by and refused; it must be weighed and taken away before he can tell what the net will be, and make out bills. Asks orders how to rate a portion of it, as out of 35 tons 15 or 16 were ejected" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1667–68, p. 387).

plaining of my doing of him injury and the board permitting it, whereas they had more reason to except against his attributing that to me alone which I could not do but with their consent and direction, it being to very good service to the King, and which I shall be proud to have imputed to me alone. The King I hear come to town last night.

27th. Up, and to the office, where some time upon Sir D. Gawden's accounts, and then I by water to Westminster for some Tangier orders, and so meeting with Mr. Sawyer,[1] my old chamber-fellow, he and I by water together to the Temple, he giving me an account of the base, rude usage, which he and Sir G. Carteret had lately, before the Commissioners of Accounts, where he was, as Counsel to Sir G. Carteret, which I was sorry to hear, they behaving themselves like most insolent and ill-mannered men. Thence by coach to the Exchange, and there met with Sir H. Cholmly at Colvill's, and there did give him some orders, and so home, and there to the office again, where busy till two o'clock, and then with Sir D. Gawden to his house, with my Lord Brouncker and Sir J. Minnes, to dinner, where we dined very well, and much good company, among others, a Dr. ——, a fat man, whom by face I know, as one that uses to sit in our church, that after dinner did take me out, and walked together, who told me that he had now newly entered himself into Orders, in the decay of the Church, and did think it his duty so to do, thereby to do his part toward the support and reformation thereof; and spoke very soberly, and said that just about the same age Dr. Donne[2] did enter into Orders. I find him a sober gentleman, and a man that hath seen much of the world, and I think may do good. Thence after dinner to the office, and there did a little business, and so to see Sir W. Pen, who I find still very ill of the goute, sitting in his great chair, made on purpose for persons sick of that disease, for their ease; and this very chair, he tells me, was made for my Lady Lambert.[3] Thence I by coach to my tailor's, there to direct about the making of me another suit, and so to White Hall, and through St. James's Park to St. James's, thinking to have met with Mr. Wren, but could not, and so homeward toward the New Exchange, and meeting Mr. Creed he and I to drink some whey at the whey-house, and so into the 'Change and took a walk or two, and so home, and there vexed at my boy's being out of doors till ten at night, but it was upon my brother

[1] Afterwards Sir Robert Sawyer, Attorney-General, ancestor of the Earls of Carnarvon, who inherit High Clere from him.—B.

[2] John Donne, D.D. (1573–1631), was brought up as a Roman Catholic, and spent his early life as a courtier, being for a time secretary to Lord Keeper Egerton. He was forty-two years of age when he took orders. In 1621, five years after ordination, he became Dean of St. Paul's.

[3] John Lambert, the parliamentary general, was born at Calton Hall, in the parish of Kirkby-Malhamdale, in Yorkshire, September 7th, 1619, and married September 10th, 1639, Frances, daughter of Sir William Lister, of Thornton, his neighbour, who seems to be the Lady Lambert of whom Pepys speaks ("History of Malham," 8vo., 1786, Appendix, p. 18). His wife and two of his daughters were with him in 1673 during his confinement in Plymouth Sound (see note, *ante*, January 2nd, 1659–60).

Jackson's business, and so I was the less displeased, and then made the boy to read to me out of Dr. Wilkins his "Real Character," and particularly about Noah's arke, where he do give a very good account thereof, shewing how few the number of the several species of beasts and fowls were that were to be in the arke, and that there was room enough for them and their food and dung, which do please me mightily and is much beyond what ever I heard of the subject, and so to bed.

28th. Up, to set right some little matters of my Tangier accounts, and so to the office, where busy all the morning, and then home with my people to dinner, and after dinner comes about a petition for a poor woman whose ticket she would get paid, and so talked a little and did baiser her, and so to the office, being pleased that this morning my bookseller brings me home Marcennus's book of musick,[1] which costs me £3 2*s*.; but is a very fine book. So to the office and did some business, and then by coach to the New Exchange, and there by agreement at my bookseller's shop met Mercer and Gayet, and took them by water, first to one of the Neat-houses,[2] where walked in the garden, but nothing but a bottle of wine to be had, though pleased with seeing the garden; and so to Fox Hall, where with great pleasure we walked, and then to the upper end of the further retired walk, and there sat and sang, and brought great many gallants and fine people about us, and, upon the bench, we did by and by eat and drink what we had, and very merry: and so with much pleasure to the Old Swan, and walked with them home, and there left them, and so I home to my business at the office a little, and so to bed.

29th. Betimes up, and up to my Tangier accounts, and then by water to the Council Chamber, and there received some directions from the Duke of York and the Committee of the Navy there about casting up the charge of the present summer's fleete, that so they may come within the bounds of the sum given by the Parliament. But it is pretty to see how Prince Rupert and other mad, silly people, are for setting out but a little fleete, there being no occasion for it; and say it will be best to save the money for better uses. But Sir W. Coventry did declare that, in wisdom, it was better to do so; but that, in obedience to the Parliament, he was [for] setting out the fifty sail talked on, though it spent all the money, and to little purpose; and that this was better than to leave it to the Parliament to make bad construction of their thrift, if any trouble should happen. Thus wary the world is grown! Thence back again presently home, and did business till noon: and then to Sir G. Carteret's to dinner, with much good company, it being the King's birthday, and many healths drunk: and here I did receive another letter from my Lord Sandwich, which troubles me to see how I have neglected him, in not writing, or but once, all this time of his being abroad; and I see he takes notice, but yet gently, of it, that it puts me to great trouble, and I know

[1] Mersenne's "Harmonie Universelle." See April 3rd, 1668.

[2] See August 1st, 1667.

not how to get out of it, having no good excuse, and too late now to mend, he being coming home. Thence home, whither, by agreement, by and by comes Mercer and Gayet, and two gentlemen with them, Mr. Monteith and Pelham, the former a swaggering young handsome gentleman, the latter a sober citizen merchant. Both sing, but the latter with great skill—the other, no skill, but a good voice, and a good basse, but used to sing only tavern tunes; and so I spent all this evening till eleven at night singing with them, till I was tired of them, because of the swaggering fellow with the base, though the girl Mercer did mightily commend him before to me. This night je had agreed para aller at Deptford, there para avoir lain con the moher de Bagwell, but this company did hinder me.

30th. Up, and put on a new summer black bombazin suit, and so to the office; and being come now to an agreement with my barber, to keep my perriwig in good order at 20*s.* a-year, I am like to go very spruce, more than I used to do. All the morning at the office and at noon home to dinner, and so to the King's playhouse, and there saw "Philaster;"[1] where it is pretty to see how I could remember almost all along, ever since I was a boy, Arethusa, the part which I was to have acted at Sir Robert Cooke's; and it was very pleasant to me, but more to think what a ridiculous thing it would have been for me to have acted a beautiful woman. Thence to Mr. Pierce's, and there saw Knepp also, and were merry; and here saw my little Lady Katherine Montagu[2] come to town, about her eyes, which are sore, and they think the King's evil, poor, pretty lady.[3] Here I was freed from a fear that Knepp was angry or might take advantage to declare the essay that je did the other day, quand je was con her. . . . Thence to the New Exchange, and there met Harris and Rolt, and one Richards, a tailor and great company-keeper, and with these over to Fox Hall, and there fell into the company of Harry Killigrew, a rogue newly come back out of France, but still in disgrace at our Court, and young Newport and others, as very rogues as any in the town, who were ready to take hold of every woman that come by them. And so to supper in an arbour: but, Lord! their mad bawdy talk did make my heart ake! And here I first understood by their talk the meaning of the company that lately were called Ballers; Harris telling how it was by a meeting of some young blades, where he was among them, and my Lady Bennet[4] and her ladies; and their there dancing naked, and all the roguish

[1] A tragi-comedy by Beaumont and Fletcher. See November 18th, 1661.

[2] See September 3rd, 1661.

[3] She died January 15th, 1757, aged *ninety-six*!—B.

[4] Evidently adopted as a cant expression. The woman here alluded to was a procuress well known in her day, and described in the "Tatler" (No. 84) as "the celebrated Madam Bennet." We further learn, from the "Spectator" (No. 266), that she was the Lady B. to whom Wycherley addressed his ironical dedication of "The Plain Dealer," which is considered as a masterpiece of raillery. It is worthy of remark that the fair sex may justly complain of almost every word in the English language designating a woman having, at some time or another, been used as a term of reproach; for we find Mother, Madam,

things in the world. But, Lord! what loose cursed company was this, that I was in to-night, though full of wit; and worth a man's being in for once, to know the nature of it, and their manner of talk, and lives. Thence set Rolt and some of [them] at the New Exchange, and so I home, and my business being done at the office, I to bed.

31st (Lord's day). Up, and to church in the morning. At noon I sent for Mr. Mills and his wife and daughter to dine, and they dined with me, and W. Hewer, and very good company, I being in good humour. They gone to church, comes Mr. Tempest, and he and I sang a psalm or two, and so parted, and I by water to the New Exchange, and there to Mrs. Pierce's, where Knepp, and she, and W. Howe, and Mr. Pierce, and little Betty, over to Fox Hall, and there walked and supped with great pleasure. Here was Mrs. Manuel also, and mighty good company, and good mirth in making W. Howe spend his six or seven shillings, and so they called him altogether "Cully." [1] So back, and at Somerset-stairs do understand that a boy is newly drowned, washing himself there, and they cannot find his body. So seeing them home, I home by water, W. Howe going with me, and after some talk he lay at my house, and all to bed. Here I hear that Mrs. Davis is quite gone from the Duke of York's house, and Gosnell comes in her room, which I am glad of. At the play at Court the other night, Mrs. Davis was there; and when she was to come to dance her jigg, the Queene would not stay to see it, which people do think it was out of displeasure at her being the King's whore, that she could not bear it. My Lady Castlemayne, is, it seems, now mightily out of request, the King coming little to her, and thus she mightily melancholy and discontented.

June 1st. Up and with Sir J. Minnes to Westminster, and in the Hall there I met with Harris and Rolt, and carried them to the Rhenish wine-house,[2] where I have not been in a morning—nor any tavern, I think, these seven years and more. Here I did get the words of a song of Harris that I wanted. Here also Mr. Young and Whistler by chance met us, and drank with us. Thence home, and to prepare business against the afternoon, and did walk an hour in the garden with Sir W. Warren, who do tell me of the great difficulty he is under in the business of his accounts with the Commissioners of Parliament, and I fear some inconveniences and troubles may be occasioned thereby to me. So to dinner, and then with Sir J. Minnes to White Hall, and there attended the Lords of the Treasury and also a committee of Council with the Duke of York about the charge of this year's fleete, and thence I to Westminster and to Mrs. Martin's, and did hazer what je would con her, and did once toker la thigh de su landlady, and thence all alone to Fox Hall,

Mistress, and Miss, all denoting women of bad character; and here Pepys adds the title of my Lady to the number, and completes the ungracious catalogue.—B.

[1] Pepys here alludes to Sir Nicholas Cully (Nokes's character) in Etherege's "Comical Revenge, or Love in a Tub."—B.

[2] In Cannon Row.

and walked and saw young Newport, and two more rogues of the town, seize on two ladies, who walked with them an hour with their masks on; perhaps civil ladies; and there I left them, and so home, and thence to Mr. Mills's, where I never was before, and here find, whom I indeed saw go in, and that did make me go thither, Mrs. Hallworthy and Mrs. Andrews, and here supped, and, extraordinary merry till one in the morning, Mr. Andrews coming to us: and mightily pleased with this night's company and mirth I home to bed. Mrs. Turner, too, was with us.

2nd. Up, and to the office, where all the morning. At noon home to dinner, and there dined with me, besides my own people, W. Batelier and Mercer, and we very merry. After dinner, they gone, only Mercer and I to sing a while, and then parted, and I out and took a coach, and called Mercer at their back-door, and she brought with her Mrs. Knightly, a little pretty sober girl, and I carried them to Old Ford, a town by Bow, where I never was before, and there walked in the fields very pleasant, and sang: and so back again, and stopped and drank at the Gun, at Mile End, and so to the Old Exchange door, and did buy them a pound of cherries, cost me 2*s*., and so set them down again; and I to my little mercer's Finch, that lives now in the Minores, where I have left my cloak, and did here baiser su moher, a belle femme, and there took my cloak which I had left there, and so by water, it being now about nine o'clock, down to Deptford, where I have not been many a day, and there it being dark I did by agreement aller a la house de Bagwell, and there after a little playing and baisando we did go up in the dark a su camera . . . and to my boat again, and against the tide home. Got there by twelve o'clock, taking into my boat, for company, a man that desired a passage—a certain western bargeman, with whom I had good sport, talking of the old woman of Woolwich,[1] and telling him the whole story.

3rd. Up, and to the office, where busy till 9 o'clock, and then to White Hall, to the Council-chamber, where I did present the Duke of York with an account of the charge of the present fleete, to his satisfaction; and this being done, did ask his leave for my going out of town five or six days, which he did give me, saying, that my diligence in the King's business was such, that I ought not to be denied when my own business called me any whither. Thence with Sir D. Gawden to Westminster, where I did take a turn or two, and met Roger Pepys, who is mighty earnest for me to stay from going into the country till he goes, and to bring my people thither for some time: but I cannot, but will find another time this summer for it. Thence with him home, and there to the office till noon, and then with Lord Brouncker, Sir J. Minnes, and Sir G. Carteret, upon whose accounts they have been this day to the Three Tuns to dinner, and thence back again home, and after doing a little business I by coach to the King's house, and there saw good part of

[1] What this story may have been it would now be futile to inquire. It evidently gave great amusement to Pepys. See May 14th and 28th, 1669, *post*.—B.

"The Scornfull Lady," and that done, would have taken out Knepp, but she was engaged, and so to my Lord Crew's to visit him; from whom I learn nothing but that there hath been some controversy at the Council-table, about my Lord Sandwich's signing, where some would not have had him, in the treaty with Portugall; but all, I think, is over in it. Thence by coach to Westminster to the Hall, and thence to the Park, where much good company, and many fine ladies; and in so handsome a hackney I was, that I believe Sir W. Coventry and others, who looked on me, did take me to be in one of my own, which I was a little troubled for. So to the lodge, and drank a cup of new milk, and so home, and there to Mrs. Turner's, and sat and talked with her, and then home to bed, having laid my business with W. Hewer to go out of town Friday next, with hopes of a great deal of pleasure.

4th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning, and at noon home to dinner, where Mr. Clerke, the solicitor, dined with me and my clerks. After dinner I carried and set him down at the Temple, he observing to me how St. Sepulchre's church steeple is repaired already[1] a good deal, and the Fleet Bridge is contracted for by the City to begin to be built this summer, which do please me mightily. I to White Hall, and walked through the Park for a little ayre; and so back to the Council-chamber, to the Committee of the Navy, about the business of fitting the present fleete, suitable to the money given, which, as the King orders it, and by what appears, will be very little; and so as I perceive the Duke of York will have nothing to command, nor can intend to go abroad. But it is pretty to see how careful these great men are to do everything so as they may answer it to the Parliament, thinking themselves safe in nothing but where the judges, with whom they often advise, do say the matter is doubtful; and so they take upon themselves then to be the chief persons to interpret what is doubtful. Thence home, and all the evening to set matters in order against my going to Brampton to-morrow, being resolved upon my journey, and having the Duke of York's leave again to-day; though I do plainly see that I can very ill be spared now, there being much business, especially about this, which I have attended the Council about, and I the man that am alone consulted with; and, besides, my Lord Brouncker is at this time ill, and Sir W. Pen. So things being put in order at the Office, I home to do the like there; and so to bed.

5th[2] (Friday). At Barnet, for milk, 6*d*. On the highway, to menders of the highway, 6*d*. Dinner at Stevenage, 5*s*. 6*d*.

6th (Saturday). Spent at Huntingdon with Bowles, and Appleyard, and Shepley, 2*s*.

7th (Sunday). My father, for money lent, and horse-hire, £1 11*s*.

[1] The body of the church was destroyed in the fire of 1666, and rebuilt; but the tower only needed repair. The works were completed in 1670.

[2] The rough notes for the journal from this time to the 17th of June are contained on five leaves, inserted in the book; and after them follow several pages left blank for the fair copy which was never made.

8th (Monday). Father's servants (father having in the garden told me bad stories of my wife's ill words), 14*s.*; one that helped at the horses, 1*s.*; menders of the highway, 2*s.* Pleasant country to Bedford, where, while they stay, I rode through the town; and a good country-town; and there, drinking, 1*s.* We on to Newport; and there 'light, and I and W. Hewer to the Church, and there give the boy 1*s.* So to Buckingham, a good old town. Here I to see the Church, which very good, and the leads, and a school in it: did give the sexton's boy 1*s.* A fair bridge here, with many arches: vexed at my people's making me lose so much time; reckoning, 13*s.* 4*d.* Mighty pleased with the pleasure of the ground all the day. At night to Newport Pagnell;[1] and there a good pleasant country-town, but few people in it. A very fair—and like a Cathedral—Church; and I saw the leads, and a vault that goes far under ground, and here lay with Betty Turner's sparrow: the town, and so most of this country, well watered. Lay here well, and rose next day by four o'clock: few people in the town: and so away. Reckoning for supper, 19*s.* 6*d.*; poor, 6*d.* Mischance to the coach, but no time lost.

9th (Tuesday). When come to Oxford, a very sweet place: paid our guide, £1 2*s.* 6*d.*; barber, 2*s.* 6*d.*; book, Stonage,[2] 4*s.* To dinner; and then out with my wife and people, and landlord: and to him that showed us the schools and library, 10*s.*; to him that showed us All Souls' College, and Chichly's picture,[3] 5*s.* So to see Christ Church with my wife, I seeing several others very fine alone, with W. Hewer, before dinner, and did give the boy that went with me 1*s.* Strawberries, 1*s.* 2*d.* Dinner and servants, £1 0*s.* 6*d.* After come home from the schools, I out with the landlord to Brazen-nose College;—to the butteries, and in the cellar find the hand of the Child of Hales,[4] . . . long. Butler, 2*s.* Thence with coach and people to Physic-

[1] Newport Pagnell, a town in Buckinghamshire, which takes its second name from the family of Paganel, who formerly owned the manor. The church is a handsome building, with nave, aisles, and chancel, and with pinnacled tower.

[2] This must have been either Inigo Jones's "The most notable Antiquity of Great Britain vulgarly called Stonehenge," printed in 1655, or "Chorea Gigantum, or the most famous Antiquity of Great Britain, vulgarly called Stones Heng, standing on Salisbury Plain, restor'd to the Danes," by Walter Charleton, M.D., and published in 1663.

[3] Henry Chichele, Archbishop of Canterbury, the founder of All Souls' College, born 1363, died 1443.

[4] John Middleton, the remarkable person here alluded to, known by the name of "The Child of Hale," was born in 1578, and buried in the churchyard of Hale, in Lancashire, in 1623, where his gravestone is still to be seen. About the year 1617 Sir Gilbert Ireland took him up to the court of James I., when he threw the king's wrestler, and put out his thumb, by which feat he disobliged the courtiers, and was sent back, with a present of £20 from the sovereign. He returned home by Brazenose College, then full of Lancashire students, and his picture was taken, and is still preserved there. Likenesses of this English giant are also extant at High Legh, at Knowsley, and at Mr. Ireland Blackburne's seat, at Hale. "Middleton's hand," observes Plot ("History of Staffordshire," p. 295), "measured, from the carpus to the end of his middle finger, seventeen inches, his palm was eight inches and a half broad, and his whole height nine feet three inches, wanting but six inches of the height of Goliath, if the portrait of him in Brazenose

garden, 1*s*. So to Friar Bacon's study: I up and saw it, and give the man 1*s*. Bottle of sack for landlord, 2*s*. Oxford mighty fine place; and well seated, and cheap entertainment. At night come to Abingdon, where had been a fair of custard; and met many people and scholars going home; and there did get some pretty good musick, and sang and danced till supper: 5*s*.

10th (Wednesday). Up, and walked to the Hospitall:[1] very large and fine; and pictures of founders, and the History[2] of the Hospitall; and is said to be worth £700 per annum; and that Mr Foly[3] was here lately to see how their lands were settled; and here, in old English, the story of the occasion of it, and a rebus at the bottom.[4] So did give the poor, which they would not take but in their box, 2*s*. 6*d*. So to the inn, and paid the reckoning and what not, 13*s*. So forth towards Hungerford, led this good way by our landlord, one Heart, an old but very civil and well-spoken man, more than I ever heard, of his quality. He gone, we forward; and I vexed at my people's not minding the way. So come to Hungerford, where very good trouts, eels, and crayfish. Dinner: a mean town. At dinner there, 12*s*. Thence set out with a guide, who saw us to Newmarket-heath,[5] and then left us, 3*s*. 6*d*. So all over the Plain by the sight of the steeple, the Plain high and low, to Salisbury, by night; but before I come to the town, I saw a great fortification, and there 'light, and to it and in it; and find it prodigious, so as to frighten me to be in it all alone at that time of night, it being dark. I understand, since, it to be that, that is called Old Sarum.[6] Come to the George

Library, drawn at length, as it is said, in his just proportion, be a true piece of him." These dimensions appear to have been compared with the portrait at Hale, with which they exactly accorded, as did the shape of the giant's hand cut upon a stone in the college cellar, with the date affixed, to which Pepys alludes. The blank in the Diary, after the word Hales, was obviously left for the dimensions of the hand.—B. Mr. Falconer Madan, Assistant Librarian of the Bodleian, has kindly given the editor the following particulars, which supplement Lord Braybrooke's note. Middleton was treated at Brasenose College because it drew largely from Lancashire and Cheshire. The portrait referred to above is now in the Buttery. There is also in the Buttery a picture of the hand of the man full size, and till the last ten years there was an outline of a hand on a gilt background on the eastern one of the two doorposts of the cellar door under the hall on the south side of the latter, at the foot of a flight of stone steps.

[1] Christ's Hospital.

[2] A MS. History of Abingdon, collected by Francis Little, one of the principal burgesses, in the year 1627, now in the possession of the corporation.—B.

[3] Thomas Foley, of Witley Court, who himself founded a hospital for sixty boys at Stourbridge, in Worcestershire. See October 27th, 1664. He probably wished for precedents as to the mode of settlement.—B.

[4] See Ashmole's "Antiquities of Berkshire," vol. i., 1719, p. 134. The following is the rebus noticed by Pepys: "V.A.B.I.N.D.O.N.R.F.I. Take the first letter of youre foure fader, with A., the worker of Wer, and I. and N. the colore of an asse; set them togeder, and tel me yf you can, what it is than. Richard Fannande, Irenmonger, hathe made this Tabul, and here in the yere of King Herry the Sexte, XXVI^te."

[5] Probably a mistake for East or Market Lavington, which lies in the same direction. —B.

[6] Pepys must mean that the earthworks, more than a hundred feet in height, were

Inne, where lay in a silk bed; and very good diet. To supper; then to bed.

11th (Thursday). Up, and W. Hewer and I up and down the town, and find it a very brave place. The river goes through every street; and a most capacious market-place. The city great, I think greater than Hereford. But the Minster most admirable;[1] as big, I think, and handsomer than Westminster: and a most large Close about it, and houses for the Officers thereof, and a fine palace for the Bishop. So to my lodging back, and took out my wife and people to shew them the town and Church; but they being at prayers, we could not be shown the Quire. A very good organ; and I looked in, and saw the Bishop, my friend Dr. Ward.[2] Thence to the inne; and there not being able to hire coach-horses, and not willing to use our own, we got saddle-horses, very dear. Boy that went to look for them, 6*d*. So the three women behind W. Hewer, Murford, and our guide, and I single to Stonage, over the Plain and some great hills, even to fright us. Come thither, and find them as prodigious as any tales I ever heard of them, and worth going this journey to see. God knows what their use was! they are hard to tell, but yet may be told. Give the shepherd-woman, for leading our horses, 4*d*. So back by Wilton, my Lord Pembroke's house, which we could not see, he being just coming to town; but the situation I do not like, nor the house promise much, it being in a low but rich valley. So back home; and there being 'light, we to the Church, and there find them at prayers again, so could not see the Quire; but I sent the women home, and I did go in, and saw very many fine tombs, and among the rest some very ancient, of the Montagus.[3] So home to dinner; and, that being done, paid the reckoning, which was so exorbitant, and particular in rate of my horses, and 7*s*. 6*d*. for bread and beer, that I was mad, and resolve to trouble the master about it, and get something for the poor; and come away in that humour: £2 5*s*. 6*d*. Servants, 1*s*. 6*d*.; poor, 1*s*.; guide to the Stones, 2*s*.; poor woman in the street, 1*s*.; ribbands, 9*d*.; washwoman, 1*s*.; sempstress for W. Hewer, 3*s*.; lent W. Hewer, 2*s*. Thence about six o'clock, and with a guide went over the smooth Plain indeed till night; and then by a happy mistake, and that looked like an adventure, we were carried out of our way to a town where we would lye, since we could not go so far as we would. And there with great difficulty come about ten at night to a little inn, where we were fain to go into a room where a pedlar was in bed, and made him rise; and there wife and I lay, and

prodigious and alarming, the space contained within them being only twenty-seven acres. There is undoubtedly something sublime in standing within the area, in the complete solitude and magnificence of the ramparts.—B.

[1] It was much to the credit of Pepys's taste that in an age when Gothic architecture was little admired he could see the beauties of this matchless building.

[2] Seth Ward, born 1617; F.R.S.; Savilian Professor and President of Trinity College, Oxford; Dean of Exeter, 1661; Bishop of Exeter, 1662; translated to Salisbury, 1667. In 1671 he was made Chancellor of the Order of the Garter, which office he procured to be annexed to the see. Died January 6th, 1689.

[3] The Montacutes, from whom Lord Sandwich's family claimed descent.—B.

in a truckle-bed Betty Turner and Willet. But good beds, and the master of the house a sober, understanding man, and I had good discourse with him about this country's matters, as wool, and corne, and other things. And he also merry, and made us mighty merry at supper, about manning the new ship, at Bristol, with none but men whose wives do master them; and it seems it is become in reproach to some men of estate that are such hereabouts, that this is become common talk. By and by to bed, glad of this mistake, because, it seems, had we gone on as we intended, we could not have passed with our coach, and must have lain on the Plain all night. This day from Salisbury I wrote by the post my excuse for not coming home, which I hope will do, for I am resolved to see the Bath, and, it may be, Bristol.

12th (Friday). Up, finding our beds good, but lousy; which made us merry. We set out, the reckoning and servants coming to 9*s.* 6*d.*; my guide thither, 2*s.*; coachman, advanced, 10*s.* So rode a very good way, led to my great content by our landlord to Philips-Norton, with great pleasure, being now come into Somersetshire; where my wife and Deb. mightily joyed thereat,[1] I commending the country, as indeed it deserves. And the first town we came to was Brekington, where, we stopping for something for the horses, we called two or three little boys to us, and pleased ourselves with their manner of speech,[2] and did make one of them kiss Deb., and another say the Lord's Prayer (hallowed be thy kingdom come). At Philips-Norton I walked to the Church, and there saw a very ancient tomb of some Knight Templar, I think; and here saw the tombstone whereon there were only two heads cut, which, the story goes, and credibly, were two sisters, called the Fair Maids of Foscott,[3] that had two bodies upward and one belly, and there lie buried. Here is also a very fine ring of six bells, and they mighty tuneable. Having dined very well, 10*s.*, we come before night to the Bath; where I presently stepped out with my landlord, and saw the baths, with people in them. They are not so large as I expected, but yet pleasant; and the town most of stone, and clean, though the streets generally narrow. I home, and being weary, went to bed without supper; the rest supping.

13th (Saturday). Up at four o'clock, being by appointment called up to the Cross Bath,[4] where we were carried one after one another, myself, and

[1] They were natives of that country.—B.

[2] The *Zummerzetshire* dialect.—B.

[3] "In the floor of the nave of the church of Norton St. Philips are the mutilated portraitures, in stone, of two females, close to each other, and called, by the inhabitants, *The Fair Maidens of Fosscot* or *Fosstoke*, a neighbouring hamlet, now depopulated. There is a tradition that the persons they represent were twins, whose bodies were at their birth conjoined together: that they arrived at a state of maturity; and that one of them dying, the survivor was compelled to drag about her lifeless companion, till death released her of the horrid burthen."—Collinson's *Hist. of Somersetshire*, vol. iii., p. 371, in which no notice occurs of the Templar's tomb. At Biddenden, in Kent, is a tradition of the same kind, but, according to Hasted, without foundation. See "History of Kent," vol. iii., p. 66, folio ed.—B.

[4] The Cross Bath took its name from an old cross which stood in the centre of the

wife, and Betty Turner, Willet, and W. Hewer. And by and by, though we designed to have done before company come, much company come; very fine ladies; and the manner pretty enough, only methinks it cannot be clean to go so many bodies together in the same water. Good conversation among them that are acquainted here, and stay together. Strange to see how hot the water is; and in some places, though this is the most temperate bath, the springs so hot as the feet not able to endure. But strange to see, when women and men herein, that live all the season in these waters, that cannot but be parboiled, and look like the creatures of the bath! Carried away, wrapped in a sheet, and in a chair, home; and there one after another thus carried, I staying above two hours in the water, home to bed, sweating for an hour; and by and by, comes musick to play to me, extraordinary good as ever I heard at London almost, or anywhere: 5*s*. Up, to go to Bristol, about eleven o'clock, and paying my landlord that was our guide from Chiltern, 10*s*., and the serjeant of the bath, 10*s*., and the man that carried us in chairs, 3*s*. 6*d*. Set out towards Bristoll, and come thither (in a coach hired to spare our own horses); the way bad, but country good, about two o'clock, where set down at the Horseshoe, and there, being trimmed by a very handsome fellow, 2*s*., walked with my wife and people through the city, which is in every respect another London, that one can hardly know it, to stand in the country, no more than that. No carts, it standing generally on vaults, only dog-carts.[1] So to the Three Crowns Tavern I was directed; but, when I come in, the master told me that he had newly given over the selling of wine; it seems, grown rich; and so went to the Sun; and there Deb. going with W. Hewer and Betty Turner to see her uncle [Butts], and leaving my wife with the mistress of the house, I to see the quay, which is a most large and noble place; and to see the new ship building by Bally,[2] neither he nor Furzer[3] being in town. It will be a fine ship. Spoke with the foreman, and did give the boys that kept the cabin 2*s* .Walked back to the Sun, where I find Deb. come back, and with her, her uncle, a sober merchant, very good company,

bath. This was repaired in 1675 by Mr. W. Coo, of Grandford, Northamptonshire, who put a bordure of lead round it. In 1687 Mary of Modena, queen of James II., tried the effect of the Cross Bath, and was benefited by it. John, Earl of Melfort, erected a marble pillar, with a Latin inscription, in honour of the event, in place of the old cross. The pillar being insecure was taken down in 1783.

[1] "They draw all their heavy goods here on sleds, or sledges, which they call 'gee hoes,' without wheels, which kills a multitude of horses." Another writer says, "They suffer no carts to be used in the city, lest, as some say, the shake occasioned by them on the pavement should affect the *Bristol milk* (the sherry) in the vaults, which is certainly had here in the greatest perfection." An order of Common Council occurs in 1651 to prohibit the use of carts and waggons—only suffering drays. "Camden in giving our city credit for its cleanliness in forming 'goutes,' says they use sledges here instead of carts, lest they destroy the arches beneath which are the goutes."—Chilcott's *New Guide to Bristol*, &c., 1826.—B.

[2] Francis Baylie, shipbuilder of Bristol, whose name frequently appears in the "Calendars of State Papers."

[3] Daniel Furzer, who was surveyor to the Navy from 1699 to 1714.

and so like one of our sober, wealthy, London merchants, as pleased me mightily. Here we dined, and much good talk with him, 7*s.* 6*d.*: a messenger to Sir John Knight,[1] who was not at home, 6*d.* Then walked with him [Butts] and my wife and company round the quay, and to the ship; and he shewed me the Custom-house, and made me understand many things of the place, and led us through Marsh Street, where our girl was born. But, Lord! the joy that was among the old poor people of the place, to see Mrs. Willet's daughter, it seems her mother being a brave woman and mightily beloved! And so brought us a back way by surprize to his house, where a substantial good house, and well furnished; and did give us good entertainment of strawberries, a whole venison-pasty, cold, and plenty of brave wine, and above all Bristoll milk:[2] where comes in another poor woman, who, hearing that Deb. was here, did come running hither, and with her eyes so full of tears, and heart so full of joy, that she could not speak when she come in, that it made me weep too: I protest that I was not able to speak to her, which I would have done, to have diverted her tears. His wife a good woman, and so sober and substantiall as I was never more pleased anywhere. Servant-maid, 2*s.* So thence took leave, and he with us through the city, where in walking I find the city pay him great respect, and he the like to the meanest, which pleased me mightily. He shewed us the place where the merchants meet here, and a fine Cross yet standing, like Cheapside. And so to the Horseshoe, where paid the reckoning, 2*s.* 6*d.* We back, and by moonshine to the Bath again, about ten o'clock: bad way; and giving the coachman 1*s.*, went all of us to bed.

14th (Sunday). Up, and walked up and down the town, and saw a pretty good market-place, and many good streets, and very fair stone-houses. And so to the great Church,[3] and there saw Bishop Montagu's[4] tomb; and, when placed, did there see many brave people come, and, among others, two men brought in, in litters, and set down in the chancel to hear: but I did

[1] Mayor of Bristol, 1663, and M.P. for that city.—B.

[2] A sort of rum punch (milk punch), which, and turtle, were products of the trade of Bristol with the West Indies. So Byron says in the first edition of his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers":

"Too much in turtle Bristol's sons delight,
Too much o'er bowls of rack prolong the night."

These lines will not be found in the modern editions; but the following are substituted:

"Your turtle feeder's verse must needs be flat,
Though Bristol bloat him with the verdant fat."

Lord Macaulay says of the collations with which the sugar-refiners of Bristol regaled their visitors: "The repast was dressed in the furnace, and was accompanied by a rich brewage made of the best Spanish wine, and celebrated over the whole kingdom as *Bristol milk*" ("Hist. of England," vol. i., p. 335).—B.

[3] The Abbey Church.

[4] James Montagu, Bishop of Bath and Wells in 1608, and of Winchester in 1616: died 1618. He was uncle to the Earl of Sandwich, whose mother was Pepys's great-aunt. Hence Pepys's curiosity respecting the tomb.—B.

not know one face. Here a good organ; but a vain, pragmatical fellow preached a ridiculous, affected sermon, that made me angry, and some gentlemen that sat next me, and sang well. So home, walking round the walls of the City, which are good, and the battlements all whole. The sexton of the church 1*s*. So home to dinner, and after dinner comes Mr. Butts again to see me, and he and I to church, where the same idle fellow preached; and I slept most of the sermon. Thence home, and took my wife out and the girls, and come to this church again, to see it, and look over the monuments, where, among others, Dr. Venner[1] and Pelling,[2] and a lady of Sir W. Waller's;[3] he lying with his face broken. So to the fields a little and walked, and then home and had my head looked [at], and so to supper, and then comes my landlord to me, a sober understanding man, and did give me a good account of the antiquity of this town and Wells; and of two Heads, on two pillars, in Wells church. But he a Catholick. So he gone, I to bed.

15th (Monday). Up, and with Mr. Butts to look into the baths, and find the King and Queen's full of a mixed sort, of good and bad, and the Cross only almost for the gentry. So home and did the like with my wife, and did pay my guides, two women, 5*s*.; one man, 2*s*. 6*d*.; poor, 6*d*.; woman to lay my foot-cloth, 1*s*. So to our inne, and there eat and paid reckoning, £1 8*s*. 6*d*.; servants, 3*s*.; poor, 1*s*.; lent the coachman, 10*s*. Before I took coach, I went to make a boy dive in the King's bath, 1*s*. I paid also for my coach and a horse to Bristol, £1 1*s*. 6*d*. Took coach, and away, without any of the company of the other stage-coaches, that go out of this town to-day; and rode all day with some trouble, for fear of being out of our way, over the Downes, where the life of the shepherds is, in fair weather only, pretty. In the afternoon come to Abebury,[4] where, seeing great stones like those of Stonage standing up, I stopped, and took a countryman of that town, and he carried me and shewed me a place trenched in,[5] like Old Sarum almost, with great stones pitched in it, some bigger than those at Stonage in figure, to my great admiration: and he told me that most people of learning, coming by, do come and view them, and that the King did so: and that the Mount cast hard by is called Selbury,[6] from one King Seall buried there, as tradition says. I did give this man 1*s*. So took coach again, seeing one place with great high stones pitched round, which, I believe, was once some particular building, in some measure like that of Stonage. But, about a mile off, it was prodigious to see how full the Downes are of great stones; and all along the vallies,

[1] Tobias Venner, who practised as a physician at Bath nearly half a century, and died March 27th, 1660, aged eighty-five.—B.

[2] John Pelling, B.D., rector of Bath for thirty years.—B.

[3] Jane, sole daughter of Sir Richard Reynell, wife of Sir William Waller, the parliamentary general.—B.

[4] Abury.

[5] The well-known temple of the Druids.

[6] There is a notice of Silbury in Rickman's paper on the antiquity of Abury and Stonehenge in "The Archæologia," vol. xxviii., p. 402.

stones of considerable bigness, most of them growing certainly out of the ground so thick as to cover the ground, which makes me think the less of the wonder of Stonage, for hence they might undoubtedly supply themselves with stones, as well as those at Abebury. In my way did give to the poor and menders of the highway 3*s*. Before night come to Marlborough, and lay at the Hart; a good house, and a pretty fair town for a street or two; and what is most singular is, their houses on one side having their penthouses supported with pillars, which makes it a good walk. My wife pleased with all, this evening reading of "Mustapha" to me till supper, and then to supper, and had musique whose innocence pleased me, and I did give them 3*s*. So to bed, and lay well all night, and long, so as all the five coaches that come this day from Bath, as well as we, were gone out of the town before six.

16th (Tuesday). So paying the reckoning, 14*s*. 4*d*., and servants, 2*s*., poor 1*s*., set out; and overtook one coach and kept a while company with it, till one of our horses losing a shoe, we stopped and drank and spent 1*s*. So on, and passing through a good part of this county of Wiltshire, saw a good house[1] of Alexander Popham's,[2] and another of my Lord Craven's,[3] I think in Barkeshire. Come to Newbery, and there dined, which cost me, and musick, which a song of the old courtier of Queen Elizabeth's,[4] and how he was changed upon the coming in of the King, did please me mightily, and I did cause W. Hewer to write it out, 3*s*. 6*d*. Then comes the reckoning, forced to change gold, 8*s*. 7*d*.; servants and poor, 1*s* 6*d*. So out, and lost our way, which made me vexed, but come into it again; and in the evening betimes come to Reading, and there heard my wife read more of "Mustapha," and then to supper, and then I to walk about the town, which is a very great one, I think bigger than Salsbury: a river[5] runs through it, in seven branches, and unite in one, in one part of the town, and runs into the Thames half-a-mile off: one odd sign of the Broad Face. W. Hewer troubled with the headake we had none of his company last night, nor all this day nor night to talk. Then to my inn, and so to bed.

[1] Littlecott House, a fine old mansion, in the parish of Ramsbury, Wilts, still in the possession of the Popham family. Special interest has attached to the place, as the supposed scene of the extraordinary child murder ascribed to William Darel, who sold Littlecott to Sir John Popham, 1587, accounts of which have been given by Aubrey, by Sir Walter Scott in "Rokeby," and in Britton's "Wiltshire," vol. iii., p. 260.

[2] M.P. for Bath.

[3] Hampstead Marshall is in Hampshire. Lord Craven's celebrated mansion, designed by Sir Balthasar Gerbier after the model of Heidelberg Castle, was built 1626–65. It was destroyed by fire in 1718, and succeeded by the present mansion of the Earl of Craven, which is styled Hampstead House.

[4] This ballad was first printed in the reign of James I. by T. Simcocke, and is reprinted in most of the collections of songs and ballads. In the reign of Charles II., "T. Howard, Gent.," wrote and published "An old song of the old Courtiers of the King's, with a new song of a new Courtier of the King's to the tune of 'The Queen's old Courtier.'" A still more modern version has been in vogue under the title of "The Fine Old English Gentleman."

[5] The Kennet.

17th (Wednesday). Rose, and paying the reckoning, 12*s.* 6*d.*; servants and poor, 2*s.* 6*d.*; musick, the worst we have had, coming to our chamber-door, but calling us by wrong names, we lay; so set out with one coach in company, and through Maydenhead, which I never saw before, to Colebrooke[1] by noon; the way mighty good; and there dined, and fitted ourselves a little to go through London, and on. Somewhat out of humour all day, reflecting on my wife's neglect of things, and impertinent humour got by this liberty of being from me, which she is never to be trusted with; for she is a fool. Thence pleasant way to London, before night, and find all very well, to great content; and there to talk with my wife, and saw Sir W. Pen, who is well again. I hear of the ill news by the great fire at Barbados. By and by home, and there with my people to supper, all in pretty good humour, though I find my wife hath something in her gizzard, that only waits an opportunity of being provoked to bring up; but I will not, for my content-sake, give it. So I to bed, glad to find all so well here, and slept well.[2]

18th. Up betimes and to the office, there to set my papers in order and books, my office having been new whited and windows made clean, and so to sit, where all the morning, and did receive a hint or two from my Lord Anglesey, as if he thought much of my taking the ayre as I have done; but I care not a turd; but whatever the matter is, I think he hath some ill-will to me, or at least an opinion that I am more the servant of the Board than I am. At noon home to dinner, where my wife still in a melancholy, fusty humour, and crying, and do not tell me plainly what it is; but I by little words find that she hath heard of my going to plays, and carrying people abroad every day, in her absence; and that I cannot help but the storm will break out, I think, in a little time. After dinner carried her by coach to St. James's, where she sat in the coach till I to my Lady Peterborough's, who tells me, among other things, her Lord's good words to the Duke of York lately, about my Lord Sandwich, and that the Duke of York is kind to my Lord Sandwich, which I am glad to hear: my business here was about her Lord's pension from Tangier. Here met with Povy, who tells me how hard Creed is upon him, though he did give him, about six months since, I think he said, fifty pieces in gold; and one thing there is in his accounts that I fear may touch me, but I shall help it, I hope. So my wife not speaking a word, going nor coming, nor willing to go to a play, though a new one, I to the Office, and did much business. At night home, where supped Mr. Turner and his wife, and Betty and Mercer and Pelling, as merry as the ill, melancholy humour that my wife was in, would let us, which vexed me; but I took no notice of it, thinking that will be the best way, and let it wear away itself. After supper, parted, and to bed; and my wife troubled all night, and about one o'clock goes out of the bed to the girl's bed, which did trouble me, she crying and sobbing, without telling the cause. By and by she comes back to

[1] Colnbrook.

[2] The rough notes end here.

me, and still crying; I then rose, and would have sat up all night, but she would have me come to bed again; and being pretty well pacified, we to sleep.

19th. When between two and three in the morning we were waked with my maids crying out, "Fire, fire, in Markelane!" So I rose and looked out, and it was dreadful; and strange apprehensions in me, and us all, of being presently burnt. So we all rose; and my care presently was to secure my gold, and plate, and papers, and could quickly have done it, but I went forth to see where it was; and the whole town was presently in the streets; and I found it in a new-built house that stood alone in Minchin-lane, over against the Cloth-workers'-hall, which burned furiously: the house not yet quite finished; and the benefit of brick was well seen, for it burnt all inward, and fell down within itself; so no fear of doing more hurt. So homeward, and stopped at Mr. Mills's, where he and she at the door, and Mrs. Turner, and Betty, and Mrs. Hollworthy, and there I stayed and talked, and up to the church leads, and saw the fire, which spent itself, till all fear over. I home, and there we to bed again, and slept pretty well, and about nine rose, and then my wife fell into her blubbering again, and at length had a request to make to me, which was, that she might go into France, and live there, out of trouble; and then all come out, that I loved pleasure and denied her any, and a deal of do; and I find that there have been great fallings out between my father and her, whom, for ever hereafter, I must keep asunder, for they cannot possibly agree. And I said nothing, but, with very mild words and few, suffered her humour to spend, till we begun to be very quiet, and I think all will be over, and friends, and so I to the office, where all the morning doing business. Yesterday I heard how my Lord Ashly is like to die, having some imposthume in his breast, that he hath been fain to be cut into the body.[1] At noon home to dinner, and thence by coach to White Hall, where we attended the Duke of York in his closet, upon our usual business. And thence out, and did see many of the Knights of the Garter, with the King and Duke of York, going into the Privy-chamber, to elect the Elector of Saxony[2] into that Order, who, I did hear the Duke of York say, was a good

[1] "Such an operation was performed in this year, after a consultation of medical men, and chiefly by Locke's advice, and the wound was afterwards always kept open, a silver pipe being inserted. This saved Lord Ashley's life, and gave him health."—Christie's *Life of the first Earl of Shaftesbury*, vol. ii., p. 34. *Tapski* was a name given to Shaftesbury in derision, and vile defamers described the abscess, which had originated in a carriage accident in Holland, as the result of extreme dissipation. Lines by Duke, a friend and imitator of Dryden:

"The working ferment of his active mind,
In his weak body's cask with pain confined,
Would burst the rotten vessel where 'tis pent,
But that 'tis tapt to give the treason vent."

[2] John George, Elector of Saxony, invested with the garter, April 13th, 1668; installed by proxy, May 29th, 1671; and died 1680.

drinker: I know not upon what score this compliment is done him. Thence with W. Pen, who is in great pain of the gowte, by coach round by Holborne home, he being at every kennel full of pain. Thence home, and by and by comes my wife and Deb. home, have been at the King's playhouse to-day, thinking to spy me there; and saw the new play, "Evening Love," [1] of Dryden's, which, though the world commends, she likes not. So to supper and talk, and all in good humour, and then to bed, where I slept not well, from my apprehensions of some trouble about some business of Mr. Povy's he told me of the other day.

20th. Up, and talked with my wife all in good humour, and so to the office, where all the morning, and then home to dinner, and so she and I alone to the King's house, and there I saw this new play my wife saw yesterday, and do not like it, it being very smutty, and nothing so good as "The Maiden Queen," or "The Indian Emperour," of his making, that I was troubled at it; and my wife tells me wholly (which he confesses a little in the epilogue) taken out of the "Illustre Bassa." [2] So she to Unthanke's and I to Mr. Povy, and there settled some business; and here talked of things, and he thinks there will be great revolutions, and that Creed will be a great man, though a rogue, he being a man of the old strain, which will now be up again. So I took coach, and set Povy down at Charing Cross, and took my wife up, and calling at the New Exchange at Smith's shop, and kissed her pretty hand, and so we home, and there able to do nothing by candle-light, my eyes being now constantly so bad that I must take present advice or be blind. So to supper, grieved for my eyes, and to bed.

21st (Lord's day). Up, and to church, and home and dined with my wife and Deb. alone, but merry and in good humour, which is, when all is done, the greatest felicity of all, and after dinner she to read in the "Illustre Bassa" the plot of yesterday's play, which is most exactly the same, and so to church I alone, and thence to see Sir W. Pen, who is ill again, and then home, and there get my wife to read to me till supper, and then to bed.

22nd. Up, and with Balty to St. James's, and there presented him to Mr. Wren about his being Muster-Master this year, which will be done. So up to wait on the Duke of York, and thence, with W. Coventry, walked to White Hall: good discourse about the Navy, where want of money undoes us. Thence to the Harp and Ball I to drink, and so to the Coffee-house in Covent Garden; but met with nobody but Sir Philip Howard, who shamed me before the whole house there, in commendation of my speech in Parliament, and thence I away home to dinner alone, my wife being at her tailor's, and after dinner comes Creed, whom I hate, to speak with me, and before him comes Mrs. Daniel about business. . . . She gone, Creed and I to the King's playhouse, and saw an act or two of the new play ["Evening's Love"] again,

[1] A comedy, "Evening's Love, or the Mock Astrologer," not published until 1671. The scene was at Madrid, and the time the last evening of the Carnival in 1665.

[2] See February 24th, *ante*.

but like it not. Calling this day at Herringman's,[1] he tells me Dryden do himself call it but a fifth-rate play. Thence with him to my Lord Brouncker's, where a Council of the Royall Society; and there heard Mr. Harry Howard's[2] noble offers about ground for our College, and his intentions of building his own house there most nobly. My business was to meet Mr. Boyle, which I did, and discoursed about my eyes; and he did give me the best advice he could, but refers me to one Turberville,[3] of Salsbury, lately come to town, which I will go to. Thence home, where the streets full, at our end of the town, removing their wine against the Act begins, which will be two days hence, to raise the price. I did get my store in of Batelier this night. So home to supper and to bed.

23rd. Up, and all the morning at the office. At noon home to dinner, and so to the office again all the afternoon, and then to Westminster to Dr. Turberville about my eyes, whom I met with: and he did discourse, I thought, learnedly about them; and takes time before he did prescribe me any thing, to think of it. So I away with my wife and Deb., whom I left at Unthanke's, and so to Hercules Pillars, and there we three supped on cold powdered beef, and thence home and in the garden walked a good while with Deane, talking well of the Navy miscarriages and faults. So home to bed.

24th. Up, and Creed and Colonell Atkins come to me about sending coals to Tangier: and upon that most of the morning. Thence Creed and I to Alderman Backewell's about Tangier business of money, and thence I by water (calling and drinking, but not baisado, at Michell's) to Westminster, but it being holyday did no business, only to Martin's . . . and so home again by

[1] H. Herringman, a printer and publisher in the New Exchange. See August 10th, 1667, *ante*.—B.

[2] June 22nd. At a meeting of the Council "Mr. Hoskyns reported, that he had conferred with Mr. Henry Howard concerning the security of the ground given by him to build upon; and that Mr. Howard was willing to enter into a bond of six thousand pounds for performance of covenants forthwith, and into another of six thousand pounds more, that he would within a twelvemonth either procure an act of parliament to enable him to make estates of the ground belonging to Arundel House notwithstanding the act of 3 Car. I. that had intailed it; or other good and indefeasible title for the society, or else give them collateral security by conveying land to them" (Birch's "History of the Royal Society," vol. ii., pp. 299–300).

[3] Daubigny Turberville, of Oriel College; created M.D. at Oxford, 1660. He was a physician of some eminence, and, dying at Salisbury on the 21st April, 1696, aged eighty-five, he was buried in the cathedral, where his monument remains. Cassan, in his "Lives of the Bishops of Sarum," part iii., p. 103, has reprinted an interesting account of Turberville, from the "Memoir of Bishop Seth Ward," published in 1697, by Dr. Walter Pope. Turberville was born at Wayford, co. Somerset, in 1612, and became an expert oculist; and probably Pepys received great benefit from his advice, as his vision does not appear to have failed during the many years that he lived after discontinuing the Diary. The doctor died rich, and subsequently to his decease his sister Mary, inheriting all his prescriptions, and knowing how to use them, practised as an oculist in London with good reputation.—B.

water, and busy till dinner, and then with wife, Mercer, Deb., and W. Hewer to the Duke of York's playhouse, and there saw "The Impertinents," a pretty good play; and so by water to Spring Garden, and there supped, and so home, not very merry, only when we come home, Mercer and I sat and sung in the garden a good while, and so to bed.

25th. Up, and to the office all the morning, and after dinner at home to the office again, and there all the afternoon very busy till night, and then home to supper and to bed.

26th. All the morning doing business at the office. At noon, with my Fellow-Officers, to the Dolphin, at Sir G. Carteret's charge, to dinner, he having some accounts examined this morning. All the afternoon we all at Sir W. Pen's with him about the Victuallers' accounts, and then in the evening to Charing Cross, and there took up my wife at her tailor's, and so home and to walk in the garden, and then to sup and to bed.

27th. At the office all the morning, at noon dined at home, and then my wife, and Deb., and I to the King's playhouse, and saw "The Indian Queene," but do not doat upon Nan Marshall's acting therein, as the world talks of her excellence therein. Thence with my wife to buy some linnen, £13 worth, for sheets, &c., at the new shop over against the New Exchange; [and the master, who is] come out of London[1] since the fire, says his and other tradesmen's retail trade is so great here, and better than it was in London, that they believe they shall not return, nor the city be ever so great for retail as heretofore. So home and to my business, and to bed.

28th (Lord's day). Up, and to church, and then home to dinner, where Betty Turner, Mercer, and Captain Deane, and after dinner to sing, Mr. Pelling coming. Then, they gone, Deane and I all the afternoon till night to talk of navy matters and ships with great pleasure, and so at night, he gone, I to supper, Pelling coming again and singing a while, then to bed. Much talk of the French setting out their fleete afresh; but I hear nothing that our King is alarmed at it, at all, but rather making his fleete less.[2]

29th. Called up by my Lady Peterborough's servant about some business of hers, and so to the office. Thence by and by with Sir J. Minnes toward St. James's, and I stop at Dr. Turberville's, and there did receive a direction for some physic, and also a glass of something to drop into my eyes: who gives me hopes that I may do well. Thence to St. James's, and thence to White Hall, where I find the Duke of York in the Council-chamber; where the Officers of the Navy were called in about Navy business, about calling in of more ships; the King of France having, as the Duke of York says, ordered his fleete to come in, notwithstanding what he had lately ordered for their staying abroad. Thence to the Chapel, it being St. Peter's day, and did

[1] To the Strand.

[2] "His Majesty and Prince Rupert returned to town the day before, after viewing the Fleet in the Downs, and the new fortifications at Sheerness."—*The London Gazette*, No. 273.—B.

hear an anthem of Silas Taylor's making; a dull, old-fashioned thing, of six and seven parts, that nobody could understand: and the Duke of York, when he come out, told me that he was a better store-keeper than anthem-maker, and that was bad enough, too. This morning Mr. May[1] shewed me the King's new buildings at White Hall, very fine; and among other things, his ceilings, and his houses of office. So home to dinner, and then with my wife to the King's playhouse—"The Mulberry Garden," which she had not seen. So by coach to Islington, and round by Hackney home with much pleasure, and to supper and bed.

30th. Up, and at the Office all the morning: then home to dinner, where a stinking leg of mutton, the weather being very wet and hot to keep meat in. Then to the Office again, all the afternoon: we met about the Victualler's new contract. And so up, and to walk all the evening with my wife and Mrs. Turner in the garden, till supper, about eleven at night; and so, after supper, parted, and to bed, my eyes bad, but not worse, only weary with working. But, however, I very melancholy under the fear of my eyes being spoiled, and not to be recovered; for I am come that I am not able to read out a small letter, and yet my sight good for the little while I can read, as ever they were, I think.

July 1st. Up; and all the morning we met at the office about the Victualler's contract. At noon home to dinner, my Cozen Roger, come newly to town, dined with us, and mighty importunate for our coming down to Impington, which I think to do, this Sturbridge fair. Thence I set him down at the Temple, and Commissioner Middleton dining the first time with me, he and I to White Hall, and so to St. James's, where we met; and much business with the Duke of York. And I find the Duke of York very hot for regulations in the Navy; and, I believe, is put on it by W. Coventry; and I am glad of it; and particularly, he falls heavy on Chatham-yard, and is vexed that Lord Anglesey did, the other day, complain at the Council-table of disorders in the Navy, and not to him. So I to White Hall to a Committee of Tangier; and there vexed with the importunity and clamours of Alderman Backewell, for my acquittance for money supplied by him to the garrison, before I have any order for paying it: so home, calling at several places—among others, the 'Change, and on Cooper, to know when my wife shall come to sit for her picture, which will be next week, and so home and to walk with my wife, and then to supper and to bed.

2nd. Called up by a letter from W. Coventry telling me that the Commissioners of Accounts intend to summons me about Sir W. Warren's Hamburg contract, and so I up and to W. Coventry's (he and G. Carteret being the party concerned in it), and after conference with him about it to satisfaction I home again to the office. At noon home to dinner, and then all the afternoon busy to prepare an answer to this demand of the Commissioners of Accounts, and did discourse with Sir W. Warren about it, and so in the

[1] Hugh May.

evening with my wife and Deb. by coach to take ayre to Mile-end, and so home and I to bed, vexed to be put to this frequent trouble in things we deserve best in.

3rd. Betimes to the office, my head full of this business. Then by coach to the Commissioners of Accounts at Brooke House, the first time I was ever there, and there Sir W. Turner in the chair; and present, Lord Halifax, Thoms[on], Gregory, Dunster, and Osborne.[1] I long with them, and see them hot set on this matter; but I did give them proper and safe answers. Halifax, I perceive, was industrious on my side, in behalf of his uncle Coventry,[2] it being the business of Sir W. Warren. Vexed only at their denial of a copy of what I set my hand to, and swore. Here till almost two o'clock, and then home to dinner, and set down presently what I had done and said this day, and so abroad by water to Eagle Court in the Strand, and there to an alehouse: met Mr. Pierce, the Surgeon, and Dr. Clerke, Waldron,[3] Turberville, my physician for the eyes, and Lowre,[4] to dissect several eyes of sheep and oxen, with great pleasure, and to my great information. But strange that this Turberville should be so great a man, and yet, to this day, had seen no eyes dissected, or but once, but desired this Dr. Lowre to give him the opportunity to see him dissect some. Thence to Unthanke's, to my wife, and carried her home, and there walked in the garden, and so to supper and to bed.

4th. Up, and to see Sir W. Coventry, and give him account of my doings yesterday, which he well liked of, and was told thereof by my Lord Halifax before; but I do perceive he is much concerned for this business. Gives me advice to write a smart letter to the Duke of York about the want of money in the Navy, and desire him to communicate it to the Commissioners of the Treasury; for he tells me he hath hot work sometimes to contend with the rest for the Navy, they being all concerned for some other part of the King's expenses, which they would prefer to this, of the Navy. He shewed me his closet, with his round table, for him to sit in the middle, very convenient; and I borrowed several books of him, to collect things out of the Navy, which I have not, and so home, and there busy

[1] George Thomson, John Gregory, Giles Dunster, Henry Osborne, not Sir Thomas Osborne, as stated in former editions. See January 8th, 1667–68.

[2] Lord Halifax's mother was Anne, sister of Sir John and Sir William Coventry, and of Harry Coventry. She married, secondly, Sir Thomas Chichele, or Chicheley, of Wimpole, in Cambridgeshire, Master of the Ordnance, which circumstance explains many allusions made by Pepys.—B.

[3] Thomas Waldron matriculated at Balliol College in 1634, when he was fifteen years of age; created M.D. at Oxford, 1653; afterwards Physician in Ordinary to Charles II. He died February 5th, 1676–77, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

[4] Richard Lower, a Cornishman, educated at Westminster School, whence he was elected a student of Christ Church, Oxford; B.A., 1653; M.A., 1655; M.D., 1665; F.R.S., 1667. He became the most noted physician in London, and died at his house in King Street, Covent Garden, January 17th, 1690–91.

sitting all the morning, and at noon dined, and then all the afternoon busy, till night, and then to Mile-End with my wife and girl, and there drank and eat a jole of salmon, at the Rose and Crown, our old house; and so home to bed.

5th (Lord's day). About four in the morning took four pills of Dr. Turberville's prescribing, for my eyes, and they wrought pretty well most of the morning, and I did get my wife to spend the morning reading of Wilkins's Reall Character. At noon comes W. Hewer and Pelling, and young Michell and his wife, and dined with us, and most of the afternoon talking; and then at night my wife to read again, and to supper and to bed.

6th. Up, and to St. James's, and there attended the Duke of York, and was there by himself told how angry he was, and did declare to my Lord Anglesey, about his late complaining of things of the Navy to the King in Council, and not to him; and I perceive he is mightily concerned at it, and resolved to reform things therein. Thence with W. Coventry walked in the Park together a good while, he mighty kind to me. And hear many pretty stories of my Lord Chancellor's being heretofore made sport of by Peter Talbot the priest,[1] in his story of the death of Cardinall Bleau;[2] by Lord Cottington, in his *Dolor de las Tripas*,[3] and Tom Killigrew, in his being bred in Ram Ally,[4] and now bound 'prentice to Lord Cottington, going to Spain with £1,000, and two suits of clothes. Thence home to dinner, and thence to Mr. Cooper's, and there met my wife and W. Hewer and Deb.; and there my wife first sat for her picture: but he is a most admirable workman, and good company. Here comes Harris, and first told us how Betterton is come again upon the stage: whereupon my wife and company to the [Duke's] house to see "Henry the Fifth;" while I to attend the Duke of York at the Committee of the Navy, at the Council, where some high dispute between him and W. Coventry about settling pensions upon all Flag-Officers, while unemployed: W. Coventry against it, and, I think, with reason. Thence I to the playhouse, and saw a piece of the play, and glad to see Betterton; and so with wife and Deb. to Spring-garden, and eat a lobster, and so home in the evening and to bed. Great doings at Paris, I hear, with their triumphs for their late conquests.[5] The Duchesse of Richmond sworn last week of the

[1] Almoner to the Queen, whose character was drawn in dark colours by Clarendon.

[2] It is probable these stories, in ridicule of Clarendon, are nowhere recorded. Cardinal Jean Balue was the minister of Louis XI. of France. The reader will remember him in Sir W. Scott's "Quentin Durward." He was confined for eleven years in an iron cage invented by himself in the Chateau de Loches, and died soon after he regained his liberty.—B.

[3] Gripes. It was a joke against Lord Cottington that whenever he was seriously ill he declared himself a Roman Catholic, when he was well again he returned to the Protestant faith.

[4] Ram Alley, on the south side of Fleet Street, opposite Fetter Lane, a privileged place for debtors, which bore a bad reputation. It gave its name to a comedy by Lodowick Barrey, published in 1611. The place is now named Mitre Alley.

[5] See April 27th and 30th, 1668, *ante*.

Queen's Bedchamber, and the King minding little else but what he used to do—about his women.

7th. Up, and to the office, where Kate Joyce come to me about some tickets of hers, but took no notice to me of her being married,[1] but seemed mighty pale, and doubtful what to say or do, expecting, I believe, that I should begin; and not finding me beginning, said nothing, but, with trouble in her face, went away. At the office all the morning, and after dinner also all the afternoon, and in the evening with my wife and Deb. and Betty Turner to Unthanke's, where we are fain to go round by Newgate, because of Fleet Bridge[2] being under rebuilding. They stayed there, and I about some business, and then presently back and brought them home and supped: and Mrs. Turner, the mother, comes to us, and there late, and so to bed.

8th. Betimes by water to Sir W. Coventry, and there discoursed of several things; and I find him much concerned in the present enquiries now on foot of the Commissioners of Accounts, though he reckons himself and the rest very safe, but vexed to see us liable to these troubles, in things wherein we have laboured to do best. Thence, he being to go out of town to-morrow, to drink Banbury waters,[3] I to the Duke of York, to attend him about business of the Office; and find him mighty free to me, and how he is concerned to mend things in the Navy himself, and not leave it to other people. So home to dinner; and then with my wife to Cooper's, and there saw her sit; and he do do extraordinary things indeed. So to White Hall; and there by and by the Duke of York comes to the Robe-chamber, and spent with us three hours till night, in hearing the business of the Master-Attendants of Chatham, and the Store-keeper of Woolwich; and resolves to displace them all; so hot he is of giving proofs of his justice at this time, that it is their great fate now, to come to be questioned at such a time as this. Thence I to Unthanke's, and took my wife and Deb. home, and to supper and to bed.

9th. Up, and to the office, where sat all the morning, and after noon to the office again till night, mighty busy getting Mr. Fist to come and help me, my own clerks all busy, and so in the evening to ease my eyes, and with my wife and Deb. and Betty Turner, by coach to Unthanke's and back again, and then to supper and to bed.

10th. Up, and to attend the Council, but all in vain, the Council spending all the morning upon a business about the printing of the Critickes,[4] a dis-

[1] See May 11th, *ante*.

[2] The bridge which connected Ludgate Hill with Fleet Street, and was destroyed in the Great Fire, was, according to Stow, built or repaired in 1431. The new Fleet Bridge was ornamented with pineapples and the City arms. It was taken down October 14th, 1765.

[3] There is a sulphurous spring in the town of Banbury, and a chalybeate spring a short distance from the town.

[4] The dispute between Matthew Poole and the publishers of the "Critici Sacri" is referred to in the "Calendar of State Papers": "Case of Cornelius Bee and his partners, —booksellers, proprietors of the 'Critici Sacri' in 9 vols. folio, being editions of eminent

pute between the first Printer, one Bee that is dead, and the Abstractor, who would now print his Abstract, one Poole. So home to dinner, and thence to Haward's to look upon an Espinette, and I did come near the buying one, but broke off. I have a mind to have one. So to Cooper's; and there find my wife and W. Hewer and Deb., sitting, and painting; and here he do work finely, though I fear it will not be so like as I expected: but now I understand his great skill in musick, his playing and setting to the French lute most excellently; and speaks French, and indeed is an excellent man. Thence, in the evening, with my people in a glass hackney-coach to the park, but was ashamed to be seen. So to the lodge, and drank milk, and so home to supper and to bed.

11th. At the office all the morning. After dinner to the King's playhouse, to see an old play of Shirly's, called "Hide Parke;" the first day acted; where horses are brought upon the stage: but it is but a very moderate play, only an excellent epilogue spoke by Beck Marshall.[1] Thence home and to my office, and then to supper and to bed, and overnight took some pills.

12th. Which work with me pretty betimes, being Lord's day, and so I within all day. Busy all the morning upon some accounts with W. Hewer, and at noon, an excellent dinner, comes Pelling and W. Howe, and the latter staid and talked with me all the afternoon, and in the evening comes Mr. Mills and his wife and supped and talked with me, and so to bed. This last night Betty Michell about midnight cries out, and my wife goes to her, and she brings forth a girl, and this afternoon the child is christened, and my wife godmother again to a Betty.

13th. Up, and to my office, and thence by water to White Hall to attend the Council, but did not, and so home to dinner, and so out with my wife, and Deb., and W. Hewer towards Cooper's, but I 'light and walked to Ducke Lane, and there to the bookseller's, at the Bible, whose moher je have a mind to, but elle no erat dentro, but I did there look upon and buy some books, and made way for coming again to the man, which pleases me. Thence to Reeves's, and there saw some, and bespoke a little perspective,[2] and was mightily pleased with seeing objects in a dark room.[3] And so to Cooper's, and spent the afternoon with them; and it will be an excellent picture. Thence my people all by water to Deptford, to see Balty, while I to buy my espinette,[4] which I did now agree for, and did at Haward's meet with Mr.

authors, published by them in 1660 at £13 10*s*., though the authors would cost £50 or £60,—against Matt. Poole, who, in his projected 'Synopsis Criticorum,' states that he intends to epitomise these with other critical works, which they remonstrate against as a violation of their privileges, and the more hard on them as 1,300 copies of the 'Critici Sacri' were burned in the fire of London, to their loss of £13,000" ("Calendar," 1667–68, pp. 515, 516).

[1] Never printed.

[2] A perspective glass.

[3] See February 21st, 1665–66.

[4] Espinette is the French term for a small harpsichord, at that time called in England a spinet. It was named from a fancied resemblance of its quill plectra to spines or thorns.

Thacker, and heard him play on the harpsicon, so as I never heard man before, I think. So home, it being almost night, and there find in the garden Pelling, who hath brought Tempest, Wallington, and Pelham, to sing,[1] and there had most excellent musick late, in the dark, with great pleasure. Made them drink and eat; and so with much pleasure to bed, but above all with little Wallington. This morning I was let blood, and did bleed about fourteen ounces, towards curing my eyes.

14th. Up, and to my office, where sat all the morning. At noon home to dinner, and thence all the afternoon hard at the office, we meeting about the Victualler's new contract; and so into the garden, my Lady Pen, Mrs. Turner and her daughter, my wife and I, and there supped in the dark and were merry, and so to bed. This day Bossc[2] finished his copy of my picture, which I confess I do not admire, though my wife prefers him to Browne; nor do I think it like. He do it for W. Hewer, who hath my wife's also, which I like less. This afternoon my Lady Pickering come to see us: I busy, saw her not. But how natural it is for us to slight people out of power, and for people out of power to stoop to see those that while in power they contemned!

15th. Up, and all the morning busy at the office to my great content, attending to the settling of papers there that I may have the more rest in winter for my eyes by how much I do the more in the settling of all things in the summer by daylight. At noon home to dinner, where is brought home the espinette I bought the other day of Haward; cost me £5. So to St. James's, where did our ordinary business with the Duke of York. So to Unthanke's to my wife, and with her and Deb. to visit Mrs. Pierce, whom I do not now so much affect, since she paints. But stayed here a while, and understood from her how my Lady Duchesse of Monmouth is still lame, and likely always to be so,[3] which is a sad chance for a young [lady] to get, only by trying of tricks in dancing. So home, and there Captain Deane[4] come and spent the evening with me, to draw some finishing lines on his fine draught of "The Resolution," [5] the best ship, by all report, in the world, and so to bed. Wonderful hot all day and night, and this the first night that I remember in my life that ever I could lie with only a sheet and one rug. So much I am now stronger than ever I remember myself, at least since before I had the stone.

16th. Up, and to the office, where Yeabsly and Lanyon come to town and to speak with me about a matter wherein they are accused of cheating the

[1] Tempest and Wallington were members of the Music Society referred to in note to September 15th, 1667.—B.

[2] The name of Abraham Bossc appears in the index to Walpole's "Catalogue of Engravers."

[3] See May 9th and 15th, 1668, *ante*.

[4] Captain Deane (afterwards Sir Anthony) was at this time master shipwright of Harwich.

[5] Captain Silas Taylor wrote to Williamson from Harwich, December 7th, 1667: "The 'Resolution,' a beautiful third-rate ship, was launched, and swims a fine sight in the water" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1667–68, p. 65).

King before the Lords' Commissioners of Tangier, and I doubt it true, but I have no hand in it, but will serve them what I can. All the morning at the office, and at noon dined at home, and then to the office again, where we met to finish the draft of the Victualler's contract, and so I by water with my Lord Brouncker to Arundell House, to the Royall Society, and there saw an experiment[1] of a dog's being tied through the back, about the spinal artery, and thereby made void of all motion; and the artery being loosened again, the dog recovers. Thence to Cooper's, and saw his advance on my wife's picture, which will be indeed very fine. So with her to the 'Change, to buy some things, and here I first bought of the sempstress next my bookseller's, where the pretty young girl is, that will be a great beauty. So home, and to supper with my wife in the garden, it being these two days excessively hot, and so to bed.

17th. Up, and fitted myself to discourse before the Council about business of tickets. So to White Hall, where waited on the Duke of York, and then the Council about that business; and I did discourse to their liking, only was too high to assert that nothing could be invented to secure the King more in the business of tickets[2] than there is; which the Duke of Buckingham did except against, and I could have answered, but forbore; but all liked very well. Thence home, and with my wife and Deb. to the King's House to see a play revived called The ——, a sorry mean play, that vexed us to sit in so much heat of the weather to hear it. Thence to see Betty Michell newly lain in, and after a little stay we took water and to Spring Garden, and there walked, and supped, and staid late, and with much pleasure, and to bed. The weather excessive hot, so as we were forced to lie in two beds, and I only with a sheet and rug, which is colder than ever I remember I could bear.

18th. At the office all the morning. At noon dined at home and Creed with me, who I do really begin to hate, and do use him with some reservedness. Here was also my old acquaintance, Will Swan,[3] to see me, who continues a factious fanatick still, and I do use him civilly, in expectation that those fellows may grow great again. Thence to the office, and then with my wife to the 'Change and Unthanke's, after having been at Cooper's and sat there for her picture, which will be a noble picture, but yet I think not so like as Hales's is. So home and to my office, and then to walk in the garden, and home to supper and to bed. They say the King of France is making a war

[1] "July 16, 1668. The experiment of Mr. Steno was tried, according to his method, before the Society by Dr. King, and succeeded, so as the dog, upon whom it was made, was seen to be deprived of all motion below the part, where the descending artery was tied, which was upon the top of the spine by a needle passed through between the 8th and 9th ribs."—Birch's *History of the Royal Society*, vol. ii., p. 306.

[2] The report of the Principal Officers and Commissioners of the Navy on the Seamen's Tickets, signed by Lord Brouncker, Commissioners Middleton, Sir William Penn, and S. Pepys, which was read at the Court at Whitehall, July 17th, 1668, is printed in Penn's "Memorials of Sir W. Penn," vol. ii., p. 507.

[3] See June 22nd and December 5th, 1662, *ante*.

again, in Flanders, with the King of Spain; the King of Spain refusing to give him all that he says was promised him in the treaty. Creed told me this day how when the King was at my Lord Cornwallis's,[1] when he went last to Newmarket, that being there on a Sunday, the Duke of Buckingham did in the afternoon to please the King make a bawdy sermon to him out of Canticles, and that my Lord Cornwallis did endeavour to get the King a whore, and that must be a pretty girl the daughter of the parson of the place, but that she did get away, and leaped off of some place and killed herself, which if true is very sad.

19th (Lord's day). Up, and to my chamber, and there I up and down in the house spent the morning getting things ready against noon, when come Mr. Cooper, Hales, Harris, Mr. Butler, that wrote Hudibras, and Mr. Cooper's cozen Jacke; and by and by comes Mr. Reeves and his wife, whom I never saw before: and there we dined: a good dinner, and company that pleased me mightily, being all eminent men in their way. Spent all the afternoon in talk and mirth, and in the evening parted, and then my wife and I to walk in the garden, and so home to supper, Mrs. Turner and husband and daughter with us, and then to bed.

20th. Up, and to the office, where Mrs. Daniel comes. . . . All the morning at the office. Dined at home, then with Mr. Colvill to the new Excise Office in Aldersgate Street, and thence back to the Old Exchange, to see a very noble fine lady I spied as I went through, in coming; and there took occasion to buy some gloves, and admire her, and a mighty fine fair lady indeed she was. Thence idling all the afternoon to Duck Lane, and there saw my bookseller's moher, but get no ground there yet; and here saw Mrs. Michell's daughter married newly to a bookseller, and she proves a comely little grave woman. So to visit my Lord Crew, who is very sick, to great danger, by an irisipulus;[2] the first day I heard of it, and so home, and took occasion to buy a rest for my espinette at the ironmonger's by Holborn Conduit, where the fair pretty woman is that I have lately observed there, and she is pretty, and je credo vain enough. Thence home and busy till night, and so to bed.

21st. Up, and to St. James's, but lost labour, the Duke abroad. So home to the office, where all the morning, and so to dinner, and then all the afternoon at the office, only went to my plate-maker's, and there spent an hour about contriving my little plates,[3] for my books of the King's four Yards. At night walked in the garden, and supped and to bed, my eyes bad.

22nd. All the morning at the office. Dined at home, and then to White Hall with Symson the joyner, and after attending at the Committee of the

[1] At Culford, in Suffolk.

[2] Erysipelas.

[3] This passage has been frequently quoted as referring to Pepys's small bookplate, with his initials S. P. and two anchors and ropes entwined; but if looked at carefully with the further reference on the 27th (*post*), it will be seen that it merely describes the preparation of engravings of the four dockyards.

Navy about the old business of tickets, where the only expedient they have found is to bind the Commanders and Officers by oaths. The Duke of York told me how the Duke of Buckingham, after the Council the other day, did make mirth at my position, about the sufficiency of present rules in the business of tickets; and here I took occasion to desire a private discourse with the Duke of York, and he granted it to me on Friday next. So to shew Symson the King's new lodgings for his chimnies, which I desire to have one built in that mode, and so I home, and with little supper, to bed. This day a falling out between my wife and Deb., about a hood lost, which vexed me.

23rd. Up, and all day long, but at dinner, at the Office, at work, till I was almost blind, which makes my heart sad.

24th. Up, and by water to St. James's, having, by the way, shewn Symson Sir W. Coventry's chimney-pieces, in order to the making me one;[1] and there, after the Duke of York was ready, he called me to his closet; and there I did long and largely show him the weakness of our Office, and did give him advice to call us to account for our duties, which he did take mighty well, and desired me to draw up what I would have him write to the Office.[2] I did lay open the whole failings of the Office, and how it was his duty to find them, and to find fault with them, as Admiral, especially at this time, which he agreed to, and seemed much to rely on what I said. Thence to White Hall, and there waited to attend the Council, but was not called in, and so home, and after dinner back with Sir J. Minnes by coach, and there attended, all of us, the Duke of York, and had the hearing of Mr. Pett's business,[3] the Master-Shipwright at Chatham, and I believe he will be put out. But here Commissioner Middleton did, among others, shew his good-nature and easiness to the Masters-Attendants, by mitigating their faults, so as, I believe, they will come in again. So home, and to supper and to bed, the Duke of York staying with us till almost night.

25th. Up, and at the Office all the morning; and at noon, after dinner, to Cooper's, it being a very rainy day, and there saw my wife's picture go on, which will be very fine indeed. And so home again to my letters, and then to supper and to bed.

26th (Lord's day). Up, and all the morning and after dinner, the afternoon also, with W. Hewer in my closet, setting right my Tangier Accounts, which I have let alone these six months and more, but find them very right, and is my great comfort. So in the evening to walk with my wife, and to supper and to bed.

[1] See August 14th, *post*.

[2] See August 27th, *post*.

[3] Phineas Pett. The "Revocation of letters patent formerly granted to Phineas Pett, his Majesty's shipwright at Chatham," is dated September 28th, 1668 ("Calendar of State Papers," 1667–68, p. 607). His career, however, was not closed, for in 1675 he was master shipwright at Woolwich, and in 1680 he was appointed Comptroller of the Stores, and knighted. He was Commissioner at Chatham from 1685 to 1689.

27th. Busy all the morning at my office. At noon dined, and then I out of doors to my bookseller in Duck Lane, but su moher not at home, and it was pretty here to see a pretty woman pass by with a little wanton look, and je did sequi her round about the street from Duck Lane to Newgate Market, and then elle did turn back, and je did lose her. And so to see my Lord Crew, whom I find up; and did wait on him; but his face sore, but in hopes to do now very well again. Thence to Cooper's, where my wife's picture almost done, and mighty fine indeed. So over the water with my wife, and Deb., and Mercer, to Spring-Garden, and there eat and walked; and observe how rude some of the young gallants of the town are become, to go into people's arbours where there are not men, and almost force the women; which troubled me, to see the confidence of the vice of the age: and so we away by water, with much pleasure home. This day my plate-maker comes with my four little plates of the four Yards, cost me £5, which troubles me, but yet do please me also.

28th. All the morning at the office, and after dinner with my wife and Deb. to the Duke of York's playhouse, and there saw "The Slighted Maid," [1] but a mean play; and thence home, there being little pleasure now in a play, the company being but little. Here we saw Gosnell, who is become very homely, and sings meanly, I think, to what I thought she did.

29th. Busy all the morning at the office. So home to dinner, where Mercer, and there comes Mr. Swan, my old acquaintance, and dines with me, and tells me, for a certainty, that Creed is to marry Betty Pickering, and that the thing is concluded, which I wonder at, and am vexed for. So he gone I with my wife and two girls to the King's house, and saw "The Mad Couple," [2] a mean play altogether, and thence to Hyde Parke, where but few coaches, and so to the New Exchange, and thence by water home, with much pleasure, and then to sing in the garden, and so home to bed, my eyes for these four days being my trouble, and my heart thereby mighty sad.

30th. Up, and by water to White Hall. There met with Mr May, who was giving directions about making a close way for people to go dry from the gate up into the House, to prevent their going through the galleries; which will be very good. I staid and talked with him about the state of the King's Offices in general, and how ill he is served, and do still find him an excellent person, and so back to the office. So close at my office all the afternoon till evening, and then out with my wife to the New Exchange, and so back again.

31st. Up, and at my office all the morning. About noon with Mr. Ashburnham[3] to the new Excise Office, and there discoursed about our business, and I made him admire my drawing a thing presently in shorthand: but, God knows! I have paid dear for it, in my eyes. Home and to dinner, and then my wife and Deb. and I, with Sir J. Minnes, to White Hall, she going hence

[1] A comedy by Sir Robert Stapylton (see February 23rd, 1662–63).
[2] A comedy by the Hon. James Howard (see September 20th, 1667).
[3] William Ashburnham, the cofferer.

to the New Exchange, and the Duke of York not being in the way, Sir J. Minnes and I to her and took them two to the King's house, to see the first day of Lacy's "Monsieur Ragou," [1] now new acted. The King and Court all there, and mighty merry—a farce. Thence Sir J. Minnes giving us, like a gentleman, his coach, hearing we had some business, we to the Park, and so home. Little pleasure there, there being little company, but mightily taken with a little chariot that we saw in the street, and which we are resolved to have ours like it. So home to walk in the garden a little, and then to bed. The month ends mighty sadly with me, my eyes being now past all use almost; and I am mighty hot upon trying the late printed experiment [2] of paper tubes.

August 1st. All the morning at the office. After dinner my wife, and Deb., and I, to the King's house again, coming too late yesterday to hear the prologue, and do like the play better now than before; and, indeed, there is a great deal of true wit in it, more than in the common sort of plays, and so home to my business, and at night to bed, my eyes making me sad.

2nd (Lord's day). Up and at home all the morning, hanging, and removing of some pictures, in my study and house. At noon Pelling dined with me. After dinner, I and Tom, my boy, by water up to Putney, and there heard a sermon, and many fine people in the church. Thence walked to Barne Elmes, and there, and going and coming, did make the boy read to me several things, being now-a-days unable to read myself anything, for above two lines together, but my eyes grow weary. Home about night, and so to supper and then to bed.

3rd. Up, and by water to White Hall and St. James's, where I did much business, and about noon meeting Dr. Gibbons, carried him to the Sun taverne, in King Street, and there made him, and some friends of his, drink; among others, Captain Silas Taylor, and here did get Gibbons to promise me some things for my flageolets. So to the Old Exchange, and then home to dinner, and so, Mercer dining with us, I took my wife and her and Deb. out to Unthanke's, while I to White Hall to the Commissioners of the Treasury, and so back to them and took them out to Islington, where we met with W. Joyce and his wife and boy, and there eat and drank, and a great deal of his idle talk, and so we round by Hackney home, and so to sing a little in the garden, and then to bed.

4th. Up, and to my office a little, and then to White Hall about a Committee for Tangier at my Lord Arlington's, where, by Creed's being out of town, I have the trouble given me of drawing up answers to the complaints of the Turks of Algiers, and so I have all the papers put into my hand. Here

[1] "The Old Troop; or, Monsieur Ragou," a comedy by John Lacey, printed in 1672, 4to.—B.

[2] An account of these tubulous spectacles ("An easy help for decayed sight") is given in "The Philosophical Transactions," No. 37, pp. 727–731 (Hutton's Abridgment, vol. i., p. 266). See Diary, August 12th and 23rd, *post*.

till noon, and then back to the Office, where sat a little, and then to dinner, and presently to the office, where come to me my Lord Bellassis, Lieutenant-Colonell Fitzgerald,[1] newly come from Tangier, and Sir Arthur Basset, and there I received their informations, and so, they being gone, I with my clerks and another of Lord Brouncker's, Seddon,[2] sat up till two in the morning, drawing up my answers and writing them fair, which did trouble me mightily to sit up so long, because of my eyes.

5th. So to bed about two o'clock, and then up about seven and to White Hall, where read over my report to Lord Arlington and Berkeley, and then afterward at the Council Board with great good liking, but, Lord! how it troubled my eyes, though I did not think I could have done it, but did do it, and was not very bad afterward. So home to dinner, and thence out to the Duke of York's playhouse, and there saw "The Guardian;" formerly the same, I find, that was called "Cutter of Coleman Street;" a silly play. And thence to Westminster Hall, where I met Fitzgerald; and with him to a tavern, to consider of the instructions for Sir Thomas Allen, against his going to Algiers; he and I being designed to go down to Portsmouth by the Council's order, and by and by he and I went to the Duke of York, who orders me to go down to-morrow morning. So I away home, and there bespeak a coach; and so home and to bed, my wife being abroad with the Mercers walking in the fields, and upon the water.

6th. Waked betimes, and my wife, at an hour's warning, is resolved to go with me, which pleases me, her readiness. But, before ready, comes a letter from Fitzgerald, that he is seized upon last night by an order of the General's by a file of musqueteers, and kept prisoner in his chamber. The Duke of York did tell me of it to-day: it is about a quarrel between him and Witham,[3] and they fear a challenge: so I to him, and sent my wife by the coach round to Lambeth. I lost my labour going to his lodgings, and he in bed: and, staying a great while for him, I at last grew impatient, and would stay no longer; but to St. James's to Mr. Wren, to bid him "God be with you!" and so over the water to Fox Hall; and there my wife and Deb. come and took me up, and we away to Gilford, losing our way for three or four mile, about Cobham. At Gilford we dined; and I shewed them the hospitall there of Bishop Abbot's,[4] and his tomb in the church, which, and the rest of the tombs there, are kept mighty clean and neat, with curtains before them. So to coach again, and got to Lippock,[5] late over Hindhead, having an old man, a guide, in the coach with us; but got thither with great fear of

[1] See September 24th, 1662, and April 29th, 1663.

[2] John Seddon was one of the four clerks of the Ticket Office, and, according to a MS. in the Pepysian Library (No. 2554), he was appointed to attend Pepys for the signing of tickets.

[3] Captain Edward Witham (see June 24th, 1664).

[4] George Abbot, Archbishop of Canterbury. Died 1633.

[5] Liphook, a village in Bramshott parish, Hants.

being out of our way, it being ten at night. Here good, honest people; and after supper, to bed. . . .

7th. Up, and to coach, and with a guide to Petersfield, where I find Sir Thomas Allen and Mr. Tippets[1] come; the first about the business, the latter only in respect to me; as also Fitzgerald, who come post all last night, and newly arrived here. We four sat down presently to our business, and in an hour despatched all our talk; and did inform Sir Thomas Allen well in it, who, I perceive, in serious matters, is a serious man: and tells me he wishes all we are told be true, in our defence; for he finds by all, that the Turks have, to this day, been very civil to our merchantmen every where; and, if they would have broke with us, they never had such an opportunity over our rich merchantmen, as lately, coming out of the Streights. Then to dinner, and pretty merry: and here was Mr. Martin, the purser, and dined with us, and wrote some things for us. And so took coach again back; Fitzgerald with us, whom I was pleased with all the day, with his discourse of his observations abroad, as being a great soldier and of long standing abroad: and knows all things and persons abroad very well—I mean, the great soldiers of France, and Spain, and Germany; and talks very well. Come at night to Gilford, where the Red Lyon so full of people, and a wedding, that the master of the house did get us a lodging over the way, at a private house, his landlord's, mighty neat and fine; and there supped and talked with the landlord and his wife: and so to bed with great content, only Fitzgerald lay at the Inne. So to bed.

8th. Up, and I walked out, and met Uncle Wight, whom I sent to last night, and Mr. Wight coming to see us, and I walked with them back to see my aunt at Katherine Hill, and there walked up and down the hill and places about: but a dull place, but good ayre, and the house dull. But here I saw my aunt, after many days not seeing her—I think, a year or two; and she walked with me to see my wife. And here, at the Red Lyon, we all dined together, and mighty merry, and then parted: and we home to Fox Hall, where Fitzgerald and I 'light, and by water to White Hall, where the Duke of York being abroad, I by coach and met my wife, who went round, and after doing at the office a little, and finding all well at home, I to bed. I hear that Colbert,[2] the French Ambassador, is come, and hath been at Court *incognito*. When he hath his audience, I know not.

9th (Lord's day). Up, and walked to Holborne, where got John Powell's coach at the Black Swan, and he attended me at St. James's, where waited on the Duke of York: and both by him and several of the Privy-Council, beyond expectation, I find that my going to Sir Thomas Allen was looked upon as a thing necessary: and I have got some advantage by it, among them. Thence to White Hall, and thence to visit Lord Brouncker, and back to

[1] Afterwards Sir John Tippetts. See April 24th, 1662.

[2] Charles Colbert, Marquis de Croissy, brother of Jean Baptiste Colbert, the great minister.—B.

White Hall, where saw the Queen and ladies; and so, with Mr. Slingsby, to Mrs. Williams's, thinking to dine with Lord Brouncker there, but did not, having promised my wife to come home, though here I met Knepp, to my great content. So home; and, after dinner, I took my wife and Deb. round by Hackney, and up and down to take the ayre; and then home, and made visits to Mrs. Turner, and Mrs. Mercer, and Sir W. Pen, who is come from Epsom not well, and Sir J. Minnes, who is not well neither. And so home to supper, and to set my books a little right, and then to bed. This day Betty Michell come and dined with us, the first day after her lying in, whom I was glad to see.

10th. Up, and by water to White Hall, and thence to Sir W. Coventry, but he is gone out of town this morning, so thence to my Lord Arlington's house, the first time I there since he come thither, at Goring House,[1] a very fine, noble place; and there he received me in sight of several Lords with great respect. I did give him an account of my journey; and here, while I waited for him a little, my Lord Orrery took notice of me, and begun discourse of hangings, and of the improvement of shipping: I not thinking that he knew me, but did then discover it, with a mighty compliment of my abilities and ingenuity, which I am mighty proud of; and he do speak most excellently. Thence to Westminster Hall, and so by coach to the old Exchange, and there did several businesses, and so home to dinner, and then abroad to Duck Lane, where I saw my belle femme of the book vendor, but had no opportunity para hazer con her. So away to Cooper's, where I spent all the afternoon with my wife and girl, seeing him make an end of her picture, which he did to my great content, though not so great as, I confess, I expected, being not satisfied in the greatness of the resemblance, nor in the blue garment: but it is most certainly a most rare piece of work, as to the painting.[2] He hath £30 for his work—and the chrystal, and case, and gold case comes to £8 3*s.* 4*d.*; and which I sent him this night, that I might be out of debt. Thence my people home, and I to Westminster Hall about a little business, and so by water home [to] supper, and my wife to read a ridiculous book I bought to-day of the History of the Taylors' Company,[3]

[1] Evelyn's "Diary," October 21st, 1674: "I went to see the great loss that Lord Arlington had sustained by fire at Goring House, this night consumed to the ground, with exceeding loss of hangings, plate, rare pictures, and cabinets; hardly anything was saved of the best and most princely furniture that any subject had in England."

[2] This miniature of Mrs. Pepys cannot be traced.—B.

[3] The title of this book was, "The Honour of the Merchant Taylors. Wherein is set forth the noble acts, valliant deeds, and heroick performances of Merchant Taylors in former ages; their honourable loves and knightly adventures, their combating of foreign enemies and glorious successes in honour of the English nation: together with their pious acts and large benevolences, their building of publick structures, especially that of Blackwell Hall, to be a market-place for the selling of woollen cloaths: Written by William Winstanley. Lond., 1668." 8vo. With the head of Sir Ralph Blackwell, with a gold chain: arms of London on the right, and of the Merchant Taylors on the left.—B.

and all the while Deb. did comb my head, and I did toker her with my main para very great pleasure, and so to bed.

11th. Up, and by water to Sir W. Coventry to visit him, whom I find yet troubled at the Commissioners of Accounts, about this business of Sir W. Warren, which is a ridiculous thing, and can come to nothing but contempt, and thence to Westminster Hall, where the Parliament met enough to adjourne, which they did, to the 10th of November next, and so by water home to the office, and so to dinner, and thence at the Office all the afternoon till night, being mightily pleased with a little trial I have made of the use of a tube-spectacall of paper, tried with my right eye. This day I hear that, to the great joy of the Nonconformists, the time is out of the Act against them, so that they may meet: and they have declared that they will have a morning lecture[1] up again, which is pretty strange; and they are connived at by the King every where, I hear, in City and country. So to visit W. Pen, who is yet ill, and then home, where W. Batelier and Mrs. Turner come and sat and supped with us, and so they gone we to bed. This afternoon my wife, and Mercer, and Deb., went with Pelling to see the gypsies at Lambeth,[2] and have their fortunes told; but what they did, I did not enquire.

12th. Up, and all the morning busy at my office. Thence to the Excise Office, and so to the Temple to take counsel about Major Nicholls's[3] business for the King. So to several places about business, and among others to Drumbleby's about the mouths for my paper tubes, and so to the 'Change and home. Met Captain Cocke, who tells me that he hears for certain the Duke of York will lose the authority of an Admiral, and be governed by a Committee: and all our Office changed; only they are in dispute whether I shall continue or no, which puts new thoughts in me, but I know not whether to be glad or sorry. Home to dinner, where Pelling dines with us, and brings some partridges, which is very good meat; and, after dinner, I, and wife, and Mercer, and Deb., to the Duke of York's house, and saw "Mackbeth,"

[1] During the troubled reign of Charles I. the House of Commons gave parishioners the right of appointing lecturers at the various churches without the consent of rector or vicar, and this naturally gave rise to many quarrels. In the early period of the war between the king and the parliament, a course of sermons or lectures was projected in aid of the parliamentary cause. These lectures, which were preached by eminent Presbyterian divines at seven o'clock on the Sunday mornings, were commenced in the church of St. Mary Magdalen in Milk Street, but were soon afterwards removed to St. Giles's, Cripplegate. After the Restoration the lectures were collected in four volumes, and published under the title of the "Cripplegate Morning Exercises," vol. i. in 1661; vol. ii. in 1674; vol. iii. in 1682; and vol. iv. in 1690. In addition there were two volumes which form a supplement to the work, viz., "The Morning Exercises methodized," preached at St. Giles's-in-the-Fields, edited by the Rev. Thomas Case in 1660, and the "Exercises against Popery," preached in Southwark, and published in 1675 (see Denton's "Records of St. Giles's, Cripplegate," 1883, pp. 55–56).

[2] Most probably at Norwood, in the parish of Lambeth, a place long famous as the resort of gipsies. Gipsy Hill is now a place of considerable size.

[3] Major Henry Nicholls, of Kilmaiden, Waterford, who undertook to clear the Medway of wrecks.

to our great content, and then home, where the women went to the making of my tubes,[1] and I to the office, and then come Mrs. Turner and her husband to advise about their son, the Chaplain, who is turned out of his ship, a sorrow to them, which I am troubled for, and do give them the best advice I can, and so they gone we to bed.

13th. Up, and Greeting comes, and there he and I tried some things of Mr. Locke's for two flageolets, to my great content, and this day my wife begins again to learn of him; for I have a great mind for her to be able to play a part with me. Thence I to the Office, where all the afternoon [morning?], and then to dinner, where W. Howe dined with me, who tells me for certain that Creed is like to speed in his match with Mrs. Betty Pickering. Here dined with me also Mr. Hollier, who is mighty vain in his pretence to talk Latin. So to the Office again all the afternoon till night, very busy, and so with much content home, and made my wife sing and play on the flageolet to me till I slept with great pleasure in bed.

14th. Up, and by water to White Hall and St. James's, and to see Sir W. Coventry, and discourse about business of our Office, telling him my trouble there, to see how things are ordered. I told him also what Cocke told me the other day, but he says there is not much in it, though he do know that this hath been in the eye of some persons to compass for the turning all things in the navy, and that it looks so like a popular thing as that he thinks something may be done in it, but whether so general or no, as I tell it him, he knows not. Thence to White Hall, and there wait at the Council-chamber door a good while, talking with one or other, and so home by water, though but for a little while, because I am to return to White Hall. At home I find Symson, putting up my new chimney-piece,[2] in our great chamber, which is very fine, but will cost a great deal of money, but it is not flung away. So back to White Hall, and after the council up, I with Mr. Wren, by invitation, to Sir Stephen Fox's to dinner, where the Cofferer[3] and Sir Edward Savage;[4] where many good stories is of the antiquity and estates of many families at this day in Cheshire, and that part of the kingdom, more than what on this side, near London. My Lady [Fox] dining with us; a very good lady, and a family governed so nobly and neatly as do me good to see it. Thence the Cofferer, Sir Stephen, and I to the Commissioners of the Treasury about business: and so I up to the Duke of York, who enquired for what I had promised him, about my observations of the miscarriages of our Office;[5]

[1] The paper tubes for his eyes. See July 31st, *ante*.

[2] See July 24th, *ante*.

[3] William Ashburnham.

[4] He was probably of the family of Savage, seated at Frodsham, in Cheshire; and had been attached to the royal cause. According to Kennet ("Chronicle," p. 869), he married the widow of Sir Richard Smith, one of the king's privy council.—B.

[5] This refers to the letter on the affairs of the office which Pepys prepared, and respecting which, and the proceedings which grew out of it, so many references are made in future pages of the Diary.

and I told him he should have it next week, being glad he called for it; for I find he is concerned to do something, and to secure himself thereby, I believe: for the world is labouring to eclipse him, I doubt; I mean, the factious part of the Parliament. The Office met this afternoon as usual, and waited on him; where, among other things, he talked a great while of his intentions of going to Dover soon, to be sworn as Lord Warden,[1] which is a matter of great ceremony and state, and so to the Temple with Mr. Wren, to the Attorney's chamber, about business, but he abroad, and so I home, and there spent the evening talking with my wife and piping, and pleased with our chimney-piece, and so to bed.

15th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning busy, and after dinner with my wife, Mercer, and Deb., to the King's playhouse, and there saw "Love's Mistresse" [2] revived, the thing pretty good, but full of variety of divertisement. So home and to my business at the office, my eyes bad again, and so to bed.

16th (Lord's day). All the morning at my Office with W. Hewer, there drawing up my Report to the Duke of York, as I have promised, about the faults of this Office, hoping thereby to have opportunity of doing myself [something]. At noon to dinner, and again with him to work all the afternoon till night, till I was weary and had despatched a good deal of business, and so to bed after hearing my wife read a little.

17th. Up, and by water to White Hall, and so to St. James's, and thence with Mr. Wren by appointment in his coach to Hampstead, to speak with the Atturney-general,[3] whom we met in the fields, by his old route and house; and after a little talk about our business of Ackeworth,[4] went and saw the Lord Wotton's[5] house[6] and garden, which is wonderfull fine: too good for the house the gardens are, being, indeed, the most noble that ever I saw,

[1] Of the Cinque Ports.

[2] A play by Thomas Heywood (see March 2nd, 1660–61).

[3] Sir Geoffry Palmer, Bart. He died at his house at Hampstead, May 1st, 1670.—B.

[4] William Acworth, storekeeper at Woolwich Dockyard.

[5] Poliander de Kirkhoven, Lord of Hemfleet, in Holland, married Katherine, widow of Henry, Lord Stanhope, eldest son of Philip, Earl of Chesterfield, who died *vitâ patris*. She was one of the four daughters and co-heirs of Thomas, Lord Wotton; and her son, Charles Henry Kirkhoven, here mentioned, was created Lord Wotton, of Wotton, in Kent, in 1650, by reason of his descent, and Earl of Bellemont, in Ireland, in 1670. He died without issue in 1682.—B.

[6] Belsyze House, in the parish of Hampstead, was for many years the residence of the Wood family, as lessees under the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, in whom the property is still vested. When Pepys visited the place, it was the chief seat of Charles Henry Kirkhoven, Lord Wotton, above mentioned. That mansion, long since pulled down, had become, in 1720, a house of public entertainment, and was much in vogue, and continued open as late as 1745.—B. The manor house was situated at the corner where Belsize Park Gardens and Belsize Grove meet. The site is now occupied by a building of residential flats. See Lysons's "Environs" and Park's "History of Hampstead."

and brave orange and lemon trees. Thence to Mr. Chichley's[1] by invitation, and there dined with Sir John, his father not coming home. And while at dinner comes by the French Embassador Colbert's mules, the first I ever saw, with their sumpter-clothes mighty rich, and his coaches, he being to have his entry to-day: but his things, though rich, are not new; supposed to be the same his brother[2] had the other day, at the treaty at Aix-la-Chapelle, in Flanders. Thence to the Duke of York's house, and there saw "Cupid's Revenge,"[3] under the new name of "Love Despised," that hath something very good in it, though I like not the whole body of it. This day the first time acted here. Thence home, and there with Mr. Hater and W. Hewer late, reading over all the principal officers' instructions in order to my great work upon my hand, and so to bed, my eyes very ill.

18th. Up, and to my office about my great business betimes, and so to the office, where all the morning. At noon dined, and then to the office all the afternoon also, and in the evening to Sir W. Coventry's, but he not within, I took coach alone to the Park, to try to meet him there, but did not; but there were few coaches, but among the few there were in two coaches our two great beauties, my Lady Castlemayne and Richmond; the first time I saw the latter since she had the smallpox. I had much pleasure to see them, but I thought they were strange one to another. Thence going out I met a coach going, which I thought had Knepp in it, so I went back, but it was not she. So back to White Hall and there took water, and so home, and busy late about my great letter to the Duke of York, and so to supper and to bed. . . .

19th. Up betimes, and all day and afternoon without going out, busy upon my great letter to the Duke of York, which goes on to my content. W. Hewer and Gibson I employ with me in it. This week my people wash, over the water, and so I little company at home. In the evening, being busy above, a great cry I hear, and go down; and what should it be but Jane, in a fit of direct raving, which lasted half-an-hour. Beyond four or five of our strength to keep her down; and, when all come to all, a fit of jealousy about Tom, with whom she is in love. So at night, I, and my wife, and W. Hewer called them to us, and there I did examine all the thing, and them, in league. She in love, and he hath got her to promise him to marry, and he is now cold in it, so that I must rid my hands of them, which troubles me, and the more because my head is now busy upon other greater things. I am vexed also to be told by W. Hewer that he is summoned to the Commissioners of Accounts about receiving a present of £30 from Mr. Mason, the timber merchant, though there be no harm in it, that will appear on his part, he having done

[1] In Great Queen Street.

[2] A mistake of Pepys's. Colbert de Croissy, then in England, had himself been the French Plenipotentiary at Aix-la-Chapelle.—B.

[3] By Beaumont and Fletcher, and first published in 1615. Downes mentions the revival, but not the change of name.

them several lawful kindnesses and never demanded anything, as they themselves have this day declared to the Commissioners, they being forced up by the discovery of somebody that they in confidence had once told it to. So to supper vexed and my head full of care, and so to bed.

20th. Betimes at my business again, and so to the office, and dined with Brouncker and J. Minnes, at Sir W. Pen's at a bad pasty of venison, and so to work again, and at it till past twelve at night, that I might get my great letter[1] to the Duke of York ready against to-morrow, which I shall do, to my great content. So to bed.

21st. Up betimes, and with my people again to work, and finished all before noon: and then I by water to White Hall, and there did tell the Duke of York that I had done; and he hath to my great content desired me to come to him at Sunday next in the afternoon, to read it over, by which I have more time to consider and correct it. So back home and to the 'Change, in my way calling at Morris', my vintner's, where I love to see su moher, though no acquaintance accostais this day con her. Did several things at the 'Change, and so home to dinner. After dinner I by coach to my bookseller's in Duck Lane, and there did spend a little time and regarder su moher, and so to St. James's, where did a little ordinary business; and by and by comes Monsieur Colbert, the French Embassador, to make his first visit to the Duke of York, and then to the Duchess: and I saw it: a silly piece of ceremony, he saying only a few formal words. A comely man, and in a black suit and cloak of silk, which is a strange fashion, now it hath been so long left off. This day I did first see the Duke of York's room of pictures of some Maids of Honour, done by Lilly:[2] good, but not like. Thence to Reeves's, and bought a reading-glass, and so to my bookseller's again, there to buy a Book of Martyrs,[3] which I did agree for; and so, after seeing and beginning acquaintance con his femme, but very little, away home, and there busy very late at the correcting my great letter to the Duke of York, and so to bed.

22nd. Up betimes, at it again with great content, and so to the Office, where all the morning, and did fall out with W. Pen about his slight performance of his office, and so home to dinner, fully satisfied that this Office must sink or the whole Service be undone. To the office all the afternoon again, and then home to supper and to bed, my mind being pretty well at ease, my great letter being now finished to my full content; and I thank God I have opportunity of doing it, though I know it will set the Office and me

[1] In the Pepysian Library is a MS. (No. 2242), entitled, "Papers conteyning my addresse to his Royall Highnesse James Duke of Yorke, Lord High Admirall of England, &c., by letter dated the 20 of August, 1668, humbly tendering him my advice touching the present State of the Office of the Navy, with his Royall Highness's proceedings upon the same, and their result."

[2] The set of portraits known as "King Charles's Beauties," formerly in Windsor Castle, but now at Hampton Court.—B.

[3] The popular name of John Fox's "Acts and Monuments," first published in 1562–63.

by the ears for ever. This morning Captain Cocke comes, and tells me that he is now assured that it is true, what he told me the other day, that our whole Office will be turned out, only me, which, whether he says true or no, I know not, nor am much concerned, though I should be better contented to have it thus than otherwise. This afternoon, after I was weary in my business of the office, I went forth to the 'Change, thinking to have spoke with Captain Cocke, but he was not within. So I home, and took London-bridge in my way; walking down Fish Street and Gracious Street, to see how very fine a descent they have now made down the hill, that it is become very easy and pleasant, and going through Leaden-Hall, it being market-day, I did see a woman catched, that had stolen a shoulder of mutton off of a butcher's stall, and carrying it wrapt up in a cloth, in a basket. The jade was surprised, and did not deny it, and the woman so silly, as to let her go that took it, only taking the meat.

23rd (Lord's day). Up betimes, my head busy in my great letter, and I did first hang up my new map of Paris in my green room, and changed others in other places. Then to Captain Cocke's, thinking to have talked more of what he told me yesterday, but he was not within. So back to church, and heard a good sermon of Mr. Gifford's at our church, upon "Seek ye first the kingdom of Heaven and its righteousness, and all these things shall be added to you." A very excellent and persuasive, good and moral sermon. Shewed, like a wise man, that righteousness is a surer moral way of being rich, than sin and villainy. Then home to dinner, where Mr. Pelling, who brought us a hare, which we had at dinner, and W. Howe. After dinner to the Office, Mr. Gibson and I, to examine my letter to the Duke of York, which, to my great joy, I did very well by my paper tube, without pain to my eyes. And I do mightily like what I have therein done; and did, according to the Duke of York's order, make haste to St. James's, and about four o'clock got thither: and there the Duke of York was ready, to expect me, and did hear it all over with extraordinary content; and did give me many and hearty thanks, and in words the most expressive tell me his sense of my good endeavours, and that he would have a care of me on all occasions; and did, with much inwardness,[1] tell me what was doing, suitable almost to what Captain Cocke tells me, of designs to make alterations in the Navy; and is most open to me in them, and with utmost confidence desires my further advice on all occasions: and he resolves to have my letter transcribed, and sent forthwith to the Office. So, with as much satisfaction as I could possibly, or did hope for, and obligation on the Duke of York's side professed to me, I away into the Park, and there met Mr. Pierce and his wife, and sister and brother, and a little boy, and with them to Mulberry Garden, and spent 18*s.* on them, and there left them, she being again with child, and by it, the least pretty that ever I saw her. And so I away, and got a coach, and home, and there with my wife and W. Hewer, talking all the evening,

[1] *i.e.*, intimacy.

my mind running on the business of the Office, to see what more I can do to the rendering myself acceptable and useful to all, and to the King. We to supper, and to bed.

24th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning upon considerations on the Victualler's contract, and then home to dinner, where my wife is upon hanging the long chamber, where the girl lies, with the sad stuff [1] that was in the best chamber, in order to the hanging that with tapestry. So to dinner, and then to the office again, where all the afternoon till night, we met to discourse upon the alterations which are propounded to be made in the draft of the victualler's contract which we did lately make, and then we being up comes Mr. Child,[2] Papillion and Littleton, his partners, to discourse upon the matter with me, which I did, and spent all the evening with them at the office, and so, they being gone, I to supper and talk with my wife, and so to bed.

25th. Up, and by water to St. James's, and there, with Mr. Wren, did discourse about my great letter, which the Duke of York hath given him: and he hath set it to be transcribed by Billings, his man, whom, as he tells me, he can most confide in for secresy, and is much pleased with it, and earnest to have it be; and he and I are like to be much together in the considering how to reform the Office, and that by the Duke of York's command. Thence I, mightily pleased with this success, away to the Office, where all the morning, my head full of this business. And it is pretty how Lord Brouncker this day did tell me how he hears that a design is on foot to remove us out of the Office: and proposes that we two do agree to draw up a form of a new constitution of the Office, there to provide remedies for the evils we are now under, so that we may be beforehand with the world, which I agree to, saying nothing of my design; and, the truth is, he is the best man of them all, and I would be glad, next myself, to save him; for, as he deserves best, so I doubt he needs his place most. So home to dinner at noon, and all the afternoon busy at the office till night, and then with my mind full of business now in my head, I to supper and to bed.

26th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning almost, busy about business against the afternoon, and we met a little to sign two or three things at the Board of moment, and thence at noon home to dinner, and so away to White Hall by water. In my way to the Old Swan,[3] finding a great many people gathered together in Cannon Street about a man that was working in the ruins, and the ground did sink under him, and he sunk in, and was forced to be dug out again, but without hurt. Thence to White Hall, and it is strange to say with what speed [4] the people employed do pull down

[1] Stuff of a sad colour.—B.

[2] Josiah Child and Thomas Papillon were partners in the Victualling business.

[3] In Upper Thames Street.

[4] The stones fell so fast that Pepys felt a sensation like sea-sickness! See September 14th, 1668, *post*.—B.

Paul's steeple, and with what ease: it is said that it, and the choir are to be taken down this year,[1] and another church begun in the room thereof, the next. At White Hall we met at the Treasury chamber, and there before the Lords did debate our draft of the victualling contract with the several bidders for it, which were Sir D. Gawden, Mr. Child and his fellows, and Mr. Dorrington and his, a poor variety in a business of this value. There till after candle-lighting, and so home by coach with Sir D. Gawden, who, by the way, tells me how the City do go on in several things towards the building of the public places, which I am glad to hear; and gives hope that in a few years it will be a glorious place; but we met with several stops and new troubles in the way in the streets, so as makes it bad to travel in the dark now through the City. So I to Mr. Batelier's by appointment, where I find my wife, and Deb., and Mercer; Mrs. Pierce and her husband, son, and daughter; and Knepp and Harris, and W. Batelier, and his sister Mary, and cozen Gumbleton, a good-humoured, fat young gentleman, son to the Jeweller, that dances well; and here danced all night long, with a noble supper; and about two in the morning the table spread again for a noble breakfast beyond all moderation, that put me out of countenance, so much and so good. Mrs. Pierce and her people went home betimes, she being big with child; but Knepp and the rest staid till almost three in the morning, and then broke up.

27th. Knepp home with us, and I to bed, and rose about six, mightily pleased with last night's mirth, and away by water to St. James's, and there, with Mr. Wren, did correct his copy of my letter, which the Duke of York hath signed in my very words, without alteration of a syllable.[2] And so pleased therewith, I to my Lord Brouncker, who I find within, but hath business, and so comes not to the Office to-day. And so I by water to the Office, where we sat all the morning; and, just as the Board rises, comes the Duke of York's letter, which I knowing, and the Board not being full, and desiring rather to have the Duke of York deliver it himself to us, I suppressed it for this day, my heart beginning to falsify in this business, as being doubtful of the trouble it may give me by provoking them; but, however, I am resolved to go through it, and it is too late to help it now. At noon to dinner to Captain Cocke's, where I met with Mr. Wren; my going being to tell him what I have done, which he likes, and to confer with Cocke about our Office; who tells me that he is confident the design of removing our Of-

[1] On July 25th, 1668, a royal warrant was issued for taking down the walls of old St. Paul's, removing the tower and choir, and clearing the ground for the foundation of the east end, with a view to the construction of a new choir for temporary use. The first stone of Wren's building was not laid until June 21st, 1675.

[2] A copy of this letter is in the British Museum, Harl. MS. 6003. See July 24th, *ante*, and August 29th, *post*. In the Pepysian Collection are the following: An Inquisition, by his Royal Highness the Duke of York, when Lord High Admiral of England, into the Management of the Navy, 1668, with his Regulations thereon, fol. Also Mr. Pepys's Defence of the same upon an Inquisition thereunto by Parliament, 1669, fol.—B.

ficers do hold, but that he is sure that I am safe enough. Which pleases me, though I do not much shew it to him, but as a thing indifferent. So away home, and there met at Sir Richard Ford's with the Duke of York's Commissioners about our Prizes, with whom we shall have some trouble before we make an end with them, and hence, staying a little with them, I with my wife, and W. Batelier, and Deb.; carried them to Bartholomew Fayre, where we saw the dancing of the ropes and nothing else, it being late, and so back home to supper and to bed, after having done at my office.

28th. Busy at the office till toward 10 o'clock, and then by water to White Hall, where attending the Council's call all the morning with Lord Brouncker, W. Pen, and the rest, about the business of supernumeraries in the fleete, but were not called in. But here the Duke of York did call me aside, and told me that he must speak with me in the afternoon, with Mr. Wren, for that now he hath got the paper from my Lord Keeper[1] about the exceptions taken against the management of the Navy; and so we are to debate upon answering them. At noon I home with W. Coventry to his house; and there dined with him, and talked freely with him; and did acquaint him with what I have done, which he is well pleased with, and glad of: and do tell me that there are endeavours on foot to bring the Navy into new, but, he fears, worse hands. After much talk with great content with him, I walked to the Temple, and staid at Starky's, my bookseller's (looking over Dr. Heylin's new book of the Life of Bishop Laud,[2] a strange book of the Church History of his time), till Mr. Wren comes, and by appointment we to the Atturney General's chamber, and there read and heard the witnesses in the business of Ackeworth, most troublesome and perplexed by the counter swearing of the witnesses one against the other, and so with Mr. Wren away thence to St. [James's] for his papers, and so to White Hall, and after the Committee was done at the Council-chamber about the business of Supernumeraries, wherein W. Pen was to do all and did, but like an ignorant illiterate coxcomb, the Duke of York fell to work with us, the Committee being gone, in the Council-chamber; and there, with his own hand, did give us his long letter, telling us that he had received several from us, and now did give us one from him, taking notice of our several duties and failures, and desired answer to it, as he therein desired; this pleased me well; and so fell to other business, and then parted. And the Duke of York, and Wren, and I, it being now candle-light, into the Duke of York's closet in White Hall; and there read over this paper of my Lord Keeper's, wherein are laid down the faults of the Navy, so silly, and the remedies so ridiculous, or else the same that are now already provided, that we thought it not to need any answer, the Duke of York being able himself to do it: that so it makes us admire the confidence of these men to offer things so silly, in a business of

[1] Sir Orlando Bridgman.

[2] Peter Heylin's "Cyprianus Anglicus, or the History of the Life and Death of William Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury," was first published in 1668.

such moment. But it is a most perfect instance of the complexion of the times! and so the Duke of York said himself, who, I perceive, is mightily concerned in it, and do, again and again, recommend it to Mr. Wren and me together, to consider upon remedies fit to provide for him to propound to the King, before the rest of the world, and particularly the Commissioners of Accounts, who are men of understanding and order, to find our faults, and offer remedies of their own, which I am glad of, and will endeavour to do something in it. So parted, and with much difficulty, by candle-light, walked over the Matted Gallery, as it is now with the mats and boards all taken up, so that we walked over the rafters. But strange to see what hard matter the plaister of Paris is, that is there taken up, as hard as stone! And pity to see Holben's[1] work in the ceiling blotted on, and only whited over! Thence, with much ado, by several coaches home, to supper and to bed. My wife having been this day with Hales, to sit for her hand to be mended, in her picture.

29th. Up, and all the morning at the Office, where the Duke of York's long letter was read, to their great trouble, and their suspecting me to have been the writer of it. And at noon comes, by appointment, Harris to dine with me: and after dinner he and I to Chyrurgeon's-hall, where they are building it new, very fine; and there to see their theatre, which stood all the fire, and, which was our business, their great picture of Holben's,[2] thinking to have bought it, by the help of Mr. Pierce, for a little money: I did think to give £200 for it, it being said to be worth £1,000; but it is so spoiled that I have no mind to it, and is not a pleasant, though a good picture. Thence carried Harris to his playhouse, where, though four o'clock, so few people there at "The Impertinents," as I went out; and do believe they did not act, though there was my Lord Arlington and his company there. So I out, and met my wife in a coach, and stopped her going thither to meet me; and took her, and Mercer, and Deb., to Bartholomew Fair, and there did see a ridicu-

[1] Although Holbein began working at Whitehall Palace in 1538, there is no mention of his work on the ceiling, and Wornum was puzzled by this entry.—See *Some Account of the Life and Works of Hans Holbein*, by R. N. Wornum, p. 309 (note).

[2] The picture here mentioned still adorns the Court Room at Barber Surgeons' Hall, in Monkwell Street. It represents Henry VIII. in the act of delivering the charter to the company, 1541, and contains eighteen figures. There has been much discussion over the merits of the picture and Holbein's share in its production. As the painter died in 1543 there can be little doubt but that the picture was finished by another hand. The late Mr. Wornum, the biographer of Holbein, wrote, "There can be no question of the genuineness of the picture in its foundation," but he was "disposed to believe that Holbein never did finish it;" whilst, from the great inferiority of the second series of heads on the left of the king, in which there is no trace of Holbein's hand, he considered that "these must have been added later." We are not told whether the company named any price, even if our journalist had been inclined to the speculation. A fine print from the picture was made by B. Baron in 1736. James I. wrote to the company in 1618 to have the picture copied. This copy is supposed to be the one in the possession of the College of Surgeons, which was purchased in 1786 by the college at Desenfans' sale.—B.

ous obscene little stage-play, called "Marry Andrey;" [1] a foolish thing, but seen by every body; and so to Jacob Hall's[2] dancing of the ropes; a thing worth seeing, and mightily followed, and so home and to the office, and then to bed. Writing to my father to-night not to unfurnish our house in the country for my sister, who is going to her own house, because I think I may have occasion myself to come thither; and so I do, by our being put out of the Office, which do not at all trouble me to think of.

30th (Lord's day). Walked to St. James's and Pell Mell, and read over, with Sir W. Coventry, my long letter to the Duke of York, and which the Duke of York hath, from mine, wrote to the Board, wherein he is mightily pleased, and I perceive do put great value upon me, and did talk very openly on all matters of State, and how some people have got the bit into their mouths, meaning the Duke of Buckingham and his party, and would likely run away with all. But what pleased me mightily was to hear the good character he did give of my Lord Falmouth for his generosity, good-nature, desire of public good, and low thoughts of his own wisdom; his employing his interest in the King to do good offices to all people, without any other fault than the freedom he do learn in France of thinking himself obliged to serve his King in his pleasures: and was W. Coventry's particular friend: and W. Coventry do tell me very odde circumstances about the fatality of his death[3] which are very strange. Thence to White Hall to chapel, and heard the anthem, and did dine with the Duke of Albemarle in a dirty manner as ever. All the afternoon, I sauntered up and down the house and Park. And there was a Committee for Tangier met, wherein Lord Middleton would, I think, have found fault with me for want of coles; but I slighted it, and he made nothing of it, but was thought to be drunk; and I see that he hath a mind to find fault with me and Creed, neither of us having yet applied ourselves to him about anything: but do talk of his profits and perquisites taken from him, and garrison reduced, and that it must be increased, and such things, as, I fear, he will be just such another as my Lord Tiviott and the rest, to ruin that place. So I to the Park, and there walk an hour or two; and in the King's garden, and saw the Queen and ladies walk; and I did steal some apples off the trees; and here did see my Lady Richmond, who is of a noble person as ever I saw, but her face worse than it was considerably by the smallpox: her sister[4] is also very handsome. Coming into the Park, and the door kept strictly, I had opportunity of handing in the little, pretty, squinting girl of the Duke of York's house, but did not make acquaintance with her; but let her go, and a little girl that was with her, to

[1] Merry Andrew.

[2] See April 7th, 1668, *ante.*

[3] See June 8th, 1665, *ante.*

[4] Sophia Stuart, younger daughter of the Hon. Walter Stuart, third son of Walter, first Lord Blantyre, married to Henry Bulkeley, fourth son of Thomas, first Viscount Bulkeley, and Master of the Household to Charles II. and James II. (Collins's "Peerage," vol. viii., p. 16, ed. 1812, and "Notes and Queries," Series 3, vol. i., p. 69).

walk by themselves. So to White Hall in the evening, to the Queen's side, and there met the Duke of York; and he did tell me and W. Coventry, who was with me, how that Lord Anglesey did take notice of our reading his long and sharp letter to the Board; but that it was the better, at least he said so. The Duke of York, I perceive, is earnest in it, and will have good effects of it; telling W. Coventry that it was a letter that might have come from the Commissioners of Accounts, but it was better it should come first from him. I met Lord Brouncker, who, I perceive, and the rest, do smell that it comes from me, but dare not find fault with it; and I am glad of it, it being my glory and defence that I did occasion and write it. So by water home, and did spend the evening with W. Hewer, telling him how we are all like to be turned out, Lord Brouncker telling me this evening that the Duke of Buckingham did, within few hours, say that he had enough to turn us all out: which I am not sorry for at all, for I know the world will judge me to go for company; and my eyes are such as I am not able to do the business of my Office as I used, and would desire to do, while I am in it. So with full content, declaring all our content in being released of my employment, my wife and I to bed, and W. Hewer home, and so all to bed.

31st. Up, and to my office, there to set my Journal for all the last week, and so by water to Westminster to the Exchequer, and thence to the Swan, and there drank and did baiser la fille there, and so to the New Exchange and paid for some things, and so to Hercules Pillars,[1] and there dined all alone, while I sent my shoe to have the heel fastened at Wotton's, and thence to White Hall to the Treasury chamber, where did a little business, and thence to the Duke of York's playhouse, and there met my wife and Deb. and Mary Mercer and Batelier, where also W. Hewer was, and saw "Hamlet," which we have not seen this year before, or more; and mightily pleased with it; but, above all, with Betterton, the best part, I believe, that ever man acted. Thence to the Fayre, and saw "Polichinelle," and so home, and after a little supper to bed. This night lay the first night in Deb's. chamber, which is now hung with that that hung our great chamber, and is now a very handsome room. This day Mrs. Batelier did give my wife a mighty pretty Spaniel bitch [Flora], which she values mightily, and is pretty; but, as a new comer, I cannot be fond of her.

September 1st. Up, and all the morning at the office busy, and after dinner to the office again busy till about four, and then I abroad (my wife being gone to Hales's about drawing her hand new in her picture) and I to see Betty Michell, which I did, but su mari was dentro, and no pleasure. So to the Fair, and there saw several sights; among others, the mare that tells money,[2] and many things to admiration; and, among others, come to me,

[1] In Fleet Street.

[2] This is not the first learned horse of which we read. Shakespeare, "Love's Labour's Lost," act i., sc. 2, mentions "the dancing horse," and the commentators have added many particulars of Banks's bay horse.

when she was bid to go to him of the company that most loved a pretty wench in a corner. And this did cost me 12*d.* to the horse, which I had flung him before, and did give me occasion to baiser a mighty belle fille that was in the house that was exceeding plain, but fort belle. At night going home I went to my bookseller's in Duck Lane, and find her weeping in the shop, so as ego could not have any discourse con her nor ask the reason, so departed and took coach home, and taking coach was set on by a wench that was naught, and would have gone along with me to her lodging in Shoe Lane, but ego did donner her a shilling . . . . and left her, and home, where after supper, W. Batelier with us, we to bed. This day Mrs. Martin come to see us, and dined with us.

2nd. Fast-day for the burning of London, strictly observed. I at home at the office all day, forenoon and afternoon, about the Victualler's contract and other things, and at night home to supper, having had but a cold dinner, Mr. Gibson with me; and this evening comes Mr. Hill to discourse with me about Yeabsly and Lanyon's business, wherein they are troubled, and I fear they have played the knave too far for me to help or think fit to appear for them. So he gone, and after supper, to bed, being troubled with a summons, though a kind one, from Mr. Jessop, to attend the Commissioners of Accounts to-morrow.

3rd. Up, and to the Office, where busy till it was time to go to the Commissioners of Accounts, which I did about noon, and there was received with all possible respect, their business being only to explain the meaning of one of their late demands to us, which we had not answered in our answer to them, and, this being done, I away with great content, my mind being troubled before, and so to the Exchequer and several places, calling on several businesses, and particularly my bookseller's among others, for "Hobbs's Leviathan," [1] which is now mightily called for; and what was heretofore sold for 8*s.* I now give 24*s.* for, at the second hand, and is sold for 30*s.*, it being a book the Bishops will not let be printed again, and so home to dinner, and then to the office all the afternoon, and towards evening by water to the Commissioners of the Treasury, and presently back again, and there met a little with W. Pen and the rest about our Prize accounts, and so W. Pen and Lord Brouncker and I at the lodging of the latter to read over our new draft of the victualler's contract, and so broke up and home to supper and to bed.

4th. Up, and met at the Office all the morning; and at noon my wife, and Deb., and Mercer, and W. Hewer and I to the Fair, and there, at the old house, did eat a pig, and was pretty merry, but saw no sights, my wife having a mind to see the play "Bartholomew-Fayre," with puppets. Which we did, and it is an excellent play; the more I see it, the more I love the wit of it; only

[1] "Leviathan: or the matter, forme and power of a Commonwealth ecclesiasticall and civill," by Thomas Hobbes of Malmesbury, first published in 1651. It was reprinted in 1680, with its old date. Hobbes's complete works, English and Latin, were published by Sir William Molesworth in sixteen volumes 8vo. between 1839 and 1845.

the business of abusing the Puritans begins to grow stale, and of no use, they being the people that, at last, will be found the wisest. And here Knepp come to us, and sat with us, and thence took coach in two coaches, and losing one another, my wife, and Knepp, and I to Hercules Pillars, and there supped, and I did take from her mouth the words and notes of her song of "the Larke," which pleases me mightily. And so set her at home, and away we home, where our company come home before us. This night Knepp tells us that there is a Spanish woman lately come over, that pretends to sing as well as Mrs. Knight; both of which I must endeavour to hear. So, after supper, to bed.

5th. Up, and at the office all the morning. At noon home to dinner, and to the office to work all the afternoon again till the evening, and then by coach to Mr. Hales's new house, where, I find, he hath finished my wife's hand, which is better than the other; and here I find Harris's picture,[1] done in his habit of "Henry the Fifth;"[2] mighty like a player, but I do not think the picture near so good as any yet he hath made for me: however, it is pretty well, and thence through the fair home, but saw nothing, it being late, and so home to my business at the office, and thence to supper and to bed.

6th (Lord's day). Up betimes, and got myself ready to go by water, and about nine o'clock took boat with Henry Russell to Gravesend, coming thither about one, where, at the Ship, I dined; and thither come to me Mr. Hosier,[3] whom I went to speak with, about several businesses of work that he is doing, and I would have him do, of writing work, for me. And I did go with him to his lodging, and there did see his wife, a pretty tolerable woman, and do find him upon an extraordinary good work of designing a method of keeping our Storekeeper's Accounts, in the Navy. Here I should have met with Mr. Wilson, but he is sick, and could not come from Chatham to me. So, having done with Hosier, I took boat again the beginning of the flood, and come home by nine at night, with much pleasure, it being a fine day. Going down I spent reading of the "Five Sermons of Five Several Styles,"[4]

[1] See *ante*, July 22nd, 1663.

[2] In Lord Orrery's play.

[3] Francis Hosier, Muster-master at Gravesend.

[4] By Abraham Wright, Fellow of St. John's Coll., Oxford, afterwards vicar of Oakham, who died in 1690. The title is, "Five Sermons, in Five several Styles, or Waies of Preaching. First, in Bp. Andrews his *way*; before the late King upon the first day of Lent. Second, in Bp. Hall's *way;* before the clergie at the author's own ordination in Christ Church, Oxford. Third, in Dr. Maine's and Mr. Cartwright's *way*; before the Universitie at St. Marie's, Oxford. Fourth, in the Presbyterian *way*; before the Citie, at St. Paul's, London. Fifth, in the Independent *way*; never preached. With an Epistle rendering an account of the author's designe in printing these his sermons, as also of the sermons themselves. . . . Printed for Edward Archer, 1656." Wood says: "The chief end in printing these sermons, was, first, to show the difference between the University and City breeding up of preachers, and to let the people know that any one that hath been bred a scholar is able to preach any way to the capacity and content of an auditory. And, secondly, that none can do this, but they only that have had such education:

worth comparing one with another: but I do think, when all is done, that, contrary to the design of the book, the Presbyterian style and the Independent are the best of the five sermons to be preached in; this I do, by the best of my present judgment think, and coming back I spent reading of a book of warrants of our office in the first Dutch war, and do find that my letters and warrants and method will be found another gate's business than this that the world so much adores, and I am glad for my own sake to find it so. My boy was with me, and read to me all day, and we sang a while together, and so home to supper a little, and so to bed.

7th. At the office all the morning, we met, and at noon dined at home, and after dinner carried my wife and Deb. to Unthanke's, and I to White Hall with Mr. Gibson, where the rest of our officers met us, and to the Commissioners of the Treasury about the Victualling contract, but staid not long, but thence, sending Gibson to my wife, I with Lord Brouncker (who was this day in an unusual manner merry, I believe with drink), J. Minnes, and W. Pen to Bartholomew-Fair; and there saw the dancing mare again, which, to-day, I find to act much worse than the other day, she forgetting many things, which her master beat her for, and was mightily vexed; and then the dancing of the ropes, and also the little stage-play, which is very ridiculous, and so home to the office with Lord Brouncker, W. Pen, and myself (J. Minnes being gone home before not well), and so, after a little talk together, I home to supper and to bed.

8th. Up, and by water to White Hall, and to St. James's, there to talk a little with Mr. Wren about the private business we are upon, in the Office, where he tells me he finds that they all suspect me to be the author of the great letter,[1] which I value not, being satisfied that it is the best thing I could ever do for myself; and so, after some discourse of this kind more, I back to the Office, where all the morning; and after dinner to it again, all the afternoon, and very late, and then home to supper, where met W. Batelier and Betty Turner, and, after some talk with them, and supper, we to bed. This day, I received so earnest an invitation again from Roger Pepys, to come to Sturbridge-Fair [at Cambridge], that I resolve to let my wife go, which she shall do the next week, and so to bed. This day I received two letters from the Duke of Richmond about his yacht, which is newly taken into the King's service, and I am glad of it, hoping hereby to oblige him, and to have occasions of seeing his noble Duchess, which I admire.

9th. Up, and to the office, and thence to the Duke of Richmond's lodgings by his desire, by letter, yesterday. I find him at his lodgings in the little building in the bowling-green, at White Hall, that was begun to be built by Captain Rolt.[2] They are fine rooms. I did hope to see his lady, the

yet, notwithstanding, ordinary capacities are more taken with cloak and laymen's preaching than that of the gown."

[1] See from August 21st to 27th, 1668, *ante*.

[2] See December 11th, 1667, *ante*.

beautiful Mrs. Stuart, but she, I hear, is in the country. His business was about his yacht, and he seems a mighty good-natured man, and did presently write me a warrant for a doe from Cobham, when the season comes, buck season being past. I shall make much of this acquaintance, that I may live to see his lady near. Thence to Westminster, to Sir R. Long's Office:[1] and, going, met Mr. George Montagu, who talked and complimented me mightily; and long discourse I had with him, who, for news, tells me for certain that Trevor do come to be Secretary at Michaelmas, and that Morrice goes out, and he believes, without any compensation. He tells me that now Buckingham does rule all; and the other day, in the King's journey he is now on, at Bagshot, and that way, he caused Prince Rupert's horses to be turned out of an inne, and caused his own to be kept there, which the Prince complained of to the King, and the Duke of York seconded the complaint; but the King did over-rule it for Buckingham, by which there are high displeasures among them; and Buckingham and Arlington rule all. Thence by water home and to dinner, and after dinner by water again to White Hall, where Brouncker, W. Pen, and I attended the Commissioners of the Treasury about the victualling-contract, where high words between Sir Thomas Clifford and us, and myself more particularly, who told him that something, that he said was told him about this business, was a flat untruth. However, we went on to our business in the examination of the draught, and so parted, and I vexed at what happened, and Brouncker and W. Pen and I home in a hackney coach. And I all that night so vexed that I did not sleep almost all night, which shows how unfit I am for trouble. So, after a little supper, vexed, and spending a little time melancholy in making a base to the Lark's song, I to bed.

10th. Up, and by water to White Hall, and there to Sir W. Coventry's house, where I staid in his dining-room two hours thinking to speak with him, but I find Garraway and he are private, which I am glad of, Captain Cocke bringing them this day together. Cocke come out and talked to me, but it was too late for me to stay longer, and therefore to the Treasury chamber, where the rest met, and W. Coventry come presently after. And we spent the morning in finishing the Victualler's contract, and so I by water home, and there dined with me Batelier and his wife, and Mercer, and my people, at a good venison-pasty; and after dinner I and W. Howe, who come to see me, by water to the Temple, and met our four women, my wife, M. Batelier, Mercer, and Deb., at the Duke's play-house, and there saw "The Maid in the Mill," revived a pretty, harmless old play. Thence to Unthanke's, and 'Change, where wife did a little business, while Mercer and I staid in the coach; and, in a quarter of an hour, I taught her the whole Larke's song perfectly, so excellent an eare she hath. Here we at Unthanke's 'light, and walked them to White Hall, my wife mighty angry at it, and did give me ill words before Batelier, which vexed me, but I made no matter of it, but

[1] At the Exchequer, of which he was auditor.

vexed to myself. So landed them, it being fine moonshine, at the Bear,[1] and so took water to the other side, and home. I to the office, where a child is laid at Sir J. Minnes's door, as there was one heretofore. So being good friends again, my wife seeking it, by my being silent I overcoming her, we to bed.

11th. Up, and at my Office all the morning, and after dinner all the afternoon in my house with Batelier shut up, drawing up my defence to the Duke of York upon his great letter, which I have industriously taken this opportunity of doing for my future use. At it late, and my mind and head mighty full of it all night.

12th. At it again in the morning, and then to the Office, where till noon, and I do see great whispering among my brethren about their replies to the Duke of York, which vexed me, though I know no reason for it; for I have no manner of ground to fear them. At noon home to dinner, and, after dinner, to work all the afternoon again. At home late, and so to bed.

13th (Lord's day). The like all this morning and afternoon, and finished it to my mind. So about four o'clock walked to the Temple, and there by coach to St. James's, and met, to my wish, the Duke of York and Mr. Wren; and understand the Duke of York hath received answers from Brouncker,[2] W. Pen, and J. Minnes; and as soon as he saw me, he bid Mr. Wren read them over with me. So having no opportunity of talk with the Duke of York, and Mr. Wren some business to do, he put them into my hands like an idle companion, to take home with me before himself had read them, which do give me great opportunity of altering my answer, if there was cause. So took a hackney and home, and after supper made my wife to read them all over, wherein she is mighty useful to me; and I find them all evasions, and in many things false, and in few, to the full purpose. Little said reflective on me, though W. Pen and J. Minnes do mean me in one or two places, and J. Minnes a little more plainly would lead the Duke of York to question the exactness of my keeping my records; but all to no purpose. My mind is mightily pleased by this, if I can but get time to have a copy taken of them, for my future use; but I must return them to-morrow. So to bed.

14th. Up betimes, and walked to the Temple, and stopped, viewing the Exchange, and Paul's, and St. Fayth's, where strange how the very sight of the stones falling from the top of the steeple do make me sea-sick! But no hurt, I hear, hath yet happened in all this work of the steeple, which is very much. So from the Temple I by coach to St. James's, where I find Sir W. Pen and Lord Anglesey, who delivered this morning his answer to the Duke of York, but I could not see it. But after being above with the Duke of York,

[1] "The Bear at the Bridge foot," at the Southwark end of old London Bridge, on the west side of High Street; pulled down, December, 1761, when the houses on the bridge were removed and the bridge widened.

[2] Lord Brouncker's answer and Sir William Penn's, both dated September 11th, and Sir John Minnes's, dated September 13th, are contained in the MS. in the Pepysian Library previously referred to (No. 2242). Pepys's own answer is dated September 13th.

but said nothing, I down with Mr. Wren; and he and I read all over that I had, and I expounded them to him, and did so order it that I had them home with me, so that I shall, to my heart's wish, be able to take a copy of them. After dinner, I by water to White Hall; and there, with the Cofferer[1] and Sir Stephen Fox, attended the Commissioners of the Treasury, about bettering our fund; and are promised it speedily. Thence by water home, and so all the afternoon and evening late busy at the office, and then home to supper, and Mrs. Turner comes to see my wife before her journey to-morrow, but she is in bed, and so sat talking to little purpose with me a great while, and, she gone, I to bed.

15th. Up mighty betimes, my wife and people, Mercer lying here all night, by three o'clock, and I about five; and they before, and I after them, to the coach in Bishopsgate Street, which was not ready to set out. So took wife and Mercer and Deb. and W. Hewer (who are all to set out this day for Cambridge, to cozen Roger Pepys's, to see Sturbridge Fayre); and I shewed them the Exchange, which is very finely carried on, with good dispatch. So walked back and saw them gone, there being only one man in the coach besides them; and so home to the Office, where Mrs. Daniel come and staid talking to little purpose with me to borrow money, but I did not lend her any, having not opportunity para hazer allo thing mit her. At the office all the morning, and at noon dined with my people at home, and so to the office again for a while, and so by water to the King's playhouse, to see a new play, acted but yesterday, a translation out of French by Dryden, called "The Ladys à la Mode":[2] so mean a thing as, when they come to say it would be acted again to-morrow, both he that said it, Beeson,[3] and the pit fell a-laughing, there being this day not a quarter of the pit full. Thence to St. James's and White Hall to wait on the Duke of York, but could not come to speak to him till time to go home, and so by water home, and there late at the office and my chamber busy, and so after a little supper to bed.

16th. Up; and dressing myself I did begin para toker the breasts of my maid Jane, which elle did give way to more than usual heretofore, so I have a design to try more when I can bring it to. So to the office, and thence to St. James's to the Duke of York, walking it to the Temple, and in my way observe that the Stockes[4] are now pulled quite down; and it will make the com-

[1] William Ashburnham.

[2] No play called "The Ladies à la Mode" has been traced in 1668, or in any earlier or later year. A comedy, entitled "Love à la Mode," was brought out very soon after the Restoration, but it was anonymous. The preface is signed T. S., initials which are believed to stand for T. Southland. A comedy, named "Damoyselles à la Mode," and printed in 1667, 8vo., is mentioned by Langbaine, p. 56, as written by Richard Flecknoe, and dedicated to the Duchess of Newcastle; but it does not appear to have ever been acted, though, in point of title and date, it comes very near what is wanted.

[3] Probably William Beeston, who had been governor of the Cockpit Theatre.

[4] The Stocks Market took its name from a pair of stocks placed near this spot. See December 10th, 1660, *ante*. About 1675 Sir Robert Viner purchased an equestrian statue of John Sobieski trampling down the Turk; which, when it had undergone some neces-

ing into Cornhill and Lumber Street mighty noble. I stopped, too, at Paul's, and there did go into St. Fayth's Church, and also in the body of the west part of the Church; and do see a hideous sight of the walls of the Church ready to fall, that I was in fear as long as I was in it: and here I saw the great vaults underneath the body of the Church. No hurt, I hear, is done yet, since their going to pull down the Church and steeple; but one man, on Monday this week, fell from the top to a piece of the roof, of the east end, that stands next the steeple, and there broke himself all to pieces. It is pretty here to see how the late Church was but a case wrought over the old Church; for you may see the very old pillars standing whole within the wall of this. When I come to St. James's, I find the Duke of York gone with the King to see the muster of the Guards in Hyde Park; and their Colonel, the Duke of Monmouth, to take his command this day of the King's Life-Guard, by surrender of my Lord Gerard. So I took a hackney-coach and saw it all: and indeed it was mighty noble, and their firing mighty fine, and the Duke of Monmouth in mighty rich clothes; but the well-ordering of the men I understand not. Here, among a thousand coaches that were there. I saw and spoke to Mrs. Pierce: and by and by Mr. Wren hunts me out, and gives me my Lord Anglesey's answer to the Duke of York's letter, where, I perceive, he do do what he can to hurt me, by bidding the Duke of York call for my books: but this will do me all the right in the world, and yet I am troubled at it. So away out of the Park, and home; and there Mr. Gibson and I to dinner: and all the afternoon with him, writing over anew, and a little altering, my answer to the Duke of York, which I have not yet delivered, and so have the opportunity of doing it after seeing all their answers, though this do give me occasion to alter very little. This done, he to write it over, and I to the Office, where late, and then home; and he had finished it; and then he to read to me the life of Archbishop Laud,[1] wrote by Dr. Heylin; which is a shrewd book, but that which I believe will do the Bishops in general no great good, but hurt, it pleads for so much Popish. So after supper to bed. This day my father's letters tell me of the death of poor Fancy, in the country, big with puppies, which troubles me, as being one of my oldest acquaintances and servants. Also good Stankes is dead.

17th. Up, and all the morning sitting at the office, where every body grown mighty cautious in what they do, or omit to do, and at noon comes Knepp, with designs to dine with Lord Brouncker, but she being undressed, and there being much company, dined with me; and after dinner I out with her, and carried her to the playhouse; and in the way did give her five guineas as a fairing, I having given her nothing a great while, and her coming hither

sary alterations, he erected in Stocks Market as Charles II. trampling on Oliver Cromwell. The Mansion House now stands on the site. About 1737 the statue was presented to Robert Viner, the lineal representative of the convivial Lord Mayor, and the market transferred to the space gained by the covering over the Fleet Ditch. This Fleet Market has, in its turn, given place to Farringdon Street.—B.

[1] See note, *ante*, August 28th.

sometimes having been matter of cost to her, and so I to St. James's, but missed of the Duke of York, and so went back to the King's playhouse, and saw "Rollo, Duke of Normandy," [1] which, for old acquaintance, pleased me pretty well, and so home and to my business, and to read again, and to bed. This evening Batelier comes to tell me that he was going down to Cambridge to my company, to see the Fair, which vexed me, and the more because I fear he do know that Knepp did dine with me to-day.[2]

18th. Up, and to St. James's, and there took a turn or two in the Park; and then up to the Duke of York, and there had opportunity of delivering my answer to his late letter, which he did not read, but give to Mr. Wren, as looking on it as a thing I needed not have done, but only that I might not give occasion to the rest to suspect my communication with the Duke of York against them. So now I am at rest in that matter, and shall be more, when my copies are finished of their answers, which I am now taking with all speed. Thence to my several booksellers and elsewhere, about several errands, and so at noon home, and after dinner by coach to White Hall, and thither comes the Duke of York to us, and by and by met at the robe chamber upon our usual business, where the Duke of York I find somewhat sour, and particularly angry with Lord Anglesey for his not being there now, nor at other times so often as he should be with us. So to the King's house, and saw a piece of "Henry the Fourth;" at the end of the play, thinking to have gone abroad with Knepp, but it was too late, and she to get her part against to-morrow, in "The Silent Woman," and so I only set her at home, and away home myself, and there to read again and sup with Gibson, and so to bed.

19th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning busy, and so dined with my people at home, and then to the King's playhouse, and there saw "The Silent Woman;" the best comedy, I think, that ever was wrote; and sitting by Shadwell [3] the poet, he was big with admiration of it. Here was my Lord Brouncker and W. Pen and their ladies in the box, being grown mighty kind of a sudden; but, God knows, it will last but a little while, I dare swear. Knepp did her part mighty well.[4] And so home straight, and to work, and particularly to my cozen Roger, who, W. Hewer and my wife writes me, do use them with mighty plenty and noble entertainment: so home to supper, and to bed. All the news now is, that Mr. Trevor is for certain now to be Secretary, in Morrice's place, which the Duke of York did himself tell me yesterday; and also that Parliament is to be adjourned to the 1st of March, which do please me well, hoping thereby to get my things in a little better order than I should have done; and the less attendances at that end of the town in winter. So home to supper and to bed.

[1] By John Fletcher.

[2] And that he might tell Mrs. Pepys.—B.

[3] Thomas Shadwell, the dramatic writer. Died 1692.

[4] She played Epicene in "The Silent Woman." See Downes's "Roscius Anglicanus," 1708, p. 4.

20th (Lord's day). Up, and to set some papers to rights in my chamber, and the like in my office, and so to church, at our own church, and heard but a dull sermon of one Dr. Hicks, who is a suitor to Mrs. Howell, the widow of our turner of the Navy; thence home to dinner, staying till past one o'clock for Harris, whom I invited, and to bring Shadwell the poet with him; but they come not, and so a good dinner lost, through my own folly. And so to dinner alone, having since church heard the boy read over Dryden's Reply to Sir R. Howard's Answer, about his Essay of Poesy, and a letter in answer [1] to that; the last whereof is mighty silly, in behalf of Howard. Thence walked forth and got a coach and to visit Mrs. Pierce, with whom, and him, I staid a little while, and do hear how the Duchesse of Monmouth is at this time in great trouble of the shortness of her lame leg, which is likely to grow shorter and shorter, that she will never recover [2] it. Thence to St. Margaret's Church, thinking to have seen Betty Michell, but she was not there. So back, and walked to Gray's Inn walks a while, but little company; and so over the fields to Clerkenwell, to see whether I could find that the fair Botelers [3] do live there still, I seeing Francis the other day in a coach with Cary Dillon,[4] her old servant, but know not where she lives. So walked home, and there walked in the garden an hour, it being mighty pleasant weather, and so took my Lady Pen and Mrs. Markham home with me and sent for Mrs. Turner, and by and by comes Sir W. Pen and supped with me, a good supper, part of my dinner to-day. They gone, Mrs. Turner staid an hour talking with me. . . . So parted, and I to bed.

21st. Up, and betimes Sir D. Gawden with me talking about the Victualling business, which is now under dispute for a new contract, or whether it shall be put into a Commission. He gone, comes Mr. Hill to talk with me about Lanyon's business, and so being in haste I took him to the water with me, and so to White Hall, and there left him, and I to Sir W. Coventry, and

[1] Peter Cunningham contributed to the "Gentleman's Magazine" (December, 1850, p. 597) an interesting article on the letter alluded to in the text, which he supposes to have been written by Flecknoe. The title of the letter is as follows: "A Letter from a Gentleman to the Honourable Ed. Howard, Esq., occasioned by a Civiliz'd Epistle of Mr. Dryden's before his Second Edition of his Indian Emperour. In the Savoy, printed by Thomas Newcomb, 1668." The "Civiliz'd Epistle" was a caustic attack on Sir Robert Howard; and the Letter is signed, "Sir, your faithful and humble servant, R. F."—*i.e.*, Richard Flecknoe.

[2] See May 9th and 15th, and July 15th, 1668, *ante*.

[3] Or Butlers. See June 18th, July 24th, August 4th, 1660; June 23rd, August 11th, 1661; December 31st, 1662; March 27th, October 2nd, 1664; April 19th, 1665.

[4] Colonel Cary Dillon was the youngest son of Robert, second Earl of Roscommon, by his third wife, Anne, daughter of Sir William Stroud, of Stoake, in Somersetshire, and widow of Henry, Lord Folliott, of Ballyshannon. See August 19th, 1662. He held several posts under Charles II. and James II., and upon the death, in 1684, of his nephew, the poet, he succeeded as fifth Earl of Roscommon. He married, not Frances Boteler, Pepys's friend, but Katharine, daughter of John Werden, of Chester, and sister of Major-General Robert Werden, Groom of the Bedchamber to the Duke of York, and comptroller of his Household when king.

shewed him my answer to the Duke of York's great letter, which he likes well. We also discoursed about the Victualling business, which he thinks there is a design to put into a way of Commission, but do look upon all things to be managed with faction, and is grieved under it. So to St. James's, and there the Duke of York did of his own accord come to me, and tell me that he had read, and do like of, my answers to the objections which he did give me the other day, about the Navy; and so did W. Coventry too, who told me that the Duke of York had shown him them. So to White Hall a little and the 'Chequer, and then by water home to dinner with my people, where Tong was also this day with me, whom I shall employ for a time, and so out again and by water to Somerset House, but when come thither I turned back and to Southwarke-Fair, very dirty, and there saw the puppet-show of Whittington, which was pretty to see; and how that idle thing do work upon people that see it, and even myself too! And thence to Jacob Hall's dancing on the ropes, where I saw such action as I never saw before, and mightily worth seeing; and here took acquaintance with a fellow that carried me to a tavern, whither come the musick of this booth, and by and by Jacob Hall himself, with whom I had a mind to speak, to hear whether he had ever any mischief by falls in his time. He told me, "Yes, many; but never to the breaking of a limb:" he seems a mighty strong man. So giving them a bottle or two of wine, I away with Payne, the waterman. He, seeing me at the play, did get a link to light me, and so light me to the Beare,[1] where Bland, my waterman, waited for me with gold and other things he kept for me, to the value of £40 and more, which I had about me, for fear of my pockets being cut. So by link-light through the bridge, it being mighty dark, but still weather, and so home, where I find my draught of "The Resolution" come, finished, from Chatham; but will cost me, one way or other, about £12 or £13, in the board, frame, and garnishing, which is a little too much, but I will not be beholden to the King's officers that do it. So to supper, and the boy to read to me, and so to bed. This day I met Mr. Moore in the New Exchange, and had much talk of my Lord's concernments. This day also come out first the new five-pieces in gold, coined by the Guiny Company;[2] and I did get two pieces of Mr. Holder.[3]

22nd. Up, and to the Office, where sitting all the morning: at noon, home to dinner, with my people, and so to the Office again, where busy all the afternoon, and in the evening spent my time walking in the dark, in the garden, to favour my eyes, which I find nothing but ease to help. In the garden there comes to me my Lady Pen and Mrs. Turner and Markham, and

[1] See note, September 10th, 1668.

[2] Guineas took their name from the gold brought from Guinea by the African Company in 1663, who, as an encouragement to bring over gold to be coined, were permitted by their charter from Charles II. to have their stamp of an elephant upon the coin. When first coined they were valued at 20*s*., but were worth 30*s*. in 1695. There were likewise five-pound pieces, like the guinea, with the inscription upon the rim.

[3] Probably Thomas Holder of the African House.

we sat and talked together, and I carried them home, and there eat a bit of something, and by and by comes Sir W. Pen, and eat with us, and mighty merry—in appearance, at least, he being on all occasions glad to be at friendship with me, though we hate one another, and know it on both sides. They gone, Mrs. Turner and I to walk in the garden. . . . So led her home, and I back to bed. This day Mr. Wren did give me, at the Board, Commissioner Middleton's answer to the Duke of York's great letter; so that now I have all of them.

23rd. At my office busy all the morning. At noon comes Mr. Evelyn to me, about some business with the Office, and there in discourse tells me of his loss, to the value of £500, which he hath met with, in a late attempt of making of bricks[1] upon an adventure with others, by which he presumed to have got a great deal of money: so that I see the most ingenious men may sometimes be mistaken. So to the 'Change a little, and then home to dinner, and then by water to White Hall, to attend the Commissioners of the Treasury with Alderman Backewell, about £10,000 he is to lend us for Tangier, and then up to a Committee of the Council, where was the Duke of York, and they did give us, the Officers of the Navy, the proposals of the several bidders for the victualling of the Navy, for us to give our answer to, which is the best, and whether it be better to victual by commission or contract, and to bring them our answer by Friday afternoon, which is a great deal of work. So thence back with Sir J. Minnes home, and come after us Sir W. Pen and Lord Brouncker, and fell to the business, and I late when they were gone to digest something of it, and so to supper and to bed.

24th. Up betimes and Sir D. Gawden with me, and I told him all, being very desirous for the King's sake, as well as my own, that he may be kept in it, and after consulting him I to the Office, where we met again and spent most of the morning about this business, and no other, and so at noon home to dinner, and then close with Mr. Gibson till night, drawing up our answer, which I did the most part by seven at night, and so to Lord Brouncker and the rest at his lodgings to read it, and they approved of it. So back home to supper, and made my boy read to me awhile, and then to bed.

25th. Up, and Sir D. Gawden with me betimes to confer again about this business, and he gone I all the morning finishing our answer, which I did by noon, and so to dinner, and W. Batelier with me, who is lately come from Impington, beyond which I perceive he went not, whatever his pretence at

[1] At the end of the year 1666 a Dutchman of the Prince of Orange's party, named Kiviet, came over to England with proposals for embanking the river from the Temple to the Tower with brick, and was knighted by the king. He was introduced to Evelyn, whom he persuaded to join with him in a great undertaking for the making of bricks. On March 26th, 1667, the two went in search of brick-earth, and in September articles were drawn up between them for the purpose of proceeding in the manufacture. In April, 1688, Evelyn subscribed 50,000 bricks for the building of a college for the Royal Society, in addition to £50 given previously for the same purpose. No more information on the subject is given in Evelyn's "Diary."

first was; and so he tells me how well and merry all are there, and how nobly used by my cozen. He gone, after dinner I to work again, and Gibson having wrote our answer fair and got Brouncker and the rest to sign it, I by coach to White Hall to the Committee of the Council, which met late, and Brouncker and J. Minnes with me, and there the Duke of York present (but not W. Coventry, who I perceive do wholly avoid to have to do publickly in this business, being shy of appearing in any Navy business, which I telling him the other day that I thought the King might suffer by it, he told me that the occasion is now so small that it cannot be fatal to the service, and for the present it is better for him not to appear, saying that it may fare the worse for his appearing in it as things are now governed), where our answer was read and debated, and some hot words between the Duke of York and Sir T. Clifford, the first for and the latter against Gawden, but the whole put off to to-morrow's Council, for till the King goes out of town the next week the Council sits every day. So with the Duke of York and some others to his closet, and Alderman Backewell about a Committee of Tangier, and there did agree upon a price for pieces of eight at 4*s*. 6*d*. Present the Duke of York, Arlington, Berkeley, Sir J. Minnes, and myself. They gone, the Duke of York did tell me how hot Clifford is for Child, and for removing of old Officers, he saying plainly to-night, that though D. Gawden was a man that had done the best service that he believe any man, or any ten men, could have done, yet that it was for the King's interest not to let it lie too long in one hand, lest nobody should be able to serve him but one. But the Duke of York did openly tell him that he was not for removing of old servants that have done well, neither in this place, nor in any other place, which is very nobly said. It being 7 or 8 at night, I home with Backewell by coach, and so walked to D. Gawden's, but he not at home, and so back to my chamber, the boy to read to me, and so to supper and to bed.

26th. Could sleep but little last night, for my concernments in this business of the victualling for Sir D. Gawden, so up in the morning and he comes to me, and there I did tell him all, and give him my advice, and so he away, and I to the office, where we met and did a little business, and I left them and by water to attend the Council, which I did all the morning, but was not called in, but the Council meets again in the afternoon on purpose about it. So I at noon to Westminster Hall and there stayed a little, and at the Swan also, thinking to have got Doll Lane thither, but elle did not understand my signs; and so I away and walked to Charing Cross, and there into the great new Ordinary, by my Lord Mulgrave's,[1] being led thither by Mr. Beale, one of Oliver's, and now of the King's Guards; and he sat with me while I had two grilled pigeons, very handsome and good meat: and there he and I talked of our old acquaintances, W. Clerke and others, he being a very

[1] John Sheffield, third Earl of Mulgrave, Marquis of Normanby, 1694, and Duke of Normanby and Buckinghamshire, 1703. He was succeeded, 1721, by his only son, Edmund, with whom all the honours became extinct in 1735.

civil man, and so walked to Westminster and there parted, and I to the Swan again, but did nothing, and so to White Hall, and there attended the King and Council, who met and heard our answer. I present, and then withdrew; and they spent two hours at least afterwards about it, and at last rose; and to my great content, the Duke of York, at coming out, told me that it was carried for D. Gawden at 6*d*., 8*d*., and 8¾*d*.; but with great difficulty, I understand, both from him and others, so much that Sir Edward Walker told me that he prays to God he may never live to need to plead his merit, for D. Gawden's sake; for that it hath stood him in no stead in this business at all, though both he and all the world that speaks of him, speaks of him as the most deserving man of any servant of the King's in the whole nation, and so I think he is: but it is done, and my heart is glad at it. So I took coach and away, and in Holborne overtook D. Gawden's coach, and stopped and went home, and Gibson to come after, and to my house, where D. Gawden did talk a little, and he do mightiiy acknowledge my kindness to him, and I know I have done the King and myself good service in it. So he gone, and myself in mighty great content in what is done, I to the office a little, and then home to supper, and the boy to read to me, and so to bed. This noon I went to my Lady Peterborough's house, and talked with her about the money due to her Lord, and it gives me great trouble, her importunity and impertinency about it. This afternoon at Court I met with Lord Hinchingbroke, newly come out of the country, who tells me that Creed's business[1] with Mrs. Pickering will do, which I am neither troubled nor glad at.

27th (Lord's day). Up, and to my office to finish my journall for five days past, and so abroad and walked to White Hall, calling in at Somerset House Chapel, and also at the Spanish Embassador's at York House, and there did hear a little masse: and so to White Hall; and there the King being gone to Chapel, I to walk all the morning in the Park, where I met Mr. Wren; and he and I walked together in the Pell-Mell, it being most summer weather that ever was seen: and here talking of several things: of the corruption of the Court, and how unfit it is for ingenious men, and himself particularly, to live in it, where a man cannot live but he must spend, and cannot get suitably, without breach of his honour: and did thereupon tell me of the basest thing of my Lord Barkeley, one of the basest things that ever was heard of of a man, which was this:—how the Duke of York's Commissioners do let his wine-licenses at a bad rate, and being offered a better, they did persuade the Duke of York to give some satisfaction to the former to quit it, and let it to the latter, which being done, my Lord Barkeley did make the bargain for the former to have £1,500 a-year to quit it; whereof, since, it is come to light that they were to have but £800 and himself £700, which the Duke of York hath ever since for some years paid, though this second bargain hath been broken, and the Duke of York lost by it, [half]

[1] Their marriage, which took place soon after.

of what the first was. He told me that there hath been a seeming accommodation between the Duke of York and the Duke of Buckingham and Lord Arlington, the two latter desiring it; but yet that there is not true agreement between them, but they do labour to bring in all new creatures into play, and the Duke of York do oppose it, as particularly in this of Sir D. Gawden. Thence, he gone, I to the Queen's Chapel, and there heard some good singing; and so to White Hall, and saw the King and Queen at dinner: and thence with Sir Stephen Fox to dinner: and the Cofferer [1] with us; and there mighty kind usage, and good discourse. Thence spent all the afternoon walking in the Park, and then in the evening at Court, on the Queen's side; and there met Mr. Godolphin,[2] who tells me that the news is true we heard yesterday, of my Lord Sandwich's being come to Mount's-Bay, in Cornwall, and so I heard this afternoon at Mrs. Pierce's, whom I went to make a short visit to. This night, in the Queen's drawing-room, my Lord Brouncker told me the difference that is now between the three Embassadors here, the Venetian,[3] French,[4] and Spaniard;[5] the third not being willing to make a visit to the first, because he would not receive him at the door; who is willing to give him as much respect as he did to the French, who was used no otherwise, and who refuses now to take more of him, upon being desired thereto, in order to the making an accommodation in this matter, which is very pretty. So a boat staying for me all this evening, I home in the dark about eight at night, and so over the ruins from the Old Swan home with great trouble, and so to hear my boy read a little, and supper and to bed. This evening I found at home Pelling and Wallington and one Aldridge, and we supped and sung.

28th. Up betimes, and Knepp's maid comes to me, to tell me that the women's day [6] at the playhouse is to-day, and that therefore I must be there, to encrease their profit. I did give the pretty maid Betty [7] that comes to me half-a-crown for coming, and had a baiser or two—elle being mighty jolie. And so I about my business. By water to St. James's, and there had good opportunity of speaking with the Duke of York, who desires me again, talking on that matter, to prepare something for him to do for the better managing of our Office, telling me that, my Lord Keeper and he talking about it yesterday, my Lord Keeper did advise him to do so, it being better to come from him than otherwise, which I have promised to do. Thence to my Lord Burlington's house,[8] the first time I ever was there, it being the house built

[1] William Ashburnham.

[2] Sidney Godolphin.

[3] Pietro Mocenigo, of whose entry into London, on the 17th September, 1668, an account is given in Evelyn's "Diary," and in Bp. Kennett's "Complete History," vol. iii., p. 271. A MS. copy of his relation of his embassy is in the British Museum. He was afterwards ambassador to Rome.—B.

[4] Charles Colbert. See August 8th, 1668.

[5] Count De Dona.

[6] Their benefit.

[7] See May 16th, 1668.

[8] In Piccadilly; now, after many alterations, occupied by the Royal Academy and

by Sir John Denham, next to Clarendon House; and here I visited my Lord Hinchingbroke and his lady; Mr. Sidney Montagu being come last night to town unexpectedly from Mount's Bay, where he left my Lord well, eight days since, so as we may now hourly expect to hear of his arrival at Portsmouth. Sidney is mighty grown; and I am glad I am here to see him at his first coming, though it cost me dear, for here I come to be necessitated to supply them with £500 for my Lord.[1] He sent him up with a declaration to his friends, of the necessity of his being presently supplied with £2,000; but I do not think he will get one. However, I think it becomes my duty to my Lord to do something extraordinary in this, and the rather because I have been remiss in writing to him during this voyage, more than ever I did in my life, and more indeed than was fit for me. By and by comes Sir W. Godolphin to see Mr. Sidney, who, I perceive, is much dissatisfied that he should come to town last night, and not yet be with my Lord Arlington, who, and all the town, hear of his being come to town, and he did, it seems, take notice of it to Godolphin this morning: so that I perceive this remissness in affairs do continue in my Lord's managements still, which I am sorry for; but, above all, to see in what a condition my Lord is for money, that I dare swear he do not know where to take up £500 of any man in England at this time, upon his word, but of myself, as I believe by the sequel hereof it will appear. Here I first saw and saluted my Lady Burlington,[2] a very fine-speaking lady, and a good woman, but old, and not handsome; but a brave woman in her parts. Here my Lady Hinchingbroke tells me that she hath bought most of the wedding-clothes for Mrs. Pickering, so that the thing[3] is gone through, and will soon be ended; which I wonder at, but let them do as they will. Here I also, standing by a candle that was brought for sealing of a letter, do set my periwigg a-fire, which made such an odd noise, nobody could tell what it was till they saw the flame, my back being to the candle. Thence to Westminster Hall and there walked a little, and to the Exchequer, and so home by water, and after eating a bit I to my vintner's, and there did only look upon su wife, which is mighty handsome; and so to my glove and ribbon shop, in Fenchurch Street, and did the like there. And there, stopping against the door of the shop, saw Mrs. Horsfall,[4] now a late widow, in a coach. I to her,

scientific societies. The original house was probably built by Sir John Denham for Lord Burlington, from what is stated, February 20th, 1664–65, *ante*.

[1] Pepys's letter to Lord Sandwich on the subject, September 29th, 1668, was published in Lord Braybrooke's edition of the correspondence.

[2] Elizabeth, sole daughter and heir to Henry Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, wife of Richard Boyle, first Earl of Burlington. All the estates of these families came to the Cavendish family by the marriage of William, fourth Duke of Devonshire, with Lady Charlotte Boyle, heiress of Richard, last Earl of Burlington and Cork. The title of Burlington was revived for her son, Lord George Cavendish, and is now merged in the dukedom of Devonshire, the father of the present duke having held the earldom from 1834 to 1858, when he succeeded as seventh duke.

[3] The marriage with Creed.

[4] Probably the same as Mrs. Horsfield. See May 18th, 1668.

and shook her by the hand, and so she away; and I by coach towards the King's playhouse, and meeting W. Howe took him with me, and there saw "The City Match;" [1] not acted these thirty years, and but a silly play: the King and Court there; the house, for the women's sake, mighty full. So I to White Hall, and there all the evening on the Queen's side; and it being a most summer-like day, and a fine warm evening, the Italians come in a barge under the leads, before the Queen's drawing-room; and so the Queen and ladies went out, and heard them, for almost an hour: and it was indeed very good together; but yet there was but one voice that alone did appear considerable, and that was Seignor Joanni.[2] This done, by and by they went in; and here I saw Mr. Sidney Montagu kiss the Queen's hand, who was mighty kind to him, and the ladies looked mightily on him; and the King come by and by, and did talk to him. So I away by coach with Alderman Backewell home, who is mighty kind to me, more than ordinary, in his expressions. But I do hear this day what troubles me, that Sir W. Coventry is quite out of play, the King seldom speaking to him; and that there is a design of making a Lord Treasurer, and that my Lord Arlington shall be the man; but I cannot believe it. But yet the Duke of Buckingham hath it in his mind, and those with him, to make a thorough alteration in things; and, among the rest, Coventry to be out. The Duke of York did this day tell me how hot the whole party was in the business of Gawden;[3] and particularly, my Lord Anglesey tells me, the Duke of Buckingham, for Child against Gawden; but the Duke of York did stand stoutly to it. So home to read and sup, and to bed.

29th (Tuesday, Michaelmas day). Up, and to the Office, where all the morning.

* * * * * *

October 11th (Lord's day).[4] Up and to church, where I find Parson Mills come to town and preached, and the church full, most people being now come home to town, though the season of year is as good as summer in all respects. At noon dined at home with my wife, all alone, and busy all the afternoon in my closet, making up some papers with W. Hewer, and at night comes Mr. Turner and his wife, and there they tell me that Mr. Harper[5] is dead at Deptford, and so now all his and my care is, how to secure his being Storekeeper in his stead; and here they and their daughter, and a kinswoman that

[1] A comedy by Jasper Maine, D.D.

[2] Probably Giovanni Baptista Draghi. See note, February 12th, 1666–67.

[3] See September 26th, *ante*.

[4] In this part of the "Diary" no entry occurs for thirteen days, though there are several pages left blank. During the interval Pepys went into the country, as he subsequently mentions his having been at Saxham, in Suffolk, during the king's visit to Lord Crofts, which took place at this time (see October 23rd, *post*). He might also probably have gone to Impington to fetch his wife, whom we find dining at her home on the 11th October. At all events, the pages left blank were never filled up.—B.

[5] Thomas Harper.

come along with them, did sup with me, and pretty merry, and then, they gone, and my wife to read to me, and to bed.

12th. Up, and with Mr. Turner by water to White Hall, there to think to enquire when the Duke of York will be in town, in order to Mr. Turner's going down to Audley End,[1] about his place; and here I met in St. James's Park with one that told us that the Duke of York would be in town to-morrow, and so Turner parted and went home, and I also did stop my intentions of going to the Court, also this day, about securing Mr. Turner's place of Petty-purveyor to Mr. Hater. So I to my Lord Brouncker's, thinking to have gone and spoke to him about it, but he is gone out to town till night, and so, meeting a gentleman of my Lord Middleton's looking for me about the payment of the £1,000 lately ordered to his Lord, in advance of his pay, which shall arise upon his going Governor to Tangier, I did go to his Lord's lodgings, and there spoke the first time with him, and find him a shrewd man, but a drinking man, I think, as the world says; but a man that hath seen much of the world, and is a Scot. I offered him my service, though I can do him little; but he sends his man home with me, where I made him stay, till I had gone to Sir W. Pen, to bespeak him about Mr. Hater, who, contrary to my fears, did appear very friendly, to my great content; for I was afraid of his appearing for his man Burroughs. But he did not; but did declare to me afterwards his intentions to desire an excuse in his own business, to be eased of the business of the Comptroller, his health not giving him power to stay always in town, but he must go into the country. I did say little to him but compliment, having no leisure to think of his business, or any man's but my own, and so away and home, where I find Sir H. Cholmly come to town; and is come hither to see me: and he is a man that I love mightily, as being, of a gentleman, the most industrious that ever I saw. He staid with me awhile talking, and telling me his obligations to my Lord Sandwich, which I was glad of; and that the Duke of Buckingham is now chief of all men in this kingdom, which I knew before; and that he do think the Parliament will hardly ever meet again; which is a great many men's thoughts, and I shall not be sorry for it. He being gone, I with my Lord Middleton's servant to Mr. Colvill's, but he was not in town, and so he parted, and I home, and there to dinner, and Mr. Pelling with us; and thence my wife and Mercer, and W. Hewer and Deb., to the King's playhouse, and I afterwards by water with them, and there we did hear the Eunuch (who, it seems, is a Frenchman, but long bred in Italy) sing, which I seemed to take as new to me, though I saw him on Saturday last, but said nothing of it; but such action and singing I could never have imagined to have heard, and do make good whatever Tom Hill used to tell me. Here we

[1] "Her Majesty, attended by several ladies of the Court, left Whitehall for Audley End on the 6th October, where His Majesty was expected, after having divertised himself at Newmarket. The Court remained at Audley End till the 14th."—*The London Gazette*, No. 302.—B.

met with Mr. Batelier and his sister, and so they home with us in two coaches, and there at my house staid and supped, and this night my bookseller Shrewsbury comes, and brings my books of Martyrs, and I did pay him for them, and did this night make the young women before supper to open all the volumes for me. So to supper, and after supper to read a ridiculous nonsensical book set out by Will. Pen,[1] for the Quakers; but so full of nothing but nonsense, that I was ashamed to read in it. So they gone, we to bed.

13th. Up, and to the office, and before the office did speak with my Lord Brouncker, and there did get his ready assent to T. Hater's having of Mr. Turner's place, and so Sir J. Minnes, also: but when we come to sit down at the Board, comes to us Mr. Wren this day to town, and tells me that James Southern do petition the Duke of York for the Storekeeper's place of Deptford, which did trouble me much, and also the board, though, upon discourse, after he was gone, we did resolve to move hard for our Clerks, and that places of preferment may go according to seniority and merit. So, the Board up, I home with my people to dinner, and so to the office again, and there, after doing some business, I with Mr. Turner to the Duke of Albemarle's at night; and there did speak to him about his appearing to Mr. Wren a friend to Mr. Turner, which he did take kindly from me; and so away thence, well pleased with what we had now done, and so I with him home, stopping at my Lord Brouncker's, and getting his hand to a letter I wrote to the Duke of New York for T. Hater, and also at my Lord Middleton's, to give him an account of what I had done this day, with his man, at Alderman Backewell's, about the getting of his £1,000 paid;[2] and here he did take occasion to discourse about the business of the Dutch war, which, he says, he was always an enemy to; and did discourse very well of it, I saying little, but pleased to hear him talk; and to see how some men may by age come to know much, and yet by their drinking and other pleasures render themselves not very considerable. I did this day find by discourse with somebody, that this nobleman was the great Major-General Middleton, that was of the Scots army, in the beginning of the late war against the King. Thence home and to the office to finish my letters, and so home and did get my wife to read to me, and then Deb. to comb my head. . . .

14th. Up, and by water, stopping at Michell's, and there saw Betty, but could have no discourse with her, but there drank. To White Hall, and there walked to St. James's, where I find the Court mighty full, it being the Duke of York's birthday; and he mighty fine, and all the musick, one after another,

[1] Penn's first work, entitled, "Truth exalted, in a short but sure testimony against all those religions, faiths, and worships, that have been formed and followed, in the darkness of apostacy; and for that glorious light which is now risen, and shines forth, in the life and doctrine of the despised Quakers . . . . by W. Penn, whom divine love constrains, in holy contempt, to trample on Egypt's glory, not fearing the King's wrath, having beheld the Majesty of Him who is invisible." London, 1668.—B.

[2] It was probably for this payment that the tally was obtained, the loss of which caused Pepys so much anxiety. See November 26th, 1668, *post*.—B.

to my great content. Here I met with Sir H. Cholmly; and he and I to walk, and to my Lord Barkeley's new house,[1] there to see a new experiment of a cart, which, by having two little wheels fastened to the axle-tree, is said to make it go with half the ease and more, than another cart; but we did not see the trial made. Thence I home, and after dinner to St. James's, and there met my brethren; but the Duke of York being gone out, and to-night being a play there, and a great festival, we would not stay, but went all of us to the King's playhouse, and there saw "The Faythful Shepherdess" again, that we might hear the French Eunuch sing, which we did, to our great content; though I do admire his action as much as his singing, being both beyond all I ever saw or heard. Thence with W. Pen home, and there to get my people to read, and to supper, and so to bed.

15th. Up, and all the morning at the office, and at home at dinner, where, after dinner, my wife and I and Deb. out by coach to the upholster's in Long Lane, Alderman Reeve's, and then to Alderman Crow's, to see variety of hangings, and were mightily pleased therewith, and spent the whole afternoon thereupon; and at last I think we shall pitch upon the best suit of Apostles, where three pieces for my room will come to almost £80: so home, and to my office, and then home to supper and to bed. This day at the Board comes unexpected the warrants from the Duke of York for Mr. Turner and Hater, for the places they desire, which contents me mightily.

16th. Up, and busy all the morning at the office, and before noon I took my wife by coach, and Deb., and shewed her Mr. Wren's hangings and bed, at St. James's, and Sir W. Coventry's in the Pell-Mell, for our satisfaction in what we are going to buy; and so by Mr. Crow's, home, about his hangings, and do pitch upon buying his second suit of Apostles—the whole suit, which comes to £83; and this we think the best for us, having now the whole suit, to answer any other rooms or service. So home to dinner, and with Mr. Hater by water to St. James's: there Mr. Hater, to give Mr. Wren thanks for his kindness about his place that he hath lately granted him, of Petty Purveyor of petty emptions, upon the removal of Mr. Turner to be Storekeeper at Deptford, on the death of Harper. And then we all up to the Duke of York, and there did our usual business, and so I with J. Minnes home, and there finding my wife gone to my aunt Wight's, to see her the first time after her coming to town, and indeed the first time, I think, these two years (we having been great strangers one to the other for a great while), I to them; and there mighty kindly used, and had a barrel of oysters, and so to look up and down their house, they having hung a room since I was there, but with hangings not fit to be seen with mine, which I find all come home to-night, and here staying an hour or two we home, and there to supper and to bed.

[1] See the description of this mansion in Evelyn's "Diary," September 25th, 1672. A small view of it, taken from an old map, is given in the notes to his "Memoir of Mrs. Godolphin." The house was destroyed by fire, October 16th, 1733, and rebuilt by William Kent for the third Duke of Devonshire. This is the existing Devonshire House.

17th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning sitting, and at noon home to dinner, and to the office all the afternoon, and then late home, and there with much pleasure getting Mr. Gibbs, that writes well, to write the name upon my new draught of "The Resolution;" and so set it up, and altered the situation of some of my pictures in my closet, to my extraordinary content, and at it with much pleasure till almost 12 at night. Mr. Moore and Seymour were with me this afternoon, who tell me that my Lord Sandwich was received mighty kindly by the King, and is in exceeding great esteem with him, and the rest about him; but I doubt it will be hard for him to please both the King and the Duke of York, which I shall be sorry for. Mr. Moore tells me the sad condition my Lord is in, in his estate and debts; and the way he now lives in, so high, and so many vain servants about him, that he must be ruined, if he do not take up, which, by the grace of God, I will put him upon, when I come to see him.

18th (Lord's day). Up, and with my boy Tom all the morning altering the places of my pictures with great pleasure, and at noon to dinner, and then comes Mr. Shales to see me, and I with him to recommend him to my Lord Brouncker's service, which I did at Madam Williams's, and my Lord receives him. Thence with Brouncker to Lincolne's Inn, and Mr. Ball, to visit Dr. Wilkins, now newly Bishop of Chester: and he received us mighty kindly; and had most excellent discourse from him about his Book of Reall Character:[1] and so I with Lord Brouncker to White Hall, and there saw the Queen and some ladies, and with Lord Brouncker back, it again being a rainy evening, and so my Lord forced to lend me his coach till I got a hackney, which I did, and so home and to supper, and got my wife to read to me, and so to bed.

19th. Up, and to my office to set down my Journall for some days past, and so to other business. At the office all the morning upon some business of Sir W. Warren's, and at noon home to dinner, and thence out by coach with my wife and Deb. and Mr. Harman, the upholster, and carried them to take measure of Mr. Wren's bed at St. James's, I being resolved to have just such another made me, and thence set him down in the Strand, and my wife and I to the Duke of York's playhouse; and there saw, the first time acted, "The Queene of Arragon,"[2] an old Blackfriars' play, but an admirable one, so good that I am astonished at it, and wonder where it hath lain asleep all this while, that I have never heard of it before. Here met W. Batelier and Mrs. Hunt, Deb.'s aunt; and saw her home—a very witty woman, and one that knows this play, and understands a play mighty well. Left her at home in Jewen Street, and we home, and to supper, and my wife to read to me, and so to bed.

20th. Up, and to the office all the morning, and then home to dinner, hav-

[1] See May 15th, 1668.

[2] A tragi-comedy by William Habington. Upon its revival the prologue and epilogue were written by Butler, the author of "Hudibras."—B.

ing this day a new girl come to us in the room of Nell, who is lately, about four days since, gone away, being grown lazy and proud. This girl to stay only till we have a boy, which I intend to keep when I have a coach, which I am now about. At this time my wife and I mighty busy laying out money in dressing up our best chamber, and thinking of a coach and coachman and horses, &c.; and the more because of Creed's being now married to Mrs. Pickering; a thing I could never have expected, but it is done about seven or ten days since, as I hear out of the country. At noon home to dinner, and my wife and Harman and girl abroad to buy things, and I walked out to several places to pay debts, and among other things to look out for a coach, and saw many; and did light on one[1] for which I bid £50, which do please me mightily, and I believe I shall have it. So to my tailor's, and the New Exchange, and so by coach home, and there, having this day bought "The Queene of Arragon" play, I did get my wife and W. Batelier to read it over this night by 11 o'clock, and so to bed.

21st. Lay pretty long talking with content with my wife about our coach and things, and so to the office, where Sir D. Gawden was to do something in his accounts. At noon to dinner to Mr. Batelier's, his mother coming this day a-house-warming to him, and several friends of his, to which he invited us. Here mighty merry, and his mother the same; I heretofore took her for a gentlewoman, and understanding. I rose from table before the rest, because under an obligation to go to my Lord Brouncker's, where to meet several gentlemen of the Royal Society, to go and make a visit to the French Embassador Colbert, at Leicester House,[2] he having endeavoured to make one or two to my Lord Brouncker, as our President, but he was not within, but I come too late, they being gone before: but I followed to Leicester House;[3] but they are gone in and up before me; and so I away to the New Exchange, and there staid for my wife, and she come, we to Cow Lane, and there I shewed her the coach which I pitch on, and she is out of herself for joy almost. But the man not within, so did nothing more towards an agreement, but to Mr. Crow's about a bed, to have his advice, and so home, and there had my wife to read to me, and so to supper and to bed. *Memorandum:* that from Crow's, we went back to Charing Cross, and there left my people at their tailor's, while I to my Lord Sandwich's lodgings, who come to town the last night, and is come thither to lye: and met with him within: and among others my new cozen Creed, who looks mighty soberly; and he and I saluted one another with mighty gravity, till we come to a little more freedom of talk about it. But here I hear that Sir Gilbert Pickering is lately dead, about three days since, which makes some sorrow there, though not much, because of his being long expected to die, having been in a lethargy long. So waited on my

[1] In Cow Lane.

[2] There is a picture of Leicester House at Penshurst.—B.

[3] It occupied the north side of the present Leicester Square. Lisle Street and Sidney's Alley preserve some of the names.—B.

Lord to Court, and there staid and saw the ladies awhile: and thence to my wife, and took them up; and so home, and to supper and bed.

22nd. Up, and W. Batelier's Frenchman, a perriwigg maker, comes and brings me a new one, which I liked and paid him for: a mighty genteel fellow. So to the office, where sat all the morning, and at noon home to dinner, and thence with wife and Deb. to Crow's, and there did see some more beds; and we shall, I think, pitch upon a camlott one, when all is done. Thence sent them home, and I to Arundell House, where the first time we[1] have met since the vacation, and not much company: but here much good discourse, and afterwards my Lord and others and I to the Devil tavern,[2] and there eat and drank, and so late, with Mr. Colwell, home by coach; and at home took him with me, and there found my uncle Wight and aunt, and Woolly and his wife, and there supped, and mighty merry. And anon they gone, and Mrs. Turner staid, who was there also to talk of her husband's business; and the truth is, I was the less pleased to talk with her, for that she hath not yet owned, in any fit manner of thanks, my late and principal service to her husband about his place, which I alone ought to have the thanks for, if they know as much as I do; but let it go: if they do not own it, I shall have it in my hand to teach them to do it. So to bed. This day word come for all the Principal Officers to bring them [the Commissioners of Accounts] their patents, which I did in the afternoon, by leaving it at their office, but am troubled at what should be their design therein.

23rd. Up, and plasterers at work and painters about my house. Commissioner Middleton and I to St. James's, where with the rest of our company we attended on our usual business the Duke of York. Thence I to White Hall, to my Lord Sandwich's, where I find my Lord within, but busy, private; and so I staid a little talking with the young gentlemen: and so away with Mr. Pierce, the surgeon, towards Tyburne, to see the people executed; but come too late, it being done; two men and a woman hanged,[3] and so back again and to my coachmaker's, and there did come a little nearer agreement for the coach, and so to Duck Lane, and there my bookseller's, and saw his moher, but elle is so bigbellied that elle is not worth seeing. So home, and there all alone to dinner, my wife and W. Hewer being gone to Deptford to see her mother, and so I to the office all the afternoon. In the afternoon comes my cozen, Sidney Pickering,[4] to bring my wife and me his sister's Favour for her wedding, which is kindly done, and he gone, I to business again, and in the evening home, made my wife read till supper time, and so to bed. This day Pierce do tell me, among other news, the late frolick and debauchery

[1] The Royal Society, which met after an interval of ten weeks (Birch's "History of the Royal Society," vol. ii., p. 313).

[2] In Fleet Street.

[3] There is reason to believe that the gallows at Tyburn stood on the site of Connaught Place, and near its south-west corner, though No. 49, Connaught Square, is said by some to be on the spot.

[4] Mrs. Creed's brother.

of Sir Charles Sidly and Buckhurst, running up and down all the night with their arses bare, through the streets; and at last fighting, and being beat by the watch and clapped up all night; and how the King takes their parts; and my Lord Chief Justice Keeling hath laid the constable by the heels[1] to answer it next Sessions: which is a horrid shame. How the King and these gentlemen did make the fiddlers of Thetford, this last progress, to sing them all the bawdy songs they could think of. How Sir W. Coventry was brought the other day to the Duchesse of York by the Duke, to kiss her hand; who did acknowledge his unhappiness to occasion her so much sorrow, declaring his intentions in it, and praying her pardon; which she did give him upon his promise to make good his pretences of innocence to her family, by his faithfulness to his master, the Duke of York. That the Duke of Buckingham is now all in all, and will ruin Coventry, if he can: and that W. Coventry do now rest wholly upon the Duke of York for his standing, which is a great turn. He tells me that my Lady Castlemayne, however, is a mortal enemy to the Duke of Buckingham, which I understand not; but, it seems, she is disgusted with his greatness, and his ill usage of her. That the King was drunk at Saxam[2] with Sidly, Buckhurst, &c., the night that my Lord Arlington come thither, and would not give him audience, or could not: which is true, for it was the night that I was there, and saw the King go up to his chamber, and was told that the King had been drinking. He tells me, too, that the Duke of York did the next day chide Bab. May for his occasioning the King's giving himself up to these gentlemen, to the neglecting of my Lord Arlington: to which he answered merrily, that, by God, there was no man in England that had heads to lose, durst do what they do, every day, with the King, and asked the Duke of York's pardon: which is a sign of a mad world. God bless us out of it!

24th. This morning comes to me the coachmaker,[3] and agreed with me for £53, and stand to the courtesy of what more I should give him upon the finishing of the coach:[4] he is likely also to fit me with a coachman. There comes also to me Mr. Shotgrave, the operator of our Royal Society, to show me his method of making the Tubes for the eyes, which are clouterly done, so that mine are better, but I have well informed myself in several things from him, and so am glad of speaking with him. So to the office, where all the morning, and then to dinner, and so all the afternoon late at the office,

[1] An expression probably taking its rise from the custom of fastening people by their feet in the stocks.—B.

[2] Little Saxham, near Bury St. Edmund's. The manor house then belonged to William, Baron Crofts; it was taken down in 1771. "My last told your Grace I was going into the country to pass my Christmas at my Lord Crofts; and when I tell you that the Duke of Bucks and George Porter were there, you will not doubt but we passed it merrily" (Lord Arlington to the Duke of Ormond, Oxford, January 9th, 1666—"Miscellanea Aulica," p. 371).

[3] See October 20th, *ante*.

[4] See November 29th, *post*.

and so home, and my wife to read to me, and then with much content to bed. This day Lord Brouncker tells me that the making Sir J. Minnes a bare Commissioner[1] is now in doing, which I am glad of; but he speaks of two new Commissioners, which I do not believe.

25th (Lord's day). Up, and discoursing with my wife about our house and many new things we are doing of, and so to church I, and there find Jack Fenn come, and his wife, a pretty black woman: I never saw her before, nor took notice of her now. So home and to dinner, and after dinner all the afternoon got my wife and boy to read to me, and at night W. Batelier comes and sups with us; and, after supper, to have my head combed by Deb., which occasioned the greatest sorrow to me that ever I knew in this world, for my wife, coming up suddenly, did find me embracing the girl. . . . I was at a wonderful loss upon it, and the girle also, and I endeavoured to put it off, but my wife was struck mute and grew angry, and so her voice come to her, grew quite out of order, and I to say little, but to bed, and my wife said little also, but could not sleep all night, but about two in the morning waked me and cried, and fell to tell me as a great secret that she was a Roman Catholique and had received the Holy Sacrament, which troubled me, but I took no notice of it, but she went on from one thing to another till at last it appeared plainly her trouble was at what she saw, but yet I did not know how much she saw, and therefore said nothing to her. But after her much crying and reproaching me with inconstancy and preferring a sorry girl before her, I did give her no provocation, but did promise all fair usage to her and love, and foreswore any hurt that I did with her, till at last she seemed to be at ease again, and so toward morning a little sleep, and so I with some little repose and rest.

26th. Rose, and up and by water to White Hall, but with my mind mightily troubled for the poor girle, whom I fear I have undone by this, my [wife] telling me that she would turn her out of doors. However, I was obliged to attend the Duke of York, thinking to have had a meeting of Tangier to-day, but had not; but he did take me and Mr. Wren into his closet, and there did press me to prepare what I had to say upon the answers of my fellow-officers to his great letter, which I promised to do against his coming to town again, the next week; and so to other discourse, finding plainly that he is in trouble, and apprehensions of the Reformers, and would be found to do what he can towards reforming, himself. And so thence to my Lord Sandwich's, where, after long stay, he being in talk with others privately, I to him; and there he, taking physic and keeping his chamber, I had an hour's talk with him about the ill posture of things at this time, while the King gives countenance to Sir Charles Sidly and Lord Buckhurst, telling him their late story of running up and down the streets a little while since all night, and their being beaten and clapped up all night by the constable, who is since chid and imprisoned for his pains. He tells me that he thinks

[1] He continued to hold the office of Comptroller of the Navy until his death in 1671.

his matters do stand well with the King, and hopes to have dispatch to his mind; but I doubt it, and do see that he do fear it, too. He told me my Lady Carteret's trouble about my writing of that letter of the Duke of York's lately to the Office, which I did not own, but declared to be of no injury to G. Carteret, and that I would write a letter to him to satisfy him therein. But this I am in pain how to do, without doing myself wrong, and the end I had, of preparing a justification to myself hereafter, when the faults of the Navy come to be found out: however, I will do it in the best manner I can. Thence by coach home and to dinner, finding my wife mightily discontented, and the girle sad, and no words from my wife to her. So after dinner they out with me about two or three things, and so home again, I all the evening busy, and my wife full of trouble in her looks, and anon to bed, where about midnight she wakes me, and there falls foul of me again, affirming that she saw me hug and kiss the girle; the latter I denied, and truly, the other I confessed and no more, and upon her pressing me did offer to give her under my hand that I would never see Mrs. Pierce more nor Knepp, but did promise her particular demonstrations of my true love to her, owning some indiscretions in what I did, but that there was no harm in it. She at last upon these promises was quiet, and very kind we were, and so to sleep, and

27th. In the morning up, but my mind troubled for the poor girle, with whom I could not get opportunity to speak, but to the office, my mind mighty full of sorrow for her, to the office, where all the morning, and to dinner with my people, and to the office all the afternoon, and so at night home, and there busy to get some things ready against to-morrow's meeting of Tangier, and that being done, and my clerks gone, my wife did towards bedtime begin to be in a mighty rage from some new matter that she had got in her head, and did most part of the night in bed rant at me in most high terms of threats of publishing my shame, and when I offered to rise would have rose too, and caused a candle to be light to burn by her all night in the chimney while she ranted, while the knowing myself to have given some grounds for it, did make it my business to appease her all I could possibly, and by good words and fair promises did make her very quiet, and so rested all night, and rose with perfect good peace, being heartily afflicted for this folly of mine that did occasion it, but was forced to be silent about the girle, which I have no mind to part with, but much less that the poor girle should be undone by my folly. So up with mighty kindness from my wife and a thorough peace, and being up did by a note advise the girle what I had done and owned, which note I was in pain for till she told me she had burned it. This evening Mr. Spong come, and sat late with me, and first told me of the instrument called parallelogram,[1] which I must have one of, shewing me his practice thereon, by a map of England.

28th. So by coach with Mr. Gibson to Chancery Lane, and there made

[1] This useful instrument, used for copying maps, plans, drawings, &c., either of the same size, or larger or smaller than the originals, is now named a pantograph.

oath before a Master of Chancery to the Tangier account of fees, and so to White Hall, where, by and by, a Committee met, my Lord Sandwich there, but his report was not received, it being late; but only a little business done, about the supplying the place with victuals. But I did get, to my great content, my account allowed of fees, with great applause by my Lord Ashly and Sir W. Pen. Thence home, calling at one or two places; and there about our workmen, who are at work upon my wife's closet, and other parts of my house, that we are all in dirt. So after dinner with Mr. Gibson all the afternoon in my closet, and at night to supper and to bed, my wife and I at good peace, but yet with some little grudgings of trouble in her and more in me about the poor girle.

29th. At the office all the morning, where Mr. Wren first tells us of the order from the King, come last night to the Duke of York, for signifying his pleasure to the Sollicitor-General for drawing up a Commission for suspending of my Lord Anglesey,[1] and putting in Sir Thomas Littleton and Sir Thomas Osborne, the former a creature of Arlington's, and the latter of the Duke of Buckingham's, during the suspension.[2] The Duke of York was forced to obey, and did grant it, he being to go to Newmarket this day with the King, and so the King pressed for it. But Mr. Wren do own that the Duke of York is the most wounded in this, in the world, for it is done and concluded without his privity, after his appearing for Lord Anglesey, and that it is plain that they do ayme to bring the Admiralty into Commission too, and lessen the Duke of York. This do put strange apprehensions into all our Board; only I think I am the least troubled at it, for I care not at all for it: but my Lord Brouncker and Pen do seem to think much of it. So home to dinner, full of this news, and after dinner to the office, and so home all the afternoon to do business towards my drawing up an account for the Duke of York of the answers of this office to his late great letter, and late at it, and so to bed, with great peace from my wife and quiet, I bless God.

30th. Up betimes; and Mr. Povy comes to even accounts with me, which we did, and then fell to other talk. He tells, in short, how the King is made a child of, by Buckingham and Arlington, to the lessening of the Duke of

[1] See, in "Memoirs relating to the Navy," 8vo, 1729, two warrants of October 18th, 1668, and October 20th, 1668, addressed by the Duke of York to Sir Heneage Finch, the Solicitor-General. The former directs him to prepare a warrant for his suspension, and the second to prepare a bill for the royal signature, constituting and appointing Sir Thomas Osborne and Sir Thomas Lyttelton to the office of Treasurer of the Navy, hitherto filled by Lord Anglesey.—B.

[2] "They also prevail'd to put in Sir Thomas Osburn and Sir Thomas Littleton to be Treasurers of the Navy, without so much as speaking or making the least application to the Duke about it, thō such places never use to be disposed of without the concurrence and approbation of the Lord Admiral: and thō the Duke represented to the King the hardship done him, yet his Majesty order'd him to sign the warrant for their admission; which having done he afterwards lived very well with these two gentlemen, they being men of parts and executing well their office."—Clarke's *Life of James II.*, 1816, vol. i., p. 436.

York, whom they cannot suffer to be great, for fear of my Lord Chancellor's return, which, therefore, they make the King violent against. That he believes it is impossible these two great men can hold together long: or, at least, that the ambition of the former is so great, that he will endeavour to master all, and bring into play as many as he can. That Anglesey will not lose his place easily, but will contend in law with whoever comes to execute it. That the Duke of York, in all things but in his cod-piece, is led by the nose by his wife. That W. Coventry is now, by the Duke of York, made friends with the Duchess; and that he is often there, and waits on her. That he do believe that these present great men will break in time, and that W. Coventry will be a great man again; for he do labour to have nothing to do in matters of the State, and is so usefull to the side that he is on, that he will stand, though at present he is quite out of play. That my Lady Castlemayne hates the Duke of Buckingham. That the Duke of York hath expressed himself very kind to my Lord Sandwich, which I am mighty glad of. That we are to expect more changes if these men stand. This done, he and I to talk of my coach, and I got him to go see it, where he finds most infinite fault with it, both as to being out of fashion and heavy, with so good reason that I am mightily glad of his having corrected me in it; and so I do resolve to have one of his build, and with his advice, both in coach and horses, he being the fittest man in the world for it, and so he carried me home, and said the same to my wife. So I to the office and he away, and at noon I home to dinner, and all the afternoon late with Gibson at my chamber about my present great business, only a little in the afternoon at the office about Sir D. Gawden's accounts, and so to bed and slept heartily, my wife and I at good peace, but my heart troubled and her mind not at ease, I perceive, she against and I for the girle, to whom I have not said anything these three days, but resolve to be mighty strange in appearance to her. This night W. Batelier come and took his leave of us, he setting out for France to-morrow.

31st. Up, and at the office all the morning. At noon home to dinner with my people, and afternoon to the office again, and then to my chamber with Gibson to do more about my great answer for the Duke of York, and so at night after supper to bed well pleased with my advance thereon. This day my Lord Anglesey was at the Office, and do seem to make nothing of this business of his suspension, resolving to bring it into the Council, where he seems not to doubt to have right, he standing upon his defence and patent, and hath put in his caveats to the several Offices: so, as soon as the King comes back again,[1] which will be on Tuesday next, he will bring it into the Council. So ends this month with some quiet to my mind, though not perfect, after the greatest falling out with my poor wife, and through my folly with the girl, that ever I had, and I have reason to be sorry and ashamed of it, and more to be troubled for the poor girl's sake, whom I fear I shall by this

[1] From Newmarket.

means prove the ruin of, though I shall think myself concerned both to love and be a friend to her. This day Roger Pepys and his son Talbot, newly come to town, come and dined with me, and mighty glad I am to see them.

November 1st (Lord's day). Up, and with W. Hewer at my chamber all this morning, going further in my great business for the Duke of York, and so at noon to dinner, and then W. Hewer to write fair what he had writ, and my wife to read to me all the afternoon, till anon Mr. Gibson come, and he and I to perfect it to my full mind, and so to supper and to bed, my mind yet at disquiet that I cannot be informed how poor Deb. stands with her mistress, but I fear she will put her away, and the truth is, though it be much against my mind and to my trouble, yet I think that it will be fit that she should be gone, for my wife's peace and mine, for she cannot but be offended at the sight of her, my wife having conceived this jealousy of me with reason, and therefore for that, and other reasons of expense, it will be best for me to let her go, but I shall love and pity her. This noon Mr. Povy sent his coach for my wife and I to see, which we like mightily, and will endeavour to have him get us just such another.

2nd. Up, and a cold morning, by water through bridge without a cloak, and there to Mr. Wren at his chamber at White Hall, the first time of his coming thither this year, the Duchess coming thither to-night, and there he and I did read over my paper that I have with so much labour drawn up about the several answers of the officers of this Office to the Duke of York's reflections, and did debate a little what advice to give the Duke of York when he comes to town upon it. Here come in Lord Anglesy, and I perceive he makes nothing of this order for his suspension, resolving to contend and to bring it to the Council on Wednesday when the King is come to town to-morrow, and Mr. Wren do join with him mightily in it, and do look upon the Duke of York as concerned more in it than he. So to visit Creed at his chamber, but his wife not come thither yet, nor do he tell me where she is, though she be in town, at Stepney, at Atkins's.[1] So to Mr. Povy's to talk about a coach, but there I find my Lord Sandwich, and Peterborough, and Hinchingbroke, Charles Harbord, and Sidney Montagu; and there I was stopped, and dined mighty nobly at a good table, with one little dish at a time upon it, but mighty merry. I was glad to see it: but sorry, methought, to see my Lord have so little reason to be merry, and yet glad, for his sake, to have him cheerful. After dinner up, and looked up and down the house, and so to the cellar; and thence I slipt away, without taking leave, and so to a few places about business, and among others to my bookseller's in Duck Lane, and so home, where the house still full of dirt by painters and others, and will not be clean a good while. So to read and talk with my wife till by and by called to the office about Sir W. Warren's business, where we met a little, and then home to supper and to bed. This day I went, by Mr. Povy's

[1] Colonel Atkins. See June 24th, 1668.

direction, to a coachmaker near him,[1] for a coach just like his, but it was sold this very morning.

3rd. Up, and all the morning at the Office. At noon to dinner, and then to the Office, and there busy till 12 at night, without much pain to my eyes, but I did not use them to read or write, and so did hold out very well. So home, and there to supper, and I observed my wife to eye my eyes whether I did ever look upon Deb., which I could not but do now and then (and to my grief did see the poor wretch look on me and see me look on her, and then let drop a tear or two, which do make my heart relent at this minute that I am writing this with great trouble of mind, for she is indeed my sacrifice, poor girle); and my wife did tell me in bed by the by of my looking on other people, and that the only way is to put things out of sight, and this I know she means by Deb., for she tells me that her Aunt was here on Monday, and she did tell her of her desire of parting with Deb., but in such kind terms on both sides that my wife is mightily taken with her. I see it will be, and it is but necessary, and therefore, though it cannot but grieve me, yet I must bring my mind to give way to it. We had a great deal of do this day at the Office about Clutterbucke,[2] I declaring my dissent against the whole Board's proceedings, and I believe I shall go near to shew W. Pen a very knave in it, whatever I find my Lord Brouncker.

4th. Up, and by coach to White Hall; and there I find the King and Duke of York come the last night, and every body's mouth full of my Lord Anglesey's suspension being sealed, which it was, it seems, yesterday; so that he is prevented in his remedy at the Council; and, it seems, the two new Treasurers[3] did kiss the King's hand this morning, brought in by my Lord Arlington. They walked up and down together the Court this day, and several people joyed them; but I avoided it, that I might not be seen to look either way. This day also I hear that my Lord Ormond is to be declared in Council no more Deputy Governor of Ireland, his commission being expired: and the King is prevailed with to take it out of his hands; which people do mightily admire, saying that he is the greatest subject of any prince in Christendome, and hath more acres of land than any, and hath done more for his Prince than ever any yet did. But all will not do; he must down, it seems, the Duke of Buckingham carrying all before him. But that, that troubles me most is, that they begin to talk that the Duke of York's regiment is ordered to be disbanded; and more, that undoubtedly his Admiralty will follow: which do shake me mightily, and I fear will have ill consequences in the nation, for these counsels are very mad. The Duke of York do, by all men's report, carry himself wonderfull submissive to the King, in the most humble manner in the world; but yet, it seems, nothing must be spared that tends to the

[1] Mr. Povy lived in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Pepys no doubt went to Long Acre, then, as now, celebrated for its coachmakers.—B.

[2] See note to February 4th, 1663–64.

[3] Sir Thomas Osborne and Sir Thomas Lyttelton.

keeping out of the Chancellor; and that is the reason of all this. The great discourse now is, that the Parliament shall be dissolved and another called, which shall give the King the Deane and Chapter lands; and that will put him out of debt. And it is said that Buckingham do knownly meet daily with Wildman and other Commonwealth-men; and that when he is with them, he makes the King believe that he is with his wenches; and something looks like the Parliament's being dissolved, by Harry Brouncker's being now come back, and appears this day the first day at White Hall; but hath not been yet with the King, but is secure that he shall be well received, I hear. God bless us, when such men as he shall be restored! But that, that pleases me most is, that several do tell me that Pen is to be removed; and others, that he hath resigned his place; and particularly Spragg tells me for certain that he hath resigned it, and is become a partner with Gawden in the Victualling: in which I think he hath done a very cunning thing; but I am sure I am glad of it; and it will be well for the King to have him out of this Office. Thence by coach, doing several errands, home and there to dinner, and then to the Office, where all the afternoon till late at night, and so home. Deb. hath been abroad to-day with her friends, poor girle, I believe toward the getting of a place. This day a boy is sent me out of the country from Impington by my cozen Roger Pepys' getting, whom I visited this morning at his chamber in the Strand and carried him to Westminster Hall, where I took a turn or two with him and Sir John Talbot,[1] who talks mighty high for my Lord of Ormond: and I perceive this family of the Talbots hath been raised by my Lord. When I come home to-night I find Deb. not come home, and do doubt whether she be not quite gone or no, but my wife is silent to me in it, and I to her, but fell to other discourse, and indeed am well satisfied that my house will never be at peace between my wife and I unless I let her go, though it grieves me to the heart. My wife and I spent much time this evening talking of our being put out of the Office, and my going to live at Deptford at her brother's, till I can clear my accounts, and rid my hands of the town, which will take me a year or more, and I do think it will be best for me to do so, in order to our living cheap, and out of sight.

5th. Up, and Willet come home in the morning, and, God forgive me! I could not conceal my content thereat by smiling, and my wife observed it, but I said nothing, nor she, but away to the Office.[2] Presently up by water to White Hall, and there all of us to wait on the Duke of York, which we did, having little to do, and then I up and down the house, till by and by the Duke of York, who had bid me stay, did come to his closet again, and there did call in me and Mr. Wren; and there my paper, that I have lately taken pains to draw up, was read, and the Duke of York pleased therewith; and we did all along conclude upon answers to my mind for the Board, and that

[1] See January 17th, 1667–68, *ante*.

[2] In the margin is a note as follows: "Observe over the leaf for my mistake." See November 6th.

that, if put in execution, will do the King's business. But I do now more and more perceive the Duke of York's trouble, and that he do lie under great weight of mind from the Duke of Buckingham's carrying things against him; and particularly when I advised that he would use his interest that a seaman might come into the room of W. Pen, who is now declared to be gone from us to that of the Victualling, and did shew how the Office would now be left without one seaman in it, but the Surveyour and the Controller, who is so old as to be able to do nothing, he told me plainly that I knew his mind well enough as to seamen, but that it must be as others will. And Wren did tell it me as a secret, that when the Duke of York did first tell the King about Sir W. Pen's leaving of the place, and that when the Duke of York did move the King that either Captain Cox or Sir Jer. Smith might succeed him, the King did tell him that that was a matter fit to be considered of, and would not agree to either presently; and so the Duke of York could not prevail for either, nor knows who it shall be. The Duke of York did tell me himself, that if he had not carried it privately when first he mentioned Pen's leaving his place to the King, it had not been done; for the Duke of Buckingham and those of his party do cry out upon it, as a strange thing to trust such a thing into the hands of one that stands accused in Parliament: and that they have so far prevailed upon the King that he would not have him named in Council, but only take his name to the Board; but I think he said that only D. Gawden's name shall go in the patent; at least, at the time when Sir Richard Browne[1] asked the King the names of D. Gawden's security, the King told him it was not yet necessary for him to declare them. And by and by, when the Duke of York and we had done, and Wren brought into the closet Captain Cox and James Temple about business of the Guiney Company, and talking something of the Duke of Buckingham's concernment therein, and says the Duke of York, "I will give the Devil his due, as they say the Duke of Buckingham hath paid in his money to the Company," or something of that kind, wherein he would do right to him. The Duke of York told me how these people do begin to cast dirt upon the business that passed the Council lately, touching Supernumeraries, as passed by virtue of his authority there, there being not liberty for any man to withstand what the Duke of York advises there; which, he told me, they bring only as an argument to insinuate the putting of the Admiralty into Commission, which by all men's discourse is now designed, and I perceive the same by him. This being done, and going from him, I up and down the house to hear news: and there every body's mouth full of changes; and, among others, the Duke of York's regiment of Guards, that was raised during the late war at sea, is to be disbanded: and also, that this day the King do intend to declare that the Duke of Ormond is no more Deputy of Ireland, but that he will put it into Commission. This day our new Treasurers did kiss the King's hand, who complimented them, as they say, very highly,—that he had for a long time been abused in

[1] As Clerk to the Council.

his Treasurer, and that he was now safe in their hands. I saw them walk up and down the Court together all this morning; the first time I ever saw Osborne, who is a comely gentleman. This day I was told that my Lord Anglesey did deliver a petition on Wednesday in Council to the King, laying open, that whereas he had heard that his Majesty had made such a disposal of his place, which he had formerly granted him for life upon a valuable consideration, and that, without any thing laid to his charge, and during a Parliament's sessions, he prayed that his Majesty would be pleased to let his case be heard before the Council and the Judges of the land, who were his proper counsel in all matters of right: to which, I am told, the King, after my Lord's being withdrawn, concluded upon his giving him an answer some few days hence; and so he was called in, and told so, and so it ended. Having heard all this I took coach and to Mr. Povy's, where I hear he is gone to the Swedes Resident in Covent Garden, where he is to dine. I went thither, but he is not come yet, so I to White Hall to look for him, and up and down walking there I met with Sir Robert Holmes, who asking news I told him of Sir W. Pen's going from us, who ketched at it so as that my heart misgives me that he will have a mind to it, which made me heartily sorry for my words, but he invited me and would have me go to dine with him at the Treasurer's, Sir Thomas Clifford, where I did go and eat some oysters; which while we were at, in comes my Lord Keeper[1] and much company; and so I thought it best to withdraw. And so away, and to the Swedes Agent's,[2] and there met Mr. Povy; where the Agent would have me stay and dine, there being only them, and Joseph Williamson, and Sir Thomas Clayton;[3] but what he is I know not. Here much extraordinary noble discourse of foreign princes, and particularly the greatness of the King of France, and of his being fallen into the right way of making the kingdom great, which [none] of his ancestors ever did before. I was mightily pleased with this company and their discourse, so as to have been seldom so much in all my life, and so after dinner up into his upper room, and there did see a piece of perspective, but much inferior to Mr. Povy's. Thence with Mr. Povy spent all the afternoon going up and down among the coachmakers in Cow Lane, and did see several, and at last did pitch upon a little chariott, whose body was framed, but not covered, at the widow's, that made Mr. Lowther's fine coach; and we are mightily pleased with it, it being light, and will be very genteel and sober: to be covered with leather, and yet will hold four. Being much satisfied with this, I carried him to White Hall; and so by coach home, where give my wife a good account of my day's work, and so to the office, and there late, and so to bed.

[1] Sir Orlando Bridgman.

[2] Sir J. B. Leyenburg.

[3] Thomas Clayton, M.D., Professor of Physic, and Anatomy Lecturer at Oxford, for which university he was returned to serve in parliament in 1660, and afterwards knighted, and made Warden of Merton College.—B.

6th. Up, and presently my wife up with me, which she professedly now do every day to dress me, that I may not see Willet, and do eye me, whether I cast my eye upon her, or no, and do keep me from going into the room where she is among the upholsters at work in our blue chamber. So abroad to White Hall by water, and so on for all this day as I have by mistake set down in the fifth day after this mark.[1] In the room of which I should have said that I was at the office all the morning, and so to dinner, my wife with me, but so as I durst not look upon the girle, though, God knows, notwithstanding all my protestations I could not keep my mind from desiring it. After dinner to the office again, and there did some business, and then by coach to see Roger Pepys at his lodgings, next door to Arundell House, a barber's; and there I did see a book, which my Lord Sandwich hath promised one to me of, "A Description of the Escuriall in Spain;"[2] which I have a great desire to have, though I took it for a finer book when he promised it me. With him to see my cozen Turner and The., and there sat and talked, they being newly come out of the country; and here pretty merry, and with The. to shew her a coach at Mr. Povy's man's, she being in want of one, and so back again with her, and then home by coach, with my mind troubled and finding no content, my wife being still troubled, nor can be at peace while the girle is there, which I am troubled at on the other side. We past the evening together, and then to bed and slept ill, she being troubled and troubling me in the night with talk and complaints upon the old business. This is the day's work of the 5th, though it stands under the 6th, my mind being now so troubled that it is no wonder that I fall into this mistake more than ever I did in my life before.

7th. Up, and at the office all the morning, and so to it again after dinner, and there busy late, choosing to employ myself rather than go home to trouble with my wife, whom, however, I am forced to comply with, and indeed I do pity her as having cause enough for her grief. So to bed, and there slept ill because of my wife. This afternoon I did go out towards Sir D. Gawden's, thinking to have bespoke a place for my coach and horses, when I have them, at the Victualling Office; but find the way so bad and

[1] See *ante*, November 5th. In the margin here is the following: "Look back one leaf for my mistake."

[2] The book alluded to by Pepys is that of the Father Francisco de los Santos, first printed at Madrid in 1657, and entitled, "Descripcion breve del Monasterio de S. Lorenzo el Real del Escorial unica maravilla del mundo." It is in folio, and has some plates; but Pepys might well express his disappointment, for the appearance of the volume does not answer to the magnificence of the subject. About the time when Pepys wrote, or soon after, the Escurial received some damage by fire, and was even said to be totally destroyed; and in that belief, an abstract of Father Francisco's work was published in 1671, purporting to be "translated into English by a servant of the Earl of Sandwich." That a great amount of damage was really done is proved by the title of the third edition of the work, printed in Madrid in 1681, which says that the Escurial was rebuilt after the fire by Charles II.; and Santos, then alive, asserts the same in his dedication to that king, comparing him to the restorers of Solomon's Temple.—B.

long that I returned, and looked up and down for places elsewhere, in an inne, which I hope to get with more convenience than there.

8th (Lord's day). Up, and at my chamber all the morning, setting papers to rights, with my boy; and so to dinner at noon. The girle with us, but my wife troubled thereat to see her, and do tell me so, which troubles me, for I love the girle. At my chamber again to work all the afternoon till night, when Pelling comes, who wonders to find my wife so dull and melancholy, but God knows she hath too much cause. However, as pleasant as we can, we supped together, and so made the boy read to me, the poor girle not appearing at supper, but hid herself in her chamber. So that I could wish in that respect that she was out of the house, for our peace is broke to all of us while she is here, and so to bed, where my wife mighty unquiet all night, so as my bed is become burdensome to me.

9th. Up, and I did by a little note which I flung to Deb. advise her that I did continue to deny that ever I kissed her, and so she might govern herself. The truth is that I did adventure upon God's pardoning me this lie, knowing how heavy a thing it would be for me to the ruin of the poor girle, and next knowing that if my wife should know all it were impossible ever for her to be at peace with me again, and so our whole lives would be uncomfortable. The girl read, and as I bid her returned me the note, flinging it to me in passing by. And so I abroad by [coach] to White Hall, and there to the Duke of York to wait on him, who told me that Sir W. Pen had been with him this morning, to ask whether it would be fit for him to sit at the Office now, because of his resolution to be gone, and to become concerned in the Victualling. The Duke of York answered, "Yes, till his contract was signed." Thence I to Lord Sandwich's, and there to see him; but was made to stay so long, as his best friends are, and when I come to him so little pleasure, his head being full of his own business, I think, that I have no pleasure [to] go to him. Thence to White Hall with him, to the Committee of Tangier; a day appointed for him to give an account of Tangier, and what he did, and found there, which, though he had admirable matter for it, and his doings there were good, and would have afforded a noble account, yet he did it with a mind so low and mean, and delivered in so poor a manner, that it appeared nothing at all, nor any body seemed to value it; whereas, he might have shewn himself to have merited extraordinary thanks, and been held to have done a very great service: whereas now, all that cost the King hath been at for his journey through Spain thither, seems to be almost lost. After we were up, Creed and I walked together, and did talk a good while of the weak report my Lord made, and were troubled for it; I fearing that either his mind and judgment are depressed, or that he do it out of his great neglect, and so my fear that he do all the rest of his affairs accordingly. So I staid about the Court a little while, and then to look for a dinner, and had it at Hercules-Pillars, very late, all alone, costing me 10*d*. And so to the Excise Office, thinking to meet Sir Stephen Fox and the Cofferer, but

the former was gone, and the latter I met going out, but nothing done, and so I to my bookseller's, and also to Crow's, and there saw a piece of my bed, and I find it will please us mightily. So home, and there find my wife troubled, and I sat with her talking, and so to bed, and there very unquiet all night.

10th. Up, and my wife still every day as ill as she is all night, will rise to see me out doors, telling me plainly that she dares not let me see the girle, and so I out to the office, where all the morning, and so home to dinner, where I found my wife mightily troubled again, more than ever, and she tells me that it is from her examining the girle and getting a confession now from her of all . . . which do mightily trouble me, as not being able to foresee the consequences of it, as to our future peace together. So my wife would not go down to dinner, but I would dine in her chamber with her, and there after mollifying her as much as I could we were pretty quiet and eat, and by and by comes Mr. Hollier, and dines there by himself after we had dined, and he being gone, we to talk again, and she to be troubled, reproaching me with my unkindness and perjury, I having denied my ever kissing her. As also with all her old kindnesses to me, and my ill-using of her from the beginning, and the many temptations she hath refused out of faithfulness to me, whereof several she was particular in, and especially from my Lord Sandwich, by the sollicitation of Captain Ferrers, and then afterward the courtship of my Lord Hinchingbrooke, even to the trouble of his lady. All which I did acknowledge and was troubled for, and wept, and at last pretty good friends again, and so I to my office, and there late, and so home to supper with her, and so to bed, where after half-an-hour's slumber she wakes me and cries out that she should never sleep more, and so kept raving till past midnight, that made me cry and weep heartily all the while for her, and troubled for what she reproached me with as before, and at last with new vows, and particularly that I would myself bid the girle be gone, and shew my dislike to her, which I will endeavour to perform, but with much trouble, and so this appeasing her, we to sleep as well as we could till morning.

11th. Up, and my wife with me as before, and so to the Office, where, by a speciall desire, the new Treasurers come, and there did shew their Patent, and the Great Seal for the suspension of my Lord Anglesey: and here did sit and discourse of the business of the Office: and brought Mr. Hutchinson with them, who, I hear, is to be their Paymaster, in the room of Mr. Waith.[1] For it seems they do turn out every servant that belongs to the present Treasurer: and so for Fenn, do bring in Mr. Littleton, Sir Thomas's brother, and oust all the rest. But Mr. Hutchinson do already see that his work now will be another kind of thing than before, as to the trouble of it. They gone, and, indeed, they appear, both of them, very intelligent men, I home to dinner, and there with my people dined, and so to my wife, who would not

[1] It appears that Robert Wayth kept his office of Navy Paymaster, and that Mr. Hutcheson or Hutchinson was appointed paymaster also.

dine with [me] that she might not have the girle come in sight, and there sat and talked a while with her and pretty quiet, I giving no occasion of offence, and so to the office[1] [and then by coach to my cozen Roger Pepys, who did, at my last being with him this day se'nnight, move me as to the supplying him with £500 this term, and £500 the next, for two years, upon a mortgage, he having that sum to pay, a debt left him by his father, which I did agree to, trusting to his honesty and ability, and am resolved to do it for him, that I may not have all I have lie in the King's hands. Having promised him this I returned home again, where to the office], and there having done, I home and to supper and to bed, where, after lying a little while, my wife starts up, and with expressions of affright and madness, as one frantick, would rise, and I would not let her, but burst out in tears myself, and so continued almost half the night, the moon shining so that it was light, and after much sorrow and reproaches and little ravings (though I am apt to think they were counterfeit from her), and my promise again to discharge the girle myself, all was quiet again, and so to sleep.

12th. Up, and she with me as heretofore, and so I to the Office, where all the morning, and at noon to dinner, and Mr. Wayth, who, being at my office about business, I took him with me to talk and understand his matters, who is in mighty trouble from the Committee of Accounts about his contracting with this Office for sayle-cloth, but no hurt can be laid at his door in it, but upon us for doing it, if any, though we did it by the Duke of York's approval, and by him I understand that the new Treasurers do intend to bring in all new Instruments, and so having dined we parted, and I to my wife and to sit with her a little, and then called her and Willet to my chamber, and there did, with tears in my eyes, which I could not help, discharge her and advise her to be gone as soon as she could, and never to see me, or let me see her more while she was in the house, which she took with tears too, but I believe understands me to be her friend, and I am apt to believe by what my wife hath of late told me is a cunning girle, if not a slut. Thence, parting kindly with my wife, I away by coach to my cozen Roger, according as by mistake (which the trouble of my mind for some days has occasioned, in this and another case a day or two before) is set down in yesterday's notes, and so back again, and with Mr. Gibson late at my chamber making an end of my draught of a letter for the Duke of York, in answer to the answers of this Office, which I have now done to my mind, so as, if the Duke likes it, will, I think, put an end to a great deal of the faults of this Office, as well as my trouble for them. So to bed, and did now lie a little better than formerly, but with little, and yet with some trouble.

13th. Up, and with Sir W. Pen by coach to White Hall, where to the Duke of York, and there did our usual business; and thence I to the Commissioners of the Treasury, where I staid, and heard an excellent case argued between

[1] There is a note in the margin respecting the passage between brackets: "All this belongs to to-morrow in the afternoon."

my Lord Gerard and the Town of Newcastle, about a piece of ground which that Lord hath got a grant of, under the Exchequer Seal, which they were endeavouring to get of the King under the Great Seal. I liked mightily the counsel for the town, Shaftow,[1] their Recorder, and Mr. Offly.[2] But I was troubled, and so were the Lords, to hear my Lord fly out against their[3] great pretence of merit from the King, for their sufferings and loyalty; telling them that they might thank him for that repute which they have for their loyalty, for that it was he that forced them to be so, against their wills, when he was there: and, moreover, did offer a paper to the Lords to read from the Town, sent in 1648; but the Lords would not read it; but I believe it was something about bringing the King to trial, or some such thing, in that year. Thence I to the Three Tuns Tavern, by Charing Cross, and there dined with W. Pen, Sir J. Minnes, and Commissioner Middleton; and as merry as my mind could be, that hath so much trouble upon it at home. And thence to White Hall, and there staid in Mr. Wren's chamber with him, reading over my draught of a letter, which Mr. Gibson then attended me with; and there he did like all, but doubted whether it would be necessary for the Duke to write in so sharp a style to the Office, as I had drawn it in; which I yield to him, to consider the present posture of the times and the Duke of York, and whether it were not better to err on that hand than the other. He told me that he did not think it was necessary for the Duke of York to do so, and that it would not suit so well with his nature nor greatness; which last, perhaps, is true, but then do too truly shew the effects of having Princes in places, where order and discipline should be. I left it to him to do as the Duke of York pleases; and so fell to other talk, and with great freedom, of public things; and he told me, upon my several inquiries to that purpose, that he did believe it was not yet resolved whether the Parliament should ever meet more or no, the three great rulers of things now standing thus:—The Duke of Buckingham is absolutely against their meeting, as moved thereto by his people that he advises with, the people of the late times, who do never expect to have any thing done by this Parliament for their religion, and who do propose that, by the sale of the Church-lands, they shall be able to put the King out of debt: my Lord Keeper is utterly against putting away this and choosing another Parliament, lest they prove worse than this, and will make all the King's friends, and the King himself, in a desperate condition: my Lord Arlington know not which is best for him, being to seek whether this or the next will use him worst. He tells me that he believes that it is intended to call this Parliament, and try them with a sum

[1] Robert Shafto, knighted June 26th, 1670, and made serjeant-at-law in 1674. He died May 21st, 1705, aged seventy-two, and was buried in St. Nicholas's Church, Newcastle. He married Katharine, daughter and co-heir of Sir Thomas Widrington, of the Grange, Yorkshire.

[2] See March 30th, 1668. It was he who, in 1673, petitioned against Pepys's return for Castle Rising. See "Life," in vol. i., p. xxii.

[3] The inhabitants of Newcastle.

of money; and, if they do not like it, then to send them going, and call another, who will, at the ruin of the Church perhaps, please the King with what he will for a time. And he tells me, therefore, that he do believe that this policy will be endeavoured by the Church and their friends—to seem to promise the King money, when it shall be propounded, but make the King and these great men buy it dear, before they have it. He tells me that he is really persuaded that the design of the Duke of Buckingham is, by bringing the state into such a condition as, if the King do die without issue, it shall, upon his death, break into pieces again; and so put by the Duke of York, who they have disobliged, they know, to that degree, as to despair of his pardon. He tells me that there is no way to rule the King but by brisknesse, which the Duke of Buckingham hath above all men; and that the Duke of York having it not, his best way is what he practices, that is to say, a good temper, which will support him till the Duke of Buckingham and Lord Arlington fall out, which cannot be long first, the former knowing that the latter did, in the time of the Chancellor, endeavour with the Chancellor to hang him at that time, when he was proclaimed against. And here, by and by, he told me that the Duke of Buckingham did, by his friends, treat with my Lord Chancellor, by the mediation of Matt. Wren and Matt. Clifford,[1] to fall in with my Lord Chancellor which, he tells me, he did advise my Lord Chancellor to accept of, as that, that with his own interest and the Duke of York's, would undoubtedly have assured all to him and his family; but that my Lord Chancellor was a man not to be advised, thinking himself too high to be counselled: and so all is come to nothing; for by that means the Duke of Buckingham became desperate, and was forced to fall in with Arlington, to his [the Chancellor's] ruin. Thence I home, and there to talk, with great pleasure all the evening, with my wife, who tells me that Deb. has been abroad to-day, and is come home and says she has got a place to go to, so as she will be gone to-morrow morning. This troubled me, and the truth is, I have a good mind to have the maidenhead of this girl, which I should not doubt to have if je could get time para be con her. But she will be gone and I not know whither. Before we went to bed my wife told me she would not have me to see her or give her her wages, and so I did give my wife £10 for her year and a half a quarter's wages, which she went into her chamber and paid her, and so to bed, and there, blessed be God! we did sleep well and with peace, which I had not done in now almost twenty nights together. This

[1] Apparently this is Martin Clifford, Master of the Charterhouse in 1671. Little good is recorded of him, and he appears to have obtained his mastership through the influence of the Duke of Buckingham. He assisted that nobleman in the preparation of the "Rehearsal," and his assistance is alluded to in the "Session of Poets":

"Intelligence was brought, the Court being set,
That a Play Tripartite was very near made;
Where malicious Matt Clifford and spiritual Spratt
Were joined with their Duke, a Peer of the Trade."

(See "Dict. of Nat. Biog.")

afternoon I went to my coachmaker and Crow's, and there saw things go on to my great content. This morning, at the Treasury-chamber, I did meet Jack Fenn, and there he did shew me my Lord Anglesey's petition and the King's answer: the former good and stout, as I before did hear it: but the latter short and weak, saying that he was not, by what the King had done, hindered from taking the benefit of his laws, and that the reason he had to suspect his mismanagement of his money in Ireland, did make him think it unfit to trust him with his Treasury in England, till he was satisfied in the former.

14th. Up, and had a mighty mind to have seen or given her a little money, to which purpose I wrapt up 40*s*. in paper, thinking to have given her a little money, but my wife rose presently, and would not let me be out of her sight, and went down before me into the kitchen, and come up and told me that she was in the kitchen, and therefore would have me go round the other way; which she repeating and I vexed at it, answered her a little angrily, upon which she instantly flew out into a rage, calling me dog and rogue, and that I had a rotten heart; all which, knowing that I deserved it, I bore with, and word being brought presently up that she was gone away by coach with her things, my wife was friends, and so all quiet, and I to the Office, with my heart sad, and find that I cannot forget the girl, and vexed I know not where to look for her. And more troubled to see how my wife is by this means likely for ever to have her hand over me, that I shall for ever be a slave to her—that is to say, only in matters of pleasure, but in other things she will make [it] her business, I know, to please me and to keep me right to her, which I will labour to be indeed, for she deserves it of me, though it will be I fear a little time before I shall be able to wear Deb. out of my mind. At the Office all the morning, and merry at noon, at dinner; and after dinner to the Office, where all the afternoon, doing much business, late. My mind being free of all troubles, I thank God, but only for my thought of this girl, which hang after her. And so at night home to supper, and then did sleep with great content with my wife. I must here remember that I have lain with my moher as a husband more times since this falling out than in I believe twelve months before. And with more pleasure to her than I think in all the time of our marriage before.

15th (Lord's day). Up, and after long lying with pleasure talking with my wife, and then up to look up and down our house, which will when our upholster hath done be mighty fine, and so to my chamber, and there did do several things among my papers, and so to the office to write down my Journal for 6 or 7 days, my mind having been so troubled as never to get the time to do it before, as may appear a little by the mistakes I have made in this book within these few days. At noon comes Mr. Shepley to dine with me and W. Howe, and there dined and pretty merry, and so after dinner W. Howe to tell me what hath happened between him and the Commissioners of late, who are hot again, more than ever, about my Lord Sandwich's busi-

ness of prizes, which I am troubled for, and the more because of the great security and neglect with which, I think, my Lord do look upon this matter, that may yet, for aught I know, undo him. They gone, and Balty being come from the Downs, not very well, is come this day to see us, I to talk with him, and with some pleasure, hoping that he will make a good man. I in the evening to my Office again, to make an end of my Journall, and so home to my chamber with W. Hewer to settle some papers, and so to supper and to bed, with my mind pretty quiet, and less troubled about Deb. than I was, though yet I am troubled, I must confess, and would be glad to find her out, though I fear it would be my ruin. This evening there come to sit with us Mr. Pelling, who wondered to see my wife and I so dumpish, but yet it went off only as my wife's not being well, and, poor wretch, she hath no cause to be well, God knows.

16th. Up, and by water to White Hall, and there at the robe chamber at a Committee for Tangier, where some of us—my Lord Sandwich, Sir W. Coventry, and myself, with another or two—met to debate the business of the Mole, and there drew up reasons for the King's taking of it into his own hands, and managing of it upon accounts with Sir H. Cholmley. This being done I away to Holborne, about Whetstone's[1] Park, where I never was in my life before, where I understand by my wife's discourse that Deb. is gone, which do trouble me mightily that the poor girle should be in a desperate condition forced to go thereabouts, and there not hearing of any such man as Allbon, with whom my wife said she now was, I to the Strand, and there by sending Drumbleby's boy, my flageolet maker, to Eagle Court, where my wife also by discourse lately let fall that he did lately live, I find that this Dr. Allbon is a kind of poor broken fellow that dare not shew his head nor be known where he is gone, but to Lincoln's Inn Fields I went to Mr. Povy's, but missed him, and so hearing only that this Allbon is gone to Fleet Street, I did only call at Martin's, my bookseller's, and there bought "Cassandra," [2] and some other French books for my wife's closet, and so home, having eat nothing but two pennyworths of oysters, opened for me by a woman in the Strand, while the boy went to and again to inform me about this man, and therefore home and to dinner, and so all the afternoon at the office, and there late busy, and so home to supper, and pretty pleasant with my wife to bed, rested pretty well.

17th. Up, and to the Office all the morning, where the new Treasurers come, their second time, and before they sat down, did discourse with the Board, and particularly my Lord Brouncker, about their place,[3] which they

[1] Whetstone Park is a narrow roadway between the north side of Lincoln's Inn Fields and the south side of Holborn, named after William Whetstone, a tobacconist and overseer of the parish of St. Giles-in-the-Fields in the time of Charles I. and the Commonwealth.

[2] A romance by Gauthier de Costes, Seigneur de la Calprenède. It was translated into English by Sir Charles Cotterell, whose translation passed through several editions.

[3] *i.e.*, precedence.

challenge, as having been heretofore due, and given to their predecessor; which, at last, my Lord did own hath been given him only out of courtesy to his quality, and that he did not take it as a right at the Board: so they, for the present, sat down, and did give him the place, but, I think, with an intent to have the Duke of York's directions about it. My wife and maids busy now, to make clean the house above stairs, the upholsters having done there, in her closet and the blue room, and they are mighty pretty. At my office all the afternoon and at night busy, and so home to my wife, and pretty pleasant, and at mighty ease in my mind, being in hopes to find Deb., and without trouble or the knowledge of my wife. So to supper at night and to bed.

18th. Lay long in bed talking with my wife, she being unwilling to have me go abroad, saying and declaring herself jealous of my going out for fear of my going to Deb., which I do deny, for which God forgive me, for I was no sooner out about noon but I did go by coach directly to Somerset House, and there enquired among the porters there for Dr. Allbun, and the first I spoke with told me he knew him, and that he was newly gone into Lincoln's Inn Fields, but whither he could not tell me, but that one of his fellows not then in the way did carry a chest of drawers thither with him, and that when he comes he would ask him. This put me into some hopes, and I to White Hall, and thence to Mr. Povy's, but he at dinner, and therefore I away and walked up and down the Strand between the two turnstiles, hoping to see her out of a window, and then employed a porter, one Osberton, to find out this Doctor's lodgings thereabouts, who by appointment comes to me to Hercules pillars, where I dined alone, but tells me that he cannot find out any such, but will enquire further. Thence back to White Hall to the Treasury a while, and thence to the Strand, and towards night did meet with the porter that carried the chest of drawers with this Doctor, but he would not tell me where he lived, being his good master, he told me, but if I would have a message to him he would deliver it. At last I told him my business was not with him, but a little gentlewoman, one Mrs. Willet, that is with him, and sent him to see how she did from her friend in London, and no other token. He goes while I walk in Somerset House, walk there in the Court; at last he comes back and tells me she is well, and that I may see her if I will, but no more. So I could not be commanded by my reason, but I must go this very night, and so by coach, it being now dark, I to her, close by my tailor's, and she come into the coach to me, and je did baiser her. . . . I did nevertheless give her the best council I could, to have a care of her honour, and to fear God, and suffer no man para avoir to do con her as je have done, which she promised. Je did give her 20*s*. and directions para laisser sealed in paper at any time the name of the place of her being at Herringman's, my bookseller in the 'Change, by which I might go para her, and so bid her good night with much content to my mind, and resolution to look after her no more till I heard from her. And so home, and there told my wife a fair tale, God knows, how I spent the whole day, with which the poor wretch was satisfied, or at least

seemed so, and so to supper and to bed, she having been mighty busy all day in getting of her house in order against to-morrow to hang up our new hangings and furnishing our best chamber.

19th. Up, and at the Office all the morning, with my heart full of joy to think in what a safe condition all my matters now stand between my wife and Deb. and me, and at noon running up stairs to see the upholsters, who are at work upon hanging my best room, and setting up my new bed, I find my wife sitting sad in the dining room; which enquiring into the reason of, she begun to call me all the false, rotten-hearted rogues in the world, letting me understand that I was with Deb. yesterday, which, thinking it impossible for her ever to understand, I did a while deny, but at last did, for the ease of my mind and hers, and for ever to discharge my heart of this wicked business, I did confess all, and above stairs in our bed chamber there I did endure the sorrow of her threats and vows and curses all the afternoon, and, what was worse, she swore by all that was good that she would slit the nose of this girle, and be gone herself this very night from me, and did there demand 3 or £400 of me to buy my peace, that she might be gone without making any noise, or else protested that she would make all the world know of it. So with most perfect confusion of face and heart, and sorrow and shame, in the greatest agony in the world I did pass this afternoon, fearing that it will never have an end; but at last I did call for W. Hewer, who I was forced to make privy now to all, and the poor fellow did cry like a child, [and] obtained what I could not, that she would be pacified upon condition that I would give it under my hand never to see or speak with Deb. while I live, as I did before with Pierce and Knepp, and which I did also, God knows, promise for Deb. too, but I have the confidence to deny it to the perjury of myself. So, before it was late, there was, beyond my hopes as well as desert, a durable peace; and so to supper, and pretty kind words, and to bed, and there je did hazer con ell to her content, and so with some rest spent the night in bed, being most absolutely resolved, if ever I can master this bout, never to give her occasion while I live of more trouble of this or any other kind, there being no curse in the world so great as this of the differences between myself and her, and therefore I do, by the grace of God, promise never to offend her more, and did this night begin to pray to God upon my knees alone in my chamber, which God knows I cannot yet do heartily; but I hope God will give me the grace more and more every day to fear Him, and to be true to my poor wife. This night the upholsters did finish the hanging of my best chamber, but my sorrow and trouble is so great about this business, that it puts me out of all joy in looking upon it or minding how it was.

20th. This morning up, with mighty kind words between my poor wife and I; and so to White Hall by water, W. Hewer with me, who is to go with me every where, until my wife be in condition to go out along with me herself; for she do plainly declare that she dares not trust me out alone, and therefore made it a piece of our league that I should always take somebody

with me, or her herself, which I am mighty willing to, being, by the grace of God, resolved never to do her wrong more. We landed at the Temple, and there I bid him call at my cozen Roger Pepys's lodgings, and I staid in the street for him, and so took water again at the Strand stairs; and so to White Hall, in my way I telling him plainly and truly my resolutions, if I can get over this evil, never to give new occasion for it. He is, I think, so honest and true a servant to us both, and one that loves us, that I was not much troubled at his being privy to all this, but rejoiced in my heart that I had him to assist in the making us friends, which he did truly and heartily, and with good success, for I did get him to go to Deb. to tell her that I had told my wife all of my being with her the other night, that so if my wife should send she might not make the business worse by denying it. While I was at White Hall with the Duke of York, doing our ordinary business with him, here being also the first time the new Treasurers, W. Hewer did go to her and come back again, and so I took him into St. James's Park, and there he did tell me he had been with her, and found what I said about my manner of being with her true, and had given her advice as I desired. I did there enter into more talk about my wife and myself, and he did give me great assurance of several particular cases to which my wife had from time to time made him privy of her loyalty and truth to me after many and great temptations, and I believe them truly. I did also discourse the unfitness of my leaving of my employment now in many respects to go into the country, as my wife desires, but that I would labour to fit myself for it, which he thoroughly understands, and do agree with me in it; and so, hoping to get over this trouble, we about our business to Westminster Hall to meet Roger Pepys, which I did, and did there discourse of the business of lending him £500 to answer some occasions of his, which I believe to be safe enough, and so took leave of him and away by coach home, calling on my coachmaker by the way, where I like my little coach mightily. But when I come home, hoping for a further degree of peace and quiet, I find my wife upon her bed in a horrible rage afresh, calling me all the bitter names, and, rising, did fall to revile me in the bitterest manner in the world, and could not refrain to strike me and pull my hair, which I resolved to bear with, and had good reason to bear it. So I by silence and weeping did prevail with her a little to be quiet, and she would not eat her dinner without me; but yet by and by into a raging fit she fell again, worse than before, that she would slit the girl's nose, and at last W. Hewer come in and come up, who did allay her fury, I flinging myself, in a sad desperate condition, upon the bed in the blue room, and there lay while they spoke together; and at last it come to this, that if I would call Deb. whore under my hand and write to her that I hated her, and would never see her more, she would believe me and trust in me, which I did agree to, only as to the name of whore I would have excused, and therefore wrote to her sparing that word, which my wife thereupon tore it, and would not be satisfied till, W. Hewer winking upon me, I did write so with the name of a whore as

that I did fear she might too probably have been prevailed upon to have been a whore by her carriage to me, and therefore as such I did resolve never to see her more. This pleased my wife, and she gives it W. Hewer to carry to her with a sharp message from her. So from that minute my wife begun to be kind to me, and we to kiss and be friends, and so continued all the evening, and fell to talk of other matters, with great comfort, and after supper to bed. This evening comes Mr. Billup to me, to read over Mr. Wren's alterations of my draught of a letter for the Duke of York to sign, to the Board; which I like mighty well, they being not considerable, only in mollifying some hard terms, which I had thought fit to put in. From this to other discourse; and do find that the Duke of York and his master, Mr. Wren, do look upon this service of mine as a very seasonable service to the Duke of York, as that which he will have to shew to his enemies in his own justification, of his care of the King's business; and I am sure I am heartily glad of it, both for the King's sake and the Duke of York's, and my own also; for, if I continue, my work, by this means, will be the less, and my share in the blame also. He being gone, I to my wife again, and so spent the evening with very great joy, and the night also with good sleep and rest, my wife only troubled in her rest, but less than usual, for which the God of Heaven be praised. I did this night promise to my wife never to go to bed without calling upon God upon my knees by prayer, and I begun this night, and hope I shall never forget to do the like all my life; for I do find that it is much the best for my soul and body to live pleasing to God and my poor wife, and will ease me of much care as well as much expense.

21st. Up, with great joy to my wife and me, and to the office, where W. Hewer did most honestly bring me back the part of my letter to Deb. wherein I called her whore, assuring me that he did not shew it her, and that he did only give her to understand that wherein I did declare my desire never to see her, and did give her the best Christian counsel he could, which was mighty well done of him. But by the grace of God, though I love the poor girl and wish her well, as having gone too far toward the undoing her, yet I will never enquire after or think of her more, my peace being certainly to do right to my wife. At the Office all the morning; and after dinner abroad with W. Hewer to my Lord Ashly's, where my Lord Barkeley and Sir Thomas Ingram [1] met upon Mr. Povy's account, where I was in great pain about that part of his account wherein I am concerned, above £150, I think; and Creed hath declared himself dissatisfied with it, so far as to desire to cut his "Examinatur" out of the paper, as the only condition in which he would be silent in it. This Povy had the wit to yield to; and so when it come to be inquired into, I did avouch the truth of the account as to that particular, of my own knowledge, and so it went over as a thing good and just—as, indeed, in the bottom of it, it is; though in strictness, perhaps, it would not so well be understood. This Committee rising, I, with my mind much satis-

[1] See January 9th, 1664–65.

fied herein, away by coach home, setting Creed into Southhampton Buildings, and so home; and there ended my letters, and then home to my wife, where I find my house clean now, from top to bottom, so as I have not seen it many a day, and to the full satisfaction of my mind, that I am now at peace, as to my poor wife, as to the dirtiness of my house, and as to seeing an end, in a great measure, to my present great disbursements upon my house, and coach and horses.

22nd (Lord's day). My wife and I lay long, with mighty content; and so rose, and she spent the whole day making herself clean, after four or five weeks being in continued dirt; and I knocking up nails, and making little settlements in my house, till noon, and then eat a bit of meat in the kitchen, I all alone. And so to the Office, to set down my journall, for some days leaving it imperfect, the matter being mighty grievous to me, and my mind, from the nature of it; and so in, to solace myself with my wife, whom I got to read to me, and so W. Hewer and the boy; and so, after supper, to bed. This day my boy's livery is come home, the first I ever had, of greene, lined with red; and it likes me well enough.

23rd. Up, and called upon by W. Howe, who went, with W. Hewer with me, by water, to the Temple; his business was to have my advice about a place he is going to buy—the Clerk of the Patent's place,[1] which I understand not, and so could say little to him, but fell to other talk, and setting him in at the Temple, we to White Hall, and there I to visit Lord Sandwich, who is now so reserved, or moped rather, I think, with his own business, that he bids welcome to no man, I think, to his satisfaction. However, I bear with it, being willing to give him as little trouble as I can, and to receive as little from him, wishing only that I had my money in my purse, that I have lent him; but, however, I shew no discontent at all. So to White Hall, where a Committee of Tangier expected, but none met. I met with Mr. Povy, who I discoursed with about publick business, who tells me that this discourse which I told him of, of the Duke of Monmouth being made Prince of Wales, hath nothing in it; though he thinks there are all the endeavours used in the world to overthrow the Duke of York. He would not have me doubt of my safety in the Navy, which I am doubtful of from the reports of a general removal; but he will endeavour to inform me, what he can gather from my Lord Arlington. That he do think that the Duke of Buckingham hath a mind rather to overthrow all the kingdom, and bring in a Commonwealth, wherein he may think to be General of their Army, or to make himself King, which, he believes, he may be led to, by some advice he hath had with conjurors, which he do affect. Thence with W. Hewer, who goes up and down

[1] Among the State Papers, 1668, is a petition from Peter Massonnet to Lord Arlington: "Is the saddest object of pity of all the king's servants. Has attended 32 years as French sub-tutor and writing-master, served him in adversity as Clerk of the Patents and Foreign Secretary, but at the Restoration had only his sub-tutor's salary continued, now £833 in arrear, so that he is ready to perish; will resign his patent for the arrears and some recompense" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1668–69, p. 129).

with me like a jaylour, but yet with great love and to my great good liking, it being my desire above all things to please my wife therein. I took up my wife and boy to Unthank's, and from there to Hercules Pillars, and there dined, and thence to our upholster's, about some things more to buy, and so to see our coach, and so to the looking-glass man's, by the New Exchange, and so to buy a picture for our blue chamber chimney, and so home; and there I made my boy to read to me most of the night, to get through the Life of Archbishop of Canterbury.[1] At supper comes Mary Batelier, and with us all the evening, prettily talking, and very innocent company she is; and she gone, we with much content to bed, and to sleep, with mighty rest all night.

24th. Up, and at the Office all the morning, and at noon home to dinner, where Mr. Gentleman, the cook, and an old woman, his third or fourth wife, come and dined with us, to enquire about a ticket of his son's, that is dead; and after dinner, I with Mr. Hosier to my closet, to discourse of the business of balancing Storekeeper's accounts, which he hath taken great pains in reducing to a method, to my great satisfaction; and I shall be glad both for the King's sake and his, that the thing may be put in practice, and will do my part to promote it. That done, he gone, I to the Office, where busy till night; and then with comfort to sit with my wife, and get her to read to me, and so to supper, and to bed, with my mind at mighty ease.

25th. Up, and by coach with W. Hewer to see W. Coventry; but he gone out, I to White Hall, and there waited on Lord Sandwich, which I have little encouragement to do, because of the difficulty of seeing him, and the little he hath to say to me when I do see him, or to any body else, but his own idle people about him, Sir Charles Harbord, &c. Thence walked with him to White Hall, where to the Duke of York; and there the Duke, and Wren, and I, by appointment in his closet, to read over our letter to the Office, which he heard, and signed it, and it is to my mind, Mr. Wren having made it somewhat sweeter to the Board, and yet with all the advice fully, that I did draw it up with. He [the Duke] said little more to us now, his head being full of other business; but I do see that he do continue to put a value upon my advice; and so Mr. Wren and I to his chamber, and there talked: and he seems to hope that these people, the Duke of Buckingham and Arlington, will run themselves off their legs; they being forced to be always putting the King upon one idle thing or other, against the easiness of his nature, which he will never be able to bear, nor they to keep him to, and so will lose themselves. And, for instance of their little progress, he tells me that my Lord of Ormond is like yet to carry it, and to continue in his command in Ireland; at least, they cannot get the better of him yet. But he tells me that the Keeper[2] is wrought upon, as they say, to give his opinion for the dissolving of the Parliament, which, he thinks, will undo him in the eyes

[1] Laud. See September 16th, 1668.
[2] Lord Keeper, Sir Orlando Bridgman.

of the people. He do not seem to own the hearing or fearing of any thing to be done in the Admiralty, to the lessening of the Duke of York, though he hears how the town talk's full of it. Thence I by coach home, and there find my cozen Roger come to dine with me, and to seal his mortgage for the £500 I lend him; but he and I first walked to the 'Change, there to look for my uncle Wight, and get him to dinner with us. So home, buying a barrel of oysters at my old oyster-woman's, in Gracious Street, but over the way to where she kept her shop before. So home, and there merry at dinner; and the money not being ready, I carried Roger Pepys to Holborn Conduit,[1] and there left him going to Stradwick's [2] whom we avoided to see, because of our long absence, and my wife and I to the Duke of York's house, to see "The Duchesse of Malfy," a sorry play, and sat with little pleasure, for fear of my wife's seeing me look about, and so I was uneasy all the while, though I desire and resolve never to give her trouble of that kind more. So home, and there busy at the Office a while, and then home, where my wife to read to me, and so to supper, and to bed. This evening, to my great content, I got Sir Richard Ford to give me leave to set my coach in his yard.

26th. Up, and at the Office all the morning, where I was to have delivered the Duke of York's letter of advice to the Board, in answer to our several answers to his great letter; but Lord Brouncker not being there, and doubtful to deliver it before the new Treasurers, I forbore it to next sitting. So home at noon to dinner, where I find Mr. Pierce and his wife: but I was forced to shew very little pleasure in her being there because of my vow to my wife, and therefore was glad of a very bad occasion for my being really troubled, which is, at W. Hewer's losing of a tally of £1,000, which I sent him this day to receive of the Commissioners of Excise. So that though I hope at the worst I shall be able to get another, yet I made use of this to get away as soon as I had dined, and therefore out with him to the Excise Office to make a stop of its payment, and so away to the coachmaker's and several other places, and so away home, and there to my business at the office, and thence home, and there my wife to read to me, and W. Hewer to set some matters of accounts right at my chamber, to bed.

27th. Up, and with W. Hewer to see W. Coventry again, but missed him again, by coming too late, the man of [all] the world that I am resolved to preserve an interest in. Thence to White Hall, and there at our usual waiting on the Duke of York; and that being done, I away to the Exchequer, to give a stop, and take some advice about my lost tally, wherein I shall have some remedy, with trouble, and so home, and there find Mr. Povy, by appointment, to dine with me; where a pretty good dinner, but for want of thought

[1] Stow speaks of "the Conduit of Holborn Cross, erected about 1498: again new made by Mr. William Lamb, 1557. Hence called Lamb's Conduit."—B.

[2] Pepys's cousin by marriage, Thomas Stradwick. See September 13th, 1660. Bunyan died in 1688, at the house of his friend, Mr. Stradwick, a grocer, at the sign of the Star, on Snow Hill.

in my wife it was but slovenly dressed up; however, much pleasant discourse with him, and some serious; and he tells me that he would, by all means, have me get to be a Parliament-man the next Parliament, which he believes there will be one, which I do resolve of. By and by comes my cozen Roger, and dines with us; and, after dinner, did seal his mortgage, wherein I do wholly rely on his honesty, not having so much as read over what he hath given me for it, nor minded it, but do trust to his integrity therein. They all gone, I to the office and there a while, and then home to ease my eyes and make my wife read to me.

28th. Up, and all the morning at the Office, where, while I was sitting, one comes and tells me that my coach is come. So I was forced to go out, and to Sir Richard Ford's, where I spoke to him, and he is very willing to have it brought in, and stand there; and so I ordered it, to my great content, it being mighty pretty, only the horses do not please me, and, therefore, resolve to have better. At noon home to dinner, and so to the office again all the afternoon, and did a great deal of business, and so home to supper and to bed, with my mind at pretty good ease, having this day presented to the Board the Duke of York's letter,[1] which, I perceive, troubled Sir W. Pen, he declaring himself meant in that part, that concerned excuse by sickness;[2] but I do not care, but am mightily glad that it is done, and now I shall begin to be at pretty good ease in the Office. This morning, to my great content, W. Hewer tells me that a porter is come, who found my tally in Holborne, and brings it him, for which he gives him 20*s*.

29th (Lord's day). Lay long in bed with pleasure [with my wife], with whom I have now a great deal of content, and my mind is in other things also mightily more at ease, and I do mind my business better than ever and am more at peace, and trust in God I shall ever be so, though I cannot yet get my mind off from thinking now and then of Deb., but I do ever since my promise a while since to my wife pray to God by myself in my chamber every night, and will endeavour to get my wife to do the like with me ere long, but am in much fear of what she lately frighted me with about her being a Catholique; and I dare not, therefore, move her to go to church, for fear she should deny me; but this morning, of her own accord, she spoke of going to church the next Sunday, which pleases me mightily. This morning my coachman's clothes come home; and I like the livery mightily, and so I all the morning at my chamber, and dined with my wife, and got her to read to me in the afternoon, till Sir W. Warren, by appointment, comes to me, who spent two hours, or three, with me, about his accounts of Gottenburgh,[3] which are so confounded, that I doubt they will hardly ever pass without

[1] Dated, White Hall, November 25th, 1668. See a copy of it in Harl. MS. 6003.

[2] Sir William Penn's address to the Duke of York in reply to the Duke of York's letter is printed in Penn's "Memorials of Sir W. Penn," vol. ii., p. 514. In this his absences from the office are accounted for or explained by reason of his ill-health.

[3] Sir William Warren had several contracts with the Navy Commissioners for timber. In December, 1668, he had a contract for elm timber.

my doing something, which he desires of me, and which, partly from fear, and partly from unwillingness to wrong the King, and partly from its being of no profit to me, I am backward to give way to, though the poor man do indeed deserve to be rid of this trouble, that he hath lain so long under, from the negligence of this Board. We afterwards fell to other talk, and he tells me, as soon as he saw my coach yesterday, he wished that the owner might not contract envy by it;[1] but I told him it was now manifestly for my profit to keep a coach, and that, after employments like mine for eight years, it were hard if I could not be justly thought to be able to do that. He gone, my wife and I to supper; and so she to read, and made an end of the Life of Archbishop Laud, which is worth reading, as informing a man plainly in the posture of the Church, and how the things of it were managed with the same self-interest and design that every other thing is, and have succeeded accordingly. So to bed.

30th. Up betimes, and with W. Hewer, who is my guard, to White Hall, to a Committee of Tangier, where the business of Mr. Lanyon[2] took up all the morning; and where, poor man! he did manage his business with so much folly, and ill fortune to boot, that the Board, before his coming in, inclining, of their own accord, to lay his cause aside, and leave it to the law, but he pressed that we would hear it, and it ended to the making him appear a very knave, as well as it did to me a fool also, which I was sorry for. Thence by water, Mr. Povy, Creed, and I, to Arundell House, and there I did see them choosing their Council, it being St. Andrew's-day;[3] and I had his Cross[4] set on my hat, as the rest had, and cost me 2*s*., and so leaving them I away by coach home to dinner, and my wife, after dinner, went the first time

[1] Though our journalist prided himself not a little upon becoming possessed of a carriage, the acquisition was regarded with envy and jealousy by his enemies, as will appear by the following extract from the scurrilous pamphlet, "A Hue and Cry after P. and H. and Plain Truth (or a Private Discourse between P. and H.)" in which Pepys and Hewer are severely handled: "There is one thing more you must be mightily sorry for with all speed. Your presumption in your coach, in which you daily ride, as if you had been son and heir to the great Emperor Neptune, or as if you had been infallibly to have succeeded him in his government of the Ocean, all which was presumption in the highest degree. First, you had upon the fore part of your chariot, tempestuous waves and wrecks of ships; on your left hand, forts and great guns, and ships a-fighting; on your right hand was a fair harbour and galleys riding, with their flags and pennants spread, kindly saluting each other, just like P[epys] and H[ewer]. Behind it were high curled waves and ships a-sinking, and here and there an appearance of some bits of land."

[2] John Lanyon, agent of the Navy Commissioners at Plymouth. The cause of complaint appears to have been connected with his contract for Tangier. In 1668 a charge was made against Lanyon and Thomas Yeabsley that they had defrauded the king in the freighting of the ship "Tiger" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1668–69, p. 138).

[3] There were sixty fellows present at this meeting of the Royal Society when the new Council was elected. The annual meeting is still held on St. Andrew's day.

[4] The cross of St. Andrew, like that of St. Patrick, is a saltire. The two, combined with the red cross of St. George, form the Union flag.

abroad to take the maidenhead of her coach, calling on Roger Pepys, and visiting Mrs. Creed, and my cozen Turner, while I at home all the afternoon and evening, very busy and doing much work, to my great content. Home at night, and there comes Mrs. Turner and Betty to see us, and supped with us, and I shewed them a cold civility for fear of troubling my wife, and after supper, they being gone, we to bed. Thus ended this month, with very good content, that hath been the most sad to my heart and the most expenseful to my purse on things of pleasure, having furnished my wife's closet and the best chamber, and a coach and horses, that ever I yet knew in the world: and do put me into the greatest condition of outward state that ever I was in, or hoped ever to be, or desired: and this at a time when we do daily expect great changes in this Office: and by all reports we must, all of us, turn out. But my eyes are come to that condition that I am not able to work: and therefore that, and my wife's desire, make me have no manner of trouble in my thoughts about it. So God do his will in it!

December 1st. Up, and to the office, where sat all the morning, and at noon with my people to dinner, and so to the office, very busy till night, and then home and made my boy read to me Wilkins's Reall Character, which do please me mightily, and so after supper to bed with great pleasure and content with my wife. This day I hear of poor Mr. Clerke, the solicitor, being dead, of a cold, after being not above two days ill, which troubles me mightily, poor man!

2nd. Up, and at the office all the morning upon some accounts of Sir D. Gawden, and at noon abroad with W. Hewer, thinking to have found Mr. Wren at Captain Cox's, to have spoke something to him about doing a favour for Will's uncle Steventon, but missed him. And so back home and abroad with my wife, the first time that ever I rode in my own coach, which do make my heart rejoice, and praise God, and pray him to bless it to me and continue it. So she and I to the King's playhouse, and there sat to avoid seeing Knepp in a box above where Mrs. Williams happened to be, and there saw "The Usurper;" a pretty good play, in all but what is designed to resemble Cromwell and Hugh Peters, which is mighty silly. The play done, we to White Hall; where my wife staid while I up to the Duchesse's and Queen's side, to speak with the Duke of York: and here saw all the ladies, and heard the silly discourse of the King, with his people about him, telling a story of my Lord Rochester's having of his clothes stole, while he was with a wench; and his gold all gone, but his clothes found afterwards stuffed into a feather bed by the wench that stole them. I spoke with the Duke of York, just as he was set down to supper with the King, about our sending of victuals to Sir Thomas Allen's fleet hence to Cales [Cadiz], to meet him. And so back to my wife in my coach, and so with great content and joy home, where I made my boy to make an end of the Reall Character, which I begun a great while ago, and do please me infinitely, and indeed is a most worthy labour, and I think mighty easy, though my eyes make me unable to attempt any thing

in it. To-day I hear that Mr. Ackworth's cause went for him at Guildhall,[1] against his accusers, which I am well enough pleased with.

3rd. Up betimes, and by water with W. Hewer to White Hall, and there to Mr. Wren, who gives me but small hopes of the favour I hoped for Mr. Steventon, Will's uncle, of having leave, being upon the point of death, to surrender his place, which do trouble me, but I will do what I can. So back again to the Office, Sir Jer. Smith with me; who is a silly, prating, talking man; but he tells me what he hears,—that Holmes and Spragg now rule all with the Duke of Buckingham, as to sea-business, and will be great men: but he do prophesy what will be the fruit of it; so I do. So to the Office, where we sat all the morning; and at noon home to dinner, and then abroad again, with my wife, to the Duke of York's playhouse, and saw "The Unfortunate Lovers;" a mean play, I think, but some parts very good, and excellently acted. We sat under the boxes, and saw the fine ladies; among others, my Lady Kerneguy,[2] who is most devilishly painted. And so home, it being mighty pleasure to go alone with my poor wife, in a coach of our own, to a play, and makes us appear mighty great, I think, in the world; at least, greater than ever I could, or my friends for me, have once expected; or, I think, than ever any of my family ever yet lived, in my memory, but my cozen Pepys in Salisbury Court. So to the office, and thence home to supper and to bed.

4th. Up, and with W. Hewer by water to White Hall, and there did wait as usual upon the Duke of York, where, upon discoursing something touching the Ticket-Office, which by letter the Board did give the Duke of York their advice, to be put upon Lord Brouncker, Sir J. Minnes did foolishly rise up and complain of the Office, and his being made nothing of; and this before Sir Thomas Littleton, who would be glad of this difference among us, which did trouble me mightily; and therefore I did forbear to say what I otherwise would have thought fit for me to say on this occasion, upon so impertinent a speech as this doting fool made—but, I say, I let it alone, and contented myself that it went as I advised, as to the Duke of York's judgment, in the thing disputed. And so thence away, my coach meeting me there and carrying me to several places to do little jobs, which is a mighty convenience, and so home, where by invitation I find my aunt Wight, who looked over all our house, and is mighty pleased with it, and indeed it is now mighty handsome, and rich in furniture. By and by comes my uncle, and then to dinner, where a venison pasty and very merry, and after dinner I carried my wife and her to Smithfield, where they sit in the coach, while Mr. Pickering, who meets me there, and I, and W. Hewer, and a friend of his, a jockey, did go about to

[1] J. Clerke, writing to the Navy Commissioners, November 21st, 1668, "desires that a valuation may be made of the goods taken by Mr. Acworth out of the stores, with names of the parties who will attest it, and that all the witnesses may be ready by Wednesday sevennight" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1668–69, p. 71). This may be Clerke, the solicitor, referred to above.

[2] See note to March 19th, 1664–65.

see several pairs of horses, for my coach; but it was late, and we agreed on none, but left it to another time: but here I do see instances of a piece of craft and cunning that I never dreamed of, concerning the buying and choosing of horses. So Mr. Pickering, to whom I am much beholden for his kindness herein, and I parted; and I with my people home, where I left them, and I to the office, to meet about some business of Sir W. Warren's accounts, where I vexed to see how ill all the Comptroller's business is likely to go on, so long as ever Sir J. Minnes lives; and so troubled I was, that I thought it a good occasion for me to give my thoughts of it in writing, and therefore wrote a letter at the Board, by the help of a tube, to Lord Brouncker, and did give it him, which I kept a copy of, and it may be of use to me hereafter to shew, in this matter. This being done, I home to my aunt, who supped with us, and my uncle also: and a good-humoured woman she is, so that I think we shall keep her acquaintance; but mighty proud she is of her wedding-ring, being lately set with diamonds; cost her about £12: and I did commend it mightily to her, but do not think it very suitable for one of our quality. After supper they home, and we to bed.

5th. Up, after a little talk with my wife, which troubled me, she being ever since our late difference mighty watchful of sleep and dreams, and will not be persuaded but I do dream of Deb., and do tell me that I speak in my dreams and that this night I did cry, Huzzy, and it must be she, and now and then I start otherwise than I used to do, she says, which I know not, for I do not know that I dream of her more than usual, though I cannot deny that my thoughts waking do run now and then against my will and judgment upon her, for that only is wanting to undo me, being now in every other thing as to my mind most happy, and may still be so but for my own fault, if I be catched loving any body but my wife again. So up and to the office, and at noon to dinner, and thence to office, where late, mighty busy, and despatching much business, settling papers in my own office, and so home to supper, and to bed. No news stirring, but that my Lord of Ormond is likely to go to Ireland again, which do shew that the Duke of Buckingham do not rule all so absolutely; and that, however, we shall speedily have more changes in the Navy: and it is certain that the Nonconformists do now preach openly in houses, in many places, and among others the house that was heretofore Sir G. Carteret's, in Leadenhall Streete, and have ready access to the King. And now the great dispute is, whether this Parliament or another; and my great design, if I continue in the Navy, is to get myself to be a Parliament-man.

6th (Lord's day). Up, and with my wife to church; which pleases me mightily, I being full of fear that she would never go to church again, after she had declared to me that she was a Roman Catholique. But though I do verily think she fears God, and is truly and sincerely righteous, yet I do see she is not so strictly so a Catholique as not to go to church with me, which pleases me mightily. Here Mills made a lazy sermon, upon Moses's

meeknesse, and so home, and my wife and I alone to dinner, and then she to read a little book concerning speech in general,[1] a translation late out of French, a most excellent piece as ever I read, proving a soul in man, and all the ways and secrets by which nature teaches speech in man, which do please me most infinitely to read. By and by my wife to church, and I to my Office to complete my Journall for the last three days, and so home to my chamber to settle some papers, and so to spend the evening with my wife and W. Hewer talking over the business of the Office, and particularly my own Office, how I will make it, and it will become, in a little time, an Office of ease, and not slavery, as it hath for so many years been. So to supper, and to bed.

7th. Up by candlelight, the first time I have done so this winter, but I had lost my labour so often to visit Sir W. Coventry, and not visited him so long, that I was resolved to get time enough, and so up, and with W. Hewer, it being the first frosty day we have had this winter, did walk it very well to W. Coventry's, and there alone with him an hour talking of the Navy, which he pities, but says he hath no more mind to be found meddling with the Navy, lest it should do it hurt, as well as him, to be found to meddle with it. So to talk of general things: and telling him that, with all these doings, he, I thanked God, stood yet; he told me, Yes, but that he thought his continuing in, did arise from his enemies my Lord of Buckingham and Arlington's seeing that he cared so little if he was out; and he do protest to me that he is as weary of the Treasury, as ever he was of the Navy. He tells me that he do believe that their heat is over almost, as to the Navy, there being now none left of the old stock but my Lord Brouncker, J. Minnes, who is ready to leave the world, and myself. But he tells me that he do foresee very great wants and great disorders by reason thereof; insomuch, as he is represented to the King by his enemies as a melancholy man, and one that is still prophesying ill events, so as the King called him Visionaire, which being told him, he said he answered the party, that, whatever he foresaw, he was not afeard as to himself of any thing, nor particularly of my Lord Arlington, so much as the Duke of Buckingham hath been, nor of the Duke of Buckingham, so much as my Lord Arlington at this time is. But he tells me that he hath been always looked upon as a melancholy man; whereas, others that would please the King do make him believe that all is safe: and so he hath heard my Lord Chancellor openly say to the King, that he was now a glorious prince, and in a glorious condition, because of some one accident that hath happened, or some one rub that hath been removed; "when," says W. Coventry, "they reckoned their one good meal, without considering that there was nothing left in the cupboard for to-morrow." After this and other discourse of this kind, I away, and walked to my Lord Sandwich's, and walked with him to White Hall, and took a quarter of an hour's walk in the garden with him,

[1] William Holder's "Elements of Speech: an Essay of Inquiry into the Natural Production of Letters" was published at London in 1669.

which I had not done for so much time with him since his coming into England; and talking of his own condition, and particularly of the world's talk of his going to Tangier. I find, if his conditions can be made profitable and safe as to money, he would go, but not else; but, however, will seem not averse to it, because of facilitating his other accounts now depending, which he finds hard to get through, but yet hath some hopes, the King, he says, speaking very kindly to him. Thence to a Committee of Tangier, and so with W. Hewer to Westminster to Sir R. Long's office, and so to the Temple, but did nothing, the Auditor not being within, and so home to dinner, and after dinner out again with my wife to the Temple, and up and down to do a little business, and back again, and so to my office, and did a little business, and so home, and W. Hewer with me, to read and talk, and so to supper, and then to bed in mighty good humour. This afternoon, passing through Queen's Street, I saw pass by our coach on foot Deb., which, God forgive me, did put me into some new thoughts of her, and for her, but durst not shew them, and I think my wife did not see her, but I did get my thoughts free of her soon as I could.

8th. Up, and Sir H. Cholmly betimes with me, about some accounts and moneys due to him: and he gone, I to the Office, where sat all the morning; and here, among other things, breaks out the storm W. Hewer and I have long expected from the Surveyor,[1] about W. Hewer's conspiring to get a contract, to the burdening of the stores with kerseys and cottons, of which he hath often complained, and lately more than ever; and now he did it by a most scandalous letter to the Board, reflecting on my Office: and, by discourse, it fell to such high words between him and me, as can hardly ever be forgot; I declaring I would believe W. Hewer as soon as him, and laying the fault, if there be any, upon himself; he, on the other hand, vilifying of my word and W. Hewer's, calling him knave, and that if he were his clerk, he should lose his ears. At last, I closed the business for this morning with making the thing ridiculous, as it is, and he swearing that the King should have right in it, or he would lose his place. The Office was cleared of all but ourselves and W. Hewer; but, however, the world did by the beginning see what it meant, and it will, I believe, come to high terms between us, which I am sorry for, to have any blemish laid upon me or mine, at this time, though never so unduly, for fear of giving occasion to my real discredit: and therefore I was not only all the rest of the morning vexed, but so went home to dinner, where my wife tells me of my Lord Orrery's new play "Tryphon,"[2] at the Duke of York's house, which, however, I would see, and therefore put a bit of meat in our mouths, and went thither, where, with much ado, at half-past one, we got into a blind hole in the 18*d.* place, above stairs, where we

[1] Colonel Middleton.

[2] This tragedy, taken from the first book of Maccabees, was performed with great success. It was first published in 1669, and a MS. copy is preserved in the Bodleian Library (MS. Rawl. Poet. 39).

could not hear well, but the house infinite full, but the prologue most silly, and the play, though admirable, yet no pleasure almost in it, because just the very same design, and words, and sense, and plot, as every one of his plays have, any one of which alone would be held admirable, whereas so many of the same design and fancy do but dull one another; and this, I perceive, is the sense of every body else, as well as myself, who therefore showed but little pleasure in it. So home, mighty hot, and my mind mightily out of order, so as I could not eat any supper, or sleep almost all night, though I spent till twelve at night with W. Hewer to consider of our business: and we find it not only most free from any blame of our side, but so horrid scandalous on the other, to make so groundless a complaint, and one so shameful to him, that it could not but let me see that there is no need of my being troubled; but such is the weakness of my nature, that I could not help it, which vexes me, showing me how unable I am to live with difficulties.

9th. Up, and to the Office, but did little there, my mind being still uneasy, though more and more satisfied that there is no occasion for it; but abroad with my wife to the Temple, where I met with Auditor Wood's clerk, and did some business with him, and so to see Mr. Spong, and found him out by Southampton Market,[1] and there carried my wife, and up to his chamber, a bye place, but with a good prospect of the fields; and there I had most infinite pleasure, not only with his ingenuity in general, but in particular with his shewing me the use of the Parallelogram, by which he drew in a quarter of an hour before me, in little, from a great, a most neat map of England—that is, all the outlines, which gives me infinite pleasure, and foresight of pleasure, I shall have with it; and therefore desire to have that which I have bespoke, made. Many other pretty things he showed us, and did give me a glass bubble,[2] to try the strength of liquors with. This done, and having spent 6*d*. in ale in the coach, at the door of the Bull Inn, with the innocent master of the house, a Yorkshire-man, for his letting us go through his house, we away to Hercules Pillars, and there eat a bit of meat: and so, with all speed, back to the Duke of York's house, where mighty full again; but we come time enough to have a good place in the pit, and did hear this new play again, where, though I better understood it than before, yet my sense of it and pleasure was just the same as yesterday, and no more, nor any body else's about us. So took our coach and home, having now little

[1] Better known as Bloomsbury Market; but since swallowed up in the New Oxford Street improvements.

[2] This seems to refer to the first form of the Hon. Robert Boyle's hydrometer, which he described in a paper in the "Philosophical Transactions" for June, 1675, under the title of a "New Essay Instrument." In this paper the author refers to a glass instrument exhibited many years before by himself, "consisting of a bubble furnished with a long and slender stem, which was to be put into several liquors to compare and estimate their specific gravity." Boyle describes this glass bubble in a paper in "Philosophical Transactions," vol. iv., No. 50, p. 1001, 1669, entitled, "The Weights of Water in Water with ordinary Balances and Weights."

pleasure to look about me to see the fine faces, for fear of displeasing my wife, whom I take great comfort now, more than ever, in pleasing; and it is a real joy to me. So home, and to my Office, where spent an hour or two; and so home to my wife, to supper and talk, and so to bed.

10th. Up, and to the Office, where busy all the morning: Middleton not there, so no words or looks of him. At noon, home to dinner; and so to the Office, and there all the afternoon busy; and at night W. Hewer home with me; and we think we have got matter enough to make Middleton appear a coxcomb. But it troubled me to have Sir W. Warren meet me at night, going out of the Office home, and tell me that Middleton do intend to complain to the Duke of York: but, upon consideration of the business, I did go to bed, satisfied that it was best for me that he should; and so my trouble was over, and to bed, and slept well.

11th. Up, and with W. Hewer by water to Somerset House; and there I to my Lord Brouncker, before he went forth to the Duke of York, and there told him my confidence that I should make Middleton appear a fool, and that it was, I thought, best for me to complain of the wrong he hath done; but brought it about, that my Lord desired me I would forbear, and promised that he would prevent Middleton till I had given in my answer to the Board, which I desired: and so away to White Hall, and there did our usual attendance: and no word spoke before the Duke of York by Middleton at all; at which I was glad to my heart, because by this means I have time to draw up my answer to my mind. So with W. Hewer by coach to Smithfield, but met not Mr. Pickering, he being not come, and so he [Will] and I to a cook's shop, in Aldersgate Street; and dined well for 19½*d.*, upon roast beef, pleasing ourselves with the infinite strength we have to prove Middleton a coxcomb; and so, having dined, we back to Smithfield, and there met Pickering, and up and down all the afternoon about horses, and did see the knaveries and tricks of jockeys. Here I met W. Joyce, who troubled me with his impertinencies a great while, and the like Mr. Knepp, who, it seems, is a kind of a jockey, and would fain have been doing something for me, but I avoided him, and the more for fear of being troubled thereby with his wife, whom I desire but dare not see, for my vow to my wife. At last went away and did nothing, only concluded upon giving £50 for a fine pair of black horses we saw this day se'nnight; and so set Mr. Pickering down near his house, whom I am much beholden to, for his care herein, and he hath admirable skill, I perceive, in this business, and so home, and spent the evening talking and merry, my mind at good ease, and so to bed.

12th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning, and at noon home to dinner, and so the like mighty busy, late, all the afternoon, that I might be ready to go to the drawing up of my answer to Middleton to-morrow, and therefore home to supper and to bed. I hear this day that there is fallen down a new house, not quite finished, in Lumbard Street, and that there have been several so, they making use of bad mortar and bricks; but no hurt yet, as

God hath ordered it. This day was brought home my pair of black coach-horses, the first I ever was master of. They cost me £50, and are a fine pair.

13th (Lord's day). Up, and with W. Hewer to the Office, where all the morning, and then home to a little dinner, and presently to it again all alone till twelve at night, drawing up my answer to Middleton, which I think I shall do to very good purpose—at least, I satisfy myself therein; and so to bed, weary with walking in my Office dictating to him [Hewer]. In the night my wife very ill, vomited, but was well again by and by.

14th. Up, and by water to White Hall to a Committee of Tangier, where, among other things, a silly account of a falling out between Norwood,[1] at Tangier, and Mr. Bland, the mayor, who is fled to Cales [Cadiz]. His complaint is ill-worded, and the other's defence the most ridiculous that ever I saw; and so everybody else that was there, thought it; but never did I see so great an instance of the use of grammar, and knowledge how to tell a man's tale as this day, Bland having spoiled his business by ill-telling it, who had work to have made himself notorious by his mastering Norwood, his enemy, if he had known how to have used it. Thence calling Smith, the Auditor's clerk at the Temple, I by the Exchange home, and there looked over my Tangier accounts with him, and so to dinner, and then set him down again by a hackney, my coachman being this day about breaking of my horses to the coach, they having never yet drawn. Left my wife at Unthank's, and I to the Treasury, where we waited on the Lords Commissioners about Sir D. Gawden's matters, and so took her up again at night, and home to the office, and so home with W. Hewer, and to talk about our quarrel with Middleton, and so to supper and to bed. This day I hear, and am glad, that the King hath prorogued the Parliament to October next; and, among other reasons, it will give me time to go to France, I hope.

15th. Up, and to the Office, where sat all the morning, and the new Treasurers there; and, for my life, I cannot keep Sir J. Minnes and others of the Board from shewing our weakness, to the dishonour of the Board, though I am not concerned: but it do vex me to the heart to have it before these people, that would be glad to find out all our weaknesses. At noon Mrs. Mary Batelier with us, and so, after dinner, I with W. Hewer all the afternoon till night beginning to draw up our answer to Middleton, and it proves troublesome, because I have so much in my head at a time to say, but I must go through with it. So at night to supper and to bed.

16th. I did the like all day long, only a little at dinner, and so to work again, and were at it till 2 in the morning, and so W. Hewer, who was with me all day, home to his lodging, and I to bed, after we had finished it.

17th. Up, and set my man Gibson and Mr. Fist[2] to work to write it over fair, while I all the morning at the office sitting. At noon home to them, and all the afternoon looking over them and examining with W. Hewer, and so

[1] Colonel Norwood, the Deputy Governor.

[2] Anthony Fist.

about 10 at night I to bed, leaving them to finish the writing it fair, which they did by sitting up most of the night, and so home to bed.

18th. All the morning at the office about Sir W. Warren's accounts, my mind full of my business, having before we met gone to Lord Brouncker, and got him to read over my paper, who owns most absolute content in it, and the advantage I have in it, and the folly of the Surveyor. At noon home to dinner; and then again to the office a while, and so by hackney coach to Brooke House, and there spoke with Colonel Thomson, I by order carrying them [the Commissioners of Accounts] our Contract-books, from the beginning to the end of the late war. I found him finding of errors in a ship's book, where he shewed me many, which must end in the ruin, I doubt, of the Controller, who found them not out in the pay of the ship, or the whole Office. But I took little notice of them to concern myself in them, but so leaving my books I home to the Office, where the office met, and after some other business done, fell to mine, which the Surveyor begun to be a little brisk at the beginning; but when I come to the point to touch him, which I had all the advantages in the world to do, he become as calm as a lamb, and owned, as the whole Board did, their satisfaction, and cried excuse: and so all made friends; and their acknowledgment put into writing, and delivered into Sir J. Minnes's hand, to be kept there for the use of the Board, or me, when I shall call for it; they desiring it might be so, that I might not make use of it to the prejudice of the Surveyor, whom I had an advantage over, by his extraordinary folly in this matter. But, besides this, I have no small advantage got by this business, as I have put several things into my letter which I should otherwise have wanted an opportunity of saying, which pleases me mightily. So Middleton desiring to be friends, I forgave him; and all mighty quiet, and fell to talk of other stories, and there staid, all of us, till nine or ten at night, more than ever we did in our lives before, together. And so home, where I have a new fight to fight with my wife, who is under new trouble by some news she hath heard of Deb.'s being mighty fine, and gives out that she has a friend that gives her money, and this my wife believes to be me, and, poor wretch! I cannot blame her, and therefore she run into mighty extremes; but I did pacify all, and were mighty good friends, and to bed, and I hope it will be our last struggle from this business, for I am resolved never to give any new occasion, and great peace I find in my mind by it. So to supper, she and I to bed.

19th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning, and at noon, eating very little dinner, my wife and I by hackney to the King's playhouse, and there, the pit being full, sat in a box above, and saw "Catiline's Conspiracy,"[1] yesterday being the first day: a play of much good sense and words to read, but that do appear the worst upon the stage, I mean, the least diverting, that ever I saw any, though most fine in clothes; and a fine scene of the Senate,

[1] Ben Jonson's tragedy, first published in 1611. Catiline was taken by Hart, Cethegus by Mohun, Cicero by Burt, and Sempronia by Mrs. Corey.

and of a fight, that ever I saw in my life. But the play is only to be read, and therefore home, with no pleasure at all, but only in sitting next to Betty Hall,[1] that did belong to this house, and was Sir Philip Howard's mistress; a mighty pretty wench, though my wife will not think so; and I dare neither commend, nor be seen to look upon her, or any other now, for fear of offending her. So, our own coach coming for us, home, and to end letters, and so home, my wife to read to me out of "The Siege of Rhodes," and so to supper, and to bed.

20th (Lord's day). Up, and with my wife to church, and then home, and there found W. Joyce come to dine with me, as troublesome a talking coxcombe as ever he was, and yet once in a year I like him well enough. In the afternoon my wife and W. Hewer and I to White Hall, where they set me down and staid till I had been with the Duke of York, with the rest of us of the Office, and did a little business, and then the Duke of York in good humour did fall to tell us many fine stories of the wars in Flanders, and how the Spaniards are the [best] disciplined foot in the world; will refuse no extraordinary service if commanded, but scorn to be paid for it, as in other countries, though at the same time they will beg in the streets: not a soldier will carry you a cloak-bag for money for the world, though he will beg a penny, and will do the thing, if commanded by his Commander. That, in the citadel of Antwerp, a soldier hath not a liberty of begging till he hath served three years. They will cry out against their King and Commanders and Generals, none like them in the world, and yet will not hear a stranger say a word of them but he will cut his throat. That, upon a time, some of the Commanders of their army exclaiming against their Generals, and particularly the Marquis de Caranen,[2] the Confessor of the Marquis coming by and hearing them, he stops and gravely tells them that the three great trades of the world are, the lawyers, who govern the world; the churchmen, who enjoy the world; and a sort of fools whom they call souldiers, who make it their work to defend the world. He told us, too, that Turenne being now become a Catholique,[3] he is likely to get over the head of Colbert,[4] their interests being contrary; the latter to promote trade[5] and the sea, which,

[1] See January 23rd, 1666–67; March 30th, 1667. She is noticed in one of Rochester's satires:

"And Mrs. Strafford yield to B—— Hall."

State Poems, p. 35, 8vo, 1697.

[2] Luis de Benavides Carillo y Toledo, Marques de Caracena, one of the most eminent of the Spanish generals. He had been commander of the Spanish cavalry in Flanders; and he was afterwards Governor of Milan, and employed in the wars of Italy. He died in 1668.—B.

[3] Henri, Vicomte de Turenne, the celebrated general. In 1666, after the death of his wife, Charlotte, heiress of the Duc de la Force, who like himself had been a Huguenot, and whose influence had retained him in that communion, Turenne professed himself a Roman Catholic.—B.

[4] Jean Baptiste Colbert, the great minister.—B.

[5] This reminds us of the famous reply, *Laissez nous faire,* made to Colbert by the French merchants, whose interests he thought to promote by laws and regulations.—B.

says the Duke of York, is that that we have most cause to fear; and Turenne to employ the King and his forces by land, to encrease his conquests. Thence to the coach to my wife, and so home, and there with W. Hewer to my office and to do some business, and so set down my Journall for four or five days, and then home to supper and read a little, and to bed. W. Hewer tells me today that he hears that the King of France hath declared in print, that he do intend this next summer to forbid his Commanders to strike[1] to us, but that both we and the Dutch shall strike to him; and that he hath made his captains swear it already, that they will observe it: which is a great thing if he do it, as I know nothing to hinder him.

21st. My own coach carrying me and my boy Tom, who goes with me in the room of W. Hewer, who could not, and I dare not go alone, to the Temple, and there set me down, the first time my fine horses ever carried me, and I am mighty proud of them, and there took a hackney and to White Hall, where a Committee of Tangier, but little to do, and so away home, calling at the Exchange and buying several little things, and so home, and there dined with my wife and people: and then she, and W. Hewer, and I by appointment out with our coach, but the old horses, not daring yet to use the others too much, but only to enter them, and to the Temple, there to call Talbot Pepys, and took him up, and first went into Holborne, and there saw the woman that is to be seen with a beard.[2] She is a little plain woman, a Dane: her name, Ursula Dyan; about forty years old; her voice like a little girl's; with a beard as much as any man I ever saw, black almost, and grizzly; they offered to shew my wife further satisfaction if she desired it, refusing it to men that desired it there, but there is no doubt but by her voice she is a woman; it begun to grow at about seven years old, and was shaved not above seven months ago, and is now so big as any man's almost that ever I saw; I say, bushy and thick. It was a strange sight to me, I confess, and what pleased me mightily. Thence to the Duke's playhouse, and saw "Macbeth." The King and Court there; and we sat just under them and my Lady Castlemayne, and close to the woman that comes into the pit, a kind of a loose gossip, that pretends to be like her, and is so, something. And my wife, by my troth, appeared, I think, as pretty as any of them; I never thought so much before; and so did Talbot and W. Hewer, as they said, I heard, to one another. The King and Duke of York minded me, and smiled upon me, at the handsome woman near me: but it vexed me to see Moll Davis, in the box over the King's and my Lady Castlemayne's head, look down upon the King, and he up to her; and so did my Lady Castlemayne once, to see who it was; but when she saw her, she looked like fire; which troubled me. The

[1] Strike topsails.

[2] This was probably the woman described in "Wonderful Characters" as Barbara Urslerin, the hairy-faced woman. She was born at Augsburg in 1629, which gives us exactly the age Pepys mentions. It is recorded that she was exhibited in 1668 in Ratcliffe Highway. There are two portraits of her—one by Isaac Brunn, taken in 1653, and another by Gaywood, about 1658.

play done, took leave of Talbot, who goes into the country this Christmas, and so we home, and there I to work at the office late, and so home to supper and to bed.

22nd. At the office all the morning, and at noon to the 'Change, thinking to meet with Langford about my father's house in Fleet Streete, but I come too late, and so home to dinner, and all the afternoon at the office busy, and at night home to supper and talk, and with mighty content with my wife, and so to bed.

23rd. Met at the Office all the morning, and at noon to the 'Change, and there met with Langford and Mr. Franke, the landlord of my father's house in Fleet Streete, and are come to an arbitration what my father shall give him to be freed of his lease and building the house again. Walked up and down the 'Change, and among others discoursed with Sir John Bankes, who thinks this prorogation will please all but the Parliament itself, which will, if ever they meet, be vexed at Buckingham, who yet governs all. He says the Nonconformists are glad of it, and, he believes, will get the upperhand in a little time, for the King must trust to them or nobody; and he thinks the King will be forced to it. He says that Sir D. Gawden is mightily troubled at Pen's being put upon him, by the Duke of York,[1] and that he believes he will get clear of it, which, though it will trouble me to have Pen still at the Office, yet I shall think D. Gawden do well in it, and what I would advise him to, because I love him. So home to dinner, and then with my wife alone abroad, with our new horses, the beautifullest almost that ever I saw, and the first time they ever carried her, and me but once; but we are mighty proud of them. To her tailor's, and so to the 'Change, and laid out three or four pounds in lace, for her and me; and so home, and there I up to my Lord Brouncker, at his lodgings, and sat with him an hour, on purpose to talk over the wretched state of this Office at present, according to the present hands it is made up of; wherein he do fully concur with me, and that it is our part not only to prepare for defending it and ourselves, against the consequences of it, but to take the best ways we can, to make it known to the Duke of York; for, till Sir J. Minnes be removed, and a sufficient man brought into W. Pen's place, when he is gone, it is impossible for this Office ever to support itself. So home, and to supper and to bed.

24th. A cold day. Up, and to the Office, where all the morning alone at the Office, nobody meeting, being the eve of Christmas. At noon home to dinner, and then to the Office busy, all the afternoon, and at night home to supper, and it being now very cold, and in hopes of a frost, I begin this night to put on a waistcoat, it being the first winter in my whole memory that ever I staid till this day before I did so. So to bed in mighty good humour with my wife, but sad in one thing, and that is for my poor eyes.

25th (Christmas-day). Up, and continued on my waistcoat, the first day this winter, and I to church, where Alderman Backewell, coming in late, I

[1] As his partner in the contract for victualling the navy.

beckoned to his lady to come up to us, who did, with another lady; and after sermon, I led her down through the church to her husband and coach, a noble, fine woman, and a good one, and one my wife shall be acquainted with. So home, and to dinner alone with my wife, who, poor wretch! sat undressed all day, till ten at night, altering and lacing of a noble petticoat: while I by her, making the boy read to me the Life of Julius Cæsar,[1] and Des Cartes' book of Musick[2]—the latter of which I understand not, nor think he did well that writ it, though a most learned man. Then, after supper, I made the boy play upon his lute, which I have not done twice before since he come to me; and so, my mind in mighty content, we to bed.

26th. Lay long with pleasure, prating with my wife, and then up, and I a little to the Office, and my head busy setting some papers and accounts to rights, which being long neglected because of my eyes will take me up much time and care to do, but it must be done. So home at noon to dinner, and then abroad with my wife to a play, at the Duke of York's house, the house full of ordinary citizens. The play was "Women Pleased," [3] which we had never seen before; and, though but indifferent, yet there is a good design for a good play. So home, and there to talk, and my wife to read to me, and so to bed.

27th (Lord's day). Walked to White Hall and there saw the King at chapel; but staid not to hear anything, but went to walk in the Park, with W. Hewer, who was with me; and there, among others, met with Sir G. Downing, and walked with him an hour, talking of business, and how the late war was managed, there being nobody to take care of it, and telling how, when he was in Holland, what he offered the King to do, if he might have power, and they would give him power, and then, upon the least word, perhaps of a woman, to the King, he was contradicted again, and particularly to the loss of all that we lost in Guinny. He told me that he had so good spies, that he hath had the keys taken out of De Witt's[4] pocket when he was a-bed, and his closet opened, and papers brought to him, and left in his hands for an [hour], and carried back and laid in the place again, and keys put into his pocket again. He says that he hath always had their most private debates, that have been but between two or three of the chief of them, brought to him

[1] "The Life of Julius Cæsar, with an Account of his Medals." By Clement Edmonds, fol., London, 1655.

[2] "Musicæ Compendium." By Réné Des Cartes, Amsterdam, 1617; rendered into English, London, 1653, 4to. The translator, whose name did not appear on the title, was William, Viscount Brouncker, Pepys's colleague, who proved his knowledge of music by the performance.

[3] A tragi-comedy by Fletcher, first published in 1647; well thought of at the time, though when revived at Drury Lane in 1743, it met with little success.

[4] The celebrated John de Witt, Grand Pensionary of Holland, who, a few years afterwards, was massacred, with his brother Cornelius, by the Dutch mob, enraged at their opposition to the elevation of William of Orange to the Stadtholdership, when the States were overrun by the French army, and the Dutch fleets beaten at sea by the English. The murder of the De Witts forms one of the main incidents of Alexandre Dumas's "Black Tulip."

in an hour after, and an hour after that, hath sent word thereof to the King, but nobody here regarded them. But he tells me the sad news, that he is out of all expectations that ever the debts of the Navy will be paid, if the Parliament do not enable the King to do it by money; all they can hope for to do out of the King's revenue being but to keep our wheels a-going on present services, and, if they can, to cut off the growing interest: which is a sad story, and grieves me to the heart. So home, my coach coming for me, and there find Balty and Mr. How, who dined with me; and there my wife and I fell out a little about the foulness of the linen of the table, but were friends presently, but she cried, poor heart! which I was troubled for, though I did not give her one hard word. Dinner done, she to church, and W. How and I all the afternoon talking together about my Lord Sandwich's suffering his business of the prizes to be managed by Sir R. Cuttance, who is so deep in the business, more than my Lord knows of, and such a loggerhead, and under such prejudice, that he will, we doubt, do my Lord much wrong. In the evening, he gone, my wife to read to me and talk, and spent the evening with much pleasure, and so to supper and to bed.

28th. Up, called up by drums and trumpets; these things and boxes having cost me much money this Christmas already, and will do more. My wife down by water to see her mother, and I with W. Hewer all day together in my closet making some advance in the settling of my accounts, which have been so long unevened that it troubles me how to set them right, having not the use of my eyes to help me. My wife at night home, and tells me how much her mother prays for me and is troubled for my eyes; and I am glad to have friendship with them, and believe they are truly glad to see their daughter come to live so well as she do. So spent the night in talking, and so to supper and to bed.

29th. Up, and at the Office all the morning, and at noon to dinner, and there, by a pleasant mistake, find my uncle and aunt Wight, and three more of their company, come to dine with me to-day, thinking that they had been invited, which they were not; but yet we did give them a pretty good dinner and mighty merry at the mistake. They sat most of the afternoon with us, and then parted, and my wife and I out, thinking to have gone to a play, but it was too far begun, and so to the 'Change, and there she and I bought several things, and so home, with much pleasure talking, and then to reading, and so to supper and to bed.

30th. Up, and vexed a little to be forced to pay 40*s*. for a glass of my coach, which was broke the other day, nobody knows how, within the door, while it was down; but I do doubt that I did break it myself with my knees. After dinner, my wife and I to the Duke's playhouse, and there did see "King Harry the Eighth;" and was mightily pleased, better than I ever expected, with the history and shows of it. We happened to sit by Mr. Andrews, our neighbour, and his wife, who talked so fondly to his little boy. Thence my wife and I to the 'Change; but, in going, our neere horse did fling himself,

kicking of the coachbox, over the pole; and a great deal of trouble it was to get him right again, and we forced to 'light, and in great fear of spoiling the horse, but there was no hurt. So to the 'Change, and then home, and there spent the evening talking, and so to supper and to bed.

31st. Up, and at the Office all the morning. At noon Capt. Ferrers and Mr. Sheres[1] come to me to dinner, who did, and pretty pleased with their talk of Spayne; but my wife did not come down, I suppose because she would not, Captain Ferrers being there, to oblige me by it. They gone, after dinner, I to the office, and then in the evening home, being the last day of the year, to endeavour to pay all bills and servants' wages, &c., which I did almost to £5 that I know that I owe in the world, but to the publique; and so with great pleasure to supper and to bed, and, blessed be God! the year ends, after some late very great sorrow with my wife by my folly, yet ends, I say, with great mutual peace and content, and likely to last so by my care, who am resolved to enjoy the sweet of it, which I now possess, by never giving her like cause of trouble. My greatest trouble is now from the backwardness of my accounts, which I have not seen the bottom of now near these two years, so that I know not in what condition I am in the world, but by the grace of God, as far as my eyes will give me leave, I will do it.

1668-69.

January 1st. Up, and presented from Captain Beckford[2] with a noble silver warming-pan, which I am doubtful whether to take or no. Up, and with W. Hewer to the New Exchange, and then he and I to the cabinet-shops, to look out, and did agree, for a cabinet to give my wife for a New-year's gift; and I did buy one cost me £11, which is very pretty, of walnutt-tree, and will come home to-morrow. So back to the old Exchange, and there met my uncle Wight; and there walked, and met with the Houblons, and talked with them—gentlemen whom I honour mightily: and so to my uncle's, and met my wife; and there, with W. Hewer, we dined with our family, and had a very good dinner, and pretty merry: and after dinner, my wife and I with our coach to the King's playhouse, and there in a box saw "The Mayden Queene." Knepp looked upon us, but I durst not shew her any countenance; and, as well as I could carry myself, I found my wife uneasy there, poor wretch! therefore, I shall avoid that house as much as I can. So back to my

[1] Henry Sheres accompanied Lord Sandwich in his embassy to Spain, and returned to England in September, 1667, bearing letters from the ambassador (see September 8th, 22nd, 27th). He was an officer in the Ordnance, and served under Lord Dartmouth at the demolition of the Mole at Tangier in 1683. He was knighted about 1684. He translated Polybius (2 vols. 8vo., 1693), and also some of the "Dialogues" of Lucian, included in the translation published in 1711 (3 vols. 8vo.). Pepys bequeathed him a ring, and he died about 1713. In June of that year the sale of the library of Sir Henry Sheers, deceased, was advertised ("Guardian," No. 82).

[2] See February 21st, 1667–68.

aunt's, and there supped and talked, and staid pretty late, it being dry and moonshine, and so walked home, and to bed in very good humour.

2nd. Up, at the office all the morning, and at noon home to dinner, where I find my cabinet come home, and paid for it, and it pleases me and my wife well. So after dinner busy late at the office, and so home and to bed.

3rd (Lord's day). Up, and busy all the morning, getting rooms and dinner ready for my guests, which were my uncle and aunt Wight, and two of their cousins, and an old woman, and Mr. Mills and his wife; and a good dinner, and all our plate out, and mighty fine and merry, only I a little vexed at burning a new table-cloth myself, with one of my trencher-salts.[1] Dinner done, I out with W. Hewer and Mr. Spong, who by accident come to dine with me, and good talk with him: to White Hall by coach, and there left him, and I with my Lord Brouncker to attend the Duke of York, and then up and down the House till the evening, hearing how the King do intend [2] this frosty weather, it being this day the first, and very hard frost, that hath come this year, and very cold it is. So home; and to supper and read; and there my wife and I treating about coming to an allowance to my wife for clothes; and there I, out of my natural backwardness, did hang off, which vexed her, and did occasion some discontented talk in bed, when we went to bed; and also in the morning, but I did recover all in the morning.

4th. Lay long, talking with my wife, and did of my own accord come to an allowance of her of £30 a-year for all expences, clothes and everything, which she was mightily pleased with, it being more than ever she asked or expected, and so rose, with much content, and up with W. Hewer to White Hall, there to speak with Mr. Wren, which I did about several things of the office entered in my memorandum books, and so about noon, going homeward with W. Hewer, he and I went in and saw the great tall woman that is to be seen, who is but twenty-one years old, and I do easily stand under her arms.[3] Then, going further, The. Turner called me, out of her coach where her mother, &c., was, and invited me by all means to dine with them, at my cozen Roger's mistress's, the widow Dickenson.[4] So, I went to them afterwards, and dined with them, and mighty handsomely treated, and she a wonderfull merry, good-humoured, fat, but plain woman, but I believe a very good woman, and mighty civil to me. Mrs. Turner,[5] the mother,[6] and

[1] It would seem that the wooden salt-cellar was burnt, together with the tablecloth. —B.

[2] This sentence is imperfect.

[3] Evelyn saw her, January 29th, 1668–69. She was born in the Low Countries, and stood, at the age of twenty-one, according to Evelyn, six feet ten inches high; yet Pepys, February 8th, 1668–69, makes her height six feet five inches.—B.

[4] The marriage licence of Roger Pepys, of Impington, widower, aged about forty-eight, and Easter Dickinson, of St. Paul, Covent Garden, widow, aged about forty, is dated February 2nd, 1668–69 (Chester's "London Marriage Licences," ed. Foster, 1887, col. 1044).

[5] Jane, the wife of Serjeant John Turner.

[6] Anne Pepys, who married Terry Walpole of South Creake.

Mrs. Dyke,[1] and The., and Betty was the company, and a gentleman of their acquaintance. Betty I did long to see, and she is indifferent pretty, but not what the world did speak of her; but I am mighty glad to have one so pretty of our kindred. After dinner, I walked with them, to shew them the great woman, which they admire, as well they may; and so back with them, and left them; and I to White Hall, where a Committee of Tangier met, but little to do there, but I did receive an instance of the Duke of York's kindness to me, and the whole Committee, that they would not order any thing about the Treasurer for the Corporation now in establishing, without my assent, and considering whether it would be to my wrong or no. Thence up and down the house, and to the Duke of York's side, and there in the Duchess's presence; and was mightily complimented by my Lady Peterborough, in my Lord Sandwich's presence, whom she engaged to thank me for my kindness to her and her Lord. By and by I met my Lord Brouncker; and he and I to the Duke of York alone, and discoursed over the carriage of the present Treasurers, in opposition to, or at least independency of, the Duke of York, or our Board, which the Duke of York is sensible of, and all remember, I believe; for they do carry themselves very respectlessly of him and us. We also declared our minds together to the Duke of York about Sir John Minnes's incapacity to do any service in the Office, and that it is but to betray the King to have any business of trust committed to his weakness. So the Duke of York was very sensible of it and promised to speak to the King about it. That done, I with W. Hewer took up my wife at Unthank's, and so home, and there with pleasure to read and talk, and so to supper, and put into writing, in merry terms, our agreement between my wife and me, about £30 a-year, and so to bed. This was done under both our hands merrily, and put into W. Hewer's to keep.

5th. Up, and to the office all the morning, the frost and cold continuing. At noon home with my people to dinner, and so to work at the office again; in the evening comes Creed to me, and tells me his wife is at my house. So I in, and spent an hour with them, the first time she hath been here, or I have seen her, since she was married. She is not over-handsome, though a good lady, and one I love. So after some pleasant discourse, they gone, I to the Office again, and there late, and then home to supper to my wife, who is not very well of those, and so sat talking till past one in the morning, and then to bed.

6th (Twelfth day). Up, and to look after things against dinner to-day for my guests, and then to the Office to write down my Journall for five or six days backward, and so home to look after dinner, it being now almost noon. At noon comes Mrs. Turner and Dyke, and Mrs. Dickenson, and then comes The. and Betty Turner, the latter of which is a very pretty girl; and then Creed and his wife, whom I sent for, by my coach. These were my guests, and Mrs. Turner's friend, whom I saw the other day, Mr. Wicken, and very

[1] Elizabeth, married to Thomas Dyke.

merry we were at dinner, and so all the afternoon, talking, and looking up and down my house; and in the evening[1] I did bring out my cake—a noble cake, and there cut it into pieces, with wine and good drink: and after a new fashion, to prevent spoiling the cake, did put so many titles into a hat, and so drew cuts; and I was the Queene; and The. Turner, King—Creed, Sir Martin Marr-all; and Betty, Mrs. Millicent: and so we were mighty merry till it was night; and then, being moonshine and fine frost, they went home, I lending some of them my coach to help to carry them, and so my wife and I spent the rest of the evening in talk and reading, and so with great pleasure to bed.

7th. Up, and to the office, where busy all the morning, and then at noon home to dinner, and thence my wife and I to the King's playhouse, and there saw "The Island Princesse," [2] the first time I ever saw it; and it is a pretty good play, many good things being in it, and a good scene of a town on fire. We sat in an upper box, and the jade Nell come and sat in the next box; a bold merry slut, who lay laughing there upon people; and with a comrade of hers of the Duke's house, that come in to see the play. Thence home and to the office to do some business, and so home to supper and to bed.

8th. Up, and with Colonel Middleton, in his coach, and Mr. Tippets to White Hall; and there attended the Duke of York with the rest, where the Duke was mighty plain with the Treasurers, according to the advice my Lord Brouncker and I did give him the other night, and he did it fully; and so as, I believe, will make the Treasurers carefull of themselves, unless they do resolve upon defying the Duke of York. Thence with W. Hewer home, and to dinner, and so out again, my wife and I and Mr. Hater to White Hall, where she set us down, and she up and down to buy things, while we at the Treasury-Chamber, where I alone did manage the business of "The Leopard" against the whole Committee of the East India Company,[3] with Mr. Blackburne with them; and to the silencing of them all, to my no great content. Thence walked to my wife, and so set out for home in our coach, it being very cold weather, and so to the office to do a little business, and then home to my wife's chamber, my people having laid the cloth, and got the rooms all clean above-stairs to-night for our dinner to-morrow, and therefore I to bed.

9th. Up, and at the office all the morning, and at noon, my Lord Brouncker, Mr. Wren, Joseph Williamson, and Captain Cocke, dined with me; and,

[1] It was Twelfth Night.

[2] A tragi-comedy by Beaumont and Fletcher; published in 1647, and reprinted in 1669, "as it is acted at the Theatre Royal by His Majesty's servants. With the alterations and new additional scenes."—B.

[3] "Dec. 18, 1668. Sir George Downing to the Navy Commissioners. The Treasury Commissioners have appointed the first Friday after New Year's Day to consider the accounts of the 'Leopard,' 'Convertine,' &c., depending between his Majesty and the East India Company, and desire them to come prepared on his Majesty's behalf" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1668–69, p. 106).

being newly sat down, comes in, by invitation of Williamson's, the Lieutenant of the Tower, and he brings in with him young Mr. Whore, whose father, of the Tower, I know. And here I had a neat dinner, and all in so good manner and fashion, and with so good company, and everything to my mind, as I never had more in my life—the company being to my heart's content, and they all well pleased. So continued, looking over my books and closet till the evening, and so I to the Office and did a good deal of business, and so home to supper and to bed with my mind mightily pleased with this day's management, as one of the days of my life of fullest content.

10th (Lord's day). Accidentally talking of our maids before we rose, I said a little word that did give occasion to my wife to fall out; and she did most vexatiously, almost all the morning, but ended most perfect good friends; but the thoughts of the unquiet which her ripping up of old faults will give me, did make me melancholy all day long. So about noon, past 12, we rose, and to dinner, and then to read and talk, my wife and I alone, for Balty was gone, who come to dine with us, and then in the evening comes Pelling to sit and talk with us, and so to supper and pretty merry discourse, only my mind a little vexed at the morning's work, but yet without any appearance. So after supper to bed.

11th. Up, and with W. Hewer, my guard, to White Hall, where no Committee of Tangier met, so up and down the House talking with this and that man, and so home, calling at the New Exchange for a book or two to send to Mr. Shepley and thence home, and thence to the 'Change, and there did a little business, and so walked home to dinner, and then abroad with my wife to the King's playhouse, and there saw "The Joviall Crew;" [1] but ill acted to what it was heretofore, in Clun's time, and when Lacy could dance. Thence to the New Exchange, to buy some things; and, among others, my wife did give me my pair of gloves, which, by contract, she is to give me in her £30 a-year. Here Mrs. Smith[2] tells us of the great murder thereabouts, on Saturday last, of one Captain Bumbridge,[3] by one Symons, both of her acquaintance: and hectors that were at play, and in drink: the former is killed, and is kinsman to my Lord of Ormond, which made him speak of it with so much passion, as I overheard him this morning, but could not make anything of it till now, but would they would kill more of them. So home; and there at home all the evening; and made Tom to prick down some little conceits and notions of mine, in musique, which do mightily encourage me to spend some more thoughts about it; for I fancy, upon good reason, that I am in the right way of unfolding the mystery of this matter, better than ever yet.

12th. Up, and to the Office, where, by occasion of a message from the

[1] "The Jovial Crew; or, the Merry Beggars," a comedy by Richard Brome. See July 25th, 1661. In 1731 it was turned into an opera.

[2] Pepys's pretty sempstress.

[3] Or Bainbridge?

Treasurers that their Board found fault with Commissioner Middleton, I went up from our Board to the Lords of the Treasury to meet our Treasurers, and did, and there did dispute the business, it being about the matter of paying a little money to Chatham Yard, wherein I find the Treasurers mighty supple, and I believe we shall bring them to reason, though they begun mighty upon us, as if we had no power of directing them, but they, us. Thence back presently home, to dinner, where I discern my wife to have been in pain about where I have been, but said nothing to me, but I believe did send W. Hewer to seek me, but I take no notice of it, but am vexed. So to dinner with my people, and then to the Office, where all the afternoon, and did much business, and at it late, and so home to supper, and to bed. This day, meeting Mr. Pierce at White Hall, he tells me that his boy hath a great mind to see me, and is going to school again; and Dr. Clerke, being by, do tell me that he is a fine boy; but I durst not answer anything, because I durst not invite him to my house, for fear of my wife; and therefore, to my great trouble, was forced to neglect that discourse. But here Mr. Pierce, I asking him whither he was going, told me as a great secret that he was going to his master's mistress, Mrs. Churchill,[1] with some physic; meaning for the pox I suppose, or else that she is got with child. This evening I observed my wife mighty dull, and I myself was not mighty fond, because of some hard words she did give me at noon, out of a jealousy at my being abroad this morning, which, God knows, it was upon the business of the Office unexpectedly: but I to bed, not thinking but she would come after me. But waking by and by out of a slumber, which I usually fall into presently after my coming into the bed, I found she did not prepare to come to bed, but got fresh candles, and more wood for her fire, it being mighty cold, too. At this being troubled, I after a while prayed her to come to bed, all my people being gone to bed; so, after an hour or two, she silent, and I now and then praying her to come to bed, she fell out into a fury, that I was a rogue, and false to her. But yet I did perceive that she was to seek what to say, only she invented, I believe, a business that I was seen in a hackney coach with the glasses up with Deb., but could not tell the time, nor was sure I was he. I did, as I might truly, deny it, and was mightily troubled, but all would not serve. At last, about one o'clock, she come to my side of the bed, and drew my curtaine open, and with the tongs red hot at the ends, made as if she did design to pinch me with them, at which, in dismay, I rose up, and with a few words she laid them down; and did by little and little, very sillily, let all the discourse fall; and about two, but with much seeming difficulty, come to bed, and there lay well all night, and long in bed talking together, with much pleasure, it

[1] Arabella Churchill, sister to John, Duke of Marlborough, and one of the maids of honour to the Duchess of York. James, Duke of Berwick, and three other children, were the fruits of this intrigue. From the Duke of Berwick descend the Dukes of Fitzjames in France. She married subsequently Colonel Godfrey, Comptroller of the Household, and died 1730, aged eighty-two.—B.

being, I know, nothing but her doubt of my going out yesterday, without telling her of my going, which did vex her, poor wretch! last night, and I cannot blame her jealousy, though it do vex me to the heart.

13th. So up and by coach to Sir W. Coventry's, but he gone out, so I to White Hall, and thence walked out into the Park, all in the snow, with the Duke of York and the rest, and so home, after visiting my Lady Peterborough, and there by invitation find Mr. Povy, and there was also Talbot Pepys, newly come from Impington, and dined with me, and after dinner and a little talk with Povy about publick matters, he gone, and I and my wife and Talbot towards the Temple, and there to the King's playhouse, and there saw, I think, "The Maiden Queene," and so home and to supper and read, and to bed. This day come home the instrument I have so long longed for, the Parallelogram.

14th. Up and to the office, where all the morning busy, and so home to dinner, where Goodgroome with us, and after dinner a song, and then to the office, where busy till night, and then home to work there with W. Hewer to get ready some Tangier papers against to-morrow, and so to supper and to bed.

15th. Up, and by coach to Sir W. Coventry, where with him a good while in his chamber, talking of one thing or another; among others, he told me of the great factions at Court at this day, even to the sober engaging of great persons, and differences, and making the King cheap and ridiculous. It is about my Lady Harvy's being offended at Doll Common's acting of Sempronia,[1] to imitate her; for which she got my Lord Chamberlain, her kinsman,[2] to imprison Doll: when my Lady Castlemayne made the King to release her, and to order her to act it again, worse than ever, the other day, where the King himself was: and since it was acted again, and my Lady Harvy provided people to hiss her and fling oranges at her: but it seems the

[1] The following cast of parts in "The Alchymist," as acted by the King's Company, and given by Downes in his "Roscius Anglicanus," furnishes a clue to the actress described here and in a former passage, December 27th, 1666, as "Doll Common":

Subtle	Mr. Clun.
Face	Major Mohun.
Sir E. Mammon	Mr. Cartwright.
Surly	Mr. Burt.
Ananias	Mr. Lacy.
Wholesome	Mr. Bateman.
Doll Common	*Mrs. Corey.*
Dame Plyant	Mrs. Rutter.

The identity, however, is placed beyond doubt by a reference to "Cataline's Conspiracy," where we find Mrs. Corey acting the part of Sempronia, in which "Doll Common," as Pepys styles her, gave offence by imitating Lady Harvey, and consequently was sent to prison. We may add that Mrs. Corey's name stands first in the list of female performers in the King's Company under Killigrew. See "Roscius Anglicanus," 1708.—B.

[2] Edward Montagu, Earl of Manchester. Lady Harvey was daughter of Edward, second Lord Montagu of Boughton. She married Sir Daniel Harvey.

heat is come to a great height, and real troubles at Court about it. Thence he and I out of doors, but he to Sir J. Duncomb, and I to White Hall through the Park, where I met the King and the Duke of York, and so walked with them, and so to White Hall, where the Duke of York met the office and did a little business; and I did give him thanks for his favour to me yesterday, at the Committee of Tangier, in my absence, Mr. Povy having given me advice of it, of the discourse there of doing something as to the putting the payment of the garrison into some undertaker's hand, Alderman Backewell, which the Duke of York would not suffer to go on, without my presence at the debate. And he answered me just thus: that he ought to have a care of him that do the King's business in the manner that I do, and words of more force than that. Then down with Lord Brouncker to Sir R. Murray, into the King's little elaboratory, under his closet, a pretty place; and there saw a great many chymical glasses and things, but understood none of them. So I home and to dinner, and then out again and stop with my wife at my cozen Turner's, where I staid, and sat a while, and carried The. and my wife to the Duke of York's house, to "Macbeth," and myself to White Hall, to the Lords of the Treasury, about Tangier business; and there was by at much merry discourse between them and my Lord Anglesey, who made sport of our new Treasurers, and called them his deputys, and much of that kind. And having done my own business, I away back, and carried my cozen Turner and sister Dyke to a friend's house, where they were to sup, in Lincoln's Inn Fields; and I to the Duke of York's house and saw the last two acts, and so carried The. thither, and so home with my wife, who read to me late, and so to supper and to bed. This day The. Turner shewed me at the play my Lady Portman,[1] who has grown out of my knowledge.

16th. Up, and to the office all the morning, dined at home with my people, and so all the afternoon till night at the office busy, and so home to supper and to bed. This morning Creed, and in the afternoon comes Povy, to advise with me about my answer to the Lords [Commissioners] of Tangier, about the propositions for the Treasurership there,[2] which I am not much concerned for. But the latter, talking of publick things, told me, as Mr. Wren also did, that the Parliament is likely to meet again, the King being frighted with what the Speaker hath put him in mind of—his promise not to prorogue, but only to adjourne them. They speak mighty freely of the folly of the King in this foolish woman's business, of my Lady Harvy. Povy tells me that Sir W. Coventry was with the King alone, an hour this day; and that my Lady Castlemayne is now in a higher command over the King than ever—not as a mistress, for she scorns him, but as a tyrant, to command him: and says that the Duchess of York and the Duke of York are mighty great with

[1] Elizabeth, daughter of Sir John Cutler (by his second wife), married to Sir William Portman, K.B., who was the third and last baronet of his family. Pepys could have known neither of his former wives.—B.

[2] See January 4th, 1668–69.

her, which is a great interest to my Lord Chancellor's[1] family; and that they do agree to hinder all they can the proceedings of the Duke of Buckingham and Arlington: and so we are in the old mad condition, or rather worse than any; no man knowing what the French intend to do the next summer.

17th (Lord's day). To church myself after seeing every thing fitted for dinner, and so, after church, home, and thither comes Mrs. Batelier and her two daughters to dinner to us; and W. Hewer and his mother, and Mr. Spong. We were very civilly merry, and Mrs. Batelier a very discreet woman, but mighty fond in the stories she tells of her son Will. After dinner, Mr. Spong and I to my closet, there to try my instrument Parallelogram, which do mighty well, to my full content; but only a little stiff, as being new. Thence, taking leave of my guests, he and I and W. Hewer to White Hall, and there parting with Spong, a man that I mightily love for his plainness and ingenuity, I into the Court, and there up and down and spoke with my Lords Bellassis and Peterborough about the business now in dispute, about my deputing a Treasurer to pay the garrison at Tangier, which I would avoid, and not be accountable, and they will serve me therein. Here I met Hugh May, and he brings me to the knowledge of Sir Henry Capell,[2] a Member of Parliament, and brother of my Lord of Essex,[3] who hath a great value, it seems, for me; and they appoint a day to come and dine with me, and see my books, and papers of the Office, which I shall be glad to shew them, and have opportunity to satisfy them therein. Here all the discourse is, that now the King is of opinion to have the Parliament called, notwithstanding his late resolutions for proroguing them; so unstable are his councils, and those about him. So staying late talking in the Queen's side, I away with W. Hewer home, and there to read and talk with my wife, and so to bed.

18th. Up by candlelight, and with W. Hewer walked to the Temple, and thence took coach and to Sir William Coventry's, and there discoursed the business of my Treasurer's place, at Tangier, wherein he consents to my desire, and concurs therein, which I am glad of, that I may not be accountable for a man so far off. And so I to my Lord Sandwich's, and there walk with him through the garden,[4] to White Hall, where he tells me what he had done about this Treasurer's place, and I perceive the whole thing did proceed from him: that finding it would be best to have the Governor have nothing to do with the pay of the garrison, he did propose to the Duke of York alone

[1] Clarendon, whom Pepys mentions by his former office.

[2] Henry, second son of Arthur, first Baron Capel of Hadham, and himself elevated to the peerage in 1692 by the title of Lord Capel of Tewkesbury, for which town he had served in parliament. He had been created K.B. at the coronation of Charles II., and was a leading member of the House of Commons; and in 1679 appointed First Commissioner of the Admiralty. At the time of his death, at Dublin Castle, May 30th, 1696, he was Lord Deputy of Ireland. He left no issue.—B.

[3] Which title had been revived for the Capel family in 1661, Arthur, second Baron Capel, being created Earl of Essex.

[4] The Privy Garden.

that a pay-master should be there; and that being desirous to do a courtesy to Sir Charles Harbord,[1] and to prevent the Duke of York's looking out for any body else, he did name him to the Duke of York. That when he come the other day to move this to the Board of Tangier, the Duke of York, it seems, did readily reply, that it was fit to have Mr. Pepys satisfied therein first, and that it was not good to make places for persons. This my Lord in great confidence tells me, that he do take very ill from the Duke of York, though nobody knew the meaning of these words but him; and that he did take no notice of them, but bit his lip, being satisfied that the Duke of York's care of me was as desirable to him, as it could be to have Sir Charles Harbord: and did seem industrious to let me see that he was glad that the Duke of York and he might come to contend who shall be the kindest to me, which I owned as his great love, and so I hope and believe it is, though my Lord did go a little too far in this business, to move it so far, without consulting me. But I took no notice of that, but was glad to see this competition come about, that my Lord Sandwich is apparently jealous of my thinking that the Duke of York do mean me more kindness than him. So we walked together, and I took this occasion to invite him to dinner one day to my house, and he readily appointed Friday next, which I shall be glad to have over to his content, he having never yet eat a bit of my bread. Thence to the Duke of York on the King's side, with our Treasurers of the Navy, to discourse some business of the Navy, about the pay of the yards, and there I was taken notice of, many Lords being there in the room, of the Duke of York's conference with me; and so away, and meeting Mr. Sidney Montagu and Sheres, a small invitation served their turn to carry them to London, where I paid Sheres his £100, given him for his pains in drawing the plate of Tangier fortifications, &c., and so home to my house to dinner, where I had a pretty handsome sudden dinner, and all well pleased; and thence we three and my wife to the Duke of York's playhouse, and there saw "The Witts," a medley of things, but some similes mighty good, though ill mixed; and thence with my wife to the Exchange and bought some things, and so home, after I had been at White Hall, and there in the Queen's withdrawing-room invited my Lord Peterborough to dine with me, with my Lord Sandwich, who readily accepted it. Thence back and took up my wife at the 'Change, and so home. This day at noon I went with my young gentlemen (thereby to get a little time while W. Hewer went home to bid them get a dinner ready) to the Pope's Head tavern, there to see the fine painted room which Rogerson told me of, of his doing; but I do not like it at all, though it be good for such a publick room.

19th. Up, and at the office all the morning. At noon eat a mouthful, and so with my wife to Madam Turner's, and find her gone, but The. staid for us; and so to the King's house, to see "Horace;" [2] this the third day of its acting

[1] See note to February 25th, 1665–66.

[2] The "Horace" of P. Corneille, translated by Catherine Phillips, the fifth act being

—a silly tragedy; but Lacy hath made a farce of several dances—between each act, one: but his words are but silly, and invention not extraordinary, as to the dances; only some Dutchmen come out of the mouth and tail of a Hamburgh sow. Thence, not much pleased with the play, set them at home in the Strand; and my wife and I home, and there to do a little business at the Office, and so home to supper and to bed.

20th. Up; and my wife, and I, and W. Hewer to White Hall, where she set us down; and there I spoke with my Lord Peterborough, to tell him of the day for his dining with me being altered by my Lord Sandwich from Friday to Saturday next. And thence heard at the Council-board the City, by their single counsel Symson, and the company of Strangers Merchants,[1] debate the business of water-baylage; a tax demanded upon all goods, by the City, imported and exported: which these Merchants oppose, and demanding leave to try the justice of the City's demand by a Quo Warranto, which the City opposed, the Merchants did quite lay the City on their backs with great triumph, the City's cause being apparently too weak: but here I observed Mr. Gold,[2] the merchant, to speak very well, and very sharply, against the City. Thence to my wife at Unthanke's, and with her and W. Hewer to Hercules Pillars, calling to do two or three things by the way, and there dined, and thence to the Duke of York's house, and saw "Twelfth Night," as it is now revived; but, I think, one of the weakest plays that ever I saw on the stage. This afternoon, before the play, I called with my wife at Dancre's,[3] the great landscape-painter, by Mr. Povy's advice; and have bespoke him to come to take measure of my dining-room panels, and there I met with the pretty daughter of the coalseller's, that lived in Cheapside, and now in Covent Garden, who hath her picture drawn here, but very poorly; but she is a pretty woman, and now, I perceive, married, a very pretty black woman. So, the play done, we home, my wife letting fall some words of her observing my eyes to be mightily employed in the playhouse, meaning upon women, which did vex me; but, however, when we come home, we were good friends: and so to read, and to supper, and so to bed.

21st. Up, and walked to the Temple, it being frosty, and there took coach, my boy Tom with me, and so to White Hall to a Committee of Tangier, where

added by Sir John Denham. It was presented at Court by persons of quality, the prologue being spoken by the Duke of Monmouth. See Evelyn's "Diary," under February 5th, 1668–69. Another translation by Charles Cotton was published in 1671.

[1] An account of the Merchants Strangers, from their settlement in the reign of Richard III. to that of Charles II., is given in Seymour's "Survey of London," vol. ii., pp. 473–82.—B.

[2] Edward Gold, a native of Devonshire, living at Highgate, who married Elizabeth, daughter of Richard Gower, also of that place. Their names occur amongst those of the governors of Sir Roger Cholmley's Grammar School in Highgate.—B.

[3] Henry Dankers, born at the Hague, an engraver and painter, employed by Charles II. to paint views of his sea-ports and palaces. He followed his profession for some years in London; but, being a Roman Catholic, he left England in the time of the Popish Plot, and died soon afterwards at Amsterdam.

they met, and by and by and till twelve at noon upon business, among others mine, where my desire about being eased of appointing and standing accountable for a Treasurer there was well accepted, and they will think of some other way. This I was glad of, finding reason to doubt that I might in this (since my Lord Sandwich made me understand what he had said to the Duke of York herein) fear to offend either the Duke of York by denying it, for he seemed on Sunday night last, when I first made known my desire to him herein to be a little amused at it, though I knew not then the reason, or else offend my Lord Sandwich by accepting it, or denying it in a manner that might not forward his desire for Sir Charles Harbord, but I thank God I did it to my great content without any offence, I think, to either. Thence in my own coach home, where I find Madam Turner, Dyke, and The.; and had a good dinner for them, and merry; and so carried them to the Duke of York's house, all but Dyke, who went away on other business; and there saw "The Tempest;" but it is but ill done by Gosnell, in lieu of Moll Davis. Thence set them at home, and my wife and I to the 'Change, and so home, where my wife mighty dogged, and I vexed to see it, being mightily troubled, of late, at her being out of humour, for fear of her discovering any new matter of offence against me, though I am conscious of none; but do hate to be unquiet at home. So, late up, silent, and not supping, but hearing her utter some words of discontent to me with silence, and so to bed, weeping to myself for grief, which she discerning, come to bed, and mighty kind, and so with great joy on both sides to sleep.

22nd. Up, and with W. Hewer to White Hall, and there attended the Duke of York, and thence to the Exchange, in the way calling at several places on occasions relating to my feast to-morrow, on which my mind is now set; as how to get a new looking-glass for my dining-room, and some pewter, and good wine, against to-morrow; and so home, where I had the looking-glass set up, cost me £6 7*s*. 6*d*. And here at the 'Change I met with Mr. Dancre, the famous landscape painter, with whom I was on Wednesday; and he took measure of my panels in my dining-room, where, in the four, I intend to have the four houses of the King, White Hall, Hampton Court, Greenwich, and Windsor. He gone, I to dinner with my people, and so to my office to dispatch a little business, and then home to look after things against to-morrow, and among other things was mightily pleased with the fellow that come to lay the cloth, and fold the napkins, which I like so well, as that I am resolved to give him 40*s*. to teach my wife to do it. So to supper, with much kindness between me and my wife, which, now-a-days, is all my care, and so to bed.

23rd. Up, and again to look after the setting things right against dinner, which I did to very good content. So to the office, where all the morning till noon, when word brought me to the Board that my Lord Sandwich was come; so I presently rose, leaving the Board ready to rise, and there I found my Lord Sandwich, Peterborough, and Sir Charles Harbord; and presently

after them comes my Lord Hinchingbroke, Mr. Sidney,[1] and Sir William Godolphin. And after greeting them, and some time spent in talk, dinner was brought up, one dish after another, but a dish at a time, but all so good; but, above all things, the variety of wines, and excellent of their kind, I had for them, and all in so good order, that they were mightily pleased, and myself full of content at it: and indeed it was, of a dinner of about six or eight dishes, as noble as any man need to have, I think; at least, all was done in the noblest manner that ever I had any, and I have rarely seen in my life better anywhere else, even at the Court. After dinner, my Lords to cards, and the rest of us sitting about them and talking, and looking on my books and pictures, and my wife's drawings, which they commend mightily; and mighty merry all day long, with exceeding great content, and so till seven at night; and so took their leaves, it being dark and foul weather. Thus was this entertainment over, the best of its kind, and the fullest of honour and content to me, that ever I had in my life; and shall not easily have so good again. The truth is, I have some fear that I am more behind-hand in the world for these last two years, since I have not, or for some time could not, look after my accounts, which do a little allay my pleasure. But I do trust in God I am pretty well yet, and resolve, in a very little time, to look into my accounts, and see how they stand. So to my wife's chamber, and there supped, and got her cut my hair and look my shirt, for I have itched mightily these 6 or 7 days, and when all comes to all she finds that I am lousy, having found in my head and body about twenty lice, little and great, which I wonder at, being more than I have had I believe these 20 years. I did think I might have got them from the little boy, but they did presently look him, and found none. So how they come I know not, but presently did shift myself, and so shall be rid of them, and cut my hair close to my head, and so with much content to bed.

24th (Lord's day). An order brought me in bed, for the Principal Officers to attend the King at my Lord Keeper's this afternoon, it being resolved late the last night; and, by the warrant, I find my Lord Keeper did not then know the cause of it, the messenger being ordered to call upon him, to tell it him by the way, as he come to us. So I up, and to my Office, to set down my Journall for yesterday, and so home, and with my wife to Church, and then home, and to dinner, and after dinner out with my wife by coach, to cozen Turner's, where she and The. gone to church, but I left my wife with Mrs. Dyke and Joyce Norton, whom I have not seen till now since their coming to town: she is become an old woman, and with as cunning a look as ever, and thence I to White Hall, and there walked up and down till the King and Duke of York were ready to go forth; and here I met Will. Batelier, newly come post from France, his boots all dirty. He brought letters to the King, and I glad to see him, it having been reported that he was drowned, for some days past, and then, he being gone, I to talk with Tom Killigrew, who told me and

[1] Sidney Montagu.

others, talking about the playhouse, that he is fain to keep a woman on purpose at 20*s.* a week to satisfy 8 or 10 of the young men of his house, whom till he did so he could never keep to their business, and now he do. By and by the King comes out, and so I took coach, and followed his coaches to my Lord Keeper's, at Essex House,[1] where I never was before, since I saw my old Lord Essex lie in state when he was dead; a large, but ugly house. Here all the Officers of the Navy attended, and by and by were called in to the King and Cabinet, where my Lord, who was ill, did lie upon the bed, as my old Lord Treasurer, or Chancellor, heretofore used to; and the business was to know in what time all the King's ships might be repaired, fit for service. The Surveyor answered, in two years, and not sooner. I did give them hopes that, with supplies of money suitable, we might have them all fit for sea some part of the summer after this. Then they demanded in what time we could set out forty ships. It was answered, as they might be chosen of the newest and most ready, we could, with money, get forty ready against May. The King seemed mighty full that we should have money to do all that we desired, and satisfied that, without it, nothing could be done: and so, without determining any thing, we were dismissed; and I doubt all will end in some little fleete this year, and those of hired merchant-men, which would indeed be cheaper to the King, and have many conveniences attending it, more than to fit out the King's own; and this, I perceive, is designed, springing from Sir W. Coventry's counsel; and the King and most of the Lords, I perceive, full of it, to get the King's fleete all at once in condition for service. Thence I with Mr. Wren in his coach to my cozen Turner's for discourse sake, and in our way he told me how the business of the Parliament is wholly laid aside, it being overruled now, that they shall not meet, but must be prorogued, upon this argument chiefly, that all the differences between the two Houses, and things on foot, that were matters of difference and discontent, may be laid aside, and must begin again, if ever the House shall have a mind to pursue them. They must begin all anew. Here he set me down, and I to my cozen Turner, and stayed and talked a little; and so took my wife, and home, and there to make her read, and then to supper, and to bed. At supper come W. Batelier and supped with us, and told us many pretty things of France, and the greatness of the present King.

25th. Up, and to the Committee of Tangier, where little done, and thence I home by my own coach, and busy after dinner at my office all the afternoon till late at night, that my eyes were tired. So home, and my wife shewed me many excellent prints of Nanteuil's[2] and others, which W. Batelier hath,

[1] Essex House, where Robert Devereux, third earl of that name, died in 1646, when Pepys was fourteen years old, stood on the site of Essex Street and Devereux Court, formerly the Outer Temple. It had belonged, in the reign of Elizabeth, to the Earl of Leicester, who left it to the second Earl of Essex, father of the Parliamentary-General here mentioned.

[2] Robert Nanteuil, the celebrated French engraver, a native of Rheims, who was patronized by Evelyn when he was in Paris. He died at Paris in 1678 at the age of forty-eight.

at my desire, brought me out of France, of the King, and Colbert, and others, most excellent, to my great content. But he hath also brought a great many gloves perfumed, of several sorts; but all too big by half for her, and yet she will have two or three dozen of them, which vexed me, and made me angry. So she, at last, to please me, did come to take what alone I thought fit, which pleased me. So, after a little supper, to bed, my eyes being very bad.

26th. Up, and to the office, where busy sitting all the morning. Then to the Office again, and then to White Hall, leaving my wife at Unthanke's; and I to the Secretary's chamber, where I was, by particular order, this day summoned to attend, as I find Sir D. Gawden also was. And here was the King and the Cabinet met; and, being called in, among the rest I find my Lord Privy Seale, whom I never before knew to be in so much play, as to be of the Cabinet. The business is, that the Algerines have broke the peace with us, by taking some Spaniards and goods out of an English ship, which had the Duke of York's pass, of which advice come this day; and the King is resolved to stop Sir Thomas Allen's fleete from coming home till he hath amends made him for this affront, and therefore sent for us to advise about victuals to be sent to that fleete, and some more ships; wherein I answered them to what they demanded of me, which was but some few mean things; but I see that on all these occasions they seem to rely most upon me. And so, this being done, I took coach and took up my wife and straight home, and there late at the office busy, and then home, and there I find W. Batelier hath also sent the books which I made him bring me out of France. Among others, L'Estat de France, Marnix,[1] &c., to my great content; and so I was well pleased with them, and shall take a time to look them over: as also one or two printed musick-books of songs; but my eyes are now too much out of tune to look upon them with any pleasure, therefore to supper and to bed.

27th. Up, and with Sir John Minnes in his coach to White Hall, where first we waited on the Lords of the Treasury about finishing the Victualling Contract; and there also I was put to it to make good our letter complaining against my Lord Anglesey's failing us in the payment of the moneys assigned us upon the Customs, where Mr. Fenn was, and I know will tell my Lord; but it is no matter, I am over shy already, and therefore must not fear. Then we up to a Committee of the Council for the Navy, about a business of Sir D. Gawden's relating to the Victualling, and thence I by hackney to the Temple to the Auditor's man, and with him to a tavern to meet with another under-auditor to advise about the clearing of my Lord Bellasses' accounts without injuring myself and perplexing my accounts, and so thence away to my cozen Turner's, where I find Roger Pepys come last night to town, and here is his mistress, Mrs. Dickenson, and by and by comes in Mr. Turner, a worthy, sober, serious man—I honour him mightily. And there we dined,

[1] "Les Résolutions Politiques, ou Maximes d'Etat," par Jean de Marnix, Baron de Potes: Bruxelles, 1612, 4to. There were two later editions of this work printed at Rouen.

having but an ordinary dinner; and so, after dinner, she, and I, and Roger, and his mistress, to the Duke of York's playhouse, and there saw "The Five Hours' Adventure," which hath not been acted a good while before, but once, and is a most excellent play, I must confess. My wife and The. come after us, after they had been to buy some things abroad, and so after the play done we to see them home, and then home ourselves, and my wife to read to me, and so to supper and to bed.

28th. Up, and to the office, where all the afternoon, also after dinner, and there late dispatching much business, and then home to supper with my wife, and to get her to read to me, and here I did find that Mr. Sheres hath, beyond his promise, not only got me a candlestick made me, after a form he remembers to have seen in Spain, for keeping the light from one's eyes, but hath got it done in silver very neat, and designs to give it me, in thanks for my paying him his £100 in money, for his service at Tangier, which was ordered him; but I do intend to force him to make me [pay] for it. But I yet, without his direction, cannot tell how it is to be made use of. So after a little reading to bed.

29th. Up, and with W. Hewer in Colonel Middleton's coach to White Hall, and there to the Duke of York, to attend him, where among other things I did give a severe account of our proceedings, and what we found, in the business of Sir W. Jenings's demand of Supernumeraries. I thought it a good occasion to make an example of him, for he is a proud, idle fellow; and it did meet with the Duke of York's acceptance and well-liking; and he did call him in, after I had done, and did not only give him a soft rebuke, but condemns him to pay both their victuals and wages, or right himself of the purser. This I was glad of, and so were all the rest of us, though I know I have made myself an immortal enemy by it. Thence home by hackney, calling Roger Pepys at the Temple gate in the bookseller's shop, and to the Old Exchange, where I staid a little to invite my uncle Wight, and so home, and there find my aunt Wight and her husband come presently, and so to dinner; and after dinner Roger, and I, and my wife, and aunt, to see Mr. Cole; but he nor his wife was within, but we looked upon his picture of Cleopatra, which I went principally to see, being so much commended by my wife and aunt; but I find it a base copy of a good originall, that vexed me to hear so much commended. Thence to see Creed's wife, and did so, and staid a while, where both of them within; and here I met Mr. Bland, newly come from Cales [Cadiz], after his differences with Norwood.[1] I think him a foolish, light-headed man; but certainly he hath been abused in this matter by Colonel Norwood. Here Creed shewed me a copy of some propositions, which Bland and others, in the name of the Corporation of Tangier, did present to Norwood, for his opinion in, in order to the King's service, which were drawn up very humbly, and were really good things; but his answer to them was in the most shitten proud, carping, insolent,

[1] See December 14th, 1668.

and ironically-prophane stile, that ever I saw in my life, so as I shall never think the place can do well, while he is there. Here, after some talk, and Creed's telling us that he is upon taking the next house to his present lodgings, which is next to that that my cozen Tom Pepys once lived in, in Newport Street, in Covent Garden; and is in a good place, and then, I suppose, he will keep his coach. So, setting Roger down at the Temple, who tells me that he is now concluded in all matters with his widow, we home, and there hired my wife to make an end of Boyle's Book of Formes, to-night and to-morrow; and so fell to read and sup, and then to bed. This day, Mr. Ned Pickering brought his lady to see my wife, in acknowledgment of a little present of oranges and olives, which I sent her, for his kindness to me in the buying of my horses, which was very civil. She is old, but hath, I believe, been a pretty comely woman.[1]

30th. Lay long in bed, it being a fast-day for the murder of the late King; and so up and to church, where Dr. Hicks made a dull sermon; and so home, and there I find W. Batelier and Balty, and they dined with us, and I spent all the afternoon with my wife and W. Batelier talking, and then making them read, and particularly made an end of Mr. Boyle's Book of Formes, which I am glad to have over, and then fell to read a French discourse, which he hath brought over with him for me, to invite the people of France to apply themselves to Navigation, which it do very well, and is certainly their interest, and what will undo us in a few years, if the King of France goes on to fit up his Navy, and encrease it and his trade, as he hath begun. At night to supper, and after supper, and W. Batelier gone, my wife begun another book I lately bought, called "The State of England," [2] which promises well, and is worth reading, and so after a while to bed.

31st (Lord's day). Lay long talking with pleasure, and so up and I to church, and there did hear the Doctor that is lately turned Divine, I have forgot his name, I met him a while since at Sir D. Gawden's at dinner, Dr. Waterhouse.[3] He preaches in a devout manner of way, not elegant nor very persuasive, but seems to mean well, and that he would preach holily; and was mighty passionate against people that make a scoff of religion. And, the truth is, I did observe Mrs. Hollworthy smile often, and many others of the parish, who, I perceive, have known him, and were in mighty expectation of hearing him preach, but could not forbear smiling, and she particularly upon me, and I on her. So home to dinner: and before dinner to my Office, to set down my Journal for this week, and then home to din-

[1] Dorothy, daughter of Sir John Weld, of Arnolds, in Edmonton, Middlesex. She died December, 1707.—B.

[2] "Angliæ Notitia, or the Present State of England; together with Reflections upon the Antient State thereof," 1668, &c., by Edward Chamberlayne, LL.D.

[3] A. Wood, "Fasti," vol. iv., p. 163 (Bliss), mentions that John Waterhouse, of Trinity College, Cambridge, was created M.D., by virtue of letters from Oliver Cromwell, in 1650, and that he went over to Ireland as physician to the army, where he discharged his duties with ability and diligence.—B.

ner; and after dinner to get my wife and boy, one after another, to read to me: and so spent the afternoon and the evening, and so after supper to bed. And thus endeth this month, with many different days of sadness and mirth, from differences between me and my wife, from her remembrance of my late unkindness to her with Willet, she not being able to forget it, but now and then hath her passionate remembrance of it as often as prompted to it by any occasion; but this night we are at present very kind. And so ends this month.

February 1st. Up, and by water from the Tower to White Hall, the first time that I have gone to that end of the town by water, for two or three months, I think, since I kept a coach, which God send propitious to me; but it is a very great convenience. I went to a Committee of Tangier, but it did not meet, and so I meeting Mr. Povy, he and I away to Dancre's, to speak something touching the pictures I am getting him to make for me. And thence he carried me to Mr. Streeter's,[1] the famous history-painter over the way, whom I have often heard of, but did never see him before; and there I found him, and Dr. Wren,[2] and several Virtuosos, looking upon the paintings which he is making for the new Theatre at Oxford: and, indeed, they look as if they would be very fine, and the rest think better than those of Rubens in the Banqueting-house at White Hall, but I do not so fully think so.[3] But they will certainly be very noble; and I am mightily pleased to have the fortune to see this man and his work, which is very famous; and he a very civil little man, and lame, but lives very handsomely. So thence to my Lord Bellassis, and met him within: my business only to see a chimney-piece of Dancre's doing, in distemper, with egg to keep off the glaring of the light, which I must have done for my room: and indeed it is pretty, but, I must confess, I do think it is not altogether so beautiful as the oyle pictures; but I will have some of one, and some of another. Thence set him down at Little Turnstile, and so I home, and there eat a little dinner, and away with my wife by coach to the King's playhouse, thinking to have seen "The Heyresse,"[4] first acted on Saturday last; but when we come

[1] Robert Streater, appointed Serjeant-Painter at the Restoration. The son of a painter, he was born in Covent Garden in 1624, and he lived for a time in Long Acre. Died 1680, soon after being operated upon for the stone. Charles II. had so much kindness for his painter that he sent to Paris for a surgeon to perform the operation.

[2] Afterwards Sir Christopher Wren.

[3] Robert Whitehall wrote a poem called "Urania," or a description of the painting at the top of the theatre at Oxford, which concluded with these lines:

"That future ages must confess they owe
To Streater more than Michael Angelo."

Walpole's *Anecdotes of Painting*, ed. Dallaway and Wornum, vol. ii., p. 85.

[4] "The Heiress" does not appear in the list of the Duke of Newcastle's works, nor has any play of that name and date been traced. At the same time, it is to be observed that "Heir" was formerly used for "Heiress;" and such is the case in May's play of "The Heir," in vol. viii. of the last edition of Dodsley's "Old Plays."—B.

thither, we find no play there; Kinaston, that did act a part therein, in abuse to Sir Charles Sedley, being last night exceedingly beaten with sticks, by two or three that assaulted him, so as he is mightily bruised, and forced to keep his bed.[1] So we to the Duke of York's playhouse, and there saw "She Would if She Could," and so home and to my office to business, and then to supper and to bed. This day, going to the play, The. Turner met us, and carried us to her mother, at my Lady Mordaunt's; and I did carry both mother and daughter with us to the Duke of York's playhouse, at next door.

2nd. Up, and to the office, where all the morning, and home to dinner at noon, where I find Mr. Sheres; and there made a short dinner, and carried him with us to the King's playhouse, where "The Heyresse," notwithstanding Kinaston's being beaten, is acted: and they say the King is very angry with Sir Charles Sedley for his being beaten, but he do deny it. But his part is done by Beeston, who is fain to read it out of a book all the while, and thereby spoils the part, and almost the play, it being one of the best parts in it; and though the design is, in the first conception of it, pretty good, yet it is but an indifferent play, wrote, they say, by my Lord Newcastle. But it was pleasant to see Beeston come in with others, supposing it to be dark, and yet he is forced to read his part by the light of the candles: and this I observing to a gentleman that sat by me, he was mightily pleased therewith, and spread it up and down. But that, that pleased me most in the play is, the first song that Knepp sings, she singing three or four; and, indeed, it was very finely sung, so as to make the whole house clap her. Thence carried Sheres to White Hall, and there I stepped in, and looked out Mr. May, who tells me that he and his company cannot come to dine with me to-morrow, whom I expected only to come to see the manner of our Office and books, at which I was not very much displeased, having much business at the Office, and so away home, and there to the office about my letters, and then home to supper and to bed, my wife being in mighty ill humour all night, and in the morning I found it to be from her observing Knepp to wink and smile on me, and she says I smiled on her; and, poor wretch! I did perceive that she did, and do on all such occasions, mind my eyes. I did, with much difficulty, pacify her, and were friends, she desiring

[1] The story about the caning of Kynaston has been preserved by Oldys, and copied by Malone, who tells us that Kynaston was vain of his personal resemblance to Sir C. Sedley, and dressed exactly like him. Sedley, to revenge this insult, hired a bravo to chastise him in St. James's Park, under the pretext that he mistook him for the baronet. According to Pepys, it would seem that the imitation was made in the play of "The Heiress," which is very likely; and perhaps for this he got another beating, or it might be the same, and that in which the story, the scene of which is laid in the park, originated. It is worth remarking, on the authority of Mr. Genest, the compiler of "Some Account of the English Stage from 1660 to 1830," that Sir C. Sedley expressly introduced the incident of the beating of one man for another, owing to similarity of dress and appearance, into his comedy of "The Mulberry Garden," which seems to have been first acted May 18th, 1668, some time before the date Pepys assigns to the caning of Kynaston, February 1st, 1668–69.—B.

that hereafter, at that house, we might always sit either above in a box, or, if there be [no] room, close up to the lower boxes.

3rd. So up, and to the Office till noon, and then home to a little dinner, and thither again till night, mighty busy, to my great content, doing a great deal of business, and so home to supper, and to bed; I finding this day that I may be able to do a great deal of business by dictating, if I do not read myself, or write, without spoiling my eyes, I being very well in my eyes after a great day's work.

4th. Up, and at the office all the morning. At noon home with my people to dinner, and then after dinner comes Mr. Spong to see me, and brings me my Parallelogram, in better order than before, and two or three draughts of the port of Brest, to my great content, and I did call Mr. Gibson to take notice of it, who is very much pleased therewith; and it seems that this Parallelogram is not, as Mr. Sheres would, the other day, have persuaded me, the same as a Protractor,[1] which do so much the more make me value it, but of itself it is a most usefull instrument. Thence out with my wife and him, and carried him to an instrument-maker's shop in Chancery Lane, that was once a 'prentice of Greatorex's, but the master was not within, and there he [Gibson] shewed me a Parallelogram in brass, which I like so well that I will buy, and therefore bid it be made clean and fit for me. And so to my cozen Turner's, and there just spoke with The., the mother not being at home; and so to the New Exchange, and thence home to my letters; and so home to supper and to bed. This morning I made a slip from the Office to White Hall, expecting Povy's business at a Committee of Tangier, at which I would be, but it did not meet, and so I presently back.

5th. Up betimes, by coach to Sir W. Coventry's, and with him by coach to White Hall, and there walked in the garden talking of several things, and by my visit to keep fresh my interest in him; and there he tells me how it hath been talked that he was to go one of the Commissioners to Ireland, which he was resolved never to do, unless directly commanded; for he told me that for to go thither, while the Chief Secretary of State was his professed enemy, was to undo himself; and, therefore, it were better for him to venture being unhappy here, than to go further off, to be undone by some obscure instructions, or whatever other way of mischief his enemies should cut out for him. He mighty kind to me, and so parted, and thence home, calling in two or three places—among others, Dancre's, where I find him beginning of a piece for me, of Greenwich, which will please me well, and so home to dinner, and very busy all the afternoon, and so at night home to supper, and to bed.

6th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning, and thence after dinner to the King's playhouse, and there,—in an upper box, where come in

[1] See October 27th, 1667, for note on the parallelogram or pantograph. The protractor is a surveying instrument for laying down and measuring angles on paper. It is of various forms, semicircular, rectangular, or circular.

Colonel Poynton[1] and Doll Stacey, who is very fine, and, by her wedding-ring, I suppose he hath married her at last,—did see "The Moor of Venice:" but ill acted in most parts; Mohun, which did a little surprise me, not acting Iago's part by much so well as Clun used to do; nor another Hart's, which was Cassio's; nor, indeed, Burt doing the Moor's so well as I once thought he did. Thence home, and just at Holborn Conduit the bolt broke, that holds the fore-wheels to the perch, and so the horses went away with them, and left the coachman and us; but being near our coachmaker's, and we staying in a little ironmonger's shop, we were presently supplied with another, and so home, and there to my letters at the office, and so to supper and to bed.

7th (Lord's day). My wife mighty peevish in the morning about my lying unquietly a'nights, and she will have it that it is a late practice, from my evil thoughts in my dreams, . . . and mightily she is troubled about it; but all blew over, and I up, and to church, and so home to dinner, where she in a worst fit, which lasted all the afternoon, and shut herself up in her closet, and I mightily grieved and vexed, and could not get her to tell me what ayled her, or to let me into her closet, but at last she did, where I found her crying on the ground, and I could not please her; but I did at last find that she did plainly expound it to me. It was, that she did believe me false to her with Jane, and did rip up three or four silly circumstances of her not rising till I come out of my chamber, and her letting me thereby see her dressing herself; and that I must needs go into her chamber and was naught with her; which was so silly, and so far from truth, that I could not be troubled at it, though I could not wonder at her being troubled, if she had these thoughts, and therefore she would lie from me, and caused sheets to be put on in the blue room, and would have Jane to lie with her lest I should come to her. At last, I did give her such satisfaction, that we were mighty good friends, and went to bed betimes. . . .

8th. Up, and dressed myself; and by coach, with W. Hewer and my wife, to White Hall, where she set us two down; and in the way, our little boy, at Martin, my bookseller's shop, going to 'light, did fall down; and, had he not been a most nimble boy (I saw how he did it, and was mightily pleased with him for it), he had been run over by the coach. I to visit my

[1] Probably *Boynton*. Sir Matthew Boynton, of Barmston, in Yorkshire, was created a baronet in 1618. He had seven sons, one of whom, *Colonel* Boynton, having embraced, like his father, the cause of the Parliament, took Sir John Hotham prisoner at York. Sir Matthew died in 1646. His eldest son became Sir Francis Boynton; the second, Matthew, was slain at Wigan, before the advance of Charles II. to Worcester: he left two daughters, one of whom, Katharine, the maid of honour, who figures in Grammont, married Richard Talbot, afterwards Duke of Tyrconnel; the other married Wentworth, Earl of Roscommon. The remaining five sons, Marmaduke, John, Gustavus, Cornelius, Charles, all died unmarried. One of the sons must have been the *Colonel* Boynton who took Sir John Hotham prisoner, and in all probability he is the same who is here mentioned in connection with Doll Stacey. Pepys only *supposes* he had married her.—B.

Lord Sandwich; and there, while my Lord was dressing himself, did see a young Spaniard, that he hath brought over with him, dance, which he is admired for, as the best dancer in Spain, and indeed he do with mighty mastery; but I do not like his dancing as the English, though my Lord commends it mightily: but I will have him to my house, and show it my wife. Here I met with Mr. Moore, who tells me the state of my Lord's accounts of his embassy, which I find not so good as I thought: for, though it be passed the King and his Cabal (the Committee for Foreign Affairs as they are called), yet they have cut off from £19,000 full £8,000, and have now sent it to the Lords of the Treasury, who, though the Committee have allowed the rest, yet they are not obliged to abide by it. So that I do fear this account may yet be long ere it be passed—much more, ere that sum be paid: I am sorry for the family, and not a little for what it owes me. So to my wife, took her up at Unthank's, and in our way home did shew her the tall woman, in Holborne, which I have seen before; and I measured her, and she is, without shoes, just six feet five inches high, and they say not above twenty-one years old. Thence home, and there to dinner, and my wife in a wonderful ill humour; and, after dinner, I staid with her alone, being not able to endure this life, and fell to some angry words together; but by and by were mighty good friends, she telling me plain it was still about Jane, whom she cannot believe but I am base with, which I made a matter of mirth at; but at last did call up Jane, and confirm her mistress's directions for her being gone at Easter, which I find the wench willing to be, but directly prayed that Tom might go with her, which I promised, and was but what I designed; and she being thus spoke with, and gone, my wife and I good friends, and mighty kind, I having promised, and I will perform it, never to give her for the time to come ground of new trouble; and so I to the Office, with a very light heart, and there close at my business all the afternoon. This day I was told by Mr. Wren, that Captain Cox,[1] Master-Attendant at Deptford, is to be one of us very soon, he and Tippets[2] being to take their turns for Chatham and Portsmouth, which choice I like well enough; and Captain Annesley is to come in his room at Deptford. This morning also, going to visit Roger Pepys, at the potticary's in King's Street, he tells me that Roger is gone to his wife's, so that they have been married, as he tells me, ever since the middle of last week: it was his design, upon good reasons, to make no noise of it; but I am well enough contented that it is over. Dispatched a great deal of business at the office, and there pretty late, till finding myself very full of wind, by my eating no dinner to-day,

[1] Captain John Cox was appointed Commissioner at Chatham on the 29th March, 1669, and he held the office until 1672, when he was killed on board the "Prince" at the battle of Southwold Bay. He was Sir John Cox at the time of his death. He had previously held the office of Master Attendant at Deptford.

[2] John Tippets (afterwards Sir John) was appointed Extra Commissioner of the Navy in 1667, and appointed to Portsmouth in 1668. He was Surveyor of the Navy from 1672 to 1685, and from 1688 to 1692.

being vexed, I was forced to go home, and there supped W. Batelier with us, and so with great content to bed.

9th. Up, and all the morning busy at the office, and after dinner abroad with my wife to the King's playhouse, and there saw "The Island Princesse," which I like mighty well, as an excellent play: and here we find Kinaston to be well enough to act again, which he do very well, after his beating by Sir Charles Sedley's appointment; and so thence home, and there to my business at the Office, and after my letters done, then home to supper and to bed, my mind being mightily eased by my having this morning delivered to the Office a letter of advice about our answers to the Commissioners of Accounts, whom we have neglected, and I have done this as a record in my justification hereafter, when it shall come to be examined.

10th. Up, and with my wife and W. Hewer, she set us down at White Hall, where the Duke of York was gone a-hunting: and so, after I had done a little business there, I to my wife, and with her to the plaisterer's at Charing Cross, that casts heads and bodies in plaister: and there I had my whole face done; but I was vexed first to be forced to daub all my face over with pomatum: but it was pretty to feel how soft and easily it is done on the face, and by and by, by degrees, how hard it becomes, that you cannnot break it, and sits so close, that you cannot pull it off, and yet so easy, that it is as soft as a pillow, so safe is everything where many parts of the body do bear alike. Thus was the mould made; but when it came off there was little pleasure in it, as it looks in the mould, nor any resemblance whatever there will be in the figure, when I come to see it cast off, which I am to call for a day or two hence, which I shall long to see. Thence to Hercules Pillars, and there my wife and W. Hewer and I dined, and back to White Hall, where I staid till the Duke of York come from hunting, which he did by and by, and, when dressed, did come out to dinner; and there I waited: and he did tell me that to-morrow was to be the great day that the business of the Navy would be discoursed of before the King and his Caball, and that he must stand on his guard, and did design to have had me in readiness by, but that upon second thoughts did think it better to let it alone, but they are now upon entering into the economical part of the Navy. Here he dined, and did mightily magnify his sauce, which he did then eat with every thing, and said it was the best universal sauce in the world, it being taught him by the Spanish Embassador;[1] made of some parsley and a dry toast, beat in a mortar, together with vinegar, salt, and a little pepper: he eats it with flesh, or fowl, or fish: and then he did now mightily commend some new sort of wine lately found out, called Navarre wine, which I tasted, and is, I think, good wine: but I did like better the notion of the sauce, and by and by did taste it, and liked it mightily. After dinner, I did what I went for, which was to get his consent

[1] The Conde de Dona.

that Balty might hold his Muster-Master's place by deputy, in his new employment which I design for him, about the Storekeeper's accounts; which the Duke of York did grant me, and I was mighty glad of it. Thence home, and there I find Povy and W. Batelier, by appointment, met to talk of some merchandize of wine and linnen; but I do not like of their troubling my house to meet in, having no mind to their pretences of having their rendezvous here, but, however, I was not much troubled, but went to the office, and there very busy, and did much business till late at night, and so home to supper, and with great pleasure to bed. This day, at dinner, I sent to Mr. Spong to come to me to Hercules Pillars, who come to us, and there did bring with him my new Parallelogram of brass, which I was mightily pleased with, and paid for it 25*s.*, and am mightily pleased with his ingenious and modest company.

11th. Up, and to the office, where sat all the morning, and at noon home and heard that the last night Colonel Middleton's wife [1] died, a woman I never saw since she come hither, having never been within their house since. Home at noon to dinner, and thence to work all the afternoon with great pleasure, and did bring my business to a very little compass in my day book, which is a mighty pleasure, and so home to supper and get my wife to read to me, and then to bed.

12th. Up, and my wife with me to White Hall, and Tom, and there she sets us down, and there to wait on the Duke of York, with the rest of us, at the Robes, where the Duke of York did tell us that the King would have us prepare a draught of the present administration of the Navy, and what it was in the late times, in order to his being able to distinguish between the good and the bad, which I shall do, but to do it well will give me a great deal of trouble. Here we shewed him Sir J. Minnes's propositions about balancing Storekeeper's accounts; and I did shew him Hosier's, which did please him mightily, and he will have it shewed the Council and King anon, to be put in practice. Thence to the Treasurer's; and I and Sir J. Minnes and Mr. Tippets down to the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, and there had a hot debate from Sir Thomas Clifford and my Lord Ashly (the latter of which, I hear, is turning about as fast as he can to the Duke of Buckingham's side, being in danger, it seems, of being otherwise out of play, which would not be convenient for him), against Sir W. Coventry and Sir J. Duncomb, who did uphold our Office against an accusation of our Treasurers, who told the Lords that they found that we had run the King in debt £50,000 or more, more than the money appointed for the year would defray, which they declared like fools, and with design to hurt us, though the thing is in itself ridiculous. But my Lord Ashly and Clifford did most horribly cry out against the want of method in the Office. At last it come that it should be put in writing what they had to object; but I was devilish mad at it, to see us thus wounded by our own

[1] See February 17th.

members, and so away vexed, and called my wife, and to Hercules Pillars, Tom and I, there dined; and here there coming a Frenchman by with his Shew, we did make him shew it us, which he did just as Lacy acts it, which made it mighty pleasant to me. So after dinner we away and to Dancre's, and there saw our picture of Greenwich in doing,[1] which is mighty pretty, and so to White Hall, my wife to Unthank's, and I attended with Lord Brouncker the King and Council, about the proposition of balancing Store-keeper's accounts: and there presented Hosier's book, and it was mighty well resented [2] and approved of. So the Council being up, we to the Queen's side with the King and Duke of York: and the Duke of York did take me out to talk of our Treasurers, whom he is mighty angry with: and I perceive he is mighty desirous to bring in as many good motions of profit and reformation in the Navy as he can, before the Treasurers do light upon them, they being desirous, it seems, to be thought the great reformers: and the Duke of York do well. But to my great joy he is mighty open to me in every thing; and by this means I know his whole mind, and shall be able to secure myself, if he stands. Here to-night I understand, by my Lord Brouncker, that at last it is concluded on by the King and Buckingham that my Lord of Ormond shall not hold his government of Ireland, which is a great stroke, to shew the power of Buckingham and the poor spirit of the King, and little hold that any man can have of him. Thence I homeward, and calling my wife called at my cozen Turner's, and there met our new cozen Pepys (Mrs. Dickenson), and Bab.[3] and Betty[4] come yesterday to town, poor girls, whom we have reason to love, and mighty glad we are to see them; and there staid and talked a little, being also mightily pleased to see Betty Turner, who is now in town, and her brothers Charles and Will, being come from school to see their father, and there talked a while, and so home, and there Pelling hath got me W. Pen's book against the Trinity.[5] I got my wife to read it to me; and I find it so well writ as, I think, it is too good for him ever to have writ it; and it is a

[1] See *ante*, January 22nd, 1668–69.

[2] The word "resent" was formerly used to express the taking of a thing well or ill. Barrow wrote, "How much more should we resent such a testimony of God's favour (than that of an earthly prince)."

[3] Barbara Pepys, daughter of Roger Pepys, by his second wife (Barbara Bacon), born at Impington, 1649. She married Thomas Gale, D.D., Dean of York, and died in 1689.

[4] Elizabeth, daughter of the same parents, born at Impington, 1651; married Charles Longe, B.D., rector of Risby, co. Suffolk, and died 1716.

[5] Entitled, "The Sandy Foundation Shaken; or those . . . doctrines of one God subsisting in three distinct and separate persons; the impossibility of God's pardoning sinners without a plenary satisfaction, the justification of impure persons by an imputative righteousness, refuted from the authority of Scripture testimonies and right reason, etc. London, 1668." It caused him to be imprisoned in the Tower. "Aug. 4, 1669. Young Penn who wrote the blasphemous book is delivered to his father to be transported" (Letter to Sir John Birkenhead, quoted by Bishop Kennett in his MS. Collections, vol. lxxxix., p. 477).

serious sort of book, and not fit for every body to read. So to supper and to bed.

13th. Up, and all the morning at the office, and at noon home to dinner, and thence to the office again mighty busy, to my great content, till night, and then home to supper and, my eyes being weary, to bed.

14th (Lord's day). Up, and by coach to Sir W. Coventry, and there, he taking physic, I with him all the morning, full of very good discourse of the Navy and publick matters, to my great content, wherein I find him doubtful that all will be bad, and, for his part, he tells me he takes no more care for any thing more than in the Treasury; and that, that being done, he goes to cards and other delights, as plays, and in summer-time to bowles. But here he did shew me two or three old books of the Navy, of my Lord Northumberland's [1] times, which he hath taken many good notes out of, for justifying the Duke of York and us, in many things, wherein, perhaps, precedents will be necessary to produce, which did give me great content. At noon home, and pleased mightily with my morning's work, and coming home, I do find a letter from Mr. Wren, to call me to the Duke of York after dinner. So dined in all haste, and then W. Hewer and my wife and I out, we set her at my cozen Turner's while we to White Hall, where the Duke of York expected me; and in his closet Wren and I. He did tell me how the King hath been acquainted with the Treasurers' [2] discourse at the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, the other day, and is dissatisfied with our running him in debt, which I removed; and he did carry me to the King, and I did satisfy him also; but his satisfaction is nothing worth, it being easily got, and easily removed; but I do purpose to put in writing that which shall make the Treasurers ashamed. But the Duke of York is horrid angry against them; and he hath cause, for they do all they can to bring dishonour upon his management, as do plainly appear in all they do. Having done with the Duke of York, who do repose all in me, I with Mr. Wren to his chamber, to talk; where he observed, that these people are all of them a broken sort of people, that have not much to lose, and therefore will venture all to make their fortunes better: that Sir Thomas Osborne is a beggar, having 11 or £1,200 a-year, but owes above £10,000. The Duke of Buckingham's condition is shortly this: that he hath about £19,600 a-year, of which he pays away about £7,000 a-year in interest, about £2,000 in fee-farm rents to the King, about £6,000 wages and pensions, and the rest to live upon, and pay taxes for the whole. Wren says, that for the Duke of York to stir in this matter, as his quality might justify, would but make all things worse, and that therefore he must bend, and suffer all, till time works it out: that he fears they will sacrifice the Church, and that the King will take anything, and so he will hold up his head a little longer, and then break in pieces. But Sir W. Coventry did to-day mightily magnify my

[1] Algernon Percy, tenth Earl of Northumberland, Lord High Admiral 1637 to 1642.
[2] Of the Navy.

late Lord Treasurer,[1] for a wise and solid, though infirm man: and, among other things, that when he hath said it was impossible in nature to find this or that sum of money, and my Lord Chancellor [2] hath made sport of it, and tell the King that when my Lord hath said it [was] impossible, yet he hath made shift to find it, and that was by Sir G. Carteret's getting credit, my Lord did once in his hearing say thus, which he magnifies as a great saying—that impossible would be found impossible at last; meaning that the King would run himself out, beyond all his credit and funds, and then we should too late find it impossible; which is, he says, now come to pass. For that Sir W. Coventry says they could borrow what money they would, if they had assignments, and funds to secure it with, which before they had enough of, and then must spend it as if it would never have an end. From White Hall to my cozen Turner's, and there took up my wife; and so to my uncle Wight's, and there sat and supped, and talked pretty merry, and then walked home, and to bed.

15th. Up, and with Tom to White Hall; and there at a Committee of Tangier, where a great instance of what a man may lose by the neglect of a friend: Povy never had such an opportunity of passing his accounts, the Duke of York being there, and everybody well disposed, and in expectation of them; but my Lord Ashly, on whom he relied, and for whose sake this day was pitched on, that he might be sure to be there, among the rest of his friends, staid too long, till the Duke of York and the company thought unfit to stay longer: and so the day lost, and God knows when he will ever have so good a one again, as long as he lives; and this was the man of the whole company that he hath made the most interest to gain, and now most depended upon him. So up and down the house a while, and then to the plaisterer's, and there saw the figure of my face taken from the mould: and it is most admirably like, and I will have another made, before I take it away, and therefore I away and to the Temple, and thence to my cozen Turner's, where, having the last night been told by her that she had drawn me for her Valentine, I did this day call at the New Exchange, and bought her a pair of green silk stockings[3] and garters and shoe-strings, and two pair of jessimy gloves, all coming to about 28*s.*, and did give them her this noon. At the 'Change, I did at my bookseller's shop accidentally fall into talk with Sir Samuel Tuke[4] about trees, and Mr. Evelyn's garden; and I

[1] Southampton.

[2] Clarendon.

[3] Pepys was perhaps induced to make this purchase for his cousin, in accordance with the taste of the Duke of York, who, in allusion to Lady Chesterfield's wearing green stockings, remarked, says Hamilton: "*qu'il n'y avait point de salut pour une jambe sans bas verds*" ("Mémoires de Grammont").—B.

[4] Sir Samuel Tuke, of Cressing Temple, Essex, Bart., was a colonel in Charles I.'s army, and cousin to John Evelyn. He married Mary Sheldon, one of Queen Katherine's dressers, and died at Somerset House, January 26th, 1673. We have seen that he was the translator of "The Adventures of Five Hours." He was a Roman Catholic; and there is a life of him in Dodd's "Church History" (vol. iii., p. 251).

do find him, I think, a little conceited, but a man of very fine discourse as any I ever heard almost, which I was mighty glad of. I dined at my cozen Turner's, and my wife also and her husband there, and after dinner, my wife and I endeavoured to make a visit to Ned Pickering; but he not at home, nor his lady; and therefore back again, and took up my cozen Turner, and to my cozen Roger's lodgings, and there find him pretty well again, and his wife mighty kind and merry, and did make mighty much of us, and I believe he is married to a very good woman. Here was also Bab. and Betty, who have not their clothes yet, and therefore cannot go out, otherwise I would have had them abroad to-morrow; but the poor girls mighty kind to us, and we must shew them kindness also. Here in Suffolk Street lives Moll Davis; and we did see her coach come for her to her door, a mighty pretty fine coach. Here we staid an hour or two, and then carried Turner home, and there staid and talked a while, and then my wife and I to White Hall; and there, by means of Mr. Cooling, did get into the play, the only one we have seen this winter: it was "The Five Hours' Adventure:" but I sat so far I could not hear well, nor was there any pretty woman that I did see, but my wife, who sat in my Lady Fox's pew [1] with her. The house very full; and late before done, so that it was past eleven before we got home. But we were well pleased with seeing it, and so to supper, where it happened that there was no bread in the house, which was an unusual case, and so to bed.

16th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning, my head full of business of the office now at once on my hands, and so at noon home to dinner, where I find some things of W. Batelier's come out of France, among which some clothes for my wife, wherein she is likely to lead me to the expence of so much money as vexed me; but I seemed so, more than I at this time was, only to prevent her taking too much, and she was mighty calm under it. But I was mightily pleased with another picture of the King of France's head, of Nanteuil's, bigger than the other which he brought over, that pleases me infinitely: and so to the Office, where busy all the afternoon, though my eyes mighty bad with the light of the candles last night, which was so great as to make my eyes sore all this day, and do teach me, by a manifest experiment, that it is only too much light that do make my eyes sore. Nevertheless, with the help of my tube, and being desirous of easing my mind of five or six days journall, I did venture to write it down from ever since this day se'nnight, and I think without hurting my eyes any more than they were before, which was very much, and so home to supper and to bed.

[1] We may suppose that pews were by no means common at this time within consecrated walls, from the word being applied indifferently by Pepys to a box in a place of amusement, and two days afterwards to a seat at church. It would appear, from other authorities, that between 1646 and 1660 scarcely any pews had been erected; and Sir C. Wren is known to have objected to their introduction into his London churches.—B.

17th. Up, and with W. Hewer with me to Lincoln's Inn, by appointment, to have spoke with Mr. Pedley about Mr. Goldsborough's business and Mr. Weaver's, but he was gone out, and so I with Mr. Castle, the son-in-law of Weaver, to White Hall to look for him, but did not find him, but here I did meet with several and talked, and do hear only that the King dining yesterday at the Dutch Embassador's, after dinner they drank, and were pretty merry; and, among the rest of the King's company, there was that worthy fellow my lord of Rochester, and Tom Killigrew, whose mirth and raillery offended the former so much, that he did give Tom Killigrew a box on the ear in the King's presence, which do much give offence to the people here at Court, to see how cheap the King makes himself, and the more, for that the King hath not only passed by the thing, and pardoned it to Rochester already, but this very morning the King did publickly walk up and down, and Rochester I saw with him as free as ever, to the King's everlasting shame, to have so idle a rogue his companion.[1] How Tom Killigrew takes it, I do not hear. I do also this day hear that my Lord Privy Seale do accept to go Lieutenant into Ireland; [2] but whether it be true or no, I cannot tell. So calling at my shoemaker's, and paying him to this day, I home to dinner, and in the afternoon to Colonel Middleton's house, to the burial of his wife,[3] where we are all invited, and much more company, and had each of us a ring: and so towards evening to our church, where there was a sermon preached by Mills, and so home. At church there was my Lord Brouncker and Mrs. Williams in our pew, the first time they were ever there or that I knew that either of them would go to church. At home comes Castle to me, to desire me to go to Mr. Pedly this night, he being to go out of town to-morrow morning, which I, therefore, did, by hackney-coach, first going to White Hall to meet with Sir W. Coventry, but missed him. But here I had a pleasant rencontre of a lady in mourning, that, by the little light I had, seemed handsome. I passing by her, I did observe she looked back again and again upon me, I suffering her to go before, and it being now duske. I observed she went into the little passage towards the Privy Water-Gate, and I followed, but missed her; but coming back again, I observed she returned, and went to go out of the Court. I followed her, and took occasion, in the new passage now built, where the walke is to be, to take her by the hand, to lead her through, which she willingly accepted, and I led her to the Great Gate, and there left her, she telling me, of her own accord, that she was going as far as Charing Cross; but my boy was at the gate, and so je durst not go out con her, which vexed me, and my mind (God

[1] Rochester was not yet twenty-one years old, whilst Charles was thirty-eight.—B.

[2] John, second Lord Robartes (Earl of Radnor, 1679), was appointed Lord Lieutenant May 3rd, 1669.

[3] "Buried, *Mrs. Elizabeth*, wife of Colonel Thomas Middleton."—*Register of St. Olave's, Hart Street.* According to Burke, Jane, daughter of Sir Robert Needham, of Lambeth, married Charles, brother of Sir Thomas Middleton, Bart. Her sister Eleanor was mistress to the Duke of Monmouth.—B.

forgive me) did run après her toute that night, though I have reason to thank God, and so I do now, that I was not tempted to go further. So to Lincoln's Inn, where to Mr. Pedly, with whom I spoke, and did my business presently: and I find him a man of very good language, and mighty civil, and I believe very upright: and so home, where W. Batelier was, and supped with us, and I did reckon this night what I owed him; and I do find that the things my wife, of her own head, hath taken (together with my own, which comes not to above £5), comes to above £22. But it is the last, and so I am the better contented; and they are things that are not trifles, but clothes, gloves, shoes, hoods, &c. So after supper, to bed.

18th. Up, and to the Office, and at noon home, expecting to have this day seen Bab. and Betty Pepys here, but they come not; and so after dinner my wife and I to the Duke of York's house, to a play, and there saw "The Mad Lover," which do not please me so well as it used to do, only Betterton's part still pleases me. But here who should we have come to us but Bab. and Betty and Talbot, the first play they were yet at; and going to see us, and hearing by my boy, whom I sent to them, that we were here, they come to us hither, and happened all of us to sit by my cozen Turner and The., and we carried them home first, and then took Bab. and Betty to our house, where they lay and supped, and pretty merry, and very fine with their new clothes, and good comely girls they are enough, and very glad I am of their being with us, though I would very well have been contented to have been without the charge. So they to bed and we to bed.

19th. Up, and after seeing the girls, who lodged in our bed, with their maid Martha, who hath been their father's maid these twenty years and more, I with Lord Brouncker to White Hall, where all of us waited on the Duke of York; and after our usual business done, W. Hewer and I to look my wife at the Black Lion, Mercer's, but she is gone home, and so I home and there dined, and W. Batelier and W. Hewer with us. All the afternoon I at the Office, while the young people went to see Bedlam,[1] and at night home to them and to supper, and pretty merry, only troubled with a great cold at this time, and my eyes very bad ever since Monday night last that the light of the candles spoiled me. So to bed. This morning, among other things, talking with Sir W. Coventry, I did propose to him my putting in to serve in Parliament, if there should, as the world begins to expect, be a new one chose: he likes it mightily, both for the King's and Service's sake, and the Duke of York's, and will propound it to the Duke of York: and I confess, if there be one, I would be glad to be in.

20th. Up, and all the morning at the office, and then home to dinner, and after dinner out with my wife and my two girls to the Duke of York's house, and there saw "The Gratefull Servant," [2] a pretty good play, and

[1] Then in Bishopsgate Without, on the north side of what was afterwards Liverpool Street.

[2] A comedy by James Shirley, first published in 1630.

which I have forgot that ever I did see. And thence with them to Mrs. Gotier's, the Queen's tire-woman, for a pair of locks for my wife; she is an oldish French woman, but with a pretty hand as most I have seen; and so home, and to supper, W. Batelier and W. Hewer with us, and so my cold being great, and greater by my having left my coat at my tailor's to-night and come home in a thinner that I borrowed there, I went to bed before them and slept pretty well.

21st (Lord's day). Up, and with my wife and two girls to church, they very fine; and so home, where comes my cozen Roger and his wife, I having sent for them, to dine with us, and there comes in by chance also Mr. Shepley, who is come to town with my Lady Paulina, who is desperately sick, and is gone to Chelsey, to the old house where my Lord himself was once sick, where I doubt my Lord means to visit her, more for young Mrs. Beck's sake than for her's. Here we dined with W. Batelier, and W. Hewer with us, these two girls making it necessary that they be always with us, for I am not company light enough to be always merry with them: and so sat talking all the afternoon, and then Shepley went away first, and then my cozen Roger and his wife. And so I to my Office, to write down my Journall, and so home to my chamber and to do a little business there, my papers being in mighty disorder, and likely so to continue while these girls are with us. In the evening comes W. Batelier and his sisters and supped and talked with us, and so spent the evening, myself being somewhat out of order because of my eyes, which have never been well since last Sunday's reading at Sir W. Coventry's chamber, and so after supper to bed.

22nd. Up, and betimes to White Hall; but there the Duke of York is gone abroad a-hunting, and therefore after a little stay there I into London, with Sir H. Cholmly, talking all the way of Tangier matters, wherein I find him troubled from some reports lately from Norwood (who is his great enemy and I doubt an ill man), of some decay of the Mole, and a breach made therein by the sea to a great value. He set me down at the end of Leadenhall Street, and so I home, and after dinner, with my wife, in her morning-gown, and the two girls dressed, to Unthanke's, where my wife dresses herself, having her gown this day laced, and a new petticoat; and so is indeed very fine. And in the evening I do carry them to White Hall, and there did without much trouble get into the playhouse, there in a good place among the Ladies of Honour, and myself also sat in the pit; and there by and by come the King and Queen, and they begun "Bartholomew Fayre." But I like no play here so well as at the common playhouse; besides that, my eyes being very ill since last Sunday and this day se'nnight, with the light of the candles, I was in mighty pain to defend myself now from the light of the candles. After the play done, we met with W. Batelier and W. Hewer and Talbot Pepys, and they follow us in a hackney-coach:

and we all stopped at Hercules' Pillars; [1] and there I did give them the best supper I could, and pretty merry; and so home between eleven and twelve at night, and so to bed, mightily well pleased with this day's work.

23rd. Up: and to the Office, where all the morning, and then home, and put a mouthfull of victuals in my mouth; and by a hackney-coach followed my wife and the girls, who are gone by eleven o'clock, thinking to have seen a new play at the Duke of York's house. But I do find them staying at my tailor's, the play not being to-day, and therefore I now took them to Westminster Abbey, and there did show them all the tombs very finely, having one with us alone, there being other company this day to see the tombs, it being Shrove Tuesday; and here we did see, by particular favour, the body of Queen Katherine of Valois; and I had the upper part of her body in my hands, and I did kiss her mouth, reflecting upon it that I did kiss a Queen, and that this was my birth-day, thirty-six years old, that I did first kiss a Queen.[2] But here this man, who seems to understand well, tells me that the saying is not true that says she was never buried, for she was buried; only, when Henry the Seventh built his chapel, it was taken up and laid in this wooden coffin, but I did there see that, in it, the body was buried in a leaden one, which remains under the body to this day. Thence to the Duke of York's playhouse, and there, finding the play begun, we homeward to the Glass-House,[3] and there shewed my cozens the making of glass, and had several things made with great content; and, among others, I had one or two singing-glasses made, which make an echo to the voice, the first that ever I saw; but so thin, that the very breath broke one or two of them. So home, and thence to Mr. Batelier's, where we supped, and had a good supper, and here was Mr. Gumbleton; and after supper some fiddles, and so to dance; but my eyes were so out of order, that I had

[1] On the south side of Fleet Street, opposite St. Dunstan's Church.

[2] Pepys's attachment to the fair sex extended even to a dead queen. The record of this royal salute on his natal day is very characteristic. The story told him in Westminster Abbey apears to have been correct; for Neale informs us ("History of Westminster Abbey," vol. ii., p. 88) that near the south side of Henry V.'s tomb there was formerly a wooden chest, or coffin, wherein part of the skeleton and parched body of Katherine de Valois, his queen (from the waist upwards), was to be seen. She was interred in January, 1457, in the Chapel of Our Lady, at the east end of this church; but when that building was pulled down by her grandson, Henry VII., her coffin was found to be decayed, and her body was taken up, and placed in a chest, near her first husband's tomb. "There," says Dart, "it hath ever since continued to be seen, the bones being firmly united, and thinly clothed with flesh, like scrapings of tanned leather." This awful spectacle of frail mortality was at length removed from the public gaze into St. Nicholas's Chapel, and finally deposited under the monument of Sir George Villiers, when the vault was made for the remains of Elizabeth Percy, Duchess of Northumberland, in December, 1776.—B.

[3] Glass House Alley, Whitefriars and Blackfriars, marked the site for some years. The Whitefriars Glass Works of Messrs. Powell and Sons are on the old site, now Temple Street.

little pleasure this night at all, though I was glad to see the rest merry, and so about midnight home and to bed.

24th. Lay long in bed, both being sleepy and my eyes bad, and myself having a great cold so as I was hardly able to speak, but, however, by and by up and to the office, and at noon home with my people to dinner, and then I to the office again, and there till the evening doing of much business, and at night my wife sends for me to W. Hewer's lodging, where I find two best chambers of his so finely furnished, and all so rich and neat, that I was mightily pleased with him and them: and here only my wife, and I, and the two girls, and had a mighty neat dish of custards and tarts, and good drink and talk. And so way home to bed, with infinite content at this his treat; for it was mighty pretty, and everything mighty rich.

25th. All the morning at the office. At noon home and eat a bit myself, and then followed my wife and girls to the Duke of York's house, and there before one, but the house infinite full, where, by and by, the King and Court come, it being a new play, or an old one new vamped, by Shadwell, called "The Royal Shepherdesse!"[1] but the silliest for words and design, and everything, that ever I saw in my whole life, there being nothing in the world pleasing in it, but a good martial dance of pikemen, where Harris and another do handle their pikes in a dance to admiration; but never less satisfied with a play in my life. Thence to the office I, and did a little business, and so home to supper with my girls, and pretty merry, only my eyes, which continue very bad, and my cold, that I cannot speak at all, do trouble me.

26th. Was forced to send my excuse to the Duke of York for my not attending him with my fellows this day because of my cold, and was the less troubled because I was thereby out of the way to offer my proposals about Pursers till the Surveyor hath delivered his notions, which he is to do today about something he has to offer relating to the Navy in general, which I would be glad to see and peruse before I offer what I have to say. So lay long in bed, and then up and to my office, and so to dinner, and then, though I could not speak, yet I went with my wife and girls to the King's playhouse, to shew them that, and there saw "The Faithfull Shepherdesse." But, Lord! what an empty house, there not being, as I could tell the people, so many as to make up above £10 in the whole house! The being of a new play at the other house, I suppose, being the cause, though it be so silly a play that I wonder how there should be enough people to go thither two days together, and not leave more to fill this house. The emptiness of the house took away our pleasure a great deal, though I liked it the better; for that I plainly discern the musick is the better, by how much the house the emptier. Thence home, and again to W. Hewer's, and had a pretty

[1] A tragi-comedy, altered by Thomas Shadwell from a comedy written by John Fountain, called "The Rewards of Virtue," published in 1661. The "Royal Shepherdess" was published in 1669.

little treat, and spent an hour or two, my voice being wholly taken away with my cold, and so home and to bed.

27th. Up, and at the office all the morning, where I could speak but a little. At noon home to dinner, and all the afternoon till night busy at the office again, where forced to speak low and dictate. But that that troubles me most is my eyes, which are still mighty bad night and day, and so home at night to talk and sup with my cozens, and so all of us in mighty good humour to bed.

28th (Lord's day). Up, and got my wife to read to me a copy of what the Surveyor offered to the Duke of York on Friday, he himself putting it into my hands to read; but, Lord! it is a poor, silly thing ever to think to bring it in practice, in the King's Navy. It is to have the Captains to account for all stores and victuals; but upon so silly grounds, to my thinking, and ignorance of the present instructions of Officers, that I am ashamed to hear it. However, I do take a copy of it, for my future use and answering; and so to church, where, God forgive me! I did most of the time gaze on the fine milliner's wife, in Fenchurch Street, who was at our church today; and so home to dinner. And after dinner to write down my Journall; and then abroad by coach with my cozens, to their father's, where we are kindly received, but he is in great pain for his man Arthur, who, he fears, is now dead, having been desperately sick, and speaks so much of him that my cozen, his wife, and I did make mirth of it, and call him Arthur O'Bradly.[1] After staying here a little, and eat and drank, and she gave me some ginger-bread made in cakes, like chocolate, very good, made by a friend, I carried him and her to my cozen Turner's, where we staid, expecting her coming from church; but she coming not, I went to her husband's chamber in the Temple, and thence fetched her, she having been there alone ever since sermon staying till the evening to walk home on foot, her horses being ill. This I did, and brought her home. And after talking there awhile, and agreeing to be all merry at my house on Tuesday next, I away home; and there spent the evening talking and reading, with my wife and Mr. Pelling, and yet much troubled with my cold, it hardly suffering me to speak, we to bed.

March 1st. Up, and to White Hall to the Committee of Tangier, but it did not meet. But here I do hear first that my Lady Paulina Montagu did die yesterday; at which I went to my Lord's lodgings, but he is shut up with sorrow, and so not to be spoken with: and therefore I returned, and to Westminster Hall, where I have not been, I think, in some months. And here the Hall was very full, the King having, by Commission to some Lords this day, prorogued the Parliament till the 19th of October next: at which I am glad,

[1] An allusion to the popular ballad, "O Brave Arthur of Bradley," which is referred to by Ben Jonson, Dekker, and other Elizabethan dramatists. There are two other ballads of "Arthur-a Bradley" of a later date. See Chappell's "Popular Music of the Olden Time," vol. ii., pp. 539–40, 604.

hoping to have time to go over to France this year. But I was most of all surprised this morning by our Lord Bellassis, who, by appointment, met me at Auditor Woods, at the Temple, and tells me of a duell designed between the Duke of Buckingham and my Lord Halifax, or Sir W. Coventry; the challenge being carried by Harry Saville,[1] but prevented by my Lord Arlington, and the King told of it; and this was all the discourse at Court this day. But I, meeting Sir W. Coventry in the Duke of York's chamber, he would not own it to me, but told me that he was a man of too much peace to meddle with fighting, and so it rested: but the talk is full in the town of the business. Thence, having walked some turns with my cozen Pepys, and most people, by their discourse, believing that this Parliament will never sit more, I away to several places to look after things against to-morrow's feast, and so home to dinner; and thence, after noon, my wife and I out by hackney-coach, and spent the afternoon in several places, doing several things at the 'Change and elsewhere against to-morrow; and, among others, I did also bring home a piece of my face cast in plaister, for to make a vizard upon, for my eyes. And so home, where W. Batelier come, and sat with us; and there, after many doubts, did resolve to go on with our feast and dancing to-morrow; and so, after supper, left the maids to make clean the house, and to lay the cloth, and other things against to-morrow, and we to bed.

2nd. Up, and at the office till noon, when home, and there I find my company come, namely, Madam Turner, Dyke, The., and Betty Turner, and Mr. Bellwood, formerly their father's clerk, but now set up for himself—a conceited, silly fellow, but one they make mightily of—my cozen Roger Pepys, and his wife, and two daughters. I had a noble dinner for them, as I almost ever had, and mighty merry, and particularly myself pleased with looking on Betty Turner, who is mighty pretty. After dinner, we fell one to one talk, and another to another, and looking over my house, and closet, and things; and The. Turner to write a letter to a lady in the country, in which I did, now and then, put in half a dozen words, and sometimes five or six lines, and then she as much, and made up a long and good letter, she being mighty witty really, though troublesome-humoured with it. And thus till night, that our musick come, and the Office ready and candles, and also W. Batelier and his sister Susan come, and also Will. Howe and two gentlemen more, strangers, which, at my request yesterday, he did bring to dance, called Mr. Ireton and Mr. Starkey. We fell to dancing, and continued, only with intermission for a good supper, till two in the morning, the musick being Greeting, and another most excellent violin, and theorbo, the best in town. And so with mighty mirth, and pleased with their dancing of jigs afterwards several of them, and, among others, Betty

[1] Henry Savile was a younger son of Sir William Savile, Bart., of Thornhill, in Yorkshire, by Anne, one of the daughters of Thomas, first Lord Coventry, and sister to Sir William Coventry. He became Vice-Chamberlain to Charles II., and served in parliament for Newark; and died s.p.—B.

Turner, who did it mighty prettily; and, lastly, W. Batelier's "Blackmore and Blackmore Mad;" and then to a country-dance again, and so broke up with extraordinary pleasure, as being one of the days and nights of my life spent with the greatest content; and that which I can but hope to repeat again a few times in my whole life. This done, we parted, the strangers home, and I did lodge my cozen Pepys and his wife in our blue chamber. My cozen Turner, her sister, and The., in our best chamber; Bab., Betty, and Betty Turner, in our own chamber; and myself and my wife in the maid's bed, which is very good. Our maids in the coachman's bed; the coachman with the boy in his settle-bed, and Tom where he uses to lie. And so I did, to my great content, lodge at once in my house, with the greatest ease, fifteen, and eight of them strangers of quality. My wife this day put on first her French gown, called a Sac, which becomes her very well, brought her over by W. Batelier.

3rd. Up, after a very good night's rest, and was called upon by Sir H. Cholmly, who was with me an hour, and though acquainted did not stay to talk with my company I had in the house, but away, and then I to my guests, and got them to breakfast, and then parted by coaches; and I did, in mine, carry my she-cozen Pepys and her daughters home, and there left them, and so to White Hall, where W. Hewer met me; and he and I took a turn in St. James's Park, and in the Mall did meet Sir W. Coventry and Sir J. Duncomb, and did speak with them about some business before the Lords of the Treasury; but I did find them more than usually busy, though I knew not then the reason of it, though I guess it by what followed to-morrow. Thence to Dancre's, the painter's, and there saw my picture of Greenwich, finished to my very good content, though this manner of distemper do make the figures not so pleasing as in oyle. So to Unthanke's, and there took up my wife, and carried her to the Duke of York's playhouse, and there saw an old play, the first time acted these forty years, called "The Lady's Tryall,"[1] acted only by the young people of the house; but the house very full. But it is but a sorry play, and the worse by how much my head is out of humour by being a little sleepy and my legs weary since last night. So after the play we to the New Exchange, and so called at my cozen Turner's; and there, meeting Mr. Bellwood, did hear how my Lord Mayor,[2] being invited this day to dinner at the Reader's at the Temple, and endeavouring to carry his sword up,[3] the students did pull it down, and forced him to go and stay all the day in a private Councillor's chamber, until the Reader himself could get the young gentlemen to dinner; and then my Lord Mayor did retreat out of the Temple by stealth, with his sword up. This do make great heat among the students; and my Lord Mayor did send to the King, and also I hear that Sir Richard Browne did cause the

[1] A tragi-comedy by John Ford, published in 1639.
[2] Sir William Turner, Merchant Taylor.
[3] As a symbol of his authority.

drums to beat for the Train-bands;[1] but all is over, only I hear that the students do resolve to try the Charter of the City. So we home, and betimes to bed, and slept well all night.

4th. Up, and a while at the office, but thinking to have Mr. Povy's business to-day at the Committee for Tangier, I left the Board and away to White Hall, where in the first court I did meet Sir Jeremy Smith, who did tell me that Sir W. Coventry was just now sent to the Tower, about the business of his challenging the Duke of Buckingham,[2] and so was also Harry Saville to the Gate-house;[3] which, as [he is] a gentleman, and of the Duke of York's bedchamber, I heard afterwards that the Duke of York is mightily incensed at, and do appear very high to the King that he might not be sent thither, but to the Tower, this being done only in contempt to him.[4] This news of Sir W. Coventry did strike me to the heart, and with reason, for by this and my Lord of Ormond's business, I do doubt that the Duke of Buckingham will be so flushed, that he will not stop at any thing, but be forced to do any thing now, as thinking it not safe to end here; and, Sir W. Coventry being gone, the King will have never a good counsellor, nor the Duke of York any sure friend to stick to him; nor any good man will be left to advise what is good. This, therefore, do heartily trouble me as any thing that ever I heard. So up into the House, and met with several people; but the Committee did not meet; and the whole House I find full of this business of Sir W. Coventry's, and most men very sensible of the cause and effects of it. So, meeting with my Lord Bellassis, he told me the

[1] The only printed notice of this dispute occurs in Pearce's "History of the Inns of Court and Chancery," 8vo., 1848, p. 236: "The Lord Mayor (Sir W. Turner) complained to the king, and on the 7th April, 1669, the case was heard before his Majesty in council. The ringleaders, Mr. Hodges, Mr. Wynn, and Mr. Monday, appeared at the Board, attended by counsel, who were heard on their behalf. Upon consideration, it appearing to the king that the matter very much depended upon the right and privilege of bearing up the Lord Mayor's sword within the Temple, which, by order of Council on the 24th March, in the same year, had been left to be decided by due course of law, his Majesty thought fit to suspend the declaration of his pleasure thereupon, until the said right and privilege should be determined at law." Mr. Tyrrel, the City Remembrancer, has obligingly communicated the only two entries relating to the business existing in the Corporation Records: the first is an order, dated March 23rd, 1668, for the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, &c., to attend the council on the following day; and the other directs the Chamberlain to pay the Town Clerk £23 14*s.* 6*d.*, by him disbursed for counsel about the business of the Temple, &c. It would appear the question remains unsettled to this day.—B.

[2] While Buckingham was busy with his "Rehearsal" he threatened to bring Sir William Coventry into a play at the King's House, but Coventry challenged the duke for the intended insult, and the intention was frustrated.

[3] At Westminster.

[4] Charles II. wrote to his sister (Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans), on March 7th, 1669: "I am not sorry that Sir Will. Coventry has given me this good occasion by sending my Lord of Buckingham a challenge to turne him out of the Councill. I do intend to turn him allso out of the Treasury. The truth of it is, he has been a troublesome man in both places, and I am well rid of him" (Julia Cartwright's "Madame," 1894, p. 283).

particulars of this matter; that it arises about a quarrel which Sir W. Coventry had with the Duke of Buckingham about a design between the Duke and Sir Robert Howard, to bring him into a play at the King's house, which W. Coventry not enduring, did by H. Saville send a letter to the Duke of Buckingham, that he had a desire to speak with him. Upon which, the Duke of Buckingham did bid Holmes, his champion ever since my Lord Shrewsbury's business,[1] go to him to know the business; but H. Saville would not tell it to any but himself, and therefore did go presently to the Duke of Buckingham, and told him that his uncle Coventry was a person of honour, and was sensible of his Grace's liberty taken of abusing him, and that he had a desire of satisfaction, and would fight with him. But that here they were interrupted by my Lord Chamberlain's coming in, who was commanded to go to bid the Duke of Buckingham to come to the King, Holmes having discovered it. He told me that the King did last night, at the Council, ask the Duke of Buckingham, upon his honour, whether he had received any challenge from W. Coventry? which he confessed that he had; and then the King asking W. Coventry, he told him that he did not owne what the Duke of Buckingham had said, though it was not fit for him to give him a direct contradiction. But, being by the King put upon declaring, upon his honour, the matter, he answered that he had understood that many hard questions had upon this business been moved to some lawyers, and that therefore he was unwilling to declare any thing that might, from his own mouth, render him obnoxious to his Majesty's displeasure, and, therefore, prayed to be excused: which the King did think fit to interpret to be a confession, and so gave warrant that night for his commitment to the Tower. Being very much troubled at this, I away by coach homewards, and directly to the Tower, where I find him in one Mr. Bennet's house, son to Major Bayly, one of the Officers of the Ordnance, in the Bricke Tower:[2] where I find him busy with my Lord Halifax and his brother; so I would not stay to interrupt them, but only to give him comfort, and offer my service to him, which he kindly and cheerfully received, only owning his being troubled for the King his master's displeasure, which, I suppose, is the ordinary form and will of persons in this condition. And so I parted, with great content, that I had so earlily seen him there; and so going out, did meet Sir Jer. Smith going to meet me, who had newly been with Sir W. Coventry. And so he and I by water to Redriffe, and so walked to Deptford, where I have not been, I think, these twelve months: and there to the Treasurer's house,[3] where the Duke of York is, and his Duchess; and there we find them at dinner in the

[1] The duel. See January 17th, 1667–68.

[2] The Brick Tower stands on the northern wall, a little to the west of Martin tower, with which it communicates by a secret passage. It was the residence of the Master of the Ordnance, and Raleigh was lodged here for a time.

[3] See it marked in the Plan of Deptford, in Evelyn's "Diary," vol. i., p. 328, 4to. edit., 1819.—B.

great room, unhung; and there was with them my Lady Duchess of Monmouth, the Countess of Falmouth, Castlemayne, Henrietta Hide[1] (my Lady Hinchingbroke's sister), and my Lady Peterborough. And after dinner Sir Jer. Smith and I were invited down to dinner with some of the Maids of Honour, namely, Mrs. Ogle,[2] Blake,[3] and Howard,[4] which did me good to have the honour to dine with, and look on; and the Mother of the Maids,[5] and Mrs. Howard,[6] the mother of the Maid of Honour of that name, and the Duke's housekeeper here. Here was also Monsieur Blancfort,[7] Sir Richard Powell,[8] Colonel Villers,[9] Sir Jonathan Trelawny,[10] and others. And here drank most excellent, and great variety, and plenty of wines, more than I have drank, at once, these seven years, but yet did me no great hurt. Having dined and very merry, and understanding by Blancfort how angry the Duke of York was, about their offering to send Saville

[1] Lady Henrietta Boyle, fifth daughter to the Earl of Burlington, married Lawrence Hyde (afterwards created Earl of Rochester) in 1665.

[2] Anne Ogle, daughter of Thomas Ogle, of Pinchbeck, in Lincolnshire. She was afterwards the first wife of Craven Howard (son of Mrs. Howard), brother of her fellow maid of honour (see Evelyn's "Diary," June 15th, 1675). Her only child, Anne, died unmarried.—B.

[3] Margaret Blagge, or Blague, daughter of Colonel Blague, and afterwards wife of Sidney Godolphin. Her life, written by Evelyn, was first published by Bishop Wilberforce in 1847.

[4] Dorothy, the elder daughter of Mrs. Howard. She afterwards married Colonel James Graham, of Levens, Keeper of the Privy Purse of the Duke of York. Their daughter, Katharine Graham, married her cousin, Henry Bowes Howard, fourth Earl of Berkshire, and eleventh Earl of Suffolk.—B.

[5] The *mother of the maids* in the Court of Queen Katharine was Bridget, Lady Sanderson, daughter of Sir Edward Tyrrell, Knt., and wife of Sir William Sanderson, Gentleman of the Privy Chamber. It is possible, however, that some one filled the like office in the household of the Duchess of York.—B.

[6] Elizabeth, daughter of Lowthiel, Lord Dundas, wife of William Howard, fourth son of the first Earl of Berkshire. Her son, Craven Howard, married, first, Anne Ogle, mentioned above; and, secondly, Mary, daughter of George Bower, of Elford, in Staffordshire, by whom he had Henry Bowes Howard, who married Katharine Graham. It was by means of Mrs. Howard, who, as housekeeper to the Duke of York, resided in the Treasurer's house at Deptford, that Evelyn, who lived at Sayes Court, adjoining the Royal Yard, first became acquainted with Mrs. Godolphin, and it is to Lady Sylvius, the younger daughter of Mrs. Howard, that he addresses her Life.—B.

[7] See February 3rd, 1665; June 13th, 1666; August 27th and September 1st, 1667. Louis de Duras, Marquis of Blanquefort, succeeded in 1677 to the titles and estates of his father-in-law, Sir George Sondes, who, in April, 1676, was created Earl of Feversham and Viscount Sondes. As Earl of Feversham Blanquefort became of great importance during the short reign of James II. He died April 19th, 1709, s.p.

[8] Sir Richard Powle, of Shottesbrooke, Berks, Master of the Horse to the Duchess of York.—B.

[9] Edward Villiers, Master of the Robes and Groom of the Bedchamber to the Duke of York. He was afterwards knighted, and was the direct ancestor of the Earls of Jersey. —B.

[10] The second baronet of his family, and father of the Bishop of Winchester, of the same names.—B.

to the Gate-house, among the rogues; and then, observing how this company, both the ladies and all, are of a gang, and did drink a health to the union of the two brothers, and talking of others as their enemies, they parted, and so we up; and there I did find the Duke of York and Duchess, with all the great ladies, sitting upon a carpet, on the ground, there being no chairs, playing at "I love my love with an A, because he is so and so: and I hate him with an A, because of this and that:" [1] and some of them, but particularly the Duchess herself, and my Lady Castlemayne, were very witty. This done, they took barge, and I with Sir J. Smith to Captain Cox's; and there to talk, and left them and other company to drink; while I slunk out to Bagwell's; and there saw her, and her mother, and our late maid Nell, who cried for joy to see me, but I had no time for pleasure then nor could stay, but after drinking I back to the yard, having a month's mind para have had a bout with Nell, which I believe I could have had, and may another time. So to Cox's, and thence walked with Sir J. Smith back to Redriffe; and so, by water home, and there my wife mighty angry for my absence, and fell mightily out, but not being certain of any thing, but thinks only that Pierce or Knepp was there, and did ask me, and, I perceive, the boy, many questions. But I did answer her; and so, after much ado, did go to bed, and lie quiet all night; but [she] had another bout with me in the morning, but I did make shift to quiet her, but yet she was not fully satisfied, poor wretch! in her mind, and thinks much of my taking so much pleasure from her; which, indeed, is a fault, though I did not design or foresee it when I went.

5th. Up, and by water to White Hall, where did a little business with the Duke of York at our usual attending him, and thence to my wife, who was with my coach at Unthanke's, though not very well of those upon her, and so home to dinner, and after dinner I to the Tower, where I find Sir W. Coventry with abundance of company with him; and after sitting awhile, and hearing some merry discourse, and, among others, of Mr. Brouncker's being this day summoned to Sir William Morton,[2] one of the Judges, to give in security for his good behaviour, upon his words the other day to Sir John Morton,[3] a Parliament-man, at White Hall, who had heretofore spoke very highly against Brouncker in the House, I away, and to Aldgate, and walked forward towards White Chapel, till my wife overtook me with the coach, it being a mighty fine afternoon; and there we

[1] A writer in the "Gentleman's Magazine," February, 1738, says: "At the Restoration succeeded Love games, as I love my Love with an A; a Flower and a Lady, and I am a lusty wooer" (Brand's "Popular Antiquities," ed. Hazlitt, 1870, vol. ii., p. 288).

[2] A zealous supporter of Charles I. during the Civil War. Made a Justice of the King's Bench, 1665. He was a terror to highwaymen, and sentenced Claude Duval, preventing him from receiving a pardon. He died 1672.

[3] Sir John Morton, of Milborn St. Andrew, Dorset, the second baronet of his family, then serving as burgess for Poole, and afterwards for Melcombe Regis. He died in 1698, aged seventy-one.—B.

went the first time out of town with our coach and horses, and went as far as Bow, the spring beginning a little now to appear, though the way be dirty; and so, with great pleasure, with the fore-part of our coach up, we spent the afternoon. And so in the evening home, and there busy at the Office awhile, and so to bed, mightily pleased with being at peace with my poor wife, and with the pleasure we may hope to have with our coach this summer, when the weather comes to be good.

6th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning, only before the Office I stepped to Sir W. Coventry at the Tower, and there had a great deal of discourse with him; among others, of the King's putting him out of the Council yesterday, with which he is well contented, as with what else they can strip him of, he telling me, and so hath long done, that he is weary and surfeited of business; but he joins with me in his fears that all will go to naught, as matters are now managed. He told me the matter of the play that was intended for his abuse, wherein they foolishly and sillily bring in two tables like that which he hath made, with a round hole in the middle, in his closet, to turn himself in;[1] and he is to be in one of them as master, and Sir J. Duncomb in the other, as his man or imitator: and their discourse in those tables, about the disposing of their books and papers, very foolish. But that, that he is offended with, is his being made so contemptible, as that any should dare to make a gentleman a subject for the mirth of the world: and that therefore he had told Tom Killigrew that he should tell his actors, whoever they were, that did offer at any thing like representing him, that he would not complain to my Lord Chamberlain, which was too weak, nor get him beaten, as Sir Charles Sidly is said to do, but that he would cause his nose to be cut.[2] He told me the passage at the Council much like what my Lord Bellassis told me. He told me how that the Duke of Buckingham did himself, some time since, desire to join with him, of all men in England, and did bid him propound to himself to be Chief Minister of State, saying that he would bring it about, but that he refused to have anything to do with any faction; and that the Duke of Buckingham did, within these few days, say that, of all men in England, he would have chosen W. Coventry to have joined entire with. He tells me that he fears their prevailing against the Duke of York; and that their violence will force them to it, as being already beyond his pardon. He repeated to me many examples of challenging of Privy-Councillors and others; but never any proceeded against with that severity which he is, it never amounting to others to more than a little confinement. He tells me of his being weary

[1] See Diary, July 4th, 1668, where Sir W. Coventry's round table is described.

[2] It is painful to find a person of Sir William Coventry's rank and station entertaining so cowardly a mode of revenging himself; and it is very remarkable that, in little more than a year afterwards, his own nephew, Sir John Coventry, was maimed in the very same way, his nose having been slit to the bone by a party of assassins hired for the purpose. See note to July 27th, 1667.—B.

of the Treasury, and of the folly, ambition, and desire of popularity of Sir Thomas Clifford; and yet the rudeness of his tongue and passions when angry. This and much more discourse being over I with great pleasure come home and to the office, where all the morning, and at noon home to dinner, and thence to the office again, where very hard at work all the afternoon till night, and then home to my wife to read to me, and to bed, my cold having been now almost for three days quite gone from me. This day my wife made it appear to me that my late entertainment this week cost me above £12, an expence which I am almost ashamed of, though it is but once in a great while, and is the end for which, in the most part, we live, to have such a merry day once or twice in a man's life.

7th (Lord's day). Up, and to the office, busy till church time, and then to church, where a dull sermon, and so home to dinner, all alone with my wife, and then to even my Journall to this day, and then to the Tower, to see Sir W. Coventry, who had H. Jermin and a great many more with him, and more, while I was there, come in; so that I do hear that there was not less than sixty coaches there yesterday, and the other day; which I hear also that there is a great exception taken at, by the King and the Duke of Buckingham, but it cannot be helped. Thence home, and with our coach out to Suffolk Street, to see my cozen Pepys, but neither the old nor young at home. So to my cozen Turner's, and there staid talking a little, and then back to Suffolk Street, where they not being yet come home I to White Hall, and there hear that there are letters come from Sir Thomas Allen, that he hath made some kind of peace with Algiers; upon which the King and Duke of York, being to go out of town to-morrow, are met at my Lord Arlington's: so I there, and by Mr. Wren was desired to stay to see if there were occasion for their speaking with me, which I did, walking without, with Charles Porter,[1] talking of a great

[1] Charles Porter "was the son of a prebend[ary] in Norwich, and a 'prentice boy in the city in the rebellious times. When the committee house was blown up, he was very active in that rising, and after the soldiers came and dispersed the rout, he, as a rat among joint stools, shifted to and fro among the shambles, and had forty pistols shot at him by the troopers that rode after him to kill him [24th April, 1648]. In that distress he had the presence of mind to catch up a little child that, during the rout, was frighted, and stood crying in the streets, and, unobserved by the troopers, ran away with it. The people opened a way for him, saying, 'Make room for the poor child.' Thus he got off, and while search was made for him in the market-place, got into the Yarmouth ferry, and at Yarmouth took ship and went to Holland. . . . In Holland he trailed a pike, and was in several actions as a common soldier. At length he kept a cavalier eating-house; but, his customers being needy, he soon broke, and came for England, and being a genteel youth, was taken in among the chancery clerks, and got to be under a master. . . . His industry was great; and he had an acquired dexterity and skill in the forms of the court; and although he was a bon companion, and followed much the bottle, yet he made such dispatches as satisfied his clients, especially the clerks, who knew where to find him. His person was florid, and speech prompt and articulate. But his vices, in the way of women and the bottle, were so ungoverned, as brought him to a morsel. . . . When the Lord Keeper North had the Seal, who from an early acquaintance had a kindness for him which was well known, and also that he was well heard, as they call it, business flowed

many things: and I perceive all the world is against the Duke of Buckingham his acting thus high, and do prophesy nothing but ruin from it. But he do well observe that the church lands cannot certainly come to much, if the King shall [be] persuaded to take them, they being leased out for long leases. By and by, after two hours' stay, they rose, having, as Wren tells me, resolved upon sending six ships to the Streights forthwith, not being contented with the peace upon the terms they demand; which are, that all our ships, where any Turks or Moores shall be found slaves, shall be prizes; which will imply that they must be searched. I hear that to-morrow the King and the Duke of York set out for Newmarket, by three in the morning, to some foot and horse-races, to be abroad ten or twelve days. So I away, without seeing the Duke of York; but Mr. Wren showed me the Order of Council about the balancing the Storekeeper's accounts, passed the Council in the very terms I drew it, only I did put in my name as he that presented the book of Hosier's preparing, and that is left out—I mean, my name—which is no great matter. So to my wife to Suffolk Streete, where she was gone, and there I found them at supper, and eat a little with them, and so home, and there to bed, my cold pretty well gone.

8th. Up, and with W. Hewer by hackney coach to White Hall, where the King and the Duke of York is gone by three in the morning, and had the misfortune to be overset with the Duke of York, the Duke of Monmouth, and the Prince[1] at the King's Gate[2] in Holborne; and the King all dirty, but no hurt. How it come to pass I know not, but only it was dark, and the torches did not, they say, light the coach as they should do. I thought this morning to have seen my Lord Sandwich before he went out of town, but I come half an hour too late; which troubles me, I having not seen him since my Lady Pall[3] died. So W. Hewer and I to the Harp-and-Ball, to drink my morning

in to him very fast, and yet he could scarce keep himself at liberty to follow his business. . . . At the Revolution, when his interest fell from, and his debts began to fall upon him, he was at his wits' end. . . . His character for fidelity, loyalty, and facetious conversation was without exception."—Roger North's *Lives of the Norths* (Lord Keeper Guilford), ed. Jessopp, vol. i., pp. 381–2. He was originally made Lord Chancellor of Ireland in the reign of James II., during the vice-royalty of Lord Clarendon, 1686, when he was knighted. "He was," says Burnet, "a man of ready wit, and being poor was thought a person fit to be made a tool of. When Clarendon was recalled, Porter was also displaced, and Fitton was made chancellor, a man who knew no other law than the king's pleasure" ("Own Time"). Sir Charles Porter was again made Lord Chancellor of Ireland in 1690, and in this same year he acted as one of the Lords Justices. This note of Lord Braybrooke's is retained and added to, but the reference may after all be to another Charles Porter. See May 15th, 1663, and December 12, 1666.

[1] Rupert.

[2] Kingsgate Street, High Holborn, called after the gate placed at the end of the street. In the reign of James I. it was a mere country lane, with a barred gate at its entrance, which, from that monarch's usually passing through it, on his way to Theobalds, received the denomination of King's Gate. Theobald's Road (formerly King's Road), to which the street leads, takes its name from the same cause.

[3] Paulina Montagu. See March 1st, *ante*.

draught, having come out in haste; and there met with King, the Parliament-man, with whom I had some impertinent talk. And so to the Privy Seal Office, to examine what records I could find there, for my help in the great business I am put upon, of defending the present constitution of the Navy; but there could not have liberty without order from him that is in present waiting, Mr. Bickerstaffe, who is out of town. This I did after I had walked to the New Exchange and there met Mr. Moore, who went with me thither, and I find him the same discontented poor man as ever. He tells me that Mr. Shepley is upon being turned away from my Lord's family, and another sent down, which I am sorry for; but his age and good fellowship have almost made him fit for nothing. Thence, at Unthanke's my wife met me, and with our coach to my cozen Turner's and there dined, and after dinner with my wife alone to the King's playhouse, and there saw "The Mocke Astrologer," which I have often seen, and but an ordinary play; and so to my cozen Turner's again, where we met Roger Pepys, his wife, and two daughters, and there staid and talked a little, and then home, and there my wife to read to me, my eyes being sensibly hurt by the too great lights of the playhouse. So to supper and to bed.

9th. Up, and to the Tower; and there find Sir W. Coventry alone, writing down his Journal, which, he tells me, he now keeps of the material things; upon which I told him, and he is the only man I ever told it to, I think, that I kept it most strictly these eight or ten years; and I am sorry almost that I told it him, it not being necessary, nor may be convenient, to have it known. Here he showed me the petition he had sent to the King by my Lord Keeper, which was not to desire any admittance to employment, but submitting himself therein humbly to his Majesty; but prayed the removal of his displeasure, and that he might be set free. He tells me that my Lord Keeper did acquaint the King with the substance of it, not shewing him the petition; who answered, that he was disposing of his employments, and when that was done, he might be led to discharge him: and this is what he expects, and what he seems to desire. But by this discourse he was pleased to take occasion to shew me and read to me his account, which he hath kept by him under his own hand, of all his discourse, and the King's answers to him, upon the great business of my Lord Clarendon, and how he had first moved the Duke of York with it twice, at good distance, one after another, but without success; shewing me thereby the simplicity and reasons of his so doing, and the manner of it; and the King's accepting it, telling him that he was not satisfied in his management, and did discover some dissatisfaction against him for his opposing the laying aside of my Lord Treasurer, at Oxford, which was a secret the King had not discovered. And really I was mighty proud to be privy to this great transaction, it giving me great conviction of the noble nature and ends of Sir W. Coventry in it, and considerations in general of the consequences of great men's actions, and the uncertainty of their estates, and other very serious considerations. From this to other discourse, and so to the Office, where we sat all the morning, and after dinner by coach to my cozen Turner's,

thinking to have taken the young ladies to a play; but The. was let blood to-day; and so my wife and I towards the King's playhouse, and by the way found Betty [Turner], and Bab., and Betty Pepys staying for us; and so took them all to see "Claricilla," which do not please me almost at all, though there are some good things in it. And so to my cozen Turner's again, and there find my Lady Mordaunt, and her sister Johnson;[1] and by and by comes in a gentleman, Mr. Overbury, a pleasant man, who plays most excellently on the flagelette, a little one, that sounded as low as one of mine, and mighty pretty. Hence by and by away, and with my wife, and Bab. and Betty Pepys, and W. Hewer, whom I carried all this day with me, to my cozen Stradwick's, where I have not been ever since my brother Tom died, there being some difference between my father and them, upon the account of my cozen Scott; and I was glad of this opportunity of seeing them, they being good and substantial people, and kind, and here met my cozen Roger and his wife, and my cozen Turner, and here, which I never did before, I drank a glass, of a pint, I believe, at one draught, of the juice of oranges, of whose peel they make comfits; and here they drink the juice as wine, with sugar, and it is very fine drink; but, it being new, I was doubtful whether it might not do me hurt. Having staid a while, my wife and I back, with my cozen Turner, etc., to her house, and there we took our leaves of my cozen Pepys, who goes with his wife and two daughters for Impington to-morrow. They are very good people, and people I love, and am obliged to, and shall have great pleasure in their friendship, and particularly in hers, she being an understanding and good woman. So away home, and there after signing my letters, my eyes being bad, to supper and to bed.

10th. Up, and by hackney-coach to Auditor Beale's Office, in Holborne, to look for records of the Navy, but he was out of the way, and so forced to go next to White Hall, to the Privy Seal; and, after staying a little there, then to Westminster, where, at the Exchequer, I met with Mr. Newport and Major Halsey; and, after doing a little business with Mr. Burges, we by water to White Hall, where I made a little stop: and so with them by coach to Temple Bar, where, at the Sugar Loaf,[2] we dined, and W. Hewer with me; and there comes a companion of theirs, Colonel Vernon, I think they called him; a merry good fellow, and one that was very plain in cursing the Duke of Buckingham, and discoursing of his designs to ruin us, and that ruin must follow his counsels, and that we are an undone people. To which

[1] Her maiden sister. See note to December 11th, 1666.

[2] The Sugar Loaf and Green Lettice was a tavern in Fleet Street, the site of which is now incorporated with Child's Bank. Mr. F. G. Hilton Price writes: "Of the Sugar Loaf and Green Lettice we cannot glean any history; it was situated immediately in the rear of the Marygold, and the kitchen of the present bank is a part of those premises, and puts one greatly in mind of what the dining-room at Dick's Coffee-house used to be when kept by Mr. Quelch, and closely resembles the interior of the old Rainbow tavern. But both these latter coffee-houses were established after the Marygold ceased to exist as a tavern" ("Temple Bar, or Some Account of 'y^e Marygold,'" 1875, p. 8).

the others concurred, but not so plain, but all vexed at Sir W. Coventry's being laid aside: but Vernon, he is concerned, I perceive, for my Lord Ormond's being laid aside; but their company, being all old cavaliers, were very pleasant to hear how they swear and talk. But Halsey, to my content, tells me that my Lord Duke of Albemarle says that W. Coventry being gone, nothing will be well done at the Treasury, and I believe it; but they do all talk as that Duncombe, upon some pretence or other, must follow him. Thence to Auditor Beale's, his house and office, but not to be found, and therefore to the Privy Seale at White Hall, where, with W. Hewer and Mr. Gibson, who met me at the Temple, I spent the afternoon till evening looking over the books there, and did find several things to my purpose, though few of those I designed to find, the books being kept there in no method at all. Having done there, we by water home, and there find my cozen Turner[1] and her two daughters come to see us; and there, after talking a little, I had my coach ready, and my wife and I, they going home, we out to White Chapel to take a little ayre, though yet the dirtiness of the road do prevent most of the pleasure, which should have been from this tour. So home, and my wife to read to me till supper, and to bed.

11th. Up, and to Sir W. Coventry, to the Tower, where I walked and talked with him an hour alone, from one good thing to another: who tells me that he hears that the Commission is gone down to the King, with a blank to fill, for his place in the Treasury: and he believes it will be filled with one of our Treasurers of the Navy, but which he knows not, but he believes it will be Osborne. We walked down to the Stone Walk, which is called, it seems, my Lord of Northumberland's walk,[2] being paved by some one of that title, that was prisoner there: and at the end of it, there is a piece of iron upon the wall, with his armes upon it, and holes to put in a peg, for every turn that they make upon that walk. So away to the Office, where busy all the morning, and so to dinner, and so very busy all the afternoon, at my Office, late; and then home tired, to supper, with content with my wife, and so to bed, she pleasing me, though I dare not own it, that she hath hired a chambermaid; but she, after many commendations, told me that she had one great fault, and that was, that she was very

[1] The difficulty of deciding as to the parentage of Betty Turner is very great. In some places it appears as if she were the daughter of Mrs. Turner, the wife of Mr. Turner of the Navy Office (see January 27th, 1667–68), but here and on the 13th instant there is a distinct reference to Pepys's cousin, Mrs. Jane Turner, "and her two daughters," although it is generally stated that Theophila was the only daughter of Serjeant John and Mrs. Jane Turner (see December 11th, 1666, and August 18th, 1667). Betty must, therefore, have been a younger sister of Theophila: but if so the received information respecting Serjeant Turner's children is very incorrect, for, according to Pepys, Betty had two brothers not elsewhere mentioned.

[2] Henry, the ninth earl, called the Wizard Earl, was confined in the Tower from 1605 to 1621, and the walk was probably constructed for his use during that long imprisonment. He hired the Brick tower from Lord Carew, Master of the Ordnance, as an occasional residence for his son Algernon.

handsome, at which I made nothing, but let her go on; but many times to-night she took occasion to discourse of her handsomeness, and the danger she was in by taking her, and that she did doubt yet whether it would be fit for her, to take her. But I did assure her of my resolutions to have nothing to do with her maids, but in myself I was glad to have the content to have a handsome one to look on.

12th. Up, and abroad, with my own coach, to Auditor Beale's house, and thence with W. Hewer to his Office, and there with great content spent all the morning looking over the Navy accounts of several years, and the several patents of the Treasurers, which was more than I did hope to have found there. About noon I ended there, to my great content, and giving the clerks there 20*s*. for their trouble, and having sent for W. Howe to me to discourse with him about the Patent Office records, wherein I remembered his brother to be concerned, I took him in my coach with W. Hewer and myself towards Westminster; and there he carried me to Nott's, the famous bookbinder, that bound for my Lord Chancellor's library; and here I did take occasion for curiosity to bespeak a book to be bound, only that I might have one of his binding. Thence back to Graye's Inne: and, at the next door, at a cook's-shop of Howe's acquaintance, we bespoke dinner, it being now two o'clock; and in the meantime he carried us into Graye's Inne, to his chamber, where I never was before; and it is very pretty, and little, and neat, as he was always. And so, after a little stay, and looking over a book or two there, we carried a piece of my Lord Coke[1] with us, and to our dinner, where, after dinner, he read at my desire a chapter in my Lord Coke about perjury, wherein I did learn a good deal touching oaths, and so away to the Patent Office,[2] in Chancery Lane, where his brother Jacke, being newly broke by running in debt, and growing an idle rogue, he is forced to hide himself; and W. Howe do look after the Office, and here I did set a clerk to look out some things for me in their books, while W. Hewer and I to the Crowne Office,[3] where we met with several good things that I most wanted, and did take short notes of the dockets, and so back to the Patent Office, and did the like there, and by candle-light ended. And so home, where, thinking to meet my wife with content, after my pains all this day, I find her in her closet, alone, in the dark, in a hot fit of railing against me, upon some news she has this day heard of Deb.'s living very fine, and with black spots, and speaking ill words of her mistress, which with good reason might vex her; and the baggage is to blame, but, God knows, I know nothing of her, nor what she do, nor what becomes of her, though God knows that my devil that is within

[1] Coke's Institutes; third part.

[2] The Rolls House and Chapel.

[3] The Crown Office in the Temple gave its name to Crown Office Row, but the Crown Office now forms a part of the central office of the Supreme Court of Judicature at the Royal Courts of Justice, Strand. Previously it was situated in King's Bench Walk.

me do wish that I could. Yet God I hope will prevent me therein, for I dare not trust myself with it if I should know it; but, what with my high words, and slighting it, and then serious, I did at last bring her to very good and kind terms, poor heart! and I was heartily glad of it, for I do see there is no man can be happier than myself, if I will, with her. But in her fit she did tell me what vexed me all the night, that this had put her upon putting off her handsome maid and hiring another that was full of the small pox, which did mightily vex me, though I said nothing, and do still. So down to supper, and she to read to me, and then with all possible kindness to bed.

13th. Up; and to the Tower, to see Sir W. Coventry, and with him talking of business of the Navy, all alone, an hour, he taking physic. And so away to the Office, where all the morning, and then home to dinner, with my people, and so to the Office again, and there all the afternoon till night, when comes, by mistake, my cozen Turner, and her two daughters, which love such freaks, to eat some anchovies and ham of bacon with me, instead of noon, at dinner, when I expected them. But, however, I had done my business before they come, and so was in good humour enough to be with them, and so home to them to supper, and pretty merry, being pleased to see Betty Turner, which hath something mighty pretty. But that which put me in good humour, both at noon and night, is the fancy that I am this day made a Captain of one of the King's ships, Mr. Wren having this day sent me the Duke of York's commission to be Captain of "The Jerzy," in order to my being of a Court-martiall for examining the loss of "The Defyance," and other things; which do give me occasion of much mirth, and may be of some use to me, at least I shall get a little money by it for the time I have it; it being designed that I must really be a Captain to be able to sit in this Court. They staid till about eight at night, and then away, and my wife to read to me, and then to bed in mighty good humour, but for my eyes.

14th (Lord's day). Up, and to my office with Tom, whom I made to read to me the books of Propositions in the time of the Grand Commission, which I did read a good part of before church, and then with my wife to church, where I did see my milliner's wife come again, which pleased me; but I durst not be seen to mind her for fear of my wife's seeing me, though the woman I did never speak twenty words to, and that but only in her husband's shop. But so fearful I am of discontenting my wife, or giving her cause of jealousy. But here we heard a most excellent good sermon of Mr. Gifford's,[1] upon the righteousness of Scribes and Pharisees. So home to dinner and to work again, and so till dinner, where W. Howe come and dined with me, and staid and read in my Lord Cooke upon his chapter of perjury again, which pleased me, and so parted, and I to my office, and

[1] George Gifford, A.M., appointed in 1661 rector of St. Dunstan's in the East. Died 1686.—Newcourt's *Repertorium Ecclesiasticum*.—B.

there made an end of the books of Propositions, which did please me mightily to hear read, they being excellently writ and much to the purpose, and yet so as I think I shall make good use of his defence of our present constitution. About four o'clock took coach to visit my cozen Turner, and I out with her to make a visit, but the lady she went to see was abroad. So back and to talk with her and her daughters, and then home, and she and I to walk in the garden, the first time this year, the weather being mighty temperate; and then I to write down my Journall for the last week, my eyes being very bad, and therefore I forced to find a way to use by turns with my tube, one after another, and so home to supper and to bed. Before I went from my office this night I did tell Tom my resolution not to keep him after Jane was gone, but shall do well by him, which pleases him; and I think he will presently marry her, and go away out of my house with her.

15th. Up, and by water with W. Hewer to the Temple; and thence to the Rolls, where I made inquiry for several rolls, and was soon informed in the manner of it: and so spent the whole morning with W. Hewer, he taking little notes in short-hand, while I hired a clerk there to read to me about twelve or more several rolls which I did call for: and it was great pleasure to me to see the method wherein their rolls are kept; that when the Master of the Office, one Mr. Case, do call for them, who is a man that I have heretofore known by coming to my Lord of Sandwich's, he did most readily turn to them. At noon they shut up; and W. Hewer and I did walk to the Cocke, at the end of Suffolke Streete, where I never was, a great ordinary, mightily cried up, and there bespoke a pullett; which while dressing, he and I walked into St. James's Park, and thence back, and dined very handsome, with a good soup, and a pullet, for 4*s*. 6*d*. the whole. Thence back to the Rolls, and did a little more business: and so by water to White Hall, whither I went to speak with Mr. Williamson, that if he hath any papers relating to the Navy I might see them, which he promises me: and so by water home, with great content for what I have this day found, having got almost as much as I desire of the history of the Navy, from 1618 to 1642, when the King and Parliament fell out. So home, and did get my wife to read, and so to supper and to bed.

16th. Up, and to the office, after having visited Sir W. Coventry at the Tower, and walked with him upon the Stone Walk, alone, till other company come to him, and had very good discourse with him. At noon home, where my wife and Jane gone abroad, and Tom, in order to their buying of things for their wedding, which, upon my discourse the last night, is now resolved to be done, upon the 26th of this month, the day of my solemnity for my cutting of the stone, when my cozen Turner must be with us. My wife, therefore, not at dinner; and comes to me Mr. Evelyn of Deptford, a worthy good man, and dined with me, but a bad dinner; who is grieved for, and speaks openly to me his thoughts of, the times, and our ruin approaching; and all by the folly of the King. His business to me was about some ground of his,

at Deptford,[1] next to the King's yard: and after dinner we parted. My sister Michell coming also this day to see us, whom I left there, and I away down by water with W. Hewer to Woolwich, where I have not been I think more than a year or two, and here I saw, but did not go on board, my ship "The Jerzy," she lying at the wharf under repair. But my business was to speak with Ackworth, about some old things and passages in the Navy, for my information therein, in order to my great business now of stating the history of the Navy. This I did; and upon the whole do find that the late times, in all their management, were not more husbandly than we; and other things of good content to me. His wife was sick, and so I could not see her. Thence, after seeing Mr. Sheldon, I to Greenwich by water, and there landed at the King's house,[2] which goes on slow, but is very pretty. I to the Park, there to see the prospect of the hill, to judge of Dancre's picture, which he hath made thereof for me: and I do like it very well: and it is a very pretty place. Thence to Deptford, but staid not, Uthwayte being out of the way: and so home, and then to the Ship Tavern, Morrice's, and staid till W. Hewer fetched his uncle Blackburne by appointment to me, to discourse of the business of the Navy in the late times; and he did do it, by giving me a most exact account in writing, of the several turns in the Admiralty and Navy, of the persons employed therein, from the beginning of the King's leaving the Parliament, to his Son's coming in, to my great content; and now I am fully informed in all I at present desire. We fell to other talk; and I find by him that the Bishops must certainly fall, and their hierarchy; these people[3] have got so much ground upon the King and kingdom as is not to be got again from them: and the Bishops do well deserve it. But it is all the talk, I find, that Dr. Wilkins, my friend, the Bishop of Chester, shall be removed to Winchester, and be Lord Treasurer.[4] Though this be foolish talk, yet I do gather that he is a mighty rising man, as being a Latitudinarian, and the Duke of Buckingham his great friend. Here we staid talking till 10 at night, where I did never drink before since this man come to the house, though for his pretty wife's sake I do fetch my wine from this, whom I could not nevertheless get para see to-night, though her husband did seem to call for her. So parted here and I home, and to supper and to bed.

17th. Up, and by water to see Mr. Wren, and then Mr. Williamson, who did shew me the very original bookes of propositions made by the Commis-

[1] See note, March 4th, *ante*.

[2] The old palace at Greenwich had just been pulled down, and a new building commenced by Charles II., only one wing of which was completed, at the expense of £36,000, under the auspices of Webb, Inigo Jones's kinsman and executor. In 1694 the unfinished edifice was granted by William and Mary to trustees for the use and service of a Naval Hospital; and it has been repeatedly enlarged and improved till it has arrived at its present splendour.—B.

[3] The anti-church party.

[4] The report could hardly have been believed, considering the bishop's connection with Oliver Cromwell.—B.

sioners for the Navy, in 1618, to my great content; but no other Navy papers he could now shew me. Thence to Westminster by water and to the Hall, where Mrs. Michell do surprize me with the news that Doll Lane is suddenly brought to bed at her sister's lodging, and gives it out that she is married, but there is no such thing certainly, she never mentioning it before, but I have cause to rejoice that I have not seen her a great while, she having several times desired my company, but I doubt to an evil end. Thence to the Exchequer, where W. Hewer come to me, and after a little business did go by water home, and there dined, and took my wife by a hackney to the King's playhouse, and saw "The Coxcomb," [1] the first time acted, but an old play, and a silly one, being acted only by the young people. Here met cozen Turner and The. So parted there from them, and home by coach and to my letters at the office, where pretty late, and so to supper and to bed.

18th. Up, and to see Sir W. Coventry, and walked with him a good while in the Stone Walk: and brave discourse about my Lord Chancellor, and his ill managements and mistakes, and several things of the Navy, and thence to the office, where we sat all the morning, and so home to dinner, where my wife mighty finely dressed, by a maid that she hath taken, and is to come to her when Jane goes; and the same she the other day told me of, to be so handsome. I therefore longed to see her, but did not till after dinner, that my wife and I going by coach, she went with us to Holborne, where we set her down. She is a mighty proper maid, and pretty comely, but so so; but hath a most pleasing tone of voice, and speaks handsomely, but hath most great hands, and I believe ugly; but very well dressed, and good clothes, and the maid I believe will please me well enough. Thence to visit Ned Pickering and his lady, and Creed and his wife, but the former abroad, and the latter out of town, gone to my Lady Pickering's in Northamptonshire, upon occasion of the late death of their brother, Oliver Pickering, a youth, that is dead of the smallpox. So my wife and I to Dancre's to see the pictures; and thence to Hyde Park, the first time we were there this year, or ever in our own coach, where with mighty pride rode up and down, and many coaches there; and I thought our horses and coach as pretty as any there, and observed so to be by others.[2] Here staid till night, and so home, and to the office, where busy late, and so home to supper and to bed, with great content, but much business in my head of the office, which troubles me.

19th. Up, and by water to White Hall, there to the Lords of the Treasury, and did some business, and here Sir Thomas Clifford did speak to me, as desirous that I would some time come and confer with him about the Navy, which I am glad of, but will take the direction of the Duke of York before I do it, though I would be glad to do something to secure myself, if I could,

[1] A comedy by Beaumont and Fletcher, performed at Court in 1642, and published in the folio edition of their plays, 1647. Genest does not mention the revival of the play before 1682.

[2] See November 29th, *ante*.

in my employment. Thence to the plaisterer's, and took my face, and my Lord Duke of Albemarle's, home with me by coach, they being done to my mind; and mighty glad I am of understanding this way of having the pictures of any friends. At home to dinner, where Mr. Sheres dined with us, but after dinner I left him and my wife, and with Commissioner Middleton and Kempthorne[1] to a Court-martiall, to which, by virtue of my late Captainship, I am called, the first I was ever at; where many commanders, and Kempthorne president. Here was tried a difference between Sir L. Van Hemskirke,[2] the Dutch Captain who commands "The Nonsuch," built by his direction, and his Lieutenant; a drunken kind of silly business. We ordered the Lieutenant to ask him pardon, and have resolved to lay before the Duke of York what concerns the Captain, which was striking of his Lieutenant and challenging him to fight, which comes not within any article of the laws martiall. But upon discourse the other day with Sir W. Coventry, I did advise Middleton, and he and I did forbear to give judgment, but after the debate did withdraw into another cabin, the Court being held in one of the yachts, which was on purpose brought up over against St. Katharine's, it being to be feared that this precedent of our being made Captains, in order to the trying of the loss of "The Defyance," wherein we are the proper persons to enquire into the want of instructions while ships do lie in harbour, evil use might be hereafter made of the precedent by putting the Duke of Buckingham, or any of these rude fellows that now are uppermost, to make packed Courts, by Captains made on purpose to serve their turns. The other cause was of the loss of "The Providence" at Tangier, where the Captain's being by chance on shore may prove very inconvenient to him, for example's sake, though the man be a good man, and one whom, for Norwood's sake, I would be kind to; but I will not offer any thing to the excusing such a miscarriage. He is at present confined, till he can bring better proofs on his behalf of the reasons of his being on shore. So Middleton and I away to the Office; and there I late busy, making my people, as I have done lately, to read Mr. Holland's[3]

[1] Sir John Kempthorne, Commissioner of the Navy at Portsmouth in 1675, and at Chatham in 1679. On the commencement of the second Dutch war, being then a rear-admiral of the blue, he hoisted his flag on board the "St. Andrew." For his conspicuous conduct at the battle of Southwold Bay he was made vice-admiral. He died in 1679.

[2] Sir Laurence Van Heemskirk was captain of the "Nonsuch." In a letter from B. Johnson to Williamson, dated "Portsmouth Yard, March 14," we read, "The new 'Nonsuch' is at Spithead, having had some alterations made to advance her sailing. The captain and officers are in London about a difference between him and his lieutenant" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1668–69, p. 233).

[3] John Holland, Paymaster to the Treasurer of the Navy, mentioned before (see November 30th, 1660, and July 25th, 1662). A copy of this work, which has never been printed, is amongst Sir Hans Sloane's MSS., and another, in connection with papers relative to the Navy, formerly belonging to Sir George Duckett, both in the British Museum. In the Pepysian Collection, No. 113, are Two Discourses of Mr. Holland's touching the Government of the Navy; one under the Earl of Northumberland in 1638, probably perused by Pepys, February 14th, *ante*, and April 18th, *post*; the other during the Rebellion, 1659, 2 vols., fol.—B

Discourse of the Navy, and what other things I can get to inform me fully in all; and here late, about eight at night, comes Mr. Wren to me, who had been at the Tower to visit Sir W. Coventry. He come only to see how matters go, and tells me, as a secret, that last night the Duke of York's closet was broken open, and his cabinets, and shut again, one of them: that the rogue that did it hath left plate and a watch behind him, and therefore they fear that it was only for papers, which looks like a very malicious business in design, to hurt the Duke of York; but they cannot know that till the Duke of York comes to town about the papers, and therefore make no words of it. He gone, I to work again, and then to supper at home, and to bed.

20th. Up, and to the Tower, to W. Coventry, and there walked with him alone, on the Stone Walk, till company come to him; and there about the business of the Navy discoursed with him, and about my Lord Chancellor and Treasurer; that they were against the war [with the Dutch] at first, declaring, as wise men and statesmen, at first to the King, that they thought it fit to have a war with them at some time or other, but that it ought not to be till we found the Crowns of Spain and France together by the eares, the want of which did ruin our war. But then he told me that, a great deal before the war, my Lord Chancellor did speak of a war with some heat, as a thing to be desired, and did it upon a belief that he could with his speeches make the Parliament give what money he pleased, and do what he would, or would make the King desire; but he found himself soon deceived of the Parliament, they having a long time before his removal been cloyed with his speeches and good words, and were come to hate him. Sir W. Coventry did tell me it, as the wisest thing that ever was said to the King by any statesman of his time, and it was by my Lord Treasurer that is dead, whom, I find, he takes for a very great statesman—that when the King did shew himself forward for passing the Act of Indemnity, he did advise the King that he would hold his hand in doing it, till he had got his power restored, that had been diminished by the late times, and his revenue settled in such a manner as he might depend on himself, without resting upon Parliaments, and then pass it. But my Lord Chancellor, who thought he could have the command of Parliaments for ever, because for the King's sake they were awhile willing to grant all the King desired, did press for its being done; and so it was, and the King from that time able to do nothing with the Parliament almost. Thence to the office, where sat all the forenoon, and then home to dinner, and so to the office, where late busy, and so home, mightily pleased with the news brought me to-night, that the King and Duke of York are come back this afternoon, and no sooner come, but a warrant was sent to the Tower for the releasing Sir W. Coventry; which do put me in some hopes that there may be, in this absence, some accommodation made between the Duke of York and the Duke of Buckingham and Arlington. So home, to supper, and to bed.

21st (Lord's day). Up, and by water over to Southwarke; and then, not

getting a boat, I forced to walk to Stangate;[1] and so over to White Hall, in a scull; where up to the Duke of York's dressing-room, and there met Harry Saville, and do understand that Sir W. Coventry is come to his house last night. I understand by Mr. Wren that his friends having, by Secretary Trevor and my Lord Keeper, applied to the King, upon his first coming home, and a promise made that he should be discharged this day, my Lord Arlington did anticipate them, by sending a warrant presently for his discharge, which looks a little like kindness, or a desire of it; which God send! though I fear the contrary: however, my heart is glad that he is out. Thence up and down the House. Met with Mr. May,[2] who tells me the story of his being put by Sir John Denham's place, of Surveyor of the King's Works, who, it seems, is lately dead, by the unkindness of the Duke of Buckingham, who hath brought in Dr. Wren:[3] though, he tells me, he hath been his servant for twenty years together, in all his wants and dangers, saving him from want of bread by his care and management, and with a promise of having his help in his advancement, and an engagement under his hand for £1,000, not yet paid, and yet the Duke of Buckingham is so ungrateful as to put him by: which is an ill thing, though Dr. Wren is a worthy man. But he tells me that the King is kind to him, and hath promised him a pension of £300 a-year out of the Works; which will be of more content to him than the place, which, under their present wants of money, is a place that disobliges most people, being not able to do what they desire to their lodgings. Here meeting with Sir H. Cholmly and Povy, that tell me that my Lord Middleton is resolved in the Cabal that he shall not go to Tangier; and that Sir Edward Harlow [Harley],[4] whom I know not, is propounded to go, who was Governor of Dunkirke, and, they say, a most worthy brave man, which I shall be very glad of. So by water (H. Russell coming for me) home to dinner, where W. Howe comes to dine with me; and after dinner propounds to me my lending him £500, to help him to purchase a place—the Master of the Patent Office, of Sir Richard Piggott. I did give him a civil answer, but shall think twice of it; and the more, because of the changes we are like to have in the Navy, which will not make it fit for me to divide the little I have left more than I have done, God knowing what my condition is, I having not attended, and now not being able to examine what my state is, of my accounts, and being in the world, which troubles me mightily. He gone, I to the office to enter my journall for a week. News is lately come of the Algerines taking £13,000 in money,[5] out of one of our Company's East India ships, outward bound,

[1] Lambeth. Stangate extends from the west end of Westminster Bridge to Lambeth Marsh.

[2] Hugh May.

[3] Sir Christopher.

[4] See May 18th, 1660.

[5] Thomas Holden to Williamson, dated "Falmouth, March 15": "The 'Morning Star' has come in, and reports that she was met off Cadiz by an Algiers man-of-war of 30 guns well manned, who came on board and demanded a Moorish boy that they had; having

which will certainly make the war last; which I am sorry for, being so poor as we are, and broken in pieces. At night my wife to read to me, and then to supper, where Pelling comes to see and sup with us, and I find that he is assisting my wife in getting a licence to our young people[1] to be married this Lent,[2] which is resolved shall be done upon Friday next, my great day, or feast, for my being cut of the stone. So after supper to bed, my eyes being very bad.

22nd. Up, and by water, with W. Hewer, to White Hall, there to attend the Lords of the Treasury; but, before they sat, I did make a step to see Sir W. Coventry at his house, where, I bless God! he is come again; but in my way I met him, and so he took me into his coach and carried me to White Hall, and there sat me down where he ought not—at least he hath not yet leave to come, nor hath thought fit yet to ask it, hearing that Henry Saville is not only denied to kiss the King's hand, but the King, being asked it by the Duke of York, did deny it, and directed that the Duke shall not receive him, to wait upon him in his chamber, till further orders. Sir W. Coventry told me that he was going to visit Sir John Trevor, who hath been kind to him; and he shewed me a long list of all his friends that he must this week make visits to, that come to visit him in the Tower; and seems mighty well satisfied with his being out of business, but I hope he will not long be so; at least, I do believe that all must go to rack, if the King do not come to see the want of such a servant. Thence to the Treasury-Chamber, and there all the morning, to my great grief, put to do Sir G. Downing's work of dividing the Customes for this year, between the Navy, the Ordnance, and Tangier: but it did so trouble my eyes, that I had rather have given £20 than have had it to do; but I did thereby oblige Sir Thomas Clifford and Sir J. Duncombe, and so am glad of the opportunity to recommend myself to the former, for the latter I need not, he loving me well already. At it till noon, here being several of my brethren with me, but doing nothing, but I all. But this day I did also represent to our Treasurers, which was read here, a state of the charge of the Navy, and what the expence of it this year would likely be; which is done so as it will appear well done, and to my honour, for so the Lords did take it: and I oblige the Treasurers by doing it, at their request. Thence with W. Hewer at noon to Unthanke's, where my wife stays for me; and so to the Cocke, where there was no room, and thence to King Street, to several cook's shops, where nothing to be had; and at last to the corner shop, going

found him they carried him to their own ship, and by beating upon the soles of his feet, and other torments, made him confess to much money on board the 'Star,' which they came and took, amounting to £8,000 to £10,000" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1668–69, p. 234).

[1] His servants.

[2] Although marriages during Lent have always been considered unseemly, it is a vulgar error to suppose that a licence is required to solemnize them at that season. See Johnson's "Clergyman's Vade-Mecum," vol. i., p. 167.—B.

down Ivy Lane, by my Lord of Salisbury's,[1] and there got a good dinner, my wife, and W. Hewer, and I: and after dinner she, with her coach, home; and he and I to look over my papers for the East India Company, against the afternoon: which done, I with them to White Hall, and there to the Treasury-Chamber, where the East India Company and three Councillors pleaded against me alone, for three or four hours, till seven at night, before the Lords; and the Lords did give me the conquest on behalf of the King, but could not come to any conclusion, the Company being stiff: and so I think we shall go to law with them. This done, and my eyes mighty bad with this day's work, I to Mr. Wren's, and then up to the Duke of York, and there with Mr. Wren did propound to him my going to Chatham to-morrow with Commissioner Middleton, and so this week to make the pay there, and examine the business of "The Defyance" being lost,[2] and other businesses, which I did the rather, that I might be out of the way at the wedding,[3] and be at a little liberty myself for a day or two, to find a little pleasure, and give my eyes a little ease. The Duke of York mightily satisfied with it; and so away home, where my wife troubled at my being so late abroad, poor woman! though never more busy, but I satisfied her; and so begun to put things in order for my journey to-morrow, and so, after supper, to bed.

23rd. Up, and to my office to do a little business there, and so, my things being all ready, I took coach with Commissioner Middleton, Captain Tinker,[4] and Mr. Huchinson, a hackney coach, and over the bridge, and so out towards Chatham, and dined at Dartford, where we staid an hour or two, it being a cold day; and so on, and got to Chatham just at night, with very good discourse by the way, but mostly of matters of religion, wherein Huchinson his vein lies. After supper, we fell to talk of spirits and apparitions, whereupon many pretty, particular stories were told, so as to make me almost afeard to lie alone, but for shame I could not help it; and so to bed; and, being sleepy, fell soon to rest, and so rested well.

24th. Up, and walked abroad in the garden, and find that Mrs..Tooker has not any of her daughters here as I expected, and so walked to the yard, leaving Middleton at the pay, and there I only walked up and down the yard, and then to the Hill-House, and there did give order for the coach to be made ready; and got Mr. Gibson, whom I carried with me, to go with me and Mr. Coney, the surgeon, towards Maydstone, which I had a mighty mind to see,

[1] Salisbury House, Strand, built by Sir Robert Cecil, the first Earl of Salisbury. Queen Elizabeth was present at the house-warming on December 6th, 1602. It was pulled down in 1695, and Cecil Street built on the site. Ivy Bridge Lane, to the west of the old mansion, still exists, by the side of the new "Hotel Cecil" which has been built on the site of Cecil and Salisbury Streets.

[2] "Petition of Joseph Brown, calker to the Navy Commissioners (March 25, 1669), for some recompense for quenching the fire from buring the 'Defiance's' head, on which service he burnt a Sunday coat and hat."—*Calendar of State Papers*, 1668–69, p. 249.

[3] See the day before.

[4] Captain John Tinker, master attendant at Portsmouth.

and took occasion, in my way, at St. Margett's, to pretend to call to see Captain Allen, to see whether Mrs. Jowles,[1] his daughter was there; and there his wife come to the door, he being at London, and, through a window, I spied Jowles, but took no notice of her, but made excuse till night, and then promised to come and see Mrs. Allen again, and so away, it being a mighty cold and windy, but clear day; and had the pleasure of seeing the Medway running, winding up and down mightily, and a very fine country; and I went a little out of the way to have visited Sir John Bankes, but he at London; but here I had a sight of his seat and house,[2] the outside, which is an old abbey just like Hinchingbroke, and as good at least, and mighty finely placed by the river; and he keeps the grounds about it, and walls and the house, very handsome: I was mightily pleased with the sight of it. Thence to Maydstone, which I had a mighty mind to see, having never been there; and walked all up and down the town, and up to the top of the steeple, and had a noble view, and then down again: and in the town did see an old man beating of flax, and did step into the barn and give him money, and saw that piece of husbandry which I never saw, and it is very pretty: in the street also I did buy and send to our inne, the Bell, a dish of fresh fish. And so, having walked all round the town, and found it very pretty, as most towns I ever saw, though not very big, and people of good fashion in it, we to our inne to dinner, and had a good dinner; and after dinner a barber come to me, and there trimmed me, that I might be clean against night, to go to Mrs. Allen. And so, staying till about four o'clock, we set out, I alone in the coach going and coming; and in our way back, I 'light out of the way to see a Saxon monument,[3] as they say, of a King, which is three stones standing upright, and a great round one lying on them, of great bigness, although not so big as those on Salisbury Plain; but certainly it is a thing of great antiquity, and I mightily glad to see it; it is near to Aylesford, where Sir John Bankes lives. So homeward, and stopped again at Captain Allen's, and there 'light, and sent the coach and Gibson home, and I and Coney staid; and there comes to us Mrs. Jowles, who is a very fine, proper lady, as most I know, and well dressed. Here was also a gentleman, one Major Manly,[4] and his wife, neighbours; and here we staid, and drank, and talked, and set Coney and him to play while Mrs. Jowles and I to talk, and there had all our old stories up, and there I had the liberty to

[1] See April 1st, 1667.

[2] The Friary, in Aylesford parish, since the property of the Earls of Aylesford, whose ancestor, Heneage Finch, married the eldest daughter and co-heir of Sir John Bankes. —B.

[3] Kits-Cotty House, a cromlech in Aylesford parish, Kent, on a hillside adjacent to the river Medway, three and a half miles N. by W. of Maidstone. It consists of three upright stones and an overlying one, and forms a small chamber open in front. It is supposed to have been the centre of a group of monuments indicating the burial-place of the Belgian settlers in this part of Britain. Other stones of a similar character exist in the neighbourhood.

[4] John Manley, M.P. for Bridport; he married Margaret, daughter of the unfortunate Isaak Dorislaus.—B.

salute her often, and pull off her glove, where her hand mighty moist, and she mighty free in kindness to me, and je do not at all doubt that I might have had that that I would have desired de elle had I had time to have carried her to Cobham, as she, upon my proposing it, was very willing to go, for elle is a whore, that is certain, but a very brave and comely one. Here was a pretty cozen of hers come in to supper also, of a great fortune, daughter-in-law to this Manly, mighty pretty, but had now such a cold, she could not speak. Here mightily pleased with Mrs. Jowles, and did get her to the street door, and there toker su breasts, and baiser her without any force, and credo that I might have had all else, but it was not time nor place. Here staid till almost twelve at night, and then with a lanthorn from thence walked over the fields, as dark as pitch, and mighty cold, and snow, to Chatham, and Mr. Coney with great kindness to me: and there all in bed before I come home, and so I presently to bed.

25th. Up, and by and by, about eight o'clock, come Rear-Admiral Kempthorne and seven Captains more, by the Duke of York's order, as we expected, to hold the Court-martiall about the loss of "The Defyance;" and so presently we by boat to "The Charles," which lies over against Upnor Castle, and there we fell to the business; and there I did manage the business, the Duke of York having, by special order, directed them to take the assistance of Commissioner Middleton and me, forasmuch as there might be need of advice in what relates to the government of the ships in harbour. And so I did lay the law open to them, and rattle the Master-Attendants out of their wits almost; and made the trial last till seven at night, not eating a bit all the day; only when we had done examination, and I given my thoughts that the neglect of the Gunner of the ship was as great as I thought any neglect could be, which might by the law deserve death, but Commissioner Middleton did declare that he was against giving the sentence of death, we withdrew, as not being of the Court, and so left them to do what they pleased; and, while they were debating it, the Boatswain of the ship did bring us out of the kettle a piece of hot salt beef, and some brown bread and brandy; and there we did make a little meal, but so good as I never would desire to eat better meat while I live, only I would have cleaner dishes. By and by they had done, and called us down from the quarter-deck; and there we find they do sentence that the Gunner of "The Defyance" [1] should stand upon "The Charles" three

[1] The Duke of York's order to Sir William Penn, authorizing him to call a court-martial to inquire concerning the loss of the "Defiance," was dated December 29th, 1668. The list of those summoned to form the court-martial are as follows: Sir George Ascue, Sir Jeremy Smith, Sir Robert Holmes, Sir Joseph Jordan, Sir John Harman, Thomas Middleton, Esq., Samuel Pepys, Esq., Rear-Admiral Kempthorne, Capt. John Cox, Sir John Chicheley, Capt. John Hubbard, Capt. Willough. Hannam, Capt. William Poole, Capt. John Narbrough, Capt. William Coleman, Capt. Edw. Cotterell, Capt. Thomas Guy, Capt. Rich. Goodlad, Capt. Ben. Young, Capt. Rich. Beach, Capt. Rich. Haddock, Capt. Charles Wylde, Capt. Peter Bowen, Capt. Francis Wilsshaw, Capt. Rob. Sheppard, Capt. Rob. Worden. The order is printed in Penn's "Memorials of Sir W. Penn," vol. ii., p. 520.

hours with his fault writ upon his breast, and with a halter about his neck, and so be made incapable of any office. The truth is, the man do seem, and is, I believe, a good man; but his neglect, in trusting a girl to carry fire into his cabin, is not to be pardoned. This being done, we took boat and home; and there a good supper was ready for us, which should have been our dinner. The Captains, desirous to be at London, went away presently for Gravesend, to get thither by this night's tide; and so we to supper, it having been a great snowy and mighty cold, foul day; and so after supper to bed.

26th. Up, and with Middleton all the morning at the Docke, looking over the storehouses and Commissioner Pett's house, in order to Captain Cox's coming to live there in his stead, as Commissioner. But it is a mighty pretty house; and pretty to see how every thing is said to be out of repair for this new man, though £10 would put it into as good condition in every thing as it ever was in, so free every body is of the King's money. By and by to Mr. Wilson's, and there drank, but did not see his wife, nor any woman in the yard, and so to dinner at the Hill-House; and after dinner, till eight at night, close, Middleton and I, examining the business of Mr. Pett, about selling a boat, and we find him a very knave; and some other quarrels of his, wherein, to justify himself, he hath made complaints of others. This being done, we to supper, and so to talk, Commissioner Middleton being mighty good company upon a journey, and so to bed, thinking how merry my people are at this time, putting Tom and Jane to bed, being to have been married this day, it being also my feast for my being cut of the stone, but how many years I do not remember, but I think it to be about ten or eleven.[1]

27th. Up, and did a little business, Middleton and I, then, after drinking a little buttered ale, he and Huchinson and I took coach, and, exceeding merry in talk, to Dartford: Middleton finding stories of his own life at Barbadoes, and up and down at Venice, and elsewhere, that are mighty pretty, and worth hearing; and he is a strange good companion, and droll upon the road, more than ever I could have thought to have been in him. Here we dined and met Captain Allen of Rochester, who dined with us, and so went on his journey homeward, and we by and by took coach again, and got home about six at night, it being all the morning as cold, snowy, windy, and rainy day, as any in the whole winter past, but pretty clear in the afternoon. I find all well, but my wife abroad with Jane, who was married yesterday, and I to the office busy, till by and by my wife comes home, and so home, and there hear how merry they were yesterday, and I glad at it, they being married, it seems, very handsomely, at Islington; and dined at the old house, and lay in our blue chamber, with much company, and wonderful merry. The. Turner and Mary Batelier bridesmaids, and Talbot Pepys and W. Hewer bridesmen. Anon to supper and to bed, my head a little troubled with the muchness of the business I have upon me at present. So to bed.

28th (Lord's day). Lay long talking with pleasure with my wife, and so up

[1] It was eleven years, as the operation was performed on March 26th, 1658.

and to the Office with Tom, who looks mighty smug upon his marriage, as Jane also do, both of whom I did give joy, and so Tom and I at work at the Office all the morning, till dinner, and then dined, W. Batelier with us; and so after dinner to work again, and sent for Gibson, and kept him also till eight at night, doing much business. And so, that being done, and my Journal writ, my eyes being very bad, and every day worse and worse, I fear: but I find it most certain that stronge drinks do make my eyes sore, as they have done heretofore always; for, when I was in the country, when my eyes were at the best, their stronge beere would make my eyes sore: so home to supper, and by and by to bed.

29th. Up, and by water to White Hall; and there to the Duke of York, to shew myself, after my journey to Chatham, but did no business to-day with him: only after gone from him, I to Sir T. Clifford's; and there, after an hour's waiting, he being alone in his closet, I did speak with him, and give him the account he gave me to draw up, and he did like it very well: and then fell to talk of the business of the Navy: and giving me good words, did fall foul of the constitution [of the Board], and did then discover his thoughts, that Sir J. Minnes was too old, and so was Colonel Middleton, and that my Lord Brouncker did mind his mathematics too much. I did not give much encouragement to that of finding fault with my fellow-officers; but did stand up for the constitution, and did say that what faults there were in our Office would be found not to arise from the constitution, but from the failures of the officers in whose hands it was. This he did seem to give good ear to; but did give me of myself very good words, which pleased me well, though I shall not build upon them any thing. Thence home; and after dinner by water with Tom down to Greenwich, he reading to me all the way, coming and going, my collections out of the Duke of York's old manuscript of the Navy, which I have bound up, and do please me mightily. At Greenwich I come to Captain Cocke's, where the house full of company, at the burial of James Temple, who, it seems, hath been dead these five days: here I had a very good ring, which I did give my wife as soon as I come home. I spent my time there walking in the garden, talking with James Pierce, who tells me that he is certain that the Duke of Buckingham had been with his wenches all the time that he was absent, which was all the last week, nobody knowing where he was. The great talk is of the King's being hot of late against Conventicles, and to see whether the Duke of Buckingham's being returned will turn the King, which will make him very popular: and some think it is his plot to make the King thus, to shew his power in the making him change his mind. But Pierce did tell me that the King did certainly say, that he that took one stone from the Church, did take two from his Crown. By and by the corpse come out; and I, with Sir Richard Browne and Mr. Evelyn, in their coach to the church, where Mr. Plume preached. But I, in the midst of the sermon, did go out, and walked all alone round to Deptford, thinking para have seen the wife of Bagwell, which I did at her door, but I could not conveniently go into her house.

and so lost my labour: and so to the King's Yard, and there my boat by order met me, and home, where I made my boy to finish the reading of my manuscript, and so to supper and to bed. This day my new chamber-maid, that comes in the room of Jane, is come, Jane and Tom lying at their own lodging this night: the new maid's name is Matt, a proper and very comely maid. . . . This day also our cook-maid Bridget went away, which I was sorry for; but, just at her going, she was found to be a thief, and so I was the less troubled for it; but now our whole house will, in a manner, be new, which, since Jane is gone, I am not at all sorry for, for that my late differences with my wife about poor Deb. will not be remembered. So to bed after supper, and to sleep with great content.

30th. Up, and to Sir W. Coventry, to see and discourse with him; and he tells me that he hath lately been with my Lord Keeper, and had much discourse about the Navy; and particularly he tells me that he finds they are divided touching me and my Lord Brouncker; some are for removing, and some for keeping us. He told my Lord Keeper that it would cost the King £10,000 before he hath made another as fit to serve him in the Navy as I am; which, though I believe it is true, yet I am much pleased to have that character given me by W. Coventry, whatever be the success of it. But I perceive they do think that I know too much, and shall impose upon whomever shall come next, and therefore must be removed, though he tells me that Sir T. Clifford is inclined well enough to me, and Sir T. Osborne; by what I have lately done, I suppose. This news do a little trouble me, but yet, when I consider it, it is but what I ought not to be much troubled for, considering my incapacity, in regard to my eyes, to continue long at this work, and this when I think of and talk with my wife do make me the less troubled for it. After some talk of the business of the navy more with him, I away and to the Office, where all the morning; and Sir W. Pen, the first time that he hath been here since his being last sick, which, I think, is two or three months; and I think will be the last that he will be here as one of the Board, he now inviting us all to dine with him, as a parting dinner, on Thursday next, which I am glad of, I am sure; for he is a very villain. At noon home to dinner, where, and at the office, all the afternoon, troubled at what I have this morning heard, at least my mind full of thoughts upon it, and so at night after supper to bed.

31st. Up, and by water to Sir W. Coventry's, there to talk with him about business of the Navy, and received from him direction what to advise the Duke of York at this time, which was, to submit and give way to the King's naming a man or two, that the people about him have a mind should be brought into the Navy, and perhaps that may stop their fury in running further against the whole; and this, he believes, will do it. After much discourse with him, I walked out with him into St. James's Park, where, being afeard to be seen with him, he having not leave yet to kiss the King's hand, but notice taken, as I hear, of all that go to him, I did take the pretence of my attending the Tangier Committee, to take my leave, though to serve him I

should, I think, stick at nothing. At the Committee, this morning, my Lord Middleton declares at last his being ready to go, as soon as ever money can be made ready to pay the garrison: and so I have orders to get money, but how soon I know not. Thence home, and there find Mr. Sheres, for whom I find my moher of late to talk with mighty kindness; and particularly he hath shewn himself to be a poet, and that she do mightily value him for. He did not stay to dine with us, but we to dinner; and then, in the afternoon, my wife being very well dressed by her new maid, we abroad, to make a visit to Mrs. Pickering; but she abroad again, and so we never yet saw her. Thence to Dancre's, and there saw our pictures which are in doing; and I did choose a view of Rome instead of Hampton Court; and mightily pleased I shall be in them. Here were Sir Charles Cotterell and his son bespeaking something; both ingenious men, I hear. Thence my wife and I to the Park; and pretty store of company; and so home with great content: and so ends the month, my mind in pretty good content for all things, but the designs on foot to bring alterations in the Office, which troubles me.

April 1st. Up, and with Colonel Middleton, at the desire of Rear-Admiral Kempthorne, the President, for our assisting them, to the Court-martiall on board a yacht in the River here, to try the business of the Purser's complaints, Baker against Trevanion, his Commander, of "The Dartmouth." But, Lord! to see what wretched doings there were among all the Commanders to ruin the Purser, and defend the Captain in all his rogueries, be it to the prejudice of the King or Purser, no good man could bear! I confess I was pretty high, which did not at least the young gentlemen Commanders like; and Middleton did the like. But could not bring it to any issue this day, sitting till two o'clock; and therefore we being sent for, went to Sir W. Pen's by invitation to dine; where my wife was, and my Lord Brouncker and his mistress, and Sir J. Minnes and his niece; and here a bad dinner, and little mirth, I being little pleased with my host. However, I made myself sociable; and so, after dinner, my wife and I, with my Lord Brouncker and his mistress, they set us down at my cozen Turner's, and there we staid awhile and talked; and particularly here we met with Dr. Ball,[1] the Parson of the Temple, who did tell me a great many pretty stories about the manner of the Parsons being paid for their preaching at Paul's heretofore, and now, and the ground of the Lecture, and heretofore the names of the founders thereof, which were many, at some 5*s*., some 6*s*. per annum towards it: and had their names read in the pulpit every sermon among those holy persons that the church do order a collect for, giving God thanks for. By and by comes by my desire Commissioner Middleton's coach and horses for us, and we went with it towards the Park, thinking to have met The. Turner and Betty, but did not; so turned back again to their lodging, and there found them and Mr.

[1] Dr. Ball was preacher at St. Mary Woolchurch towards the latter end of the Commonwealth, and, according to Newcourt, was much followed by the loyal party. He was made Master of the Temple in 1665.

Batelier, and there, after a little talk, we took leave, and carry Batelier home with us. So to supper, and so to bed.

2nd. Up, and by water to White Hall, and there with the Office attended the Duke of York, and staid in White Hall till about noon, and so with W. Hewer to the Cocke, and there he and I dined alone with great content, he reading to me, for my memory's sake, my late collections of the history of the Navy, that I might represent the same by and by to the Duke of York; and so, after dinner, he and I to White Hall, and there to the Duke of York's lodgings, whither he, by and by, by his appointment come: and alone with him an hour in his closet, telling him mine and W. Coventry's advice touching the present posture of the Navy, as the Duke of Buckingham and the rest do now labour to make changes therein; and that it were best for him to suffer the King to be satisfied with the bringing in of a man or two which they desire. I did also give the Duke of York a short account of the history of the Navy, as to our Office, wherewith he was very well satisfied: but I do find that he is pretty stiff against their bringing in of men against his mind, as the Treasurers were, and particularly against Child's[1] coming in, because he is a merchant. After much discourse with him, we parted; and [he to] the Council, while I staid waiting for his telling me when I should be ready to give him a written account of the administration of the Navy. This caused me to wait the whole afternoon, till night. In the mean time, stepping to the Duchess of York's side to speak with Lady Peterborough, I did see the young Duchess,[2] a little child in hanging sleeves, dance most finely, so as almost to ravish me, her ears were so good: taught by a Frenchman that did heretofore teach the King, and all the King's children, and the Queen-Mother herself, who do still dance well. Thence to the council door, and Mr. Chevins took me into the back stairs, and there with his friend, Mr. Fowkes, for whom he is very solicitous in some things depending in this Office, he did make me, with some others that he took in (among others, Alderman Backewell), eat a pickled herring, the largest I ever saw, and drink variety of wines till I was almost merry; but I did keep in good tune; and so, after the Council was up, I home; and there find my wife not yet come home from Deptford, where she hath been all this day to see her mother, but she come by and by, and so to talk, and supper, and to bed. This night I did bring home from the King's potticary's, in White Hall, by Mr. Cooling's direction, a water that he says did him mighty good for his eyes. I pray God it may do me good; but, by his description, his disease was the same as mine, and this do encourage me to use it.

3rd. Up, and to the Council of War again, with Middleton: but the proceedings of the Commanders so devilishly bad, and so professedly partial to the Captain, that I could endure it no longer, but took occasion to pretend business at the Office, and away, and Colonel Middleton with me, who was of

[1] Afterwards Sir Josiah Child.
[2] The Princess Mary, afterwards Queen of England.

the same mind, and resolved to declare our minds freely to the Duke of York about it. So to the office, where we sat all the morning. Then home to dinner, and so back to the office, where busy late till night, and so home to supper and to bed.

4th (Lord's day). Up, and to church, where Alderman Backewell's wife, by my invitation with my head, come up with her mother, and sat with us, and after sermon I did walk with them home, and there left them, and home to dinner, and after dinner with Sir J. Minnes and T. Middleton to White Hall, by appointment; and at my Lord Arlington's the Office did attend the King and Cabal, to discourse the further quality of victuals fit to be declared for, which was 2,000 men for six months; and so without more ado or stay there, hearing no news but that Sir Thomas Allen is to be expected every hour at home with his fleete, or news of his being gone back to Algier, and so home, where got my wife to read to me; and so after supper to bed. The Queen-Mother hath been of late mighty ill, and some fears of her death.

5th. Up, and by coach, it being very cold, to White Hall, expecting a meeting of Tangier, but it did not. But, however, did wait there all the morning, and, among other things, I spent a little time with Creed walking in the garden, and talking about our Office, and Child's coming in to be a Commissioner; and, being his friend, I did think he might do me a kindness to learn of him what the Duke of Buckingham and the faction do design touching me, and to instil good words concerning me, which he says, and I believe he will: and it is but necessary; for I have not a mind indeed at this time to be put out of my Office, if I can make any shift that is honourable to keep it; but I will not do it by deserting the Duke of York. At noon by appointment comes Mr. Sheres, and he and I to Unthanke's, where my wife stays for us in our coach, and Betty Turner with her; and we to the Mulberry Garden, where Sheres is to treat us with a Spanish Olio,[1] by a cook of his acquaintance that is there, that was with my Lord in Spain: and without any other company, he did do it, and mighty nobly; and the Olio was indeed a very noble dish, such as I never saw better, or any more of. This, and the discourse he did give us of Spain, and description of the Escuriall, was a fine treat. So we left other good things, that would keep till night, for a collation; and, with much content, took coach again, and went five or six miles towards Branford,[2] the Prince of Tuscany,[3] who comes into England only to spend money

[1] An olio is a mixed dish of meat and vegetables, and, secondarily, a mixture or medley.

[2] Brentford.

[3] Cosmo de' Medici, who succeeded his father Ferdinand in the grand-dukedom of Tuscany in 1670. Whilst he was in England in 1669 the prince caused a number of views of places and of scenery to be executed for him. Thirty-nine of these have been engraved on a reduced scale for Mawman's quarto volume of Cosmo's Travels, published in 1821, but those prints being very unsatisfactory, the facsimile copies of the original drawings now at Florence were purchased by the Right Hon. Thomas Grenville, and form part of the splendid library which he bequeathed in 1846 to the British Museum. Readers will remember the use which Lord Macaulay has made of them, that "scarce a

and see our country, comes into the town to-day, and is much expected; and we met him, but the coach passing by apace, we could not see much of him, but he seems a very jolly and good comely man. By the way, we overtook Captain Ferrers upon his fine Spanish horse, and he is a fine horse indeed; but not so good, I think, as I have seen some. He did ride by us most of the way, and with us to the Park, and there left us, where we passed the evening, and meeting The. Turner, Talbot, W. Batelier, and his sister, in a coach, we anon took them with us to the Mulberry Garden; and there, after a walk, to supper upon what was left at noon; and very good; only Mr. Sheres being taken suddenly ill for a while, did spoil our mirth; but by and by was well again, and we mighty merry: and so broke up, and left him at Charing Cross, and so calling only at my cozen Turner's, away home, mightily pleased with the day's work, and this day come another new mayd, for a middle mayd, but her name I know not yet; and, for a cook-maid, we have, ever since Bridget went, used a blackmoore of Mr. Batelier's, Doll, who dresses our meat mighty well, and we mightily pleased with her. So by and by to bed.

6th. Up, and to the Office, and thence to the Excise Office about some business, and so back to the office and sat till late, and thence to Mr. Batelier's to dinner, where my cozen Turner and both her daughters, and Talbot Pepys and my wife, and a mighty fine dinner. They at dinner before I come; and, when I had dined, I away home, and thence to White Hall, where the Board waited on the Duke of York to discourse about the disposing of Sir Thomas Allen's fleete, which is newly come home to Portsmouth; and here Middleton and I did in plain terms acquaint the Duke of York what we thought and had observed in the late Court-martiall, which the Duke did give ear to; and though he thinks not fit to revoke what is already done in this case by a Court-martiall, yet it shall bring forth some good laws in the behaviour of Captains to their under Officers for the time to come. Thence home, and there come after a while at the Office, I home, and there come home my wife, who hath been with Batelier's late, and been dancing with the company, at which I seemed a little troubled, not being sent for thither myself, but I was not much so, but went to bed well enough pleased.

7th. Up, and by coach to my cozen Turner's, and invited them to dine at the Cocke to-day, with my wife and me; and so to the Lords of the Treasury, where all the morning, and settled matters to their liking about the assignments on the Customes, between the Navy Office and Victualler, and to that end spent most of the morning there with D. Gawden, and thence took him to the Cocke, and there left him and my clerk Gibson together evening their

hedgerow is to be seen, and numerous tracts, now rich with cultivation, appear as bare as Salisbury Plain." Sir John Reresby writes: "April, 1669. The Prince of Tuscany came to London with a retinue and equipage suitable to his quality. The king entertained him magnificently; after some time he kept house at his own charge, where he had all the portable varieties for food and drink Italy could afford. I dined twice with him; he was very kind to me, as he was to all those that had travelled in Italy and knew the language" ("Memoirs," 1634–89, ed. Cartwright, 1875, p. 79).

reckonings, while I to the New Exchange to talk with Betty,[1] my little sempstress; and so to Mrs. Turner's, to call them to dinner, but my wife not come, I back again, and was overtaken by a porter, with a message from my wife that she was ill, and could not come to us: so I back again to Mrs. Turner's, and find them gone; and so back again to the Cocke, and there find Mrs. Turner, Betty, and Talbot Pepys, and they dined with myself, Sir D. Gawden and Gibson, and mighty merry, this house being famous for good meat, and particularly pease-porridge, and after dinner broke up, and they away; and I to the Council-Chamber, and there heard the great complaint of the City, tried against the gentlemen of the Temple, for the late riot, as they would have it, when my Lord Mayor was there. But, upon hearing the whole business, the City was certainly to blame to charge them in this manner as with a riot: but the King and Council did forbear to determine any thing in it, till the other business of the title and privilege be decided, which is now under dispute at law between them, whether the Temple be within the liberty of the City or no.[2] But I was sorry to see the City so ill advised as to complain in a thing where their proofs were so weak. Thence to my cozen Turner's, and thence with her and her daughters, and her sister Turner, I carrying Betty in my lap, to Talbot's chamber at the Temple, where, by agreement, the poor rogue had a pretty dish of anchovies and sweetmeats for them; and hither come Mr. Eden,[3] who was in his mistress's disfavour ever since the other night that he come in thither fuddled, when we were there. But I did make them friends by my buffoonery, and bringing up a way of spelling their names, and making Theophila spell Lamton, which The. would have to be the name of Mr. Eden's mistress, and mighty merry we were till late, and then I by coach home, and so to bed, my wife being ill of those, but well enough pleased with my being with them. This day I do hear that Betty Turner is to be left at school at Hackney, which I am mightily pleased with; for then I shall, now and then, see her. She is pretty, and a girl for that, and her relations, I love.

8th. Up, and to White Hall, to the King's side, to find Sir T. Clifford, where the Duke of York come and found me, which I was sorry for, for fear he should think I was making friends on that side. But I did put it off the best I could, my being there: and so, by and by, had opportunity alone to shew Sir T. Clifford the fair account I had drawn up of the Customes, which he liked, and seemed mightily pleased with me; and so away to the Excise Office, to do a little business there, and so to the Office, where all the morning. At noon home to dinner, and then to the office again till the evening, and then with my wife by coach to Islington, to pay what we owe there, for the late dinner at

[1] Betty Smith. See January 11th, 1668–69.

[2] See March 3rd, 1668–69.

[3] Robert Eden, of West Auckland, Durham, which county he represented in parliament for many years, married the lady here alluded to, Margaret, daughter and heir of John Lambton. He is the direct ancestor of the Lords Auckland. He was created a baronet November 13th, 1672, and died in 1720, his wife surviving till 1730.—B.

Jane's wedding; and so round by Kingsland and Hogsden[1] home, pleased with my wife's singing with me, by the way, and so to the office again a little, and then home to supper and to bed. Going this afternoon through Smithfield, I did see a coach run over the coachman's neck, and stand upon it, and yet the man rose up, and was well after it, which I thought a wonder.

9th. Up, and by water to White Hall, and there, with the Board, attended the Duke of York, and Sir Thomas Allen with us (who come to town yesterday); and it is resolved another fleete shall go to the Streights forthwith, and he command it. But his coming home is mighty hardly talked on by the merchants, for leaving their ships there to the mercy of the Turks: but of this more in my White-Booke. Thence out, and slipped out by water to Westminster Hall, and there thought to have spoke with Mrs. Martin, but she was not there, nor at home. So back again, and with W. Hewer by coach home and to dinner, and then to the office, and out again with W. Hewer to the Excise-Office, and to several places; among others, to Mr. Faythorne's, to have seen an instrument which he was said to have, for drawing perspectives, but he had it not: but here I did see his work-house, and the best things of his doing he had by him, and so to other places, among others to Westminster Hall, and I took occasion to make a step to Mrs. Martin's, the first time I have been with her since her husband went last to sea, which is I think a year since. . . . But, Lord! to hear how sillily she tells the story of her sister Doll's being a widow and lately brought to bed, and her husband, one Rowland Powell, drowned, that was at sea with her husband, but by chance dead at sea, cast away. When God knows she hath played the whore, and is sillily forced at this time after she was brought to bed, to forge this story. Thence calling at several places by the way, we home, and there to the office, and then home to supper and to bed.

10th. Up, and to the Excise-Office, and thence to White Hall a little, and so back again to the 'Change, but nobody there, it being over, and so walked home to dinner, and after dinner comes Mr. Seymour to visit me, a talking fellow: but I hear by him that Captain Trevanion[2] do give it out everywhere, that I did over-rule the whole Court-martiall against him, as long as I was there; and perhaps I may receive, at this time, some wrong by it: but I care not, for what I did was out of my desire of doing justice. So the office, where late, and then home to supper and to bed.

11th (Lord's day. Easter day). Up, and to Church; where Alderman Backewell's wife, and mother, and boy, and another gentlewoman, did come, and sit in our pew; but no women of our own there, and so there was room enough. Our Parson made a dull sermon, and so home to dinner; and, after dinner, my wife and I out by coach, and Balty with us, to Loton,[3] the

[1] Now Hoxton.

[2] Captain Richard Trevanion, of the "Dartmouth."

[3] John Loten, a landscape painter, long established in London, where he died about 1680.

landscape-drawer, a Dutchman, living in St. James's Market,[1] but there saw no good pictures. But by accident he did direct us to a painter that was then in the house with him, a Dutchman, newly come over, one Evarelst,[2] who took us to his lodging close by, and did shew us a little flower-pot of his doing, the finest thing that ever, I think, I saw in my life; the drops of dew hanging on the leaves, so as I was forced, again and again, to put my finger to it, to feel whether my eyes were deceived or no. He do ask £70 for it: I had the vanity to bid him £20; but a better picture I never saw in my whole life; and it is worth going twenty miles to see it. Thence, leaving Balty there, I took my wife to St. James's, and there carried her to the Queen's Chapel, the first time I ever did it; and heard excellent musick, but not so good as by accident I did hear there yesterday, as I went through the Park from White Hall to see Sir W. Coventry, which I have forgot to set down in my Journal yesterday. And going out of the Chapel, I did see the Prince of Tuscany[3] come out, a comely, black, fat man, in a mourning suit; and my wife and I did see him this afternoon through a window in this Chapel. All that Sir W. Coventry yesterday did tell me new was, that the King would not yet give him leave to come to kiss his hand; and he do believe that he will not in a great while do it, till those about him shall see fit, which I am sorry for. Thence to the Park, my wife and I; and here Sir W. Coventry did first see me and my wife in a coach of our own, and so did also this night the Duke of York, who did eye my wife mightily. But I begin to doubt that my being so much seen in my own coach at this time, may be observed to my prejudice; but I must venture it now. So home, and by night home, and so to my office, and there set down my Journal, with the help of my left eye through my tube,[4] for fourteen days past; which is so much, as, I hope, I shall not run in arrear again, but the badness of my eyes do force me to it. So home to supper and to bed.

12th. Up, and by water to White Hall, where I of the whole Office attended the Duke of York at his meeting with Sir Thomas Allen and several flag-officers, to consider of the manner of managing the war with Algiers; and, it being a thing I was wholly silent in, I did only observe; and find that their manner of discourse on this weighty affair was very mean and disorderly, the Duke of York himself being the man that I thought spoke most to the purpose. Having done here, I up and down the house, talking with this man and that, and then meeting Mr. Sheres, took him to see the fine flower-pot I saw yesterday, and did again offer £20 for it; but he [Verelst] insists upon £50. Thence I took him to St. James's, but there was no musique, but so walked to

[1] See note to April 1st, 1666.

[2] Simon Verelst, a Dutch flower-painter, who practised his art with much success in England. His success turned his head, and he called himself the god of flowers. He died at a great age in Suffolk Street about 1710.

[3] See April 5th (*ante*).

[4] See July 31st, 1668.

White Hall, and by and by to my wife at Unthanke's, and with her was Jane, and so to the Cocke, where they, and I, and Sheres, and Tom, dined, my wife having a great desire to eat of their soup made of pease, and dined very well, and thence by water to the Bear-Garden, and there happened to sit by Sir Fretcheville Hollis, who is still full of his vain-glorious and prophane talk. Here we saw a prize fought between a soldier and a country fellow, one Warrell, who promised the least in his looks, and performed the most of valour in his boldness and evenness of mind, and smiles in all he did, that ever I saw; and we were all both deceived and infinitely taken with him. He did soundly beat the soldier, and cut him over the head. Thence back to White Hall, mightily pleased, all of us, with this sight, and particularly this fellow, as a most extraordinary man for his temper and evenness in fighting. And there leaving Sheres, we by our own coach home, and after sitting an hour, thrumming upon my viall, and singing, I to bed, and left my wife to do something to a waistcoat and petticoat she is to wear to-morrow. This evening, coming home, we overtook Alderman Backewell's coach and his lady, and followed them to their house, and there made them the first visit, where they received us with extraordinary civility, and owning the obligation. But I do, contrary to my expectation, find her something a proud and vain-glorious woman, in telling the number of her servants and family and expences: he is also so, but he was ever of that strain. But here he showed me the model of his houses that he is going to build in Cornhill and Lumbard Street; but he hath purchased so much there, that it looks like a little town, and must have cost him a great deal of money.[1]

13th. Up, and at the Office a good while, and then, my wife going down the River to spend the day with her mother at Deptford, I abroad, and first to the milliner's in Fenchurch Street, over against Rawlinson's, and there, meeting both him and her in the shop, I bought a pair of gloves, and fell to talk, and found so much freedom that I stayed there the best part of the morning till towards noon, with great pleasure, it being a holiday, and then against my will away and to the 'Change, where I left W. Hewer, and I by hackney-coach to the Spittle,[2] and heard a piece of a dull sermon to my Lord Mayor

[1] Mr. John Biddulph Martin, in his interesting work on "'The Grasshopper' in Lombard Street," 1892, refers to Alderman Backwell's building operations. He writes (p. 185): "Shortly previous to the Great Fire, Backwell, whose shop was at the Unicorn in Lombard Street, next door to the Grasshopper, conceived the idea of developing the considerable block of property over which he had acquired an interest by opening passages through it from Lombard Street to Cornhill." Again (p. 186): "Backwell possibly took advantage of the catastrophe of the fire to enlarge his views," and then Mr. Martin quotes the passage in the text. Mr. Martin writes: "Alderman Backwell figures largely in the City history of his time, and was certainly eminent among the goldsmiths of the Restoration; but it seems that the 'little town' whose erection he contemplated was built on land in which he had a leasehold interest only. The Great Fire of London destroyed not only the City itself, but also most of its records. It has opposed an almost insuperable obstacle in the way of research into local history previous to its occurrence."

[2] See April 2nd, 1662.

and Aldermen, and thence saw them all take horse and ride away, which I have not seen together many a-day; their wives also went in their coaches; and, indeed, the sight was mighty pleasing. Thence took occasion to go back to this milliner's [in Fenchurch Street], whose name I now understand to be Clerke; and there, her husband inviting me up to the balcony, to see the sight go by to dine at Clothworker's-Hall,[1] I did go up and there saw it go by: and then, there being a good piece of cold roast beef upon the table, and one Margetts, a young merchant that lodges there, and is likely to marry a sister of hers, I staid and eat, and had much good conversation with her, who hath the vanity to talk of her great friends and father, one Wingate, near Welling,[2] that hath been a Parliament-man. Here also was Stapely, the rope-merchant, and dined with us; and, after spending most of the afternoon also, I away home, and there sent for W. Hewer, and he and I by water to White Hall to look, among other things, for Mr. May, to unbespeak his dining with me to-morrow. But here being in the court-yard, as God would have it, I spied Deb., which made my heart and head to work, and I presently could not refrain, but sent W. Hewer away to look for Mr. Wren (W. Hewer, I perceive, did see her, but whether he did see me see her I know not, or suspect my sending him away I know not, but my heart could not hinder me), and I run after her and two women and a man, more ordinary people, and she in her old clothes, and after hunting a little, find them in the lobby of the chapel below stairs, and there I observed she endeavoured to avoid me, but I did speak to her and she to me, and did get her pour dire me où she demeurs now, and did charge her para say nothing of me that I had vu elle, which she did promise, and so with my heart full of surprize and disorder I away, and meeting with Sir H. Cholmley walked into the Park with him and back again, looking to see if I could spy her again in the Park, but I could not. And so back to White Hall, and then back to the Park with Mr. May, but could see her no more, and so with W. Hewer, who I doubt by my countenance might see some disorder in me, we home by water, and there I find Talbot Pepys, and Mrs. Turner, and Betty, come to invite us to dinner on Thursday; and, after drinking, I saw them to the water-side, and so back home through Crutched Friars, and there saw Mary Mercer, and put off my hat to her, on the other side of the way, but it being a little darkish she did not, I think, know me well, and so to my office to put my papers in order, they having been removed for my

[1] Clothworkers' Hall is situated near the north-east end of Mincing Lane, next to Fenchurch Street. Sir John Robinson, when Lord Mayor in 1663, entertained the king and queen, the queen dowager, and the Duke and Duchess of York in the hall. The original hall was destroyed in the Great Fire, but rebuilt shortly afterwards. Sir Owen Roberts, M.A., D.C.L., clerk of the company, informs the editor that the Court, on April 7th, 1669, at the request of Mr. Sheriff Forth, granted the use of the hall and offices thereunto belonging for the entertainment, on April 13th, of the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen. The restored hall was taken down in 1856–57, and the present capacious edifice erected from the designs of Mr. Samuel Angell, architect.

[2] Edward Wingate, who represented St. Albans in the Long Parliament.—B.

closet to be made clean, and so home to my wife, who is come home from Deptford. But, God forgive me, I hardly know how to put on confidence enough to speak as innocent, having had this passage to-day with Deb., though only, God knows, by accident. But my great pain is lest God Almighty shall suffer me to find out this girl, whom indeed I love, and with a bad amour, but I will pray to God to give me grace to forbear it. So home to supper, where very sparing in my discourse, not giving occasion of any enquiry where I have been to-day, or what I have done, and so without any trouble to-night more than my fear, we to bed.

14th. Up, and with W. Hewer to White Hall, and there I did speak with the Duke of York, the Council sitting in the morning, and it was to direct me to have my business ready of the Administration of the Office against Saturday next, when the King would have a hearing of it. Thence home, W. Hewer with me, and then out with my own coach to the Duke of York's play-house, and there saw "The Impertinents," a play which pleases me well still; but it is with great trouble that I now see a play, because of my eyes, the light of the candles making it very troublesome to me. After the play my wife and I towards the Park, but it being too late we to Creed's, and there find him and her [his wife] together alone, in their new house, where I never was before, they lodging before at the next door, and a pretty house it is; but I do not see that they intend to keep any coach. Here they treat us like strangers, quite according to the fashion—nothing to drink or eat, which is a thing that will spoil our ever having any acquaintance with them; for we do continue the old freedom and kindness of England to all our friends. But they do here talk mightily of my Lady Paulina making a very good end, and being mighty religious in her lifetime; and hath left many good notes of sermons and religion, wrote with her own hand, which nobody ever knew of; which I am glad of: but she was always a peevish lady. Thence home, and there to talk and to supper and to bed, all being very safe as to my seeing of poor Deb. yesterday.

15th. Up, and to the office, and thence before the office sat to the Excise Office with W. Hewer, but found some occasion to go another way to the Temple upon business, and I by Deb.'s direction did know whither in Jewen Street to direct my hackney coachman, while I staid in the coach in Aldgate Street, to go thither just to enquire whether Mrs. Hunt, her aunt, was in town, who brought me word she was not; I thought this was as much as I could do at once, and therefore went away troubled through that I could do no more, but to the office I must go and did, and there all the morning, but coming thither I find Bagwell's wife, who did give me a little note into my hand, wherein I find her para invite me para meet her in Moorfields this noon, where I might speak with her, and so after the office was up, my wife being gone before by invitation to my cozen Turner's to dine, I to the place, and there, after walking up and down by the windmills, I did find her and talk with her, but it being holiday and the place full of people, we parted, leaving

further discourse and doing to another time. Thence I away, and through Jewen Street, my mind, God knows, running that way, but stopped not, but going down Holborne hill, by the Conduit, I did see Deb. on foot going up the hill. I saw her, and she me, but she made no stop, but seemed unwilling to speak to me; so I away on, but then stopped and 'light, and after her and overtook her at the end of Hosier lane in Smithfield, and without standing in the street desired her to follow me, and I led her into a little blind alehouse within the walls, and there she and I alone fell to talk and baiser la and toker su mammailles, but she mighty coy, and I hope modest. . . . I did give her in a paper 20*s*., and we did agree para meet again in the Hall at Westminster on Monday next; and so giving me great hopes by her carriage that she continues modest and honest, we did there part, she going home and I to Mrs. Turner's, but when I come back to the place where I left my coach it was gone, I having staid too long, which did trouble me to abuse the poor fellow, so that taking another coach I did direct him to find out the fellow and send him to me. At my cozen Turner's I find they are gone all to dinner to Povy's, and thither I, and there they were all, and W. Batelier and his sister, and had dined; but I had good things brought me, and then all up and down the house, and mightily pleased to see the fine rooms: but, the truth is, there are so many bad pictures, that to me make the good ones lose much of the pleasure in seeing them. The. and Betty Turner in new flowered tabby gowns, and so we were pretty merry, only my fear upon me for what I had newly done, do keep my content in. So, about five or six o'clock, away, and I took my wife and the two Bateliers, and carried them homeward, and W. Batelier 'lighting, I carried the women round by Islington, and so down Bishopsgate Street home, and there to talk and sup, and then to bed.

16th. Up, and to my chamber, where with Mr. Gibson all the morning, and there by noon did almost finish what I had to write about the Administration of the Office to present to the Duke of York, and my wife being gone abroad with W. Hewer, to see the new play to-day, at the Duke of York's house, "Guzman," I dined alone with my people, and in the afternoon away by coach to White Hall; and there the Office attended the Duke of York; and being despatched pretty soon, and told that we should not wait on the King, as intended, till Sunday, I thence presently to the Duke of York's playhouse, and there, in the 18*d*. seat, did get room to see almost three acts of the play; but it seemed to me but very ordinary. After the play done, I into the pit, and there find my wife and W. Hewer; and Sheres got to them, which, so jealous is my nature, did trouble me, though my judgment tells me there is no hurt in it, on neither side; but here I did meet with Shadwell, the poet, who, to my great wonder, do tell me that my Lord of [Orrery] did write this play, trying what he could do in comedy, since his heroique plays could do no more wonders. This do trouble me; for it is as mean a thing, and so he says, as hath been upon the stage a great while; and Harris, who hath no part in it, did come to me, and told me in discourse that he was glad of it,

it being a play that will not take.[1] Thence home, and to my business at the office, to finish it, but was in great pain about yesterday still, lest my wife should have sent her porter to enquire anything, though for my heart I cannot see it possible how anything could be discovered of it, but yet such is fear as to render me full of doubt and disgust. At night to supper and to bed.

17th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning. At noon home to dinner, and there find Mr. Pierce, the surgeon, and he dined with us; and there hearing that "The Alchymist" was acted, we did go, and took him with us to the King's house; and it is still a good play, having not been acted for two or three years before; but I do miss Clun,[2] for the Doctor.[3] But more my eyes will not let me enjoy the pleasure I used to have in a play. Thence with my wife in hackney to Sir W. Coventry's, who being gone to the Park we drove after him, and there met him coming out, and followed him home, and there sent my wife to Unthanke's while I spent an hour with him reading over first my draught of the Administration of the Navy, which he do like very well; and so fell to talk of other things, and among the rest of the story of his late disgrace, and how basely and in what a mean manner the Duke of Buckingham hath proceeded against him—not like a man of honour. He tells me that the King will not give other answer about his coming to kiss his hands, than "Not yet." But he says that this that he desires, of kissing the King's hand, is only to show to the world that he is not discontented, and not in any desire to come again into play, though I do perceive that he speaks this with less earnestness than heretofore; and this, it may be, is, from what he told me lately, that the King is offended at what is talked, that he hath declared himself desirous not to have to do with any employment more. But he do tell me that the leisure he hath yet had do not at all begin to be burdensome to him, he knowing how to spend his time with content to himself; and that he hopes shortly to contract his expence, so as that he shall not be under any straits in that respect neither; and so seems to be in very good condition of content. Thence I away over the Park, it being now night, to White Hall, and there, in the Duchess's chamber, do find the Duke of York; and, upon my offer to speak with him, he did come to me, and withdrew to his closet, and there did hear and approve my paper of the Administration of the Navy, only did bid me alter these words, "upon the rupture between the late King and the Parliament," to these, "the beginning of the late Rebellion;" giving it me as but reason to shew that it was with the Rebellion that the Navy was put by out of its old good course, into that of a Commission. Having done this, we fell to other talk; he with great confidence telling me how matters go among our adversaries, in reference to the

[1] Downes says that the play took very well ("Roscius Anglicanus," p. 28). Genest could not fix the date of presentation nearer than between 1667 and 1672. This comedy was not printed till 1693.

[2] Who had been murdered. See August 4th, 1664.

[3] Subtle, the alchymist.

Navy, and that he thinks they do begin to flag; but then, beginning to talk in general of the excellency of old constitutions, he did bring out of his cabinet, and made me read it, an extract out of a book of my late Lord of Northumberland's, so prophetic of the business of Chatham, as is almost miraculous.[1] I did desire, and he did give it me to copy out, which pleased me mightily, and so, it being late, I away and to my wife, and by hackney home, and there, my eyes being weary with reading so much, but yet not so much as I was afeard they would, we home to supper and to bed.

18th (Lord's day). Up, and all the morning till 2 o'clock at my Office, with Gibson and Tom, about drawing up fair my discourse of the Administration of the Navy, and then, Mr. Spong being come to dine with me, I in to dinner, and then out to my Office again, to examine the fair draught; and so, borrowing Sir J. Minnes's coach, he going with Colonel Middleton, I to White Hall, where we all met and did sign it; and then to my Lord Arlington's, where the King, and the Duke of York, and Prince Rupert, as also Ormond and the two Secretaries, with my Lord Ashly and Sir T. Clifford, was. And there, by and by, being called in, Mr. Williamson did read over our paper, which was in a letter to the Duke of York, bound up in a book with the Duke of York's Book of Instructions. He read it well; and, after read, we were bid to withdraw, nothing being at all said to it. And by and by we were called in again, and nothing said to that business; but another begun, about the state of this year's action, and our wants of money, as I had stated the same lately to our Treasurers; which I was bid, and did largely, and with great content, open. And having so done, we all withdrew, and left them to debate our supply of money; to which, being called in, and referred to attend on the Lords of the Treasury, we all departed. And I only staid in the House till the Council rose; and then to the Duke of York, who in the Duchess's chamber come to me, and told me that the book was there left with my Lord Arlington, for any of the Lords to view that had a mind, and to prepare and present to the King what they had to say in writing, to any part of it, which is all we can desire, and so that rested. The Duke of York then went to other talk; and by and by comes the Prince of Tuscany to visit him, and the Duchess; and I find that he do still remain *incognito,* and so intends to do all the time he stays here, for avoiding trouble to the King and himself, and expence also to both. Thence I to White Hall Gate, thinking to have found Sir J. Minnes's coach staying for me; but, not being there, and this being the first day of

[1] A copy of the paper here alluded to is in Rawlinson, A. 195, fol. 124. It was an extract from an old book formerly in the library at Petworth, and written by Sir William Monson, the well-known English admiral, who died in 1643. He was the author of several naval tracts, all of which are printed in Churchill's "Voyages," and the passage quoted by Pepys will be found at p. 421 of vol. iii. It seems highly probable that someone in the Dutch interest might have seen Sir William's "Book of Stratagems," and planned the memorable expedition against Chatham; though the fact of the defenceless state of the River Thames, in the event of the Dutch ever becoming superior to us at sea, was too obvious to merit the appellation of a prophecy.—B.

rain we have had many a day, the streets being as dusty as in summer, I forced to walk to my cozen Turner's, and there find my wife newly gone home, which vexed me, and so I, having kissed and taken leave of Betty, who goes to Putney to school to-morrow, I walked through the rain to the Temple, and there, with much ado, got a coach, and so home, and there to supper, and Pelling comes to us, and after much talk, we parted, and to bed.

19th. Up, and with Tom (whom, with his wife, I, and my wife, had this morning taken occasion to tell that I did intend to give him £40 for himself, and £20 to his wife, towards their setting out in the world, and that my wife would give her £20 more, that she might have as much to begin with as he) by coach to White Hall, and there having set him work in the Robe Chamber, to write something for me, I to Westminster Hall and there walked from 10 o'clock to past 12, expecting to have met Deb., but whether she had been there before, and missing me went away, or is prevented in coming, and hath no mind to come to me (the last whereof, as being most pleasing, as shewing most modesty, I should be most glad of), I know not, but she not then appearing, I being tired with walking went home, and my wife being all day at Jane's, helping her, as she said, to cut out linen and other things belonging to her new condition, I after dinner out again, and, calling for my coach, which was at the coachmaker's, and hath been for these two or three days, to be new painted, and the window-frames gilt against May-day, went on with my hackney to White Hall, and thence by water to Westminster Hall, and there did beckon to Doll Lane, now Mrs. Powell, as she would have herself called, and went to her sister Martin's lodgings, the first time I have been there these eight or ten months, I think, and her sister being gone to Portsmouth to her husband, I did stay and talk and drink with Doll. . . . So away and to White Hall, and there took my own coach, which was now come, and so away home, and there to do business, and my wife being come home we to talk and to sup, there having been nothing yet like discovery in my wife of what hath lately passed with me about Deb., and so with great content to bed.

20th. Up; and to the Office, and my wife abroad with Mary Batelier, with our own coach, but borrowed Sir J. Minnes's coachman, that so our own might stay at home, to attend at dinner; our family being mightily disordered by our little boy's falling sick the last night; and we fear it will prove the small-pox. At noon comes my guest, Mr. Hugh May,[1] and with him Sir Henry Capell, my old Lord Capell's son, and Mr. Parker; and I had a pretty dinner for them; and both before and after dinner had excellent discourse; and shewed them my closet and my Office, and the method of it, to their great content; and more extraordinary, manly discourse and opportunity of shewing myself, and learning from others, I have not, in ordinary discourse, had in my life, they being all persons of worth, but especially Sir H. Capell, whose being a Parliament-man, and hearing my

[1] See note to June 8th, 1665.

discourse in the Parliament-house, hath, as May tells me, given him a long desire to know and discourse with me. In the afternoon we walked to the Old Artillery-Ground [1] near the Spitalfields, where I never was before, but now, by Captain Deane's invitation, did go to see his new gun tryed, this being the place where the Officers of the Ordnance do try all their great guns; and when we come, did find that the trial had been made; and they going away with extraordinary report of the proof of his gun, which, from the shortness and bigness, they do call Punchinello. But I desired Colonel Legg to stay and give us a sight of her performance, which he did, and there, in short, against a gun more than as long and as heavy again, and charged with as much powder again, she carried the same bullet as strong to the mark, and nearer and above the mark at a point blank than their's, and is more easily managed, and recoyles no more than that, which is a thing so extraordinary as to be admired for the happiness of his invention, and to the great regret of the Old Gunners and Officers of the Ordnance that were there, only Colonel Legg did do her much right in his report of her. And so, having seen this great and first experiment, we all parted, I seeing my guests into a hackney coach, and myself, with Captain Deane, taking a hackney coach, did go out towards Bow, and went as far as Stratford, and all the way talking of this invention, and he offering me a third of the profit of the invention; which, for aught I know, or do at present think, may prove matter considerable to us: for either the King will give him a reward for it, if he keeps it to himself, or he will give us a patent to make our profit of it: and no doubt but it will be of profit to merchantmen and others, to have guns of the same force at half the charge. This was our talk: and then to talk of other things, of the Navy in general: and, among other things, he did tell me that he do hear how the Duke of Buckingham hath a spite at me, which I knew before, but value it not: and he tells me that Sir T. Allen is not my friend; but for all this I am not much troubled, for I know myself so usefull that, as I believe, they will not part with me; so I thank God my condition is such that I can retire, and be able to live with comfort, though not with abundance. Thus we spent the evening with extraordinary good discourse, to my great content, and so home to the Office, and there did some business, and then home, where my wife do come home, and I vexed at her staying out so late, but she tells me that she hath been at home with M. Batelier a good while, so I made nothing of it, but to supper and to bed.

21st. Up; and with my own coach as far as the Temple, and thence sent it to my cozen Turner, who, to ease her own horses, that are going with her out of town, do borrow mine to-day. So I to Auditor Wood's, and there to meet, and met my Lord Bellassis upon some business of his accounts, and

[1] Henry VIII. gave to the Fraternity of Artillery for their exercise ground a field belonging to the dissolved priory and hospital of St. Mary Spital, beyond Bishopsgate, known as the Teazle Close. The site is now marked by Artillery Lane and Artillery Street, Bishopsgate Street Without.

having done that did thence go to St. James's, and attended the Duke of York a little, being the first time of my waiting on him at St. James's this summer, whither he is now newly gone; and thence walked to White Hall; and so, by and by, to the Council-Chamber, and heard a remarkable cause pleaded between the Farmers of the Excise of Wiltshire, in complaint against the Justices of Peace of Salisbury: and Sir H. Finch was for the former. But, Lord! to see how he did with his admirable eloquence order the matter, is not to be conceived almost: so pleasant a thing it is to hear him plead. Thence at noon by coach home, and thither by and by comes my cozen Turner, and The., and Joyce, in their riding-clothes, they being come from their lodgings to her husband's chamber, at the Temple, and there do lie, and purpose to go out of town on Friday next; and here I had a good dinner for them. After dinner by water to White Hall, where the Duke of York did meet our Office, and went with us to the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury; and there we did go over all the business of the state I had drawn up, of this year's action and expence, which I did do to their satisfaction, and convincing them of the necessity of providing more money, if possible, for us. Thence the Duke of York being gone, I did there stay walking with Sir H. Cholmly in the Court, talking of news; where he told me, that now the great design of the Duke of Buckingham is to prevent the meeting, since he cannot bring about with the King the dissolving, of this Parliament, that the King may not need it; and therefore my Lord St. Albans is hourly expected with great offers of a million of money,[1] to buy our breach with the Dutch: and this, they do think, may tempt the King to take the money, and thereby be out of a necessity of calling the Parliament again, which these people dare not suffer to meet again: but this he doubts, and so do I, that it will be to the ruin of the nation if we fall out with Holland. This we were discoursing when my boy comes to tell me that his mistress was at the Gate with the coach, whither I went, and there find my wife and the whole company. So she, and Mrs. Turner, and The., and Talbot, in mine: and Joyce, W. Batelier, and I, in a hackney, to Hyde Park, where I was ashamed to be seen; but mightily pleased, though troubled, with a drunken coachman that did not remember when we come to 'light, where it was that he took us up; but said at Hammersmith, and thither he was carrying of us when we come first out of the Park. So I carried them all to Hercules-Pillars, and there did treat them: and so, about ten at night, parted, and my wife, and I, and W. Batelier, home; and he gone, we to bed.

22nd. Up, and to the Office, where all the morning. At noon home to dinner, and Captain Deane with us; and very good discourse, and particularly about my getting a book for him to draw up his whole theory of shipping, which, at my desire, he hath gone far in, and hath shewn me what

[1] From Louis XIV. See April 28th (*post*).

he hath done therein, to admiration. I did give him a Parallelogram, which he is mightily taken with; and so after dinner to the Office, where all the afternoon till night late, and then home. Vexed at my wife's not being come home, she being gone again abroad with M. Batelier, and come not home till ten at night, which vexed me, so that I to bed, and lay in pain awake till past one, and then to sleep.

23rd. Going to rise, without saying anything, my wife stopped me; and, after a little angry talk, did tell me how she spent all day yesterday with M. Batelier and her sweetheart, and seeing a play at the New Nursery, which is set up at the house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, which was formerly the King's house. So that I was mightily pleased again, and rose with great content; and so by water to White Hall, and there to the Council-Chamber, and heard two or three causes: among others, that of the complaint of Sir Philip Howard and Watson, the inventors, as they pretend, of the business of varnishing and lackerworke, against the Company of Painters, who take upon them to do the same thing; where I saw a great instance of the weakness of a young Counsel not used to such an audience, against the Solicitor-General and two more able Counsel used to it. Though he had the right of his side, and did prevail for what he pretended to against the rest, yet it was with much disadvantage and hazard. Here also I heard Mr. Papillion[1] make his defence to the King, against some complaints of the Farmers of Excise; but it was so weak, and done only by his own seeking, that it was to his injury more than profit, and made his case the worse, being ill managed, and in a cause against the King. Thence at noon, the Council rising, I to Unthanke's, and there by agreement met my wife, and with her to the Cocke, and did give her a dinner, but yet both of us but in an ill humour, whatever was the matter with her, but thence to the King's playhouse, and saw "The Generous Portugalls,"[2] a play that pleases me better and better every time we see it; and, I thank God! it did not trouble my eyes so much as I was afeard it would. Here, by accident, we met Mr. Sheres, and yet I could not but be troubled, because my wife do so delight to talk of him, and to see him. Nevertheless, we took him with us to our mercer's, and to the Exchange, and he helped me to choose a summer-suit of coloured camelott, coat and breeches, and a flowered tabby vest very rich; and so home, where he took his leave, and down to Greenwich, where he hath some friends; and I to see Colonel

[1] Thomas Papillon, Esq., of Lubbenham, in Leicestershire, who purchased the manor of Acrise, in Kent, in 1666. He was an eminent merchant of London, and Master of the Mercers' Company in 1698; and was M.P. for Dover, *temp.* Charles II., and for London in the 10th of William III. The case of Mr. Papillon related to a petition of the Company of Wine Merchants, concerning brandy, *alias* strong water, against the Farmers of Excise, of which some account is given in Anchitell Grey's "Debates," vol. i., p. 237.—B.

[2] "The Island Princess," a tragi-comedy by Fletcher, was revived in 1669 as "The Island Princess, or the Generous Portugal." The King of Tidore was acted by Kynaston, and Quisara, the Island Princess, by Mrs. Marshall.

Middleton, who hath been ill for a day or two, or three; and so home to supper, and to bed.

24th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning, and at noon home to dinner, Mr. Sheres dining with us by agreement; and my wife, which troubled me, mighty careful to have a handsome dinner for him; but yet I see no reason to be troubled at it, he being a very civil and worthy man, I think; but only it do seem to imply some little neglect of me. After dinner to the King's house, and there saw "The General" [1] revived—a good play, that pleases me well, and thence, our coach coming for us, we parted and home, and I busy late at the office, and then home to supper and to bed. Well pleased to-night to have Lead, the vizard-maker, bring me home my vizard, with a tube fastened in it, which, I think, will do my business, at least in a great measure, for the easing of my eyes.

25th (Lord's day). Up, and to my Office awhile, and thither comes Lead with my vizard, with a tube fastened within both eyes; which, with the help which he prompts me to, of a glass in the tube, do content me mightily. So to church, where a stranger made a dull sermon, but I mightily pleased to look upon Mr. Buckworth's little pretty daughters, and so home to dinner, where W. Howe come and dined with us; and then I to my Office, he being gone, to write down my Journal for the last twelve days: and did it with the help of my vizard and tube fixed to it, and do find it mighty manageable, but how helpfull to my eyes this trial will shew me. So abroad with my wife, in the afternoon, to the Park, where very much company, and the weather very pleasant. I carried my wife to the Lodge, the first time this year, and there in our coach eat a cheesecake and drank a tankard of milk. I showed her this day also first the Prince of Tuscany, who was in the Park, and many very fine ladies, and so home, and after supper to bed.

26th. Up, having lain long, and then by coach with W. Hewer to the Excise Office, and so to Lilly's, the Varnisher, who is lately dead, and his wife and brother keep up the trade, and there I left my French prints to be put on boards: and, while I was there, a fire burst out in a chimney of a house over against his house, but it was with a gun quickly put out. So to White Hall, and did a little business there at the Treasury chamber, and so homeward, calling at the laceman's for some lace for my new suit, and at my tailor's, and so home, where to dinner, and Mr. Sheres dined with us, who come hither to-day to teach my wife the rules of perspective; but I think, upon trial, he thinks it too hard to teach her, being ignorant of the principles of lines. After dinner comes one Colonel Macnachan, one that I see often at Court, a Scotchman, but know him not; only he brings me a letter from my Lord Middleton, who, he says, is in great distress for £500 to relieve my Lord Morton[2] with, but upon what account I know not; and he would

[1] Apparently the play by Lord Orrery, which Pepys first saw acted on September 28th, 1664.

[2] William Douglas, ninth Earl of Morton, who had married Lord Middleton's daughter Grizel.—B.

have me advance it without order upon his pay for Tangier, which I was astonished at, but had the grace to deny him with an excuse. And so he went away, leaving me a little troubled that I was thus driven, on a sudden, to do any thing herein; but Creed, coming just now to see me, he approves of what I have done. And then to talk of general matters, and, by and by, Sheres being gone, my wife, and he, and I out, and I set him down at Temple Bar, and myself and wife went down the Temple upon seeming business, only to put him off, and just at the Temple gate I spied Deb. with another gentle-woman, and Deb. winked on me and smiled, but undiscovered, and I was glad to see her. So my wife and I to the 'Change, about things for her; and here, at Mrs. Burnett's shop, I am told by Betty, who was all undressed, of a great fire happened in Durham-Yard last night, burning the house of one Lady Hungerford,[1] who was to come to town to it this night; and so the house is burned, new furnished, by carelessness of the girl sent to take off a candle from a bunch of candles, which she did by burning it off, and left the rest, as is supposed, on fire. The King and Court were here, it seems, and stopped the fire by blowing up of the next house. The King and Court went out of town to Newmarket this morning betimes, for a week. So home, and there to my chamber, and got my wife to read to me a little, and so to supper and to bed. Coming home this night I did call at the coach-maker's, and do resolve upon having the standards of my coach gilt with this new sort of varnish, which will come but to 40*s.*; and, contrary to my expectation, the doing of the biggest coach all over comes not to above £6, which is [not] very much.

27th. Up, and to the Office, where all the morning. At noon home to dinner, and then to the Office again, where all the afternoon busy till late, and then home, and got my wife to read to me in the Nepotisme,[2] which is very pleasant, and so to supper and to bed. This afternoon was brought to me a fresh Distringas upon the score of the Tangier accounts, which vexes me, though I hope it will not turn to my wrong.

28th. Up, and was called upon by Sir H. Cholmly to discourse about some

[1] Margaret, daughter and co-heir of William Hollidaie or Haliday, Alderman and Lord Mayor of London, widow of Sir Edward Hungerford, parliamentary commander, who died, s.p., 1648. She survived till 1673. Hungerford House was pulled down by the spendthrift Sir Edward Hungerford, and Hungerford Market was built on the site in 1680. The market was rebuilt in 1831–33, and the Charing Cross station of the South Eastern Railway now marks the site.

[2] The work here mentioned is a bitter satire against the Court of Rome, written in Italian, and attributed to Gregorio Leti. It was first printed in 1667, without the name or place of printer, but it is from the press of the Elzevirs. The book obtained by Pepys was probably the anonymous English translation, "Il Nipotismo di Roma: or the history of the Popes nephews from the time of Sixtus the IV. to the death of the last Pope Alexander the VII. In two parts. Written originally in Italian in the year 1667 and Englished by W. A. London, 1669." 8vo. From this work the word *Nepotism* is derived, and is applied to the bad practice of statesmen, when in power, providing lucrative places for their relations.

accounts of his, of Tangier: and then to other talk; and I find by him that it is brought almost to effect ([through] the late endeavours of the Duke of York and Duchess, the Queen-Mother, and my Lord St. Alban's, together with some of the contrary faction, my Lord Arlington), that for a sum of money we shall enter into a league with the King of France, wherein, he says, my Lord Chancellor[1] is also concerned; and that he believes that, in the doing hereof, it is meant that he [Clarendon] shall come in again, and that this sum of money will so help the King as that he will not need the Parliament; and that, in that regard, it will be forwarded by the Duke of Buckingham and his faction, who dread the Parliament. But hereby we must leave the Dutch, and that I doubt will undo us; and Sir H. Cholmly says he finds W. Coventry do think the like. My Lady Castlemayne is instrumental in this matter, and, he says, never more great with the King than she is now. But this is a thing that will make the Parliament and kingdom mad, and will turn to our ruine: for with this money the King shall wanton away his time in pleasures, and think nothing of the main till it be too late. He gone, I to the office, where busy till noon, and then home to dinner, where W. Batelier dined with us, and pretty merry, and so I to the office again. This morning Mr. Sheres sent me, in two volumes, Mariana his History of Spaine,[2] in Spanish, an excellent book; and I am much obliged for it to him.

29th. Up, and to the Office, where all the morning, and at noon dined at home, and then to the Office again, there to despatch as much business as I could, that I might be at liberty to-morrow to look after my many things that I have to do, against May-day. So at night home to supper and to bed.

30th. Up, and by coach to the coachmaker's: and there I do find a great many ladies sitting in the body of a coach that must be ended by to-morrow: they were my Lady Marquess of Winchester,[3] Bellassis,[4] and other great ladies, eating of bread and butter, and drinking ale. I to my coach, which is silvered over, but no varnish yet laid on, so I put it in a way of doing; and myself about other business, and particularly to see Sir W. Coventry, with whom I talked a good while to my great content; and so to other

[1] Clarendon, then an exile in France.

[2] Juan de Mariana, "Historiæ de Rebus Hispaniæ libri xx." First published at Toledo in 1592 Ten books were subsequently added, 1605, and the work was completed to the accession of Philip IV. in 1624. The author was induced by its success to translate his book into Spanish. The first part of the "Historia de España" appeared in 1601, and it was completed in 1609. Frequently reprinted both in Latin and in Spanish since 1624. J. Stevens produced an English translation in 1699.

[3] Isabella, daughter of William Howard, Viscount Stafford, third wife to John Powlett, fifth Marquis of Winchester.—B.

[4] John, Lord Bellassis, was thrice married: first, to Jane, daughter of Sir Robert Boteler, of Woodhall, Herts; secondly, to Ann, daughter of Sir Robert Crane, of Chilton, Suffolk; thirdly, to Lady Anne Powlett, daughter of the above-named Marquis of Winchester (by his second wife, Lady Honora de Burgh), and who is the person referred to by Pepys.—B.

places—among others, to my tailor's: and then to the belt-maker's, where my belt cost me 55*s.*, of the colour of my new suit; and here, understanding that the mistress of the house, an oldish woman in a hat, hath some water good for the eyes, she did dress me, making my eyes smart most horribly, and did give me a little glass of it, which I will use, and hope it will do me good. So to the cutler's, and there did give Tom, who was with me all day, a sword cost me 12*s.* and a belt of my owne; and set my own silver-hilt sword a-gilding against to-morrow. This morning I did visit Mr. Oldenburgh,[1] and did see the instrument for perspective made by Dr. Wren,[2] of which I have one making by Browne; and the sight of this do please me mightily. At noon my wife come to me at my taylor's, and I sent her home, and myself and Tom dined at Hercules' Pillars; and so about our business again, and particularly to Lilly's, the varnisher, about my prints, whereof some of them are pasted upon the boards, and to my full content. Thence to the frame-maker's, one Norris, in Long Acre, who shewed me several forms of frames to choose by, which was pretty, in little bits of mouldings, to choose by. This done, I to my coachmaker's, and there vexed to see nothing yet done to my coach, at three in the afternoon; but I set it in doing, and stood by it till eight at night, and saw the painter varnish it, which is pretty to see how every doing it over do make it more and more yellow; and it dries as fast in the sun as it can be laid on almost; and most coaches are, now-a-days, done so, and it is very pretty when laid on well, and not too pale, as some are, even to shew the silver. Here I did make the workmen drink, and saw my coach cleaned and oyled; and, staying among poor people there in the alley, did hear them call their fat child Punch, which pleased me mightily, that word being become a word of common use for all that is thick and short. At night home, and there find my wife hath been making herself clean against to-morrow; and, late as it was, I did send my coachman and horses to fetch home the coach to-night, and so we to supper, myself most weary with walking and standing so much, to see all things fine against to-morrow, and so to bed. God give a blessing to it! Meeting with Mr. Sheres, he went with me up and down to several places, and, among others, to buy a perriwig, but I bought none; and also to Dancre's, where he was about my picture of Windsor, which is mighty pretty, and so will the prospect of Rome be.

May 1st. Up betimes. Called up by my tailor, and there first put on a summer suit this year; but it was not my fine one of flowered tabby vest, and coloured camelott tunique, because it was too fine with the gold lace at the hands, that I was afeard to be seen in it; but put on the stuff suit

[1] Henry Oldenburgh, secretary of the Royal Society.

[2] "A Description of an Instrument invented many years ago by Dr. Christopher Wren, for drawing the outlines of any object in Perspective." Published in the "Philosophical Transactions," No. 45, p. 898 (vol. iv., 669); reprinted in Hutton's "Abridgment," vol. i., p. 325.

I made the last year, which is now repaired; and so did go to the Office in it, and sat all the morning, the day looking as if it would be fowle. At noon home to dinner, and there find my wife extraordinary fine, with her flowered tabby gown that she made two years ago, now laced exceedingly pretty; and, indeed, was fine all over; and mighty earnest to go, though the day was very lowering; and she would have me put on my fine suit, which I did. And so anon we went alone through the town with our new liveries of serge, and the horses' manes and tails tied with red ribbons, and the standards there gilt with varnish, and all clean, and green reines, that people did mightily look upon us; and, the truth is, I did not see any coach more pretty, though more gay, than ours, all the day. But we set out, out of humour— I because Betty, whom I expected, was not come to go with us; and my wife that I would sit on the same seat with her, which she likes not, being so fine: and she then expected to meet Sheres, which we did in the Pell Mell, and, against my will, I was forced to take him into the coach, but was sullen all day almost, and little complaisant: the day also being unpleasing, though the Park full of coaches, but dusty and windy, and cold, and now and then a little dribbling rain; and, what made it worse, there were so many hackney-coaches as spoiled the sight of the gentlemen's; and so we had little pleasure. But here was W. Batelier and his sister in a borrowed coach by themselves, and I took them and we to the lodge; and at the door did give them a syllabub, and other things, cost me 12*s.*, and pretty merry. And so back to the coaches, and there till the evening, and then home, leaving Mr. Sheres[1] at St. James's Gate, where he took leave of us for altogether, he being this night to set out for Portsmouth post, in his way to Tangier, which troubled my wife mightily, who is mighty, though not, I think, too fond of him. But she was out of humour all the evening, and I vexed at her for it, and she did not rest almost all the night, so as in the night I was forced to take her and hug her to put her to rest. So home, and after a little supper, to bed.

2nd (Lord's day). Up, and by water to White Hall, and there visit my Lord Sandwich, who, after about two months' absence at Hinchingbroke, come to town last night. I saw him, and very kind; and I am glad he is so, I having not wrote to him all the time, my eyes indeed not letting me. Here with Sir Charles Herbert [Harbord], and my Lord Hinchingbroke, and Sidney, we looked upon the picture of Tangier, designed by Charles Herbert [Harbord],[2] and drawn by Dancre, which my Lord Sandwich admires, as being the truest picture that ever he saw in his life: and it is indeed very pretty, and I will be at the cost of having one of them. Thence with them to White Hall, and there walked out the sermon, with one or other; and then saw the Duke of York after sermon, and he talked to me a little; and so away back by water home, and after dinner got my wife to read, and then by

[1] See note at January 18th, 1669.
[2] See note to February 25th, 1665–66.

coach, she and I, to the Park, and there spent the evening with much pleasure, it proving clear after a little shower, and we mighty fine as yesterday, and people mightily pleased with our coach, as I perceived; but I had not on my fine suit, being really afeard to wear it, it being so fine with the gold lace, though not gay. So home and to supper, and my wife to read, and Tom, my Nepotisme,[1] and then to bed.

3rd. Up, and by coach to my Lord Brouncker's, where Sir G. Carteret did meet Sir J. Minnes and me, to discourse upon Mr. Deering's business, who was directed, in the time of the war, to provide provisions at Hamburgh, by Sir G. Carteret's direction; and now G. Carteret is afeard to own it, it being done without written order. But by our meeting we do all begin to recollect enough to preserve Mr. Deering, I think, which, poor silly man! I shall be glad of, it being too much he should suffer for endeavouring to serve us. Thence to St. James's, where the Duke of York was playing in the Pell Mell; and so he called me to him most part of the time that he played, which was an hour, and talked alone to me; and, among other things, tells me how the King will not yet be got to name anybody in the room of Pen, but puts it off for three or four days; from whence he do collect that they are brewing something for the Navy, but what he knows not; but I perceive is vexed that things should go so, and he hath reason; for he told me that it is likely they will do in this as in other things—resolve first, and consider it and the fitness of it afterward. Thence to White Hall, and met with Creed, and I took him to the Harp and Balls, and there drank a cup of ale, he and I alone, and discoursed of matters; and I perceive by him that he makes no doubt but that all will turn to the old religion, for these people cannot hold things in their hands, nor prevent its coming to that; and by his discourse fits himself for it, and would have my Lord Sandwich do so, too, and me. After a little talk with him, and particularly about the ruinous condition of Tangier, which I have a great mind to lay before the Duke of York, before it be too late, but dare not, because of his great kindness to Lord Middleton, we parted, and I homeward; but called at Povy's, and there he stopped me to dinner, there being Mr. Williamson, the Lieutenant of the Tower,[2] Mr. Childe, and several others. And after dinner, Povy and I together to talk of Tangier; and he would have me move the Duke of York in it, for it concerns him particularly, more than any, as being the head of us; and I do think to do it. Thence home, and at the office busy all the afternoon, and so to supper and to bed.

4th. Up, and to the office, and then my wife being gone to see her mother at Deptford, I before the office sat went to the Excise Office, and thence being alone stepped into Duck Lane, and thence tried to have sent a porter to Deb.'s, but durst not trust him, and therefore having bought a book to satisfy the bookseller for my stay there, a 12*d.* book, Andronicus of Tom

[1] See *ante*, April 27th (note).
[2] Sir John Robinson.

Fuller[1] I took coach, and at the end of Jewen Street next Red Cross Street I sent the coachman to her lodging, and understand she is gone for Greenwich to one Marys's, a tanner's, at which I was glad, hoping to have opportunity to find her out; and so, in great fear of being seen, I to the office, and there all the morning, dined at home, and presently after dinner comes home my wife, who I believe is jealous of my spending the day, and I had very good fortune in being at home, for if Deb. had been to have been found it is forty to one but I had been abroad, God forgive me. So the afternoon at the office, and at night walked with my wife in the garden, and my Lord Brouncker with us, who is newly come to W. Pen's lodgings; and by and by comes Mr. Hooke; and my Lord, and he, and I into my Lord's lodgings, and there discoursed of many fine things in philosophy, to my great content, and so home to supper and to bed.

5th. Up, and thought to have gone with Lord Brouncker to Mr. Hooke this morning betimes; but my Lord is taken ill of the gout, and says his new lodgings have infected him, he never having had any symptoms of it till now. So walked to Gresham College, to tell Hooke that my Lord could not come; and so left word, he being abroad, and I to St. James's, and thence, with the Duke of York, to White Hall, where the Board waited on him all the morning: and so at noon with Sir Thomas Allen, and Sir Edward Scott,[2] and Lord Carlingford,[3] to the Spanish Embassador's,[4] where I dined the first time. The Olio not so good as Sheres's. There was at the table himself and a Spanish Countess, a good, comely, and witty lady—three Fathers and us. Discourse good and pleasant. And here was an Oxford scholar in a Doctor of Law's gowne, sent from the College where the Embassador lay, when the Court was there, to salute him before his return to Spain. This man, though a gentle sort of scholar, yet sat like a fool for want of French or Spanish, but [knew] only Latin, which he spoke like an Englishman to one of the Fathers. And by and by he and I to talk, and the company very merry at my defending Cambridge against Oxford: and I made much use of my French and Spanish here, to my great content. But the dinner not extraordinary at all, either for quantity or quality. Thence home, where my wife ill of those upon the maid's bed, and troubled at my being abroad. So I to the office, and there till night, and then to her, and she read to me the Epistle of Cassandra,[5] which is very good indeed; and the better to her, because recommended by Sheres. So to supper, and to bed.

6th. Up, and by coach to Sir W. Coventry's, but he gone out. I by water

[1] "Andronicus, or the Unfortunate Politician: showing Sin slowly punished, Right surely rescued. . . . By Thomas Fuller, B.D." London, 1646; second edition, 1646; third edition, 1649. There is a review of the book in the "Retrospective Review," second series, vol. i., pp. 396–406.

[2] Sir Edward Scott, made LL.D. at Oxford, 1677.

[3] See May 1st, 1662.

[4] The Conde de Dona.

[5] See *ante*, November 16th, 1668.

back to the Office, and there all the morning; then to dinner, and then to the Office again, and anon with my wife by coach to take the ayre, it being a noble day, as far as the Greene Man,[1] mightily pleased with our journey, and our condition of doing it in our own coach, and so home, and to walk in the garden, and so to supper and to bed, my eyes being bad with writing my Journal, part of it, to-night.

7th. Up, and by coach to W. Coventry's; and there to talk with him a great deal with great content; and so to the Duke of York, having a great mind to speak to him about Tangier; but, when I come to it, his interest for my Lord Middleton is such that I dare not. So to the Treasury chamber, and then walked home round by the Excise Office, having by private vows last night in prayer to God Almighty cleared my mind for the present of the thoughts of going to Deb. at Greenwich, which I did long after. I passed by Guildhall, which is almost finished, and saw a poor labourer carried by, I think, dead with a fall, as many there are, I hear. So home to dinner, and then to the office a little, and so to see my Lord Brouncker, who is a little ill of the gout; and there Madam Williams told me that she heard that my wife was going into France this year, which I did not deny, if I can get time, and I pray God I may. But I wondering how she come to know it, she tells me a woman that my wife spoke to for a maid, did tell her so, and that a lady that desires to go thither would be glad to go in her company. Thence with my wife abroad, with our coach, most pleasant weather; and to Hackney, and into the marshes, where I never was before, and thence round about to Old Ford and Bow; and coming through the latter home, there being some young gentlewomen at a door, and I seeming not to know who they were, my wife's jealousy told me presently that I knew well enough it was that damned place where Deb. dwelt, which made me swear very angrily that it was false, as it was, and I carried [her] back again to see the place, and it proved not so, so I continued out of humour a good while at it, she being willing to be friends, so I was by and by, saying no more of it. So home, and there met with a letter from Captain Silas Taylor, and, with it, his written copy of a play that he hath wrote, and intends to have acted. It is called "The Serenade, or Disappointment," which I will read, not believing he can make any good of that kind. He did once offer to show Harris it, but Harris told him that he would judge by one Act whether it were good

[1] Probably on Stroud Green, and known by the name of Stapleton Hall, originally the residence of Sir Thomas Stapleton, of Gray's Court, Oxon, Bart. The building, on which were his initials, with those of his wife, and the date, 1609, was afterwards converted into a public-house, with the sign of the Green Man, and a century ago had in the front the following inscription:

"Ye are welcome all
To Stapleton Hall."

A club, styling themselves "the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Corporation of Stroud Green," formerly met annually at this place, which occasioned a scene similar to that of a country wake or fair.—Lewis's *Hist. of Islington*, p. 281.—B.

or no, which is indeed a foolish saying, and we see them out themselves in the choice of a play after they have read the whole, it being sometimes found not fit to act above three times; nay, and some that have been refused at one house is found a good one at the other. This made Taylor say he would not shew it him, but is angry, and hath carried it to the other house, and he thinks it will be acted there, though he tells me they are not yet agreed upon it. But I will find time to get it read to me, and I did get my wife to begin a little to-night in the garden, but not so much as I could make any judgment of it. So home to supper and to bed.

8th. Up, and to the Office, and there comes Lead to me, and at last my vizards are done, and glasses got to put in and out, as I will; and I think I have brought it to the utmost, both for easiness of using and benefit, that I can; and so I paid him 15*s.* for what he hath done now last, in the finishing them, and they, I hope, will do me a great deal of ease. At the Office all the morning, and this day, the first time, did alter my side of the table, after above eight years sitting on that next the fire. But now I am not able to bear the light of the windows in my eyes, I do begin there, and I did sit with much more content than I had done on the other side for a great while, and in winter the fire will not trouble my back. At noon home to dinner, and after dinner all the afternoon within, with Mr. Hater, Gibson, and W. Hewer, reading over and drawing up new things in the Instructions of Commanders, which will be good, and I hope to get them confirmed by the Duke of York, though I perceive nothing will effectually perfect them but to look over the whole body of the Instructions, of all the Officers of a ship, and make them all perfect together. This being done, comes my bookseller, and brings me home bound my collection of papers, about my Addresse to the Duke of York in August, which makes me glad, it being that which shall do me more right many years hence than, perhaps, all I ever did in my life: and therefore I do, both for my own and the King's sake, value it much. By and by also comes Browne,[1] the mathematical instrument maker, and brings me home my instrument for perspective, made according to the description of Dr. Wren's, in the late Transactions; and he hath made it, I think, very well, and that, that I believe will do the thing, and therein gives me great content; but have I fear all the content that must be received by my eyes is almost lost. So to the office, and there late at business, and then home to supper and to bed.

9th (Lord's day). Up; and, after dressing in my best suit with gold trimming, I to the Office, and there with Gibson and Tom finishing against tomorrow my notes upon Commanders' Instructions; and, when church-time, to church with my wife, leaving them at work. Dr. Mills preached a dull sermon, and so we home to dinner; and thence by coach to St. Andrew's, Holborne, thinking to have heard Dr. Stillingfleete preach, but we could not get a place, and so to St. Margaret's, Westminster, and there heard

[1] Browne, the instrument-maker in the Minories.

a sermon, and did get a place, the first we have heard there these many years, and here at a distance I saw Betty Michell, but she is become much a plainer woman than she was a girl. Thence towards the Park, but too soon to go in, so went on to Knightsbridge, and there eat and drank at "The World's End," [1] where we had good things, and then back to the Park, and there till night, being fine weather, and much company, and so home, and after supper to bed. This day I first left off both my waistcoats by day, and my waistcoat by night, it being very hot weather, so hot as to make me break out, here and there, in my hands, which vexes me to see, but is good for me.

10th. Troubled, about three in the morning, with my wife's calling her maid up, and rising herself, to go with her coach abroad, to gather May-dew,[2] which she did, and I troubled for it, for fear of any hurt, going abroad so betimes, happening to her; but I to sleep again, and she come home about six, and to bed again all well, and I up and with Mr. Gibson by coach to St. James's, and thence to White Hall, where the Duke of York met the Office, and there discoursed of several things, particularly the Instructions of Commanders of ships. But here happened by chance a discourse of the Council of Trade, against which the Duke of York is mightily displeased, and particularly Mr. Child, against whom he speaking hardly, Captain Cox did second the Duke of York, by saying that he was talked of for an unfayre dealer with masters of ships, about freight: to which Sir T. Littleton very hotly and foolishly replied presently, that he never heard any honest man speak ill of Child; to which the Duke of York did make a smart reply, and was angry; so as I was sorry to hear it come so far, and that I, by seeming to assent to Cox, might be observed too much by Littleton, though I said nothing aloud, for this must breed great heart-burnings. After this meeting done, the Duke of York took the Treasurers into his closet to chide them, as Mr. Wren tells me; for that my Lord Keeper did last night at the Council say, when nobody was ready to say any thing against the constitution of the Navy, that he did believe the Treasurers of the Navy had something to say, which was very foul on their part, to be parties against us. They being gone, Mr. Wren [and I] took boat, thinking to dine with my Lord of Canterbury;[3] but, when we come to Lambeth, the gate was shut, which is strictly done at twelve o'clock, and nobody comes in afterwards: so we lost our labour, and therefore back to White Hall, and thence walked, my boy Jacke with me, to my Lord Crew, whom I have not seen since he was sick, which is eight months ago, I think, and there dined with him: he is mightily broke. A stranger, a country gentleman, was with him: and he pleased with my discourse accidentally about the decay of gentlemen's families in the country, telling us that the old rule was, that a

[1] See May 31st, *post*.
[2] See May 28th, 1667.
[3] On one of the public days.

family might remain fifty miles from London one hundred years, one hundred miles from London two hundred years, and so farther or nearer London more or less years. He also told us that he hath heard his father say, that in his time it was so rare for a country gentleman to come to London, that, when he did come, he used to make his will before he set out. Thence to St. James's, and there met the Duke of York, who told me, with great content, that he did now think he should master our adversaries, for that the King did tell him that he was satisfied in the constitution of the Navy, but that it was well to give these people leave to object against it, which they having not done, he did give order to give warrant to the Duke of York to direct Sir Jeremy Smith[1] to be a Commissioner of the Navy in the room of Pen; which, though he be an impertinent fellow, yet I am glad of it, it showing that the other side is not so strong as it was: and so, in plain terms, the Duke of York did tell me, that they were every day losing ground; and particularly that he would take care to keep out Child: at all which I am glad, though yet I dare not think myself secure, as the King may yet be wrought upon by these people to bring changes in our Office, and remove us, ere it be long. Thence I to White Hall, and there took boat to Westminster, and to Mrs. Martin's, who is not come to town from her husband at Portsmouth. So drank only at Cragg's with Doll, and so to the Swan, and there baiser a new maid that is there, and so to White Hall again, to a Committee of Tangier, where I see all things going to rack in the business of the Corporation, and consequently in the place, by Middleton's going. Thence walked a little with Creed, who tells me he hears how fine my horses and coach are, and advises me to avoid being noted for it, which I was vexed to hear taken notice of, it being what I feared: and Povy told me of my gold-lace sleeves in the Park yesterday, which vexed me also, so as to resolve never to appear in Court with them, but presently to have them taken off, as it is fit I should, and so to my wife at Unthanke's, and coach, and so called at my tailor's to that purpose, and so home, and after a little walk in the garden, home to supper and to bed.

11th. My wife again up by four o'clock, to go to gather May-dew; and so back home by seven, to bed, and by and by I up and to the office, where all the morning, and dined at noon at home with my people, and so all the afternoon. In the evening my wife and I all alone, with the boy, by water, up as high as Putney almost, with the tide, and back again, neither staying going nor coming; but talking, and singing, and reading a foolish copy of verses upon my Lord Mayor's entertaining of all the bachelors, designed in praise to my Lord Mayor, and so home and to the office a little, and then home to bed, my eyes being bad. Some trouble at Court for fear of the Queen's miscarrying; she being, as they all conclude, far gone with child.

[1] Sir Jeremiah Smith was appointed Comptroller of the Victualling in succession to Sir William Penn, who held that office from 1667 to 1669. The date of Smith's patent is June 17th, 1669.

12th. Up, and to Westminster Hall, where the term is, and this the first day of my being there, and here by chance met Roger Pepys, come to town the last night: I was glad to see him. After some talk with him and others, and among others Sir Charles Harbord and Sidney Montagu, the latter of whom is to set out to-morrow towards Flanders and Italy, I invited them to dine with me to-morrow, and so to Mrs. Martin's lodging, who come to town last night, and there je did hazer her, she having been a month, I think, at Portsmouth with her husband, newly come home from the Streights. But, Lord! how silly the woman talks of her great entertainment there, and how all the gentry come to visit her, and that she believes her husband is worth £6 or £700, which nevertheless I am glad of, but I doubt they will spend it as fast. Thence home, and after dinner my wife and I to the Duke of York's playhouse, and there, in the side balcony, over against the musick, did hear, but not see, a new play, the first day acted, "The Roman Virgin," [1] an old play, and but ordinary, I thought; but the trouble of my eyes with the light of the candles did almost kill me. Thence to my Lord Sandwich's, and there had a promise from Sidney to come and dine with me to-morrow; and so my wife and I home in our coach, and there find my brother John, as I looked for, come to town from Ellington,[2] where, among other things, he tells me the first news that my [sister Jackson] is with child, and far gone, which I know not whether it did more trouble or please me, having no great care for my friends to have children, though I love other people's. So, glad to see him, we to supper, and so to bed.

13th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning, it being a rainy foul day. But at noon comes my Lord Hinchingbroke, and Sidney, and Sir Charles Harbord, and Roger Pepys, and dined with me; and had a good dinner, and very merry with us all the afternoon, it being a farewell to Sidney; and so in the evening they away, and I to my business at the Office, and so to supper, and talk with my brother, and so to bed

14th. Up, and to St. James's to the Duke of York, and thence to White Hall, where we met about office business, and then at noon with Mr. Wren to Lambeth, to dinner with the Archbishop of Canterbury; the first time I was ever there, and I have long longed for it; where a noble house, and well furnished with good pictures and furniture, and noble attendance in good order, and great deal of company, though an ordinary day; and exceeding great cheer, no where better, or so much, that ever I think I saw, for an ordinary table: and the Bishop mighty kind to me, particularly desiring my company another time, when less company there. Most of the company gone, and I going, I heard by a gentleman of a sermon that was to be there; and so I staid to hear it, thinking it serious, till by and by the gentleman told me it was a mockery, by one Cornet Bolton, a very gentleman-like

[1] "The Roman Virgin, or Unjust Judge," a tragedy, altered by Thomas Betterton from Webster's "Appius and Virginia." Published in 1679.

[2] In Huntingdonshire, the residence of Pepys's brother-in-law, Mr. Jackson.—B.

man, that behind a chair did pray and preach like a Presbyter Scot that ever I heard in my life, with all the possible imitation in grimaces and voice. And his text about the hanging up their harps upon the willows:[1] and a serious good sermon too, exclaiming against Bishops, and crying up of my good Lord Eglinton,[2] till it made us all burst; but I did wonder to have the Bishop at this time to make himself sport with things of this kind, but I perceive it was shewn him as a rarity; and he took care to have the room-door shut, but there were about twenty gentlemen there, and myself, infinitely pleased with the novelty. So over to White Hall, to a little Committee of Tangier; and thence walking in the Gallery, I met Sir Thomas Osborne, who, to my great content, did of his own accord fall into discourse with me, with so much professions of value and respect, placing the whole virtue of the Office of the Navy upon me, and that for the Comptroller's place, no man in England was fit for it but me, when Sir J. Minnes, as he says it is necessary, is removed: but then he knows not what to do for a man in my place; and in discourse, though I have no mind to the other, I did bring in Tom Hater to be the fittest man in the world for it, which he took good notice of. But in the whole I was mightily pleased, reckoning myself now fifty per cent. securer in my place than I did before think myself to be. Thence to Unthanke's, and there find my wife, but not dressed, which vexed me, because of going to the Park, it being a most pleasant day after yesterday's rain, which lays all the dust, and most people going out thither, which vexed me. So home, sullen; but then my wife and I by water, with my brother, as high as Fulham, talking and singing, and playing the rogue with the Western bargemen,[3] about the women of Woolwich,[4] which mads them, and so back home to supper and to bed.

15th. Up, and at the Office all the morning. Dined at home, and Creed with me home, and I did discourse about evening some reckonings with him in the afternoon; but I could not, for my eyes, do it, which troubled me, and vexed him that I would not; but yet we were friends, I advancing him money without it, and so to walk all the afternoon together in the garden; and I perceive still he do expect a change in our matters, especially as to religion, and fits himself for it by professing himself for it in his dis-

[1] Psalm cxxxvii. 2.

[2] The person here alluded to is probably Alexander Montgomery, the sixth Earl of Eglintoun, called Greysteel, who was a rank Presbyterian and a ruling Elder of the General Assembly when the solemn League and Covenant were drawn up. He fought against Charles at Marston Moor, whilst his son and successor was in the king's army; but he afterwards became a Royalist, and died in 1661, aged seventy-three. The son was a consistent supporter of monarchy, and there seems no reason why he should have been made an object of satire. His death occurred only two months before the unseemly scene at Lambeth.—B.

[3] For what Addison calls "Thames ribaldry," see "Spectator," No. 383.—B.

[4] See June 2nd, 1668, and May 28th, *post*.

course.[1] He gone, I to my business at my Office, and so at night home to supper, and to bed.

16th (Lord's day). My wife and I at church, our pew filled with Mrs. Backewell, and six more that she brought with her, which vexed me at her confidence. Dined at home, and W. Batelier with us, and I all the afternoon drawing up a foul draught of my petition to the Duke of York, about my eyes, for leave to spend three or four months out of the Office, drawing it so as to give occasion to a voyage abroad, which I did, to my pretty good liking; and then with my wife to Hyde Park, where a good deal of company, and good weather, and so home to supper and to bed.

17th. Up, and to several places doing business, and then home to dinner, and then my wife and I and brother John by coach to the King's playhouse, and saw "The Spanish Curate" [2] revived, which is a pretty good play, but my eyes troubled with seeing it, mightily. Thence carried them and Mr. Gibson, who met me at my Lord Brouncker's with a fair copy of my petition, which I thought to shew the Duke of York this night, but could not, and therefore carried them to the Park, where they had never been, and so home to supper and to bed. Great the news now of the French taking St. Domingo,[3] in Spaniola, from the Spaniards, which troubles us, that they should have it, and have the honour of taking it, when we could not.

18th. Up, and to St. James's and other places, and then to the office, where all the morning. At noon home and dined in my wife's chamber, she being much troubled with the tooth-ake, and I staid till a surgeon of hers come, one Leeson, who hath formerly drawn her mouth, and he advised her to draw it: so I to the Office, and by and by word is come that she hath drawn it, which pleased me, it being well done. So I home, to comfort her, and so back to the office till night, busy, and so home to supper and to bed.

19th. With my coach to St. James's; and there finding the Duke of York gone to muster his men, in Hyde Park, I alone with my boy thither, and there saw more, walking out of my coach as other gentlemen did, of a soldier's trade, than ever I did in my life: the men being mighty fine, and their Commanders, particularly the Duke of Monmouth; but methought their trade but very easy as to the mustering of their men, and the men but indifferently ready to perform what was commanded, in the handling of

[1] See May 3rd, 1669.

[2] "The Spanish Curate," a comedy by Beaumont and Fletcher, was seen by Pepys at the Whitefriars Theatre on March 16th, 1660–61.

[3] This island, the second in size and in population of the West India Islands, was discovered by Columbus on December 6th, 1492. He called it Española, or little Spain, whence the latinized name of Hispaniola. It was afterwards also called Santo Domingo, after its chief town. The island remained entirely a Spanish possession till the seventeenth century. By the treaty of Ryswick in 1697 the western portion of the island was definitely ceded to France. The island is now divided into two Negro republics; the western, in which French is the official language, is known as the republic of Haiti, and the eastern, in which Spanish is the official language, is known as Santo Domingo.

their arms. Here the news was first talked of Harry Killigrew's[1] being wounded in nine places last night, by footmen, in the highway, going from the Park in a hackney-coach towards Hammersmith, to his house at Turnham Greene: they being supposed to be my Lady Shrewsbury's men, she being by, in her coach with six horses; upon an old grudge of his saying openly that he had lain with her. Thence by and by to White Hall, and there I waited upon the King and Queen all dinner-time, in the Queen's lodgings, she being in her white pinner[2] and apron, like a woman with child; and she seemed handsomer plain so, than dressed. And by and by, dinner done, I out, and to walk in the Gallery, for the Duke of York's coming out; and there, meeting Mr. May, he took me down about four o'clock to Mr. Chevins's lodgings, and all alone did get me a dish of cold chickens, and good wine; and I dined like a prince, being before very hungry and empty. By and by the Duke of York comes, and readily took me to his closet, and received my petition, and discoursed about my eyes, and pitied me, and with much kindness did give me his consent to be absent, and approved of my proposition to go into Holland to observe things there, of the Navy; but would first ask the King's leave, which he anon did, and did tell me that the King would be a good master to me, these were his words, about my eyes, and do like of my going into Holland, but do advise that nobody should know of my going thither, but pretend that I did go into the country somewhere, which I liked well. Glad of this, I home, and thence took out my wife, and to Mr. Holliard's about a swelling in her cheek, but he not at home, and so round by Islington and eat and drink, and so home, and after supper to bed. In discourse this afternoon, the Duke of York did tell me that he was the most amazed at one thing just now, that ever he was in his life, which was, that the Duke of Buckingham did just now come into the Queen's bed-chamber, where the King was, and much mixed company, and among others, Tom Killigrew, the father of Harry, who was last night wounded so as to be in danger of death, and his man is quite

[1] Henry Killigrew, son of Thomas Killigrew, talked loudly of his old intimacy with the Countess of Shrewsbury, and this outrage was done at the instigation of that worthless woman. Killigrew appears to have been continually in trouble, for he was beaten by the Duke of Buckingham in 1667, and soon after was in disgrace at Court. Pepys, on May 30th, 1668, mentions that he had newly come back from France, but in October of the same year he was in Paris again, for Charles II. wrote to his sister, the Duchess of Orleans, on October 17th, respecting him: "For Harry Killigrew, you may see him as you please, and though I cannot commende my Lady Shrewsbury's conduct in many things, yett Mr. Killigrew's carriage towards her has been worse than I will repeate, and for his *demelé* with my Lord of Buckingham he ought not to brag of, for it was in all sorts most abominable. I am glad the poor wrech has gott a meanes of subsistence, but have one caution of him, that you beleeve not one word he sayes of us heere, for he is a most notorious lyar and does not want witt to sett forth his storyes pleasantly enough" (Julia Cartwright's "Madame," 1894, pp. 273, 274).

[2] "A lady's head-dress, with long flaps hanging down the sides of the cheek" (Randle Holmes). The word pinner was also used to signify an apron with a bib to it.

dead; and [Buckingham] there in discourse did say that he had spoke with some one that was by (which all the world must know that it must be his whore, my Lady Shrewsbury), who says that they did not mean to hurt, but beat him, and that he did run first at them with his sword; so that he do hereby clearly discover that he knows who did it, and is of conspiracy with them, being of known conspiracy with her, which the Duke of York did seem to be pleased with, and said it might, perhaps, cost him his life in the House of Lords; and I find was mightily pleased with it, saying it was the most impudent thing, as well as the most foolish, that ever he knew man do in all his life.

20th. Up and to the Office, where all the morning. At noon, the whole Office—Brouncker, J. Minnes, T. Middleton, Samuel Pepys, and Captain Cox to dine with the Parish, at the Three Tuns, this day being Ascension-day, where exceeding good discourse among the merchants, and thence back home, and after a little talk with my wife, to my office and did a great deal of business, and so with my eyes mighty weary, and my head full of care how to get my accounts and business settled against my journey, home to supper, and to bed. Yesterday, at my coming home, I found that my wife had, on a sudden, put away Matt upon some falling out, and I doubt my wife did call her ill names by my wife's own discourse; but I did not meddle to say anything upon it, but let her go, being not sorry, because now we may get one that speaks French, to go abroad with us.

21st. I waited with the Office upon the Duke of York, in the morning. Dined at home, where Lewis Phillips, with a friend of his, dined with me. In the afternoon at the Office. In the evening visited by Roger Pepys and Philip Packer; and so home.

22nd. Dined at home, the rest of the whole day at the office.

23rd (Lord's day). Called up by Roger Pepys and his son, who to church with me, and then home to dinner. In the afternoon carried them to Westminster, and myself to St. James's, where, not finding the Duke of York, back home, and with my wife spent the evening taking the ayre about Hackney, with great pleasure, and places we had never seen before.

24th. To White Hall, and there all the morning, and thence home, and giving order for some business and setting my brother to making a catalogue of my books, I back again to W. Hewer to White Hall, where I attended the Duke of York, and was by him led to [the King], who expressed great sense of my misfortune in my eyes, and concernment for their recovery; and accordingly signified, not only his assent to my desire therein, but commanded me to give them rest this summer, according to my late petition to the Duke of York. W. Hewer and I dined alone at the Swan; and thence, having thus waited on the King, spent till four o'clock in St. James's Park, where I met my wife at Unthanke's, and so home.

25th. Dined at home; and the rest of the day, morning and afternoon, at the Office.

26th. To White Hall, where all the morning. Dined with Mr. Chevins, with Alderman Backewell, and Spragg. The Court full of the news from Captain Hubbert, of "The Milford," touching his being affronted in the Streights, shot at, and having eight men killed him by a French man-of-war, calling him "English dog," and commanding him to strike, which he refused, and, as knowing himself much too weak for him, made away from him. The Queen, as being supposed with child, fell ill, so as to call for Madam Nun, Mr. Chevins's sister, and one of her women, from dinner from us; this being the last day of their doubtfulness touching her being with child; and they were therein well confirmed by her Majesty's being well again before night. One Sir Edmund Bury Godfry,[1] a woodmonger and Justice of Peace in Westminster, having two days since arrested Sir Alexander Frazier[2] for about £30 in firing, the bailiffs were apprehended, committed to the porter's lodge, and there, by the King's command, the last night severely whipped; from which the Justice himself very hardly escaped, to such an unusual degree was the King moved therein. But he lies now in the lodge, justifying his act, as grounded upon the opinion of several of the Judges, and, among others, my Lord Chief-Justice; which makes the King very angry with the Chief-Justice, as they say; and the Justice do lie and justify his act, and says he will suffer in the cause for the people, and do refuse to receive almost any nutriment.[3] The effects of it may be bad to the Court. Expected a meeting of Tangier this afternoon, but failed. So home, met by my wife at Unthanke's.

27th. At the office all the morning, dined at home, Mr. Hollier with me. Presented this day by Mr. Browne with a book of drawing by him, lately printed,[4] which cost me 20*s*., to him. In the afternoon to the Temple, to meet with Auditor Aldworth[5] about my interest account, but failed of meeting him. To visit my cozen Creed, and found her ill at home, being with child,

[1] The history of Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey is too well known to require any comment, though his tragical end has never been satisfactorily explained. In the "Gentleman's Magazine" for November, 1848, there are some interesting details about the knight's family, and a description of a silver tankard with inscription and engraved representations of the burials during the Plague and of the Fire of London, now in the possession of the Corporation of Sudbury, Suffolk.—B. See note, May 1st, 1667. Several copies of this tankard have been described, and it has been supposed that copies from a possible original given by the king were presented by Godfrey himself to his friends.

[2] Fraizer was one of the king's physicians, and had served him for many years in a political as well as a professional capacity. His character was not very high, and he was mixed up in several discreditable actions. See *ante*, September 19th, 1664 (Munk's "Roll of the Royal College of Physicians," 1878, vol. i., pp. 232–234).

[3] Godfrey was released after six days' imprisonment.

[4] A curious and uncommon book, entitled, "A Compendious Drawing-Book, composed by Alexander Browne, limner, collected from the drawings of the most celebrated painters in Europe, engraven by Arnold de Jode." A second edition, with letterpress and additions, was published in 1675 under the title of "Ars Pictoria, or an Academy treating of Drawing, Painting, Limning, Etching."

[5] Richard Aldworth, of Stanlake, Berks, then one of the Auditors of the Exchequer, represented Reading in the first parliament after the Restoration, and died in 1680. He

and looks poorly. Thence to her husband, at Gresham College, upon some occasions of Tangier; and so home, with Sir John Bankes, to Mark Lane.

28th. To St. James's, where the King's being with the Duke of York prevented a meeting of the Tangier Commission. But, Lord! what a deal of sorry discourse did I hear between the King and several Lords about him here! but very mean, methought. So with Creed to the Excise Office, and back to White Hall, where, in the Park, Sir G. Carteret did give me an account of his discourse lately, with the Commissioners of Accounts, who except against many things, but none that I find considerable; among others, that of the Officers of the Navy selling of the King's goods, and particularly my providing him with calico flags, which having been by order, and but once, when necessity, and the King's apparent profit, justified it, as conformable to my particular duty, it will prove to my advantage that it be enquired into. Nevertheless, having this morning received from them a demand of an account of all monies within their cognizance, received and issued by me, I was willing, upon this hint, to give myself rest, by knowing whether their meaning therein might reach only to my Treasurership for Tangier, or the monies employed on this occasion. I went, therefore, to them this afternoon, to understand what monies they meant, where they answered me, by saying, "The eleven months' tax, customs, and prize-money," without mentioning, any more than I demanding, the service they respected therein; and so, without further discourse, we parted, upon very good terms of respect, and with few words, but my mind not fully satisfied about the monies they mean. At noon Mr. Gibson and I dined at the Swan, and thence doing this at Brook house, and thence calling at the Excise Office for an account of payment of my tallies for Tangier, I home, and thence with my wife and brother spent the evening on the water, carrying our supper with us, as high as Chelsea; so home, making sport with the Westerne bargees, and my wife and I singing, to my great content.

29th. The King's birth-day. To White Hall, where all very gay; and particularly the Prince of Tuscany very fine, and is the first day of his appearing out of mourning, since he come. I heard the Bishop of Peterborough[1] preach but dully; but a good anthem of Pelham's. Home to dinner, and then with my wife to Hyde Park, where all the evening; great store of company, and great preparations by the Prince of Tuscany to celebrate the night with fireworks, for the King's birth-day. And so home.

30th (Whitsunday). By water to White Hall, and thence to Sir W. Coventry, where all the morning by his bed-side, he being indisposed. Our discourse was upon the notes I have lately prepared for Commanders' Instructions; but concluded that nothing will render them effectual, without an amend-

was the paternal ancestor of the second and third Lords Braybrooke. In 1762 the auditor's grandson, Richard Neville Aldworth, succeeded to the estates of the Nevilles of Billingbear, in Berkshire, in right of his mother, who was their sole heir, and whose maiden name he assumed. The auditor's portrait, by Lely, is still at Billingbear.—B.

[1] Dr. Joseph Henshaw, Bishop of Peterborough, 1663–79. He died suddenly on March 9th, 1678–79.

ment in the choice of them, that they be seamen, and not gentlemen above the command of the Admiral, by the greatness of their relations at Court. Thence to White Hall, and dined alone with Mr. Chevins his sister: whither by and by come in Mr. Progers and Sir Thomas Allen, and by and by fine Mrs. Wells,[1] who is a great beauty; and there I had my full gaze upon her, to my great content, she being a woman of pretty conversation. Thence to the Duke of York, who, with the officers of the Navy, made a good entrance on my draught of my new Instructions to Commanders, as well expressing his general [views] of a reformation among them, as liking of my humble offers towards it. Thence being called by my wife, Mr. Gibson and I, we to the Park, whence the rain sent us suddenly home.

31st. Up very betimes, and so continued all the morning with W. Hewer, upon examining and stating my accounts, in order to the fitting myself to go abroad beyond sea, which the ill condition of my eyes, and my neglect for a year or two, hath kept me behindhand in, and so as to render it very difficult now, and troublesome to my mind to do it; but I this day made a satisfactory entrance therein. Dined at home, and in the afternoon by water to White Hall, calling by the way at Michell's, where I have not been many a day till just the other day, and now I met her mother there and knew her husband to be out of town. And here je did baiser elle, but had not opportunity para hazer some with her as I would have offered if je had had it. And thence had another meeting with the Duke of York, at White Hall, on yesterday's work, and made a good advance: and so, being called by my wife, we to the Park, Mary Batelier, and a Dutch gentleman, a friend of hers, being with us. Thence to "The World's End," a drinking-house by the Park; and there merry, and so home late.

And thus ends all that I doubt I shall ever be able to do with my own eyes in the keeping of my Journal, I being not able to do it any longer, having done now so long as to undo my eyes almost every time that I take a pen in my hand; and, therefore, whatever comes of it, I must forbear: and, therefore, resolve, from this time forward, to have it kept by my people in long-hand, and must therefore be contented to set down no more than is fit for them and all the world to know; or, if there be any thing, which cannot be much, now my amours to Deb. are past, and my eyes hindering me in almost all other pleasures, I must endeavour to keep a margin in my book open, to add, here and there, a note in short-hand with my own hand.

And so I betake myself to that course, which is almost as much as to see myself go into my grave: for which, and all the discomforts that will accompany my being blind, the good God prepare me!

May 31, 1669. S. P.

END OF THE DIARY.

[1] See February 8th, 1662–63.

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—— "Duke of Lerma," ii. 803, 852.
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—— "Faithful Shepherdess," ii. 945, 1022.
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—— "Love's Cruelty," ii. 753, 851.
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—— "Monsieur Ragou." See *"Old Troop."*
—— "Mulberry Garden," ii. 874, 877, 901.
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—— "Othello," ii. 1010.
—— "Parson's Wedding," i. 982, 985.
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—— "Scornful Lady," i. 199, 215; ii. 383, 658, 887.
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Pepys (Robert), of Brampton, uncle of Samuel, i. 24 n.; letters from him, i. 24, 52; his leg dangerous, i. 58; Samuel to be his heir, i. 176; offers to buy land for Samuel, i. 282; is very ill, i. 288, 290, 291; Pepys desires to buy land of him, i. 288; sometimes speechless, i. 290; his difference with Mrs. Goldsborough, i. 329-331; General Receiver of the County for 1647, i. 827, 831; Pepys changes his spoons, i. 894; his death, i. xi, 291; his funeral, i. 291, 292; his will and estate, i. xi, 291-295, 299, 303, 307, 308, 316-321, 328, 335, 357, 490-492, 506, 511, 516-521, 524, 528, 540, 548, 562, 563, 568, 593, 594, 613, 615, 666, 903, 944, 1023, 1064; ii. 442; *alluded to*, i. 34, 52, 116, 148, 209, 213, 214, 228, 240, 242, 269, 294-296, 308, 361.

Pepys (Mrs.), wife of Robert, voids a stone, i. 209; is ill, i. 214; still alive, i. 222; not likely to live, i. 242; in a nasty ugly pickle, i. 291; her base hypocritical tricks, i. 292, 293; to quit the house on receiving £10, i. 294, 299; *alluded to*, i. 228, 288, 309, 316.

Pepys (Roger), son of Talbot P. and cousin of Samuel, his wedding, i. 29, 30; chosen for Cambridge, i. 244; gives Samuel good counsel, i. 489; in favour of composition with Thomas Pepys, i. 511; wishes to be excused from arbitrating, i. 520; gets Samuel to look out a wife for him, i. 638; ii. 360; at the Trinity House, i. 655; is against the Court, i. 660, 662; proposes to marry Mrs. Elizabeth Wiles, ii. 613; Samuel sends him a tierce of claret, ii. 630; bound over to be of good behaviour, ii. 684 n., 741; his mistress Widow Dickenson, ii. 991-993, 1004; is married to Mrs. Dickenson, ii. 991 n., 1011; *alluded to*, i. 29, 33, 34, 39, 132, 290, 298, 299, 424, 489, 491, 511, 513, 516-520, 559, 561, 563, 564, 567, 568, 572, 579-581, 595, 598, 659, 664, 666, 671, 681, 683, 684, 688, 778, 786, 830, 834, 837, 890, 898, 923, 959, 1010, 1011, 1015, 1018, 1101; ii. 313, 363, 406, 416, 430, 439, 548, 556, 611-613, 690, 691, 700, 702, 704, 707, 710, 729, 739, 741, 767, 788-790, 792, 794, 796, 797, 805, 812, 822-

825, 828, 850, 851, 853, 855, 857, 864, 886, 901, 929, 932, 934, 938, 954, 956, 959, 962, 969, 973, 974, 976, 1004-1006, 1014, 1017, 1020, 1023-1025, 1031, 1033, 1034, 1079, 1083.

Pepys (Samuel):

1632-3. Birth and parentage, i. xii, 1023, 1024; a spectator at the execution of Charles I., i. 176.

1650. At St. Paul's School, i. xii; at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, i. xii n., xiii n.; admitted to Magdalene College, i. xi, xii n.

1655. Marries Elizabeth St. Michel, i. xiii, xiv n., xv; ii. 315 n.; resides with Sir Edward Montagu, i. xv.

1658. Undergoes an operation for the stone, i. xv, 247; becomes clerk to George Downing, i. xvi.

1659-60. Lives in Axe Yard, Westminster, i. xv, 1; borrows £10 from J. Crew, i. 11, 25; invited to accompany Mr. Downing to Holland, i. xvi, 14; made one of the Clerks of the Council, i. xvi, 17; finds he is worth £40, i. 25, 41; drinks too much, i. 34, 56, 60; visits Cambridge, i. 47; appointed Secretary to the two Generals of the Fleet, i. xvi, 55, 59, 61, 67; goes on board the "Swiftsure," i. xvi, 67; transferred to the "Nazeby," i. xvi.

1660. Reads a letter and declaration of Charles II. to the fleet, i. 85; arrives at the Hague, i. 94-95; first interview with Charles II. and the Duke of York, i. 98; drinks too much, i. 102, 147, 149, 166, 167, 201, 204, 211; sails with the fleet for England, i. 106; reaches Dover, i. 110; begins to teach Edward Montagu, i. 114; talk of his being knighted, i. 114; Montagu promises to favour him, i. 115; finds he is worth £80, i. 113; £100, i. 115, 116, 141; £120, i. 142; £200, i. 160, 170, 200; £240, i. 206; not worth £150; i. 184; is promised the situation of Clerk of the Acts, i. 124; is offered £500, to resign his claim to it, i. 125; is made Clerk of the Acts, i. xvii, 125 n., 126 n., 127; his salary, i. 126 n., 237; clears himself of Sir G. Downing's office, i. 126; engages Mr. Hater as his clerk, i. 131; is made Master of Arts by proxy, i. xix, 132 n., 150; a house in Seething Lane is appropriated to him, i. xix, 136-138 (q. v.); agrees to pay Mr. Barlow an annuity, i. xvii, 137; the agreement is signed, i. 139-140; is sworn Clerk of the Privy Seal, i. xix, 140; is offered £1,000 for his office of Clerk of the Acts, i. 146, 148; his first velvet coat, i. 153; receives his last pay as secretary, i. 162, 199, 217; made a Justice of the Peace, i. xix, 168, 203, 206; drinks tea for the first time, i. 168; buys pictures, i. 194; receives his first pay as Clerk of the Acts, i. 200; proposes to retrench the expenses of the fleet, i. 202; signs a number of pardons at the Privy Seal, but gets nothing for his trouble, i. 204; sings at chapel before the King, i. 205; buys a present for Pett, i. 209-210.

1660-61. Chosen a younger brother of the Trinity House, i. xix; he is worth £300, i. 212; £350, i. 234; goes to Deptford and Woolwich to place guards in the Dockyard, for fear of the fanatics, i. 219; at Chatham with Lady Sandwich, i. 221-222; complains of the decay of his memory, i. 223; resolves to leave off drinking, i. 223; spends £15 on three dinners, i. 229; overcome with drink, i. 242, 245; receives a midshipman's pay, i. 243; he dances for the first time, i. 247.

1661. Drinks too much, i. 250, 265, 281-282, 285, 299, 308, 315, 322, 325, 328, 339, 345; flirtation with Rebecca Allen, i. 252-254; sees Charles II. touch for the King's evil, i. 255; a spectator of the ceremonies at the coronation of Charles II., i. 260-264; visits Portsmouth, i. 268; is worth £500, i. 276; £600, i. 315; £500, i. 357; stands godfather to Mrs. Browne's boy, i. 278; his intention to buy land, i. 282, 287, 288; writes to the Duke of York respecting the Navy Office, i. 284; takes singing lessons, i. 288; goes to Brampton on the death of his uncle, Robert Pepys, i. 291-294; visits Cambridge, i. 292, 298; intends to keep his linen in his own custody, i. 297; appointed Deputy to Lord Sandwich, i. 301; the rain breaks into his house, i. 311; admitted as heir-at-law to his uncle Robert, i. 328; his portrait, i. 344, 345, 347, 353, 357.

1661-62. His portrait painted by Savill, i. 360, 364, 368, 371, 373, 378, 379, 381, 383, 396, 403, 420; is sworn a younger brother of the Trinity House, i. xix, 375 n.; finds he is worth £500, i. 381.

1662. Reproaches himself for neglect of the Sacrament, i. 391; his visit to Portsmouth, i. 398-402; made a burgess of Portsmouth, i. xix, 402; finds himself worth £530, i. 415, 416; £650, i. 431, 447; about £687, i. 467; £680, i. 484; £679, i. 501; £660, i. 521; £630, i. 536; £650, i. 540; signs warrants as a Justice of the Peace, i. 437-438; appointed one of the Commissioners for

the affairs of Tangier, i. xix, 460, 463, 502, 522; his conduct is commended by the Duke of York, i. 488; obtains leave of absence and visits Cambridge and Brampton, i. 488-494; is deputed to search for money said to be concealed in the Tower, i. 503-504; commissioner for inspecting the chest, i. 513.

1662-63. Quarrels with his wife about a paper written by her, i. 547; his MS. respecting the Navy, i. 548, 551, 556, 560, 581; finds he is worth £640, i. 560, 579; is threatened by Edward Montagu, i. 570; is ill with a rash, i. 566, 576.

1663. Applies to be made a Justice of the Peace in the City, i. 588, 590; is worth £670, i. 594; £700, i. 608; £726, i. 643; £719, i. 665; above £700, i. 667; £730, i. 697; £760, i. 737; £717, i. 759; £770, i. 785; above £800, i. 808; begins to learn to dance, i. 615; visits Brampton, i. 728-733; first wears a wig, i. 761; his letter of reproof to Lord Sandwich, i. 776.

1663-64. His eyesight begins to fail, i. 819; destroys a romance called "Love a Cheat," i. 826; he is worth £858, i. 827; £890 odd, i. 850; made an assistant of the corporation of the Royal Fishery, i. xix, 853, 855, 857.

1664. He is worth above £900, i. 872; £908, i. 891; £930, i. 907; £951, i. 924; £1,014, i. 945; £1,020, i. 964; £1,203, i. 979; £1,205, i. 996; £1,209, i. 1008; £1,349, i. 1022; his sight, i. xx, 873, 894; fears that he will have the stone again, i. 907; Mr. Coventry proposes to him the writing of a history of the Dutch war, i. 914; frightened at night, i. 929; incurs the displeasure of Lord Clarendon, i. 930; interview with Clarendon and explanation, i. 931-932; gets the victualling contract for his people, making £300 thereby, i. 935, 945; consults Cocker about his eyesight, i. 983, 984; anniversary of his wedding day, i. 985; visits Brampton, i. 988; is questioned by the King on the state of the Navy, i. 1000; destroys some of his papers, i. 1023.

1664-65. Has his books newly bound, i. 1034, 1044; he fears thieves, i. 1040; he is worth £1,257, i. 1041; £1,270, i. 1053; is admitted a member of the Royal Society at Gresham College, i. 1047 n.; appointed treasurer of Tangier, i. 1061-1062; ii. 125; Duke of York expresses high esteem for him, i. 1061, 1064.

1665. He is worth £1,300, i. 1068; £1,400, i. 1081, 1095; £1,450, ii. 1; £1,900, ii. 24; £2,164, ii. 31; £2,180, ii. 42; £4,400, ii. 125; is called the right hand of the Navy by the Duke of Albemarle, i. 1078; negotiates a marriage between Philip Carteret and Lady Jemimah Montagu, i. 1109, 1114; ii. 23 n.; refuses a bribe, ii. 28; drinks too much, ii. 28; esteemed by the Duke of York, ii. 36; removes to Woolwich on account of the Plague, ii. 42-43; his wife and family at Woolwich, himself and clerks at Greenwich, and maid at London, during the Plague, i. xix-xx; ii. 125; appointed Surveyor-General of the Victualling Office, i. xix; ii. 87, 90, 95, 125.

1665-66. He and his family return to town after the Plague, ii. 129; dances for the first time in company, ii. 136; kisses the King's hand at Hampton Court, ii. 141; the King's gracious speech to him, ii. 142; goes to church for the first time after the Plague, ii. 144; visits Windsor, ii. 159; Eton, ii. 159; he is worth £4,600, ii. 162; his portrait by Hales, i. xxxvi; ii. 168, 170, 172, 174-175, 177, 178.

1666. Finds he is worth £5,000, ii. 177; £5,200, ii. 191, 205; £5,600, ii. 238; £5,700, ii. 260; £6,200, ii. 335; above £6,200, ii. 385; his portrait painted by Hales, ii. 180 n.-182, 185, 186, 190, 195, 225; advances money for impressed men, ii. 235; withdraws money from his banker for security, ii. 240, 246; application made to him for the relief of prisoners in Holland, ii. 242; writes to the Duke of York respecting the want of money for the Navy, ii. 246; he gives Mrs. Pierce and Knepp a dinner in Old Fish Street, ii. 264; incurs Lord Peterborough's displeasure, ii. 269; gives the King an account of the state of the fleet, ii. 278; accused of neglect, ii. 280; his activity during the great Fire, i. xx; ii. 282; removes his goods to Sir W. Rider's at Bethnal Green, ii. 285; buries his wine and cheese, ii. 286; his letter to Mr. Coventry on the great Fire, ii. 286 n.; removes his goods to Deptford, ii. 288, 289; takes his money away from Sir W. Rider's, ii. 293; prepares an account for Parliament of the expenditure of the Navy, ii. 295, 299-301, 303, 304; lays his statement before the committee, ii. 308; represents to the King and Council the bad state of the Navy, ii. 311-312; his sight, ii. 316, 373, 376, 383, 388; stands godfather to a child of Mr. Lovett, a Roman Catholic, ii. 323; confers with his wife on a safe deposi-

tory for his money, ii. 330, 332; visits the ruins of the city, ii. 340; is alarmed by a fire at the Horse Guards, ii. 343; his great letter to the Duke of York on the ill condition of the Navy, ii. 350-352; his application to the King for money for the Navy, ii. 358; gives a grand dinner party, ii. 361; fear of being seen at the playhouse, ii. 368, 369.

1666-67. Finishes the catalogue of his books, ii. 414; he is worth £6,800, ii. 440.

1667. Writes a joint letter with Sir W. Coventry to the Duke of York, ii. 471-473; his sight, ii. 488, 495, 618, 619, 629, 664, 705, 711; thinks of keeping a coach, ii. 493, 501, 513, 516, 525, 538, 541, 543, 634, 667; he is worth £6,700, ii. 504; £6,900, ii. 538 n.; lays a wager with Sir W. Doyly, ii. 539; his profits from the victualling, ii. 541, 614, 617; he makes a girdle to carry £300 about with him, ii. 550; burying of his gold at Brampton, ii. 560; in favour with Parliament, ii. 593; confined to his bed by an accident, ii. 597; Sir W. Batten offers him £1,000 for his share of a prize, ii. 598; offers to resign his office of the victualling, ii. 607; his opinion of the superior skill and conduct of the Dutch, ii. 609; receives £400 from Mr. Gauden, ii. 617; is desired to lend money to the King, ii. 629, 630, 634, 638-639; presents a tierce of claret to his cousin Roger, ii. 630; consults with Lord Crewe on the affairs of Lord Sandwich, ii. 670; digs up his gold at Brampton, ii. 677-678; removes it to London, ii. 679; prepares an account of the defence of the Medway and Chatham, ii. 690, 693; examined by a committee of the House of Commons, ii. 690-691, 693; sends six pairs of old boots to his father, ii. 733; his reluctance to lend money to Lord Sandwich, ii. 741-743.

1667-68. Proposes to write a history of the Navy, ii. 771; his list of ships, ii. 771; appeals to the King respecting the estate of Anthony Joyce, ii. 775-776; preparations for setting up a coach, ii. 784; examined by the Commissioners for Accounts, ii. 781, 785; gives his sister Paulina £600 as a marriage portion, ii. 792, 813; is summoned to attend the committee of miscarriages, i. xx; ii. 792; prepares his narrative relative to prize-goods, ii. 794 n., 797; his apprehensions of the parliamentary inquiry, ii. 813, 816.

1668. His speech at the bar of the House of Commons, i. xx; ii. 817, 828; is congratulated by Sir W. Coventry and others, ii. 817, 821-823; subscribes £40 to the Royal Society, ii. 842; lends his cloak to the Duke of York, ii. 848; his sight, ii. 860, 898, 901, 906, 910, 976; attends Sir Thomas Teddiman's funeral, ii. 872; goes to Brampton, ii. 879; obtains leave of absence from the Duke of York, ii. 886, 887; visits Brampton and the West of England, ii. 888-895; his report for the Duke of York, ii. 909, 916 n., 918, 919 n., 926, 929; answer to the Duke of York's letter, ii. 931, 933, 937, 939; lends £500 to the Earl of Sandwich, ii. 941 n.; buys a coach, ii. 947, 949, 953; lends £500 on mortgage to Roger Pepys, ii. 962, 969, 973, 974; his coach arrives, ii. 974-976; wishes to become a Parliament man, ii. 978, 1019; buys a pair of horses for his coach, ii. 983; hopes to visit France, ii. 983.

1668-69. Has a bust moulded of himself, ii. 1012, 1016, 1024, 1041; his sight, ii. 1017, 1022, 1068; receives his commission as captain of the "Jerzy," ii. 1037; attends courts-martial, ii. 1037, 1041, 1047, 1047 n., 1051, 1056; his history of the Navy, ii. 1038-1042, 1062, 1063.

1669. Prepares his instructions for commanders, ii. 1077, 1078, 1086; petitions the Duke of York for leave of absence, ii. 1081; obtains permission to absent himself, ii. 1082, 1083; his sight, i. xx; ii. 1086; discontinues his diary, i. xx; ii. 313; makes a tour through France and Holland, i. xx; death of his wife, i. xxi.

1670. Unsuccessful election contest at Aldborough, i. xxi.

1673. Elected member of Parliament for Castle Rising, i. xxi; debates on Mr. Offley's petition against his return, i. xxi; is charged with being popishly inclined, i. xxii n.; appointed Secretary of the Affairs of the Navy, i. xxiii.

1677. He pays his brother John's debt, i. xxiv; elected Master of the Clothworkers' Company, i. xxiv.

1679. Accused on the depositions of Colonel Scott of betraying the English Navy, i. xxv-xxvii, M.P. for Harwich, i. xxiv; is sent to the Tower, i. xxiv, xxv n., xxvi.

1680. Resigns his post as Secretary for the Affairs of the Navy, i. xxvi; takes down the narrative of Charles II.'s escape after the battle of Worcester, i. xxvii.

1682. Accompanies the Duke of York to Scotland, i. xxviii.

1683. Accompanies Lord Dartmouth to Tangier, i. xxix.
1684. Constituted Secretary to the Admiralty, i. xxx; elected President of the Royal Society, i. xxx.
1685. Elected M.P. for Harwich and Sandwich, i. xxx.
1689. Unsuccessful at the Harwich election, i. xxxi.
1690. Committed to the Gatehouse, i. xxxi; publishes his "Memoirs of the Navy," i. xxxi.
1702. Receives a diploma from the University of Oxford, i. xxxii.
1703. His death, i. xxxiii; funeral, i. xxxiv; list of all the persons to whom rings and mourning were presented, i. xxxv, xli-xliv; his monument, i. xxxvii.
—— *his arms*, i. 388, 566; ii. 465.
—— *his songs:*
"Beauty retire," ii. 112 n., 115, 127, 156, 276, 343, 367.
"Gaze not on Swans," i. 347 n., 379, 386.
"Great, good, and just," i. 25-26.
"It is decreed," ii. 178 n., 185, 256, 276, 345, 347, 370, 378, 382, 408, 764, 765, 834, 837.
—— *his wills*, (1) i. 820, 823, 826, 827, 834, 923; (2) ii. 29, 30, 32; (3) ii. 202; (4) ii. 551; (5) the last, i. xxxv.
Pepys (Samuel), of Ireland (the Diarist's cousin), i. 342 n., 430.
Pepys (Sarah), Samuel's sister, i. xii.
Pepys (Talbot), of Impington, great-uncle of Pepys, i. 292 n., 338 n.; dies, ii. 166; *alluded to*, i. xii, 299, 319; ii. 962.
Pepys (Talbot), son of Roger Pepys, ii. 556, 853, 954, 996, 1019, 1020, 1048, 1054, 1055, 1059, 1066, 1083.
Pepys (Thomas), bailiff to the Abbot of Crowland in 1434, i. ix, x.
Pepys (Thomas), of Southcreeke (d. 1569), i. x.
Pepys (Dr. Thomas), i. 155 n.; a silly, talking fellow, but very good-natured, i. 298, 1018; talks like a fool, i. 438; a doating coxcomb, i. 959; dies at Impington, i. 1035; *alluded to*, i. 181, 189, 213, 216, 243, 259, 305, 329, 330, 355, 418, 453, 456, 462, 568, 671, 858, 860, 944, 960, 964.
Pepys (Thomas), Samuel's uncle, i. 303 n.; a cunning fellow, i. 317; found heir-at-law to Robert Pepys, i. 319, 328; his annuity, i. 335, 373, 568, 613, 686, 755, 818; ii. 130, 390, 840; troublesome about the property, i. 503, 511; his suit, i. 513, 514, 517, 518, 559, 563, 566; agreement with, i. 563, 564, 568, 585, 593; differences between him and Samuel quieted, i. 667; shows Samuel a document, which turns out to be forged, i. 751, 752; his daughter, see *Pepys* (Mary); *alluded to*, i. 46, 56, 295, 301, 308, 312, 319-321, 368, 374, 381, 383, 387, 415, 424, 489-492, 513, 516, 524, 528, 535, 543, 551, 552, 579, 593, 594, 621, 651, 682, 707, 725, 728-730, 740, 747, 771, 816, 944, 990, 991, 1085; ii. 130, 314, 533, 676, 754.
Pepys (Thomas), the turner, son of Thomas and cousin of Samuel, i. 22 n.; sends Samuel a box of tools, i. 181; sends Samuel a cup of *lignum vitæ*, i. 195; Pepys wishes to borrow £1,000 for Lord Sandwich, i. 238, 247, 248, 250; answers Samuel with spirit, i. 387; Lord Sandwich's debt to him, i. 920; christening of his first child, i. 1086; shop in Smithfield, ii. 390; *alluded to*, i. 8, 32, 38, 171, 177, 213, 217, 223, 261, 295, 303, 308, 309, 312, 319-321, 328, 329, 368, 374, 383, 491, 513, 518, 551, 563, 564, 568, 585, 621, 651, 686, 725, 729, 730, 732, 746, 751, 752, 771, 830, 833, 903, 944, 1085; ii. 295, 533, 640, 676, 1006.
Pepys (Mrs.), wife of Samuel's cousin Thomas, i. 238.
Pepys (Thomas), Samuel's brother, i. xii, 11 n.; Pepys gives him some old clothes, i. 247; is disrespectful to his parents, i. 274; daughter of Mr. Wheatly is proposed as a wife for him, i. 306, 554, 555, 791, 795; a broker's daughter proposed for him, i. 308; the daughter of Evans the tailor, proposed, i. 309; his want of brains, i. 311; Townsend's daughter proposed, i. 347; the Joyces propose a girl, i. 357-359; Samuel talks to the Joyces about their proposal, i. 368, 398-399; Samuel lends him £20, i. 418; increased to £40, i. 426; Mrs. Hobell proposed as a match for him, i. 462 n., 467-469, 473, 474, 479, 481-484, 498, 863; Tom visits his mistress at Banbury, i. 484; agreement for a jointure which Samuel does not approve, i. 494, 495, 497; the engagement is broken off, i. 498-499; takes his disappointment to heart, i. 501; asks Samuel to let him take his own course, i. 517; Sarah a fit wife for him if she had money, i. 530; he lies about Samuel's morning gown, i. 407; minds his business well, i. 474; Samuel gives him advice, i. 551; imperfection of speech, i. 555; is ill, i. 555; his new maid, i. 589; botches Samuel's coat, i. 608; Samuel gives him an order for summer clothes, i. 616; grows a thriving man, i. 654; proposes to rebuild his house at the top, i. 685; his country mistress, i. 696; Samuel is displeased with him for borrowing £20, i. 719-720; his house very handsome, i. 749; is sluggish and negligent, i. 750; sends Samuel a handsome new gown, i. 760; is taken ill, i. 790; said

to be in a consumption, i. 820, 825, 855; does not know Samuel, i. 856, 858; said to have the pox, i. 856, 858, 859; it is denied, i. 859-862; his debts, i. 858, 866, 898, 960, 961, 964; his death, i. 859; his funeral, i. 860, 862 n., 863; his tankard, i. 862; his affairs, i. 865, 868-869, 881, 883, 894, 903, 944; his bastards by his servant Margaret, i. 876, 894, 901, 909, 960-961; his debt to Smith, the mercer, i. 171; his papers, ii. 550; *alluded to*, i. xii, 11, 23, 25, 53, 58, 120, 130, 139, 152, 162, 170, 177, 190, 210, 213, 216, 229, 236, 281, 288, 297, 298, 308, 314, 316, 317, 319, 321, 329, 330, 332, 335, 336, 338, 350, 351, 353, 355, 357, 359, 361, 374, 375, 382, 387, 390, 391, 394, 404, 408, 410, 413, 415, 416, 418, 421, 422, 426, 434, 435, 438, 440, 442, 445, 452, 453, 456, 462, 474, 482, 486, 488, 489, 492, 493, 495-497, 510, 512, 514, 517, 524, 530, 531, 533, 545, 549, 557, 562, 567, 576, 595, 600, 601, 604, 606, 608-610, 613, 617-620, 641-643, 648, 659, 665, 671, 686, 706, 708, 710, 712, 714, 722, 725, 729, 749, 751, 754, 758, 759, 766, 800, 807, 808, 832, 834, 836, 841, 846, 880, 888, 894, 907, 923, 959-961, 1023; ii. 1034.

Pepys (Thomas), of Hatcham, Master of the Jewel House, cousin of Samuel, purchases Merton Priory, ii. 877 n.; *alluded to*, i. 684, 1085 n.; ii. 119, 120, 133, 134, 144, 190, 191, 576, 862.

Pepys (Thomas), "the black," grandson of William, of Cottenham, and grandfather of Samuel, i. x.

Pepys (Thomas), "the red," grandson of William, of Cottenham, i. x.

Pepys (Thomas), son of William, of Cottenham, i. ix, x.

Pepys (Walter Courtenay) author of the "Genealogy," i. ix, x.

Pepys (William), of Cottenham, (d. 1519), i. ix, x; ii. 548 n.

Pepys (William), son of William, of Cottenham, his children, i. x.

Percy (Elizabeth, Lady), ii. 472 n.

Periwig, Pepys wears one, i. 619-620, 761; Pepys puts off the wearing of one for a while, i. 719; one bought by Pepys, i. 759; he buys a case for it, i. 762; Pepys so altered by it that the Duke of York did not know him, i. 766; Pepys has a second made of his own hair, i. 771, 772; he sends one to the barber's to be cleansed of its nits, i. 936; he buys two more, ii. 471; Pepys agrees with a barber to keep his in order, ii. 884; his, set on fire, ii. 941; King and Duke of York first wear periwigs, i. 837; danger of wearing periwigs during the Plague, ii. 43; Ladies of Honour in, ii. 219; periwig shops, i. 619, 754, 761; ii. 517, 948.

Perkins, witness against Carcasse, ii. 453, 510.

Perkins (Frank), the miller, Pepys's cousin, i. 270 n.; wants a fiddle, i. 270; his wife, i. 731.

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